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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1350 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 6, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII | San Francisco-Oakland, July 6, 1918 | No. 1350

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLISHING COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Perennial Garbage Question

The Supervisors were occupied the other day with a question of perennial interest, one that has occasioned a deal of argument through the years; as far back, one may say without exaggeration, as the heyday of Mayor L. R. Ellert. I have reference to the garbage question which was first up for solution when Ellert was Mayor of the city. Ellert indeed undertook to solve the question, and it was during his term that the Supervisors considered the advisability of disposing of garbage by means of a crematory which was built for that purpose, costing the city a pile of money. It has been costing the city money ever since, and the question has never been satisfactorily settled. We were reminded of this question the other day when the Supervisors were disputing over it again. At first it gave the impression that we are at length approaching a solution, for it appears that the garbage question is now in the hands of business men who are interested in solving it because it happens that they are interested in the welfare of the city, but, unfortunately, as is usually the case, there are public officials who have not such interest. There are men, like Mayor Rolph, for example, who take a deeper interest in politics and who would rather make votes for themselves than make money for the city. This garbage question has been settled by several progressive cities like Chicago and Los Angeles, which have pointed the way to San Francisco. All we need do is follow their example and segregate the garbage that it may be scientifically disposed of at a profit of $100,000 a year to the city, but this would entail a slight expense to some householders, and, lacking the impulse of public-spirited zeal, they would prefer to go on the old way. Besides, Mayor Rolph and a few Supervisors would rather cultivate the friendship of certain silurians. They give them audience and sympathize with them and thus settlement is retarded. The present owners of the garbage plant are sick and tired of the whole business and have determined to throw it up. They have served notice to this effect on the Mayor, but that gentleman does not care what happens. What the taxpayers say about the matter doesn't worry him. His only interest is the votes he may make, and as for the segregation order made the other day, the chances are that he doesn't care a tinker's imprecation.

* * *

The President and the Mooney Case

Quite cogently it was argued in The Bulletin the other day that President Wilson's attitude in the Mooney case must make a very deep impression on foreign opinion. President Wilson's opinion goes a long way as it were when he takes a stand on public questions, for he is not only President of the United States, he has won the world's respect in all matters touching the war. But hardly is it to be inferred that because he wants a new trial for Mooney, the courts have necessarily erred. Aside from the fact that he is an idealist and inclined to suspect all persons who are not as prejudiced as himself in favor of the laboring man, Mr. Wilson is very eager to disabuse the minds of Bolshevists and others who suspect that the courts of this country are not to be trusted where the Jacobins are concerned. It is not strange that he should be in favor of giving Mooney a new trial. He thinks it important for a people eager to make the world safe for democracy to give proof of their freedom from class prejudice, but Mr. Wilson is mistaken. The mob is not democracy. There is more socialism than democracy in the Russian revolutionaries who have made it hard for the Allies on the Western front. Mr. Wilson, as a matter of fact, is something of a revolutionary himself with men of his own type. They may be right, but as to that we shall be better informed at the next election. It may turn out that the President's sentiments are not shared by all the people; that there may be a great deal of reaction in this country, and that the people are rather in favor of returning to the principles they believed in before the Administration started in making the world safe for socialism. Perhaps the people are satisfied with the courts and are not desirous of having them controlled by the Executive. Of course it would be an outrage to hang an innocent man, but we have more confidence in our courts than in our politicians, and we like an orderly process of justice, especially when a disorderly process is favored chiefly by anarchists.

* * *

The Pity of It

"Russia is now pitied," says a writer in the Bulletin. The Bulletin writer is partly right. Russia is indeed to be pitied. Russia is a symbol of the downfall of power, as much so as a certain biblical character who permitted his locks to be shorn. Nor can we see how matters are to be improved by the reinstatement of Kerensky, the weak brother of the revolution. Kerensky was the typical soap-box orator. He was a good orator but a poor statesman, very much like one of our politicians who have been winning the war with their idealism. They were the forerunners of the Bolsheviks, and they have inspired pity for Russia. Now pity is a noble emotion which the world easily forgets. As a result of the muddling in Russia it has been rumored that the Romanoffs were out of existence, and there is very little pity for that dynasty. The truth is, pity breeds indifference. It has bred indifference to the Romanoffs, who, after all, ought to have been spared for the sake of Russia, for Russia is to be saved by faith. Whatever the faults of the Romanoffs, they represented the confidence of the Russians in their religion, and if they are destroyed there is no longer any faith to gratify the sentiments of the people. Now in the last analysis of our belief are matters of faith, and this is especially true of Russia, whose greatest novelists teach us that they understand the value of weather in creating a psychological atmosphere. The unceasing winter which accompanies the development of the tremendous tragedy of Russia emphasizes the hopelessness of the state in which the characters of a Turgenieff appear in the scene. There are rare souls in Russia who honestly disbelieve that human life is desirable or that it ever will be desirable. From their point of view the extinction of the race is the best thing that could happen. Yet it was to people of this sort that our statesmen catered at the outbreak of the revolution. They believe absolutely in the futility in their lives. They are like the characters that Artzibashef introduces us to—Dchenieff the art-

[illegible]

* * *

Wilson, Carnegie and Mercury

[illegible]

* * *

William's End

The German Foreign Secretary has talked somewhat indiscreetly in saying that there is no hope of success by means of the military power. But in Germany diplomacy and war go together. Doubtless the Foreign Secretary gives accurately the wishes of the Kaiser and is willing to stand the brunt of the whole affair. Kings and rulers ready to sacrifice himself, whatever may be his position! There is war on the German plan. It would not be unreasonable for the Kaiser to confess that the war is a failure. Like his ancestor Frederick he realizes that a war is never over until the last gun is dead. It is always possible for prevailing to refer to disappointed the enemy. Such was the case in the Seven Years War when Frederick went about, as now we know, with poison pellets in his pocket, ready to be taken. The situation is very much the same now as it was then. The end of this war will mean the end of the whole Hohenzollern dynasty. The man who German writer keeps alive the hope that William may continue to reign in Potsdam.

* * *

The End of the War

More than two months ago—to be precise on April 30—we wrote: "This war is not going to last as long as some folk at the present think." It was explained that this was said without pretence to prophetic ritual. Many are not at the [illegible] early date—when all things that have appeared since are considered. We explained that our feeling was that not so many advantages that had been gained, but to a practical standstill. Germany had been thought to be beyond the reformist appeal. Ritter with materialism, seemingly beyond redemption, she was regarded as hopelessly pitted with the cause of militarism. But as we pointed out at the time, the Teutons had come to a realization of the misery war, which they had been plunged by their masters. Reading of the loss of the Emperor and other papers of the Central Empires printed in Switzerland, we perceived that the great weakness of Germany at that time was a moral attitude. Home and sweet sweetness in America, and the horror in what was always Germany. The sense of defiance which accompanies it is of no importance. Germany may humiliate London but she cannot compel the Australians to defend her borders against the Allies in an empty stomach. The end of the war is approaching.

Perspective Impressions

[illegible]

"Women are the purest [illegible] of real society," said Senator Bradbury during the address to the Senate. The point you know where [illegible]

[illegible]

It seems to be all right with the Brownells

[illegible]

Buy your shoes and help the Government

[illegible]

How many American controls can you put by vote?

[illegible]

Heaven was there praising Lloyd George. "It don't make [illegible]

[illegible]

What stories fall out ordinary Germans have not told.

[illegible]

Wouldn't the Kaiser give a whole lot to be beheaded in his go the least?

[illegible]

"The easy is easy to plagiarize; you'll do your work on water." A lot of our Americans were get most information from Kipling.

[illegible]

King George likes good whisky and ample eating. But don't have to be a king to like that indeed.

[illegible]

No [illegible] of [illegible] is reported in the German army. World rather hear of 10 outbreaks of cold feet.

[illegible]

"Death Hall makes big hit at Paragon"—Daily paper. Looking at the lady's picture, the big hit is obvious.

[illegible]

The boy whose hand was blown off by gunpowder says on July 4 that a whole lot of fun began beginning the celebrations.

[illegible]

If the Czar had been born on the sphere for which he was fitted he might today be a happy fellow [illegible] a Petrograd shop.

[illegible]

Socialism or other we sort of feel that Kennedy's [illegible] to [illegible] is not yet established.

[illegible]

Everybody seems to pay the share of the cost of war, but when it is all over we shall want to know whether somebody is spending money as though it were paid by drunken sailors.

[illegible]

We have become so used that we forget boys from gambling in Golden Gate Park. Even the guilty have to salute them when the mayor happens to be busy with postal wagons and his diverse [illegible]

One Small Russian

By Marjorie Grant

She was very tiny for eight years old, and I think she had the most brilliant and intelligent black eyes that I have ever seen, and certainly the widest-striped socks. I met her at —— on the Riviera, whither I had gone to take up hospital work in the earlier days of the war. She lived with her grandmother the Princess, and her great-grandmother the old Princess, and she herself was a little Princess. It was rather like the Three Bears—the Old Princess, the Big Princess, and the Little Princess. They had been voluntary exiles from Russia for some years, and for a long time had occupied apartments in my hotel.

The Big Princess was infirmière-major of a hospital, and was usually at work there all day. "Mon arrière-grand'-mère la vieille princesse," as Tamara called her, was a very old lady, who kept almost entirely to her own rooms and was rarely seen. The Little Princess, Tamara, seldom went out, being hard at work all day with three governesses, two Russian and one French. In her spare time she was required to devote herself to the amusement of the Old Princess, who was clamorously unhappy if her grandchild were long out of her sight.

Tamara was the only child in the hotel—except the chasseur, a cherub in a sailor suit who did not run the lift because it was stopped as a war economy, and ran messages never to return the same day. Although I knew her grandmother it seemed for a long time as if my desire to make friends with the child was to be frustrated by her constant preoccupation with lessons. Then in a moment fortunate for me one of her governesses fell ill and Tamara had some leisure moments in her day.

I lost no time in asking her to tea. We already had a diningroom acquaintance of nods and smiles and occasional words at luncheon. Permission was granted by the Big Princess, and punctually at half-past four Tamara was formally announced by the chasseur.

Any English child, certainy any American, would have been on terms of familiarity with the only other child in the hotel—Michel, the chasseur, was less than ten years old. But not so my Little Princess. She ordered him about like a slave, speaking to him always de haut en bas and ignoring him entirely if she passed him on the street.

Tamara entered and kissed me politely. She had wrapped herself closely in a large purple shawl, and she pointed at once and dramatically to the open windows.

"They must be shut immediately," she commanded. "The English Mademoiselle is reckless of her health, but for myself I do not care to catch a pneumonia." She seated herself well back in a chair that engulfed all of her but her striped socks, and added, "I doubt very much whether my heart will support the severity of the weather. And it is melancholy, this incessant rain."

Her bright eyes roamed about my room.

"The two sofas arranged thus, at right angles to the fireplace, give to the apartment the air of a railway-carriage," she mentioned politely. "I like it, I who never travel."

I was dismayed when she refused to touch any of the cakes I had provided for our little feast. She was polite but firm. Presently after some struggle with its hard angles she produced a thick crust of dry bread from her pocket and began to nibble it.

"Mon arrière-grand'mère advised me to bring this," she said. "All night I have had fever and sickness." I expressed my sympathy, and Tamara informed me without embarrassment that the day before she had been to a party given by some little Russian friends, where she had overeaten. "It is always so," she said with resignation. "I do not profit by experience."

She was a weird little child, abnormally intelligent, and a thousand years old it seemed, electric with life and energy, and with an attractiveness that promised to become great fascination later on. She spoke in swift and charming French, occasionally mimicking an English word—"Tea," "good-bye," "darling"—which amusement sent her into fits of laughter. She was sitting on my knee insisting on a laborious explanation in French of the pictures in an English book, when the femme-de-chambre came to announce that she was to return to her apartment as her grandmother required her.

"Tell Madame la princesse that I am hunting for my hair-ribbon," Tamara said, instantly snatching the bow off her hair and thrusting it down the sofa back. "I shall return when I find it. Go—and say so!" she ordered, stamping her foot.

Then she wound her arms round my neck and kissed me. "I love you, love you," she said. "And will you, before I go, Mademoiselle, show me the ravishing hat that you wore on Sunday?"

We were fast friends after that. Tamara seized every opportunity to slip into my room, and insisted upon teaching me to play bézique, her solitary recreation. She had a tiny pack of exceedingly dirty pink cards, and she dealt and counted with the rapidity and precision of a confirmed gambler. She would introduce herself with caution through a crack in my door on a Sunday morning, and produce from the pocket of her best velvet frock her beloved cards.

"Ten minutes before mass," she would announce, dealing them swiftly. "Time for one hand, if my dear Mademoiselle will be so obliging." She had an uncanny aptitude for figures. Her governess would explain a new rule in arithmetic and set her some problems on it. Tamara would work at it, master it, and compose a page of brain-racking problems on her own account for the governess to solve. She never complained of her lessons, and her education was far beyond that of English children of her age.

Tamara loved coming out with me, and on the afternoon of Christmas Eve I was permitted to take her to see the shops. She was delighted to hear that she was to choose herself a Christmas present from me.

"My grandmother exacts that it shall be very small," Tamara said with some reluctance, having obviously been charged with severity to convey this message to me. "But it is not the part of a child to interfere if Mademoiselle chooses something considerable," she added with unusual submission.

She hung over the jewelers' windows coveting a silver bracelet, but refused it firmly none the less on the ground that she was far too ugly to wear jewelry. She informed me that to be sufficiently beautiful to adorn herself with a pink coral brooch would be happiness, but that with black hair, black eyes, such a thing was out of the question. "After all, one is Russian, not negress," she said.

A purse, suggested by me, did not seem so much like a present as a necessity, and was in any case not interesting to a child. She also refused a book of stories that she fell upon with the devourer's instinct, her little face alight with pleasure and intelligence, because—with an inimitable wave of the hand—"Once read, a book for me is finished."

At last in a toy-shop she suddenly fell head over heels in love with a dolls' villa in a garden. There was a real gate that opened and shut, and trees standing in grass plots, and window boxes full of flowers, and charming furniture in the rooms. Tamara knelt in front of it in a perfect rapture, so ravished by its contrivances that she was a real child for once, and no one could have withheld it from her.

She came home squeezing my hands, and jumping up to kiss me at intervals, and to say over and over again, "Que je suis contente!" We had tea in my room, and she found great amusement in setting out a tiny crèche on the table; a quaint little Virgin kneeling over a waxen Infant on a straw pillow; camels, sheep, Joseph, shepherds, and kings.

Later on she curled up on my knee before the fire, half asleep, holding the toy bambino in her hand.

"I could well imagine, Mademoiselle," she said drowsily, "the happiness to be myself a mother with a mignon p'tit enfant in my arms. A real one, who would cry if I pulled his hair."

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The Maud Allan Libel Case

(From the London Times)

The trial of Mr. Noel Pemberton Billing, M. P., on a charge of publishing a false and defamatory libel on Miss Maud Allan, the dancer, occupied Mr. Justice Darling and a jury for six days at the Central Criminal Court and ended in the acquittal of the defendant. The trial was made remarkable by the scenes which took place in court, where defiance was constantly shown to the Judge, and by the mention of a number of names of well-known persons against whom allegations were constantly made of immorality and submission, or a tendency to submit, to German libel.

The trial began on Wednesday, May 29. Beside the indictment relating to Miss Allan there were two further charges of publishing a false and defamatory libel against Mr. J. T. Grein, the dramatic critic, and of publishing an obscene libel.

Mr. Hume-Williams, K. C., Mr. Travers Humphreys, and Mr. Valetta appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Billing conducted his own defense.

The first of the three indictments—that relating to the alleged libel on Miss Allan—recited that Mr. Billing maliciously published on February 16 a false and defamatory libel concerning her in the form of a paragraph in a newspaper called Vigilante, meaning that the said Maud Allan was a lewd, unchaste, and immoral woman and was about to give private performances of an obscene and indecent character, so designed as to foster and encourage unnatural practices among women, and that the said Maud Allan associated herself with persons addicted to unnatural practices. The paragraph in question, which appeared under a heading that is unprintable, was as follows:

To be a member of Maud Allan's private performances in Oscar Wilde's "Salome" one had to apply to Miss Valetta, of 9 Duke street, Adelphi. If Scotland Yard were to seize the list of these members I have no doubt they would secure the names of several thousand of the First 47,000.

The explanation of the reference to the "First 47,000," as stated by the prosecution, was found in the issue of the same paper (then called the Imperialist) for January 26, which made the following, among other, allegations:

There have been a good many reason why England is prevented from putting her full strength into the war. . . Hope of profit cannot he the only reason for our betrayal.

There exists in the "Cabinet noire" of a certain German prince a book compiled by the Secret Service from the reports of German agents who have infested this country for the past twenty years, agents so vile and spreading debauchery of such lasciviousness as only German minds can conceive and only German bodies execute.

The officer who discovered this book while on special service briefly outlined for me its stupefying contents. In the beginning of the book is a précis of general instructions regarding the propagation of evils which all decent men thought had perished in Sodom and Lesbia.

More than 1000 pages are filled with the names mentioned by German agents in their reports. There are the names of 47,000 English men and women.

It is a most catholic list. The names of Privy Councilors, wives of Cabinet Ministers, even Cabinet Ministers themselves, diplomats, poets, bankers, editors, newspaper proprietors, and members of his Majesty's household.

Mr. Billing pleaded "Not Guilty" and also justification. In his plea he submitted that:

The German authorities, in furtherance of their hostile designs on this country, have for some years past, by means of spies and secret agents, compiled a list of men and women of various social, political, financial and other positions and occupations in this country, with a record of their alleged moral, sexual, and other weaknesses, and with all information procurable concerning them which would render such persons easy victims of pressure and enable them under fear and threats of exposure to be forced into courses of conduct agreeable to the wishes of German agents in this country and to their superiors in Germany.

The said list comprises the names of 47,000 persons or thereabouts, and the textual presentation by any one of the tragedy "Salome" would particularly attract many of the people whose names appear in the list. It was, therefore, for the public benefit that the matters complained of should be published, in the interests of purity in the public life of the country.

After the charge had been read, Mr. Billing, speaking from the dock, said: "Before this case proceeds, my Lord, I should like with your permission to lodge a formal protest. I wish to lodge a protest against your Lordship's taking this case. My reason is that I have, in my position as a public man and as a member of Parliament, on many occasions criticized your Lordship's administration of justice in this country.

Mr. Justice Darling—I can assure you at once that they have not. I have never seen any criticism by you of myself which to my knowledge was your criticism.

Mr. Billing—My Lord——

Mr. Justice Darling—I will hear no more of this, if you please. The case will proceed.

At the suggestion of the Judge, Mr. Billing left the dock and was given a place at the solicitors' table to be better heard by the Judge and the jury.

Miss Maud Allan's Evidence

Miss Maud Allan, in answer to counsel, said that she was a spinster and a dramatic artist. She was born in Toronto of English parents, and was educated until the age of 15 at San Francisco. To complete her training as a professional pianist, she went to Berlin and studied at the Academy there. It was there in 1901 that she decided to take up dancing as a means of livelihood. Her dance of the "Vision of Salome" had nothing to do with the play, "Salome," by Oscar Wilde. It was her own conception, taken from the Bible story. It was only one of her very large repertoire of dances. She had performed at private houses and several times before King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Last September she returned from a long engagement in the United States. She had private means, but she wished to continue her work so long as it was a pleasure. In January of this year she was offered by Mr. Grein the part of Salome in Oscar Wilde's play.

Mr. Billing then cross-examined the witness. "You are Maud Allan?" he asked, and Miss Allan replied, "Yes."

Mr. Billing—Is that the only name you have ever held?—No.

What is your name?—Maud Allan Durrant.

Look at that book (handing a thick green-covered volume to the witness). Will you tell me if the reference in page 122 is to you?—Yes.

Now turn to the other page which is marked. Is that a photograph of your brother?

Miss Allan—My Lord, I ask if this has anything to do with this case?

Mr. Billing—I am reluctantly obliged——

Mr. Hume Williams (indignantly)—Reluctantly obliged!

Mr. Justice Darling (studying the volume)—I see there is a page of photographs in this book, and you wish to ask whether one of them is the witness' brother. Mr. Billing, are you bound to ask this question?

Mr. Billing—I deeply regret it, my Lord, but I shall have to call evidence to prove the exact influence that that case has to bear generally on sexual perversion.

Mr. Justice Darling—Which case?

Mr. Billing—The case referred to in that book.

Mr. Hume Williams (after examining the book)—I think this is a very cruel and undeserved attack on this lady.

Mr. Justice Darling—It is not a question whether it is cruel and undeserved. The question is whether you have any legal objection.

Mr. Billing (addressing the witness)—You are the sister of the man whose photograph you have seen?—I am.

Mr. Justice Darling—What was his name?

Mr. Billing—William Henry Theodore Durrant. (To the witness)—Was your brother executed in San Francisco for murdering two young girls and outraging them?

Miss Allan (to the Judge)—I do not know whether that question is absolutely admissible in its entirety.

Mr. Justice Darling.—You had better split it up. It involves several questions.

Mr. Billing (to the witness)—Was your brother executed in San Francisco?—Yes.

For what crime?—You have said what the crime was.

Mr. Justice Darling—For murder?—Yes.

Of two young girls?—Yes.

And outraging them after death?—That I believe is a false statement.

Mr. Billing—It is a German art, is it not, your type of dancing?—Not at all.

You moved in the highest social circles there?—I had the honor of invitation to many of the highest homes.

Did you ever go to 10 Downing street?—I had that honor.

Did you ever dance there?—I did not.

Did you meet Mrs. Asquith there?—Why, most naturally, when I was her guest.

Did you ever meet her anywhere else?—Oh, yes.

Has she ever been in your dressing room at the Palace?—No.

Asked by Mr. Billing whether she could see no suggestion of sexual perversion in "Salome," Miss Allan replied: No, You could say "Mary had a little lamb" in many different ways, and read many different meaning into it if you wished. She did not think that the play was calculated to appeal to moral perverts.

Mr. Billing expressed surprise that Mr. Grein had not been called, and was reminded by the Judge that they were at present trying only the charge which concerned Miss Allan. The proceedings were then adjourned.

Case for the Defense

Mr. Billing proceeded to open the case for his defense on May 30. In reply to the Judge, he said that he did not intend to give evidence himself, but that he proposed to call evidence.

Mrs. Eleanor Villiers-Stuart said, in reply to Mr. Billing, that her husband was in the Army. She had read the alleged libel and understood it, and she thought the average person would understand it. She had also read the article referring to the book which contained the names of the "First 47,000."

Mr. Billing—Have you seen that book?—I have seen it.

In this country?—Yes.

(Continued on Page 16)

The Spectator

A Story of Three Soldiers

Early in the war I received a letter which serves to remind me in these days of general moral strife and much bitterness that the time will come when men and races now in conflict will be co-operating once more in the services of humanity. The letter was about a French cavalry officer who told the details of the story I am about to relate. He told it in a letter he had written to his fiancée in Paris. This officer was wounded fatally in the chest in a cavalry charge. When he recovered consciousness he found two men, both wounded, trying to staunch his bleeding and to pour water down his throat. One was a Highland officer; the other a private in a regiment of Uhlans. The German soldier produced some morphia and a needle, and with the aid of this all three forgot their terrible wounds, found suddenly a strange ease and comfort, and began to talk of their lives and their homes. But for all three the end was near, and when the French officer ceased to write, the other two had already found a longer oblivion than any repose that morphia could give. So the three men died comforting and helping one another.

The Parable

The story is a parable of mankind and, notwithstanding the incredible behavior of the Hun, it will some day be recognized as a lesson for all the nations at war.

When Reconstruction Will Begin

The story is a parable for mankind, and it is a lesson for the nations at war. Our duty to our country, to freedom, and to civilization, imposes upon us a brutal and horrible task. At the moment we are called upon to repel by force an aggression on liberty and human rights, and no effort must be spared, no sacrifice omitted, that may be necessary to overcome a design that is served with the infinite resources of science, organization, courage, and discipline. But we are fighting not to destroy or to outlaw a people or a race, and if we allow ourselves to be led away by the passions of revenge and cruelty, we shall do violent dishonor to the great cause that is in our keeping. Some day our business will not be war, but reconstruction, and, strange as it may now seem, in that reconstruction all Europe will take its part. What Talleyrand said of his diplomatic achievement, that he had regained for France the right of citizenship in Europe, will never have to be said by a German statesman, for only the unthinking propose, when the Allies have won their victory, to disfranchise any European people. We shall be engaged in the work of the three dying soldiers, and from that work nobody will be excluded.

Maud Allan's Libel Suit

The London Times comments at great length editorially upon the testimony adduced at the Maud Allan libel action against Pemberton Billing. This testimony is published in Town Talk this week for the same reason that it was published in all the London papers—because the trial was one of the most remarkable of our epoch, and because San Francisco takes a special interest in Maud Allan Durrant and her spectacular career. "It is safe to say," the Times says, "that no lawsuit of modern times has attracted such universal and painful interest." The Times thus accounts for this interest: "The whole case was invested with the suspicion of a wholesale conspiracy to suppress the truth—and we would say at once that we believe the anxiety of the public to have been due far more to this aspect of it than to any merely prurient curiosity." As to the extravagant charges made at the trial, the Times says: "It is frankly monstrous that the names of public men, still more that the names of dead soldiers, should be left suspended, as they are now suspended, in an atmosphere of scandalous suspicion." The Times censures Justice Darling for his conduct of the case, while admitting that his position was difficult: "His course was inconsistent. He sometimes relaxed the rules of evidence and sometimes enforced them strictly. He permitted names to be mentioned without admitting the right of reply. . . . We are bound to say we deeply regret that the case was not in any other hands than his." As to wild statements concerning the "Black Book" containing 47,000 names, the Times makes light of them. "Nevertheless, it is as certain as anything can be that the Germans do possess some sort of record of the career, opinions, and relative value from their own standpoint, of most men and women in English public life. It is more than probable that some of these names are also furnished with notes on the best means of exerting influence or pressure. Nothing, of course, is proved by such a record." The Times takes the jury's verdict to represent "an honest British repugnance for the whole 'Salome' business."

As to British Morals

The Times fears that the British public will draw from the unproved charges of depravity the inference "that there is a real fire behind so much smoke." The Times deprecates this inference: "We are absolutely convinced that the state of affairs which it was sought to represent is grossly exaggerated, limited to an infinitesimal section in every class, very largely the result of gossip and sheer thoughtlessness. Neither in public patriotism nor in private morals has England cause to fear comparison with any country in the world. But the tolerance of evil is a fertile breeding-ground of suspicion. No public man or woman can afford unnecessary contact with questionable companions. In the days before the war there was growing in London, beyond any sort of question, that passion for excitement and for the latest novelty which is always the familiar beginning of a corrupt society. It originated in every class with a small and insignificant clique. What mattered was that it was too openly condoned by those whose public duty called them to set the loftiest example of private scruples. If one of the consequences of the Billing case is to give new value to the ancient virtues, to make public men and women realize that their responsibilities are not ended with their public functions, to remind them that countless eyes are watching their doings and their associates, then there may be some compensation after all for the work of a scandalous week."

The Significance of the Case

Of course it goes without saying that no sensible person believes the wholesale charges of depravity hurled by Billing and his witnesses. If the charges are true, England is rotten to the core. But if England is rotten to the core, how is she able to make the stupendous stand against Germany which she is still making at the end of four years of the most exhausting war? The flower of England has been cut down on the battlefield. "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted Earl," to use Kipling's words, all have been doing their country's and civilization's work. No, England is not rotten; she is sound. The significance of the case lies elsewhere. It demolishes once and forever the position of those esthetes who affect to see in works like Wilde's "Salome" the sublimation of artistic beauty. It vindicates those who have all along protested against the horrors brought upon the stage in the name of art by the whole tribe of "Salome" dancers. In this city, her home, where Maud Allan received a respectful attention for her dances, certain critics expressed their detestation of the nasty Salome dance, only to be ridiculed as puritans, provincials and what not. As a matter of fact, these critics were animated by high artistic ideals. We know now just what Oscar Wilde meant by his "Salome"; the play must now be pigeonholed among moral monstrosities, and the dances founded on its evil incidents must go with it. It is to be doubted whether Maud Allan and others of her school will have the temerity to do these dances again. Maud Allan by her libel action sought vindication not only

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for herself but also for her dance and for Wilde's play. She did not get it. The verdict damns the Salome dance; it damns Wilde's play. Herein is a large part of the significance of the trial. Billing and his crazy story of the "Black Book" were instrumental in bringing this about; they are of no other importance.

Hartman at the Beach

"I see that you've been telling us something about the ocean beach," said Senator Hartman as he dropped into the ferry tower again to chat with his friend, the caretaker of the ferry tower.

"Yes," said that functionary of the harbor, "did I tell you something interesting as a result of my visit to Colonel Farley?"

"Well, you might have been duller," observed the former statesman, "especially at this time. You neglected, for example, to dwell on the touch of color that the soldiers have added to the ocean beach. You merely talked of the beach as a health resort. That's not news. Why, everybody knows that men revive their waning powers by imitating John Farley and the seagulls. But the soldiers—they have their powers; they are worth watching and they make it interesting. Aren't you on to the fact that they are contributing to the gaiety of the town out on the beach?"

The Clockwinder nodded. "Well," said he, "I know they are dancing their heads off out there, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, they're doing that and they are entertaining the ladies. They spend a lot of their time up at the Cliff and down on the sands. They've discovered the beach, but not as a health resort. For many of them the beach appears to be a resort for a rollicking good time of a highly moral character. If you would know life in war time, get out within sound of the seals and learn what's going on. That's where I go when life is dull on Powell street," said Hartman.

"I shouldn't think you'd learn much about politics out there," said the Clockwinder.

"That's because you haven't been keeping in touch with the game. That's where they talk politics between dances. That's where I learned the other night all about the story of Jim Woods' successorship."

Hartman at the Ferry

After a long pause during which he took occasion to pay a passing tribute to the Administration, Senator Hartman assured the sage of the waterfront that he had no intention to say anything in derogation of ladies who haunt the ocean beach.

"Far be it from me," he said, "to give you the impression that they go out there merely to study the gallant soldier boys," said the Senator. "They are not the kind of ladies we meet in the police court, eager to give a fair trial to men accused of being in the Baker-street vice club. Nor are they taking the cure. They have discovered the beach because of its value to women as a means of beautifying the sex."

"I don't get you," said the Clockwinder.

"Well, it's like this," said Hartman. "These ladies have found out that you don't have to go to the country to get a tan through your shirt-waist. You can get it on the beautiful sand where the soldiers employ their leisure. That's why so many of them wear bathing suits at Santa Cruz—a new wrinkle for San Franciscans. They go out in their limousines to entertain the soldier boys and the boys are very grateful. By the bye, a poet up at the Bohemian Club tells me that the ladies are very grateful, too, and very patriotic. They are eager to prove their appreciation of the men who are ready to die for their country. I don't know anything about such affairs, but the poet does. Some of them are too deep for me."

"I suppose," said the Clockwinder, "that you mean"——

"Now," said Hartman, glowering at his inquisitor, "don't put any words in my mouth; however, I don't mind saying that, as a beach visitor, we have many patriots among the women who tarry at the Seal Rocks. These women really deserve the vote."

"Are you a suffragette?" suddenly asked the Clockwinder.

Talk of a Third Term

"No," said Hartman, "I'm a Republican, as of old. I'm more of a Republican than ever since reading in the New York Sun that Vice-President Marshall has been booming Wilson for the Presidency for a third term."

"You don't believe that, do you?" said the waterfront philosopher with a smile.

"I'm not at all skeptical," replied the Senator as he lighted a fat cigar. "It wouldn't surprise me to hear that the President thinks more of himself than of Mr. McAdoo. And I think it would be just as easy to elect one as to elect the other. It is a family affair either way you look at it, and after all we are only making the world safe for democracy. But let us not pursue the subject. We are treading on dangerous ground. This is a democracy sure enough, but we are in the midst of war, and we have given the President lots of room. He is a democrat for victory only, and we are all for him."

The Late "Charlie" Shortridge

"Charlie" Shortridge was a genial fellow, pretty spectacular, but possessed of many good traits, and he had many warm friends. He did not take himself seriously. Part of his journalistic career was successful. Under him the San Jose Mercury was a profitable paper, and it gave him prominence in State politics. But he thought San Jose too small for his activities, so he induced John D. Spreckels to back him in

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STATEMENT

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COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS

Member Associated Savings Banks and San Francisco Clearing House

JUNE 29, 1918

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate	$3,683,573.08
Demand Loans	2,306,932.93
Bank Premises, Furniture and Fixtures	361,555.70
State, Municipal and Other Bonds	2,032,011.01
Cash on Hand and Deposited with Other Banks	1,307,349.58
Real Estate	106,111.72
Customers' Liability (Letters of Credit)	146,357.15
Total	$9,943,891.17

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 850,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	125,462.74
Deposits	8,789,918.78
Letters of Credit	148,657.15
Dividends Unpaid	29,852.50
Total	$9,943,891.17

OFFICERS

Andrea Sbarboro ..... President | C. H. Crocker ..... Vice-President
Alfred E. Sbarboro ..... Cashier | Romolo A. Sbarboro ..... Asst. Cashier
G. J. Panario ..... Asst. Cashier | V. L. Puccinelli ..... Asst. Cashier
C. C. Peini ..... Manager Foreign Exchange Department
M. L. Perasso ..... Manager North Beach Branch
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C. A. Malm	C. H. Crocker	D. Ghirardelli	Luigi DeMartini	M. L. Perasso

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

A. Sbarboro, being sworn, says: That said A. SBARBORO is president of the ITALIAN AMERICAN BANK, a Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement therein contained is true to his knowledge and belief.

A. SBARBORO, President.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1918.

E. J. MALATESTA, Notary Public.

All Savings Deposits made up to July 10, 1918, draw interest from July 1, 1918.

the management of the San Francisco Call. One of his first editorial paragraphs in the Call was an invitation to his friends to "come right into the editorial sanctum, sit down and spit on the stove." This sort of thing did not go when applied to metropolitan journalism. After a considerable sum had been sunk in the Call, he and Spreckels disagreed and "Charlie" returned to San Jose. He plunged once more into suburban politics, and later on secured an interest in the Herald. But he was overtaken by reverses and the Herald fell into the hands of its creditors. His most recent journalistic enterprise was the San Jose Times. In reference to his flier in San Francisco journalism, he was quoted as saying: "If a millionaire ever lets me pull his leg again, I'll pull it off and beat his brains out with it."

In the State Senate

As a State Senator, "Charlie" Shortridge was contributing continually to the gayety of California. More stories are told of his career in the chamber at the upper end of the capitol than of any other man who ever sat there. At one time he introduced a bill known as "the horseshoe bill," which gave the blacksmith a lien on the horse he had shoed until the bill was paid. Nobody would take this bill seriously, but Shortridge industriously moved it up to a critical place on the file. It was to be considered finally at a night session. Just before the secretary read the title of the bill, a sergeant-at-arms entered the Senate chamber with a floral horseshoe six feet high with the inscription: "Something to win attention." He got attention, made the funniest speech of his career, and the bill was passed.

Giving Credit

Once when "Charlie" had won a hard-fought political battle, a friend met him and remarked that the victory had been a great surprise.

"I never expected you to win," said the friend.

"I feel like Disraeli after his bitterly contested election in 1874 when for the first time he commanded a majority in the Commons and was for the second time Prime Minister," rejoined Shortridge, who always had a pat story. "A friend met him, as you have met me, and expressed much the same surprise. Disraeli's only comment was: 'God is great, greater than ever!' "

As a Lawyer

When "Charlie" decided to adopt the profession of his brother, Samuel M., a friend said to him with a note of incredulity:

"Are you going to practice law?"

"Well," replied "Charlie," "I'm going into partnership with John E. Richards. He will furnish the law, while I supply the hot air."

Reliable Financial News

Some interesting news comes to us from the always interesting Financial Letter of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank. "There seems to be," says the editor, "some stability in the prices of the commodities most necessary to life and reasonable comforts." While there is a tendency to increase, there are no more sudden jumps. However, prices are high because of the drastic taxation. Such taxes as business has to bear can only be paid from corresponding profits, and, says the editor of the Letter, "when we pay what seems to be exorbitant prices we are really, in part, paying war taxes which have been passed on to us." He adds, "a very large part of the cost of living is payment of the cost of war and there is general insistence that each shall pay his share." We are also told that the crop prospects of the country are excellent and that the farm labor shortage has not yet proved serious in this State. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that war and its affiliated demands press more heavily on the financial and man-power of the country which is being gradually diverted from the non-essential to the essential. Meanwhile money failures are making low records and our tremendous excess of exports of merchandise over imports continues, though it is significant that exchange is against us in all neutral countries. Our imports of gold have been falling off and our exports increasing. Respecting war tax payments, the editor says:

"Within the last two months the people of this country have completed payments for war taxes and Liberty bonds to an amount aggregating over seven billion dollars. That is a great deal more than the money of all kinds existing in the country, and more than twice the amount of our gold money. And these huge payments were effected without the slightest disturbance of the money or credit market. Very little money was used, nor did the exchange of credits by which the payments were made impair the lending power of the banks in any important degree. During all this time there was money for all loans which would have been made had there been no such payments in progress. The explanation is simple. In the first place, although the payments were completed during the period named, they had been going on for months. Whoever buys a certificate of indebtedness anticipates the payment of somebody's tax or bond purchase. The certificates fall due on a date when a tax or other payment to the Government is due, and are accepted by the Government in payment for the debt to it. On that date there is a general settlement, any certificates not tendered for taxes being paid off in cash. The Government, however, does not withdraw the money from the banks, but leaves it on deposit to be checked against just as if owned by individuals. When checked out by the Government it is redeposited by the individuals who received it. And this is true in respect to final payments of taxes or for bonds, just as for certificates of indebtedness. The deposits of the banks as a whole are not affected."

Hyatt on Tobacco

In the June issue of the California Blue Bulletin which is published for public school teachers by the State Department of Education, Edward Hyatt, our Superintendent of Public Instruction, has a page-long article entitled "In re coffin nails." By coffin nails Hyatt means cigarettes, but the article is not an anti-cigarette article, it is an anti-tobacco article. Hyatt begins by pointing out that we teach our boys—meaning our school boys—by precept, to avoid cigarettes, but that by example we encourage them to do so. In other words, we teach school boys that cigarettes are bad for them, and yet we smoke them ourselves. I do not know what form the teaching concerning cigarettes takes in the schools. If school boys are taught that cigarettes—or any kind of smoking—is bad for school boys, they are taught correctly. If they are taught that cigarettes, cigars, pipes are bad for grown-ups, they are taught what isn't true. Unless the teaching in the schools takes this untruthful form, I cannot quite see the force of Hyatt's lament. If boys are taught that tobacco is evil, then of course it is wrong for grown-ups to set them the example of smoking. And as Hyatt harps on the deplorable example set by grown-ups, I am inclined to think that this must be the teaching, at least in some of the schools. We know that there has been a similarly mendacious teaching regarding strong drink. But if school boys are taught, quite correctly, that they should not smoke until they have attained their full growth,

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To keep open the road to France.

Our soldiers are going "over there" willing to make the supreme sacrifice for the preservation of American ideals—American Liberties—to rid the world of the curse of Military Autocracy.

Their sacrifices are for you. You owe them something more than a cheer—something more than a sentimental endorsement.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

what possible harm can there be in permitting boys to see those who have attained their full growth enjoying a cigarette, a cigar or a pipe? Boys of common sense understand the situation, if it is presented to them properly. If they persist in smoking anyway, it is not the fault of the example set by their elders; it is the fault of the boys. This fault must be corrected—but by further instructing, or admonishing, or punishing the boys; not by bidding their elders surrender the weed. This is elementary, but Hyatt either does not see it, or pretends not to see it.

Hyatt's Jeremiad

In order that my readers may judge for themselves, I shall quote part of this "coffin nail" article of his. He has called attention to the omnipresent advertisements of cigarettes and smoking tobacco. He continues:

And how skillfully their ill-gotten profits enable the tobacco men to prey upon poor human nature, how adroitly they press the springs that result in human action! How graceful are the attitudes of the young men who are rolling cigarettes in the pictures! How fashionable are their clothes! How athletic their forms, how debonair their expressions! How admiring the glances of the lovely young ladies that surround them, timidly worshipping, inviting, questioning in the background! How they are whirling in the giddy dance, playing tennis, golf, yachting, motoring, hunting—how they are lauded as "virile young men," "red-blooded men," "leaders of men," and all that. Always they are youthful, smooth of skin and bright of eye and tall and straight and handsome and admired.

I have not observed any pictures of the snaggle-toothed bum, begging the makin's of a cigarette—of a bleareyed, unshaven old sot trying to light a stub picked up from the street—of the insane stare and loosened jaw of the weak-minded youth with a butt plastered to his lip. Of the furtive school boy, tallow-faced, unable to keep up with his class! Oh, no, not these at all. Yet they more truly tell the tale than any of the advertising artists who take the thirty pieces of silver.

It is apparent from this that our Superintendent of Public Instruction regards tobacco as an unmixed evil, the same way he regards liquor. That being so, he should be valuable to the Anti-Saloon League, which is commencing an agitation against tobacco in order to have an outlet for its activities when the nation goes dry, as the League is confident it will. If Hyatt is defeated for office in the coming election, I suggest that the anti-tobacco crusaders retain him for this work. He has all the equipment needed—disregard of facts, logic of a minus quality and an aptitude for the sentimental appeal—witness his hogwash about the snaggle-toothed bum. It would seem that our Superintendent of Public Instruction is voicing the sentiments so dear to the mealy-mouthed puritan, the milk-and-water fanatic, the sugar-coated professor of prunes and prisms. Has he heard nothing about the esteem in which tobacco is held by the leaders of our fighting men? Does he know nothing about the enormous quantities of tobacco the Government has been buying and shipping to France? Has he never heard of tobacco funds for the soldiers in trench and hospital? Then why does he, at this time of all times, set his writing wrist in motion to castigate the users of tobacco?

Nicholas Romanoff

The czardom was "trashed for over-topping," but it was Rasputin who brought it to the ground. Nominally the Czar ruled Russia. In fact, the Czarina ruled the Czar, and Rasputin ruled the Czarina. Of them the Czar said: "I prefer five Rasputins to one hysterical woman." That drunken, perverted, lazy peasant dispensed official favor to those who would pay for it. No minister's career, no woman's honor was safe with this "holy" man. The Grand Duke Nicholas, when he was Generalissimo, openly announced his intention of hanging Rasputin, if he ever got hold of him. That was perhaps the chief reason of the Grand Duke's transfer to the Caucasus. Just before Rasputin was "removed," he boasted: "Peace will soon be proclaimed; I am attending to it." He was attending to it for Germany, and the work continued after Rasputin's death. And now the Czar is dead, too, if we may believe the persistent report. This ending should surprise nobody. It is the last act of the tragedy. Read a scene from an earlier act. Addressing Guchkov, the Czar said:

"Tell me the whole truth."

"We come to tell your Majesty that all the troops in Petrograd are on our side. Even your own bodyguard."

"They also," murmured the Czar.

"Yes. It is useless to send more regiments. They will go over as soon as they reach the station."

"I know it. What do you wish me to do?"

And so he abdicated. The tragedy was incomplete. The catastrophe at Yekeratinburg has rounded it out in blood, or, if the tragedy is still incomplete, we may expect to see it ended soon. The Czar is in the midst of blood-letting and is not likely to die in bed.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS COMMERCIAL TRUST

Head Office, San Francisco
JUNE 29, 1918

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate		$28,038,179.48
Other Loans (Collateral and Personal)		24,676,728.63
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches)		2,576,665.34
Other Real Estate		225,054.00
Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit		1,667,351.00
Customers' Liability Account Acceptances bought and sold		153,356.80
Other Resources		454,637.83
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds	$13,431,855.34	
CASH and due from Banks	12,203,262.51	25,635,117.85
TOTAL		$83,427,091.53

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid Up		$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus	$1,250,000.00	
Undivided Profits	479,436.91	1,729,436.91
Dividends Unpaid		143,978.50
Letters of Credit		1,667,351.00
Contingent Liability Account Acceptances bought and sold		153,356.80
DEPOSITS		74,732,968.32
TOTAL		$83,427,091.53

A. P. Giannini and A. Pedrini, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained herein is true to his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI,
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1918.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904	$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1906	$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1908	$2,574,004.90
DECEMBER 31, 1910	$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912	$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1914	$18,030,401.59
December 31, 1916	$39,805,995.24
DECEMBER 31, 1917	$77,473,152.79
JUNE 29, 1918	**$83,427,091.53**
NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS { JUNE 30, 1917, 104,250 / JUNE 29, 1918, 144,509	
Other Resources	454,637.83

FOR MEN

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Little Children in Germany

Investigations made in German elementary and secondary schools by Professor Schlesinger of Salzburg show that whilst there was no backwardness in growth in 1916 as compared with 1913, in 1917 there was a reduction in height increase, and a very big difference in the weight increase, among children from seven years upwards. About one-eighth of the younger children weighed the same as they did nine months earlier. Moreover, many children were anaemic and thin, and exhibited signs of general weakness.

Henry Ford's Slip

The newspapers back East are poking fun at Henry Ford for a slip he made. As Ford is a candidate for United States Senator in Michigan, interviewers have been asking him whether he's a Republican or a Democrat. He has sidestepped a direct answer, it seems, but to one interviewer he told this story:

"Years ago, when I was just past my twenty-first birthday, my father said to me: 'Henry, you are a man now, and a citizen, and it is time for you to vote.' He took me to the voting place and advised me to vote for James A. Garfield for President. I did so."

Ford was twenty-one on July 30, 1884. If he voted the Republican ticket he voted for James G. Blaine. The story is being used to show how little Ford knows about such things.

Reckless Fishermen Losing Boats

It is believed that the fishermen along the Ocean Beach are Italians, but of late they are fishing like Germans, judging from the boats they are losing, though there is not a submersible in sight. The fishermen are eager to make speed, and so they make short cuts to the Golden Gate, skirting the precious Seal Rocks and disturbing Colonel Farley's beauty sleep. Dancing at the Cliff keeps Farley up pretty late, but a man can't sleep when the members of the Coast Guard come rushing down the steps of the esplanade with lanterns, looking for a lone fisherman who is sometimes shouting for his life. It is on such occasions that the seals rush for the deep sea and that quite a commotion is created close to the rock. It is on such occasions that the men of the Life Guard give signs of life and prove that they are earning their money when on cold and lonely duty. It was on one of many such occasions last Sunday morning about 4 o'clock that Colonel Farley, in damp pajamas, bossed the whole job from the esplanade, and incidentally cursed a crab fisherman for trying to take an edge off the big rock. His engine went dead and he would have gone to a watery grave had he not shrieked for his life and caught the buoy that Farley had thrown to him. As it was, the boat, costing several hundred dollars, was lost and the engine was lost. "It's a shame," said Farley, "to get honest men to work at this hour. We'll have to notify the Fishermen's Union to fine you fellows for violating union rules and losing boats. I'll swear that the ocean is big enough for all reasonable purposes. This is the third boat that has been lost in a month. It's time to Hooverize, before any more go on the rocks."

BALLAD OF BARDS AND ACES

By John McGough

I wonder in what star-flowered nook
Young Alan Seeger sings his song—
In what Elysium Rupert Brooke
Breathes forth his music all day long.
Far from a world that fights with Wrong
Does Byron dream of Freedom's sway,
And Keats and Shelly join the throng;
Where sings each bard of yesterday?

Say where does brave Resnati soar
Above the haunts of earthly men;
Or where, beyond the cannon's roar,
Great Guynemer ride forth again?
Does Lufbery sweep some heavenly glen
Like Phaeton of ancient day,
And Vernon Castle meet them then;
Where flies each ace of yesterday?

A stranger strolled into a village in England where considerable excitement was prevailing. "May I ask what is going on in the village?" he inquired. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's a hundred and one today." "And tell me, pray, why does that little man by the old lady's side wear such a dreadfully sad countenance on such an auspicious occasion?" "That little man, sir, is the old lady's son-in-law. He's been keeping up her life insurance for the last thirty years."

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Anna Held Recovering

A dear friend of Anna Held's writes me from New York that the plucky little woman is on the road to recovery after her long sojourn in the shadows. She is at the Majestic Hotel in New York City, and Lillian Russell is with her, having taken an apartment at the Majestic in order to wait upon her friend. "You never saw such a tender soul as Lillian," writes my correspondent. "She beats all the trained nurses in the country. And such fine, inspiring talk as she adroitly uses when Anna tells her she thinks 'it is the finish!'" My correspondent goes on to say that Miss Russell brought her daughter Dorothy to Anna Held's bedside just to prove that Anna's chances of recovery are excellent. It seems that Dorothy Russell was injured in an accident so that two or three vertebrae were disalligned and protruded. She wasted away to 72 pounds and was in a cast or brace for nearly six months. She finally recovered, and now weighs 160 pounds, but one foot had to be amputated. Still her artificial foot works so well that she can one-step, fox-trot and waltz with the most active.

It Should Be a Warning

"The trouble with Anna," my correspondent continues, "should be a warning to women who are trying to regain their 'girlish forms.' She ate such insufficient food that it failed to make blood, and the lack of blood caused a falling-off of the marrow in the bones. The connections between the bones ceased to hold. Curvature of the spine ensued. This she thought was rheumatism. But tests of her blood showed purity, and tests of her liver, lungs and kidneys proved that these organs were in good condition." My correspondent goes on to say that the blood transfusion was of great benefit to Miss Held, helping her to digest and assimilate her food. This blood transfusion, followed by the "sunburn" treatment saved her from death. The imminence of death did not frighten her. Her usual words to her physician were: "Docteur, what you do to my corpse next?" Throughout her whole siege of illness she has given orders as to herself with the utmost coolness. She enjoys company and will not deny herself to visitors. Her doors are open, and everybody walks in to see her without any announcement. "She is getting better and fatter every day," says my correspondent.

"Please Don't Tease Me"

My correspondent goes on to say that Edward Cebrian of San Francisco is stopping at the Biltmore, having gone East with a string of horses. On the day that his horse "The American Ace" won at Jamaica, Cebrian sent Miss Held a beautiful basket of flowers and an invitation to the track. "Please don't tease me," was her answer. Incidentally, Cebrian won a small fortune on this race. As to the "sunburn" treatment, my correspondent says: "The sun baths are great. The treatment consists of a chemical reproduction of the sun's rays as they are at an altitude of 8000 feet above sea level. They kill microbes by the thousand." My correspondent ends his newsy and reassuring letter by telling me that Miss Held has just been decorated with a bronze medal by the secretary of the Serbian Legation to the United States on behalf of the Serbian Government. This was in appreciation of her efforts in concert and other benefit work in Paris for Serbian children in the first two years of the war. The medal contains her portrait modelled by one of the best artists of Paris.

Enter the Chauffeuse

It does not appear that the chauffeur who is a chauffeur all the time, comes within the large scope of the "work or fight" order. When I say the chauffeur who is a chauffeur all the time, I distinguish him from the chauffeur who only "chuffs" part of the time, acting as doorman or footman the rest of the time. This man is regarded as a luxury, and must go to war work. But the real chauffeur, it would seem—we can't be too certain of the operation of the rule—is considered necessary, and will continue at the wheel of his master's or his mistress's car. That is to say, he will so continue if his master or his mistress keeps him. Whether this will be so is problematical. For the chauffeur's job is threatened. By whom? By woman. The chauffeur may be superseded by the chauffeuse. This has happened in Great Britain. It bids fair to happen here. Mrs. Francis Carolan has pointed the way. Her chauffeur is going into the army, but his job stays in the family: his wife has taken his place at the wheel, and may be seen any day driving Mrs. Carolan's limousine in the shopping district.

Complications are Possible

It is not on record that many husbands have objected to their wives having chauffeurs. Will wives object to their husbands having chauffeuses? This remains to be seen. There is a pretty general belief, which may be unfounded, that women are more jealous of their partners in marriage than men are. For one man who is jealous of his wife's chauffeur you hear of at least three wives who are jealous of their husbands' stenographers. Perhaps the wives are right in this. I do not pass judgment on so delicate a point—I merely call attention to a condition. Now if a wife is jealous of hubby's stenographer, will she not be even more jealous of hubby's chauffeuse? There are possibilities of trouble in this new order of things which has been pioneered by Mrs. Carolan. Fortunately, the new order of things is being introduced by a wife, not by a husband. I doubt

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SAN FRANCISCO

whether any husband would have the bravery to be the first to hire a chauffeuse. Nevertheless, the thing has happened in Great Britain, and we are probably coming to it here. Perhaps men who hire chauffeuses will be expected to hire homely ones.

At the Cecil

During General McDonald's service in France his wife and daughter will make their home at the Cecil. Mrs. McDonald and Miss Sue McDonald arrived in the city Monday and are receiving a cordial welcome from their friends. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan arrived from Los Angeles Monday and will remain at the hotel for several weeks. Mrs. W. D. Vinton and Miss Hazel Vinton returned from Saratoga Inn Monday and will spend the remainder of the summer at the Cecil. Among the Los Angeles people who are sojourning are Mrs. W. H. Adams, Miss Jane Adams, Mrs. W. H. Bremer, Mr. G. S. Parkinson and Mr. L. D. Denver. A cordial welcome is being accorded Mr. C. H. Greer of Washington; he will remain at the hotel for several weeks. Other guests include Mr. Pennell Price and Lieutenant Estberry of Camp Fremont. Mrs. Zeigler of France gave a luncheon of ten covers Tuesday. Mrs. Eugene Davis also entertained informally Monday at luncheon.

No Dullness at Tavern

If you ever have dull moments when you haven't an idea of how to amuse yourself, yet have a craving for a rattling good time, why not take in the Tavern? You'll make no mistake. You can't be dull there. It's impossible. There's a snap and a "go" to every minute of the programme. The Jazz Orchestra, famous among such organizations, does its best to brush the cobwebs from your brain, and you dance until you are as lively as the proverbial cricket. If you are one of the gentler sex, you will be charmed by the silk favors which are presented, without competition, during the Merchandise Dances, at dinner and after the theatre. Silk bloomers, sweaters, blouses, stockings, etc., from Livingston Bros. Between dances the Show Girl Revue Corps delights you with old-time melodies and distinctly new-time song hits, mingled with operatic arias and ragtime.



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Butler School of Commerce

New Call Building

The Superior Court for San Francisco has granted this Corporation permission to change its name to

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

and the Superintendent of Banks and Secretary of State have issued the necessary certificates authorizing this to be done. As soon as these proceedings are legally effective, the change will be immediately made, of which our depositors, stockholders and the public generally will be duly advised.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST HALF-YEARLY REPORT
—OF—

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(An American Corporation chartered by the State of California in 1868)
Savings Commercial
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)
526 CALIFORNIA STREET
Also having Branch Offices at
S. E. Cor. MISSION and TWENTY-FIRST Sts.
S. W. Cor. CLEMENT St. and SEVENTH Ave.
and S. W. Cor. HAIGHT and BELVEDERE Sts.
For the Receipt and Payment of Deposits only.
San Francisco, California.

SWORN STATEMENT

of the condition and value of the Assets and Liabilities of THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, doing its principal business at No. 526 California St., in the City of San Francisco, State of California, and where said Assets are situated on June 29th, 1918.

ASSETS

1—$2,657,850.00	United States Registered 4% Bonds, due 1925, including Liberty Bonds of Three Issues, valued at	$ 2,787,850.00
2,790,000.00	State of New York 4% and City of New York 4¼% Registered Bonds, valued at	2,671,550.00
	Of the above Bonds $3,790,000.00 are kept in a Safe in the Vault of and rented from the New York Stock Exchange Building Company, in New York City.	
1,359,000.00	State of California 4½% and 4% Bonds, valued at	1,335,700.00
3,394,000.00	County Bonds, principally 5% issues, valued at	3,457,420.00
1,611,592.00	City of San Francisco 5% Bonds and other City Issues, valued at	1,580,996.00
2,588,500.00	Miscellaneous Railroad, Cable and Street Railway, Light and other Corporation Bonds, valued at	2,351,605.00
$14,400,942.00	Total value	$14,185,121.00
	Standing on the books at either par or below par, at	$13,627,748.46
2—	Promissory Notes secured by first lien on Real Estate, within this State, the States of Oregon, Washington, Utah and Nevada	37,472,264.73
3—	Miscellaneous United States Liberty, Railroad, Street Railway, Municipal and other Corporation Bonds and Certificates pledged to the Society for	763,346.33
4—	Bank Buildings and Lots, including Vaults, Furniture and Fixtures of Principal and Branch offices, the value of all of which is $600,000.00, standing on the Books at	1.00
5—	Other Real Estate, the value of which is $180,000.00, standing on the Books at	1.00
6—	Employees' Pension Fund, $284,897.17, mainly vested in 6% Bonds, standing on the Books at	1.00
7—	**Cash in United States Gold** and Silver Coin and Currency in its own vaults and with the Federal Reserve Bank	7,534,262.68
	Total	$59,397,625.20

LIABILITIES

1—	To Depositors: The Corporation owes Deposits amounting to	$55,775,507.86
2—	To Stockholders: The amount of Capital Stock actually paid up	1,000,000.00
	The condition of said liability to stockholders is, that no part of the amount can be paid to them, or in any way be withdrawn, except in payment of losses during the existence of the Corporation, nor until all Depositors shall have been paid in full the amount of their deposits and declared dividends.	
3—	To Depositors and Stockholders: (a) The Reserve Fund	2,200,000.00
	(b) The Contingent Fund	86,030.34
	The condition of said Funds is, that the same have been created for the purpose of additional security to depositors against losses.	
4—	To Federal Reserve Bank on account subscription to Third Liberty Loan.	336,087.00
	Total	$59,397,625.00

JOHN A. BUCK,
President of The German Savings and Loan Society.
GEO. TOURNY,
Manager of The German Savings and Loan Society.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

JOHN A. BUCK and GEO. TOURNY, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said John A. Buck is President, and that said Geo. Tourny is Manager of The German Savings and Loan Society, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JOHN A. BUCK.
GEO. TOURNY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1918.
(Seal) CHAS. F. DUISENBERG, Notary Public.

The Superior Court for San Francisco has granted this Corporation permission to change its name to

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

and the Superintendent of Banks and Secretary of State have issued the necessary certificates authorizing this to be done. As soon as these proceedings are legally effective, the change will be immediately made, of which our depositors, stockholders and the public generally will be duly advised.

The Stage

Bernhardt at the Orpheum

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the world's greatest actress, will begin a two-weeks' season at the Orpheum this Sunday matinee. The incomparable tragedienne is the picture of health, it is said, and retains her wonderful fire and superb art. For the first week she will present "Du Theatre au Champ D'Honneur" (From the Theatre to the Field of Honor), a one-act play written for her by a French officer at the Front. She plays a young soldier who has been an actor. It is a powerful play. E. Charles Benšee and Florence Baird term their offering "Songiflage." Their songs are American and Scotch melodies. Marion Weeks, dainty little coloratura soprano, though only seventeen, sings "G" above high "C" with ease and clarity. Eddie Carr and company will appear in the farce "The Office Boy." Albert Donnelly, the silent humorist, illustrates his stories with shadows. Carl McCullough; Fred Whitfield and Marie Ireland in "The Belle of Bingville"; the humorist Wellington Cross, and the first of the series of Allied Nations' Official War Films, which deal with the activities of the United States, English, French and Italian soldiers and sailors, are other acts.

Moroseo's New Musical Show

From all reports, Oliver Morosco's newest musical show, "Look Pleasant," which will have Walter Catlett as the featured player, will prove a worthy companion to "So Long, Letty," "Canary Cottage" and "What Next." It is a rollicking entertainment built after the same pattern as its predecessors and is announced for the Cort beginning Sunday night, July 21. Besides Catlett, the company will embrace Juliette Day, Marion Vantine, Jack Pollard, Byrdine Zuber, James Gleason, Lela Bliss, Frank Darien and David Butler.

"Lombardi, Ltd." Continues

The last two weeks of the unusually successful engagement of "Lombardi, Ltd." at the Cort will start Sunday night. This play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, in which the talents of Leo Carrillo are displayed to such advantage, has proved the greatest comedy success of the season. Undoubtedly it could remain here much longer were it not that "Look Pelasant" is scheduled. The Chicago engagement of "Lombardi, Ltd." is scheduled for the first week in August.

The Government War Film

"Pershing's Crusaders" will be at the Columbia for one more week, closing Saturday, July 13. This Government film is given each afternoon and evening at 2:15 and 8:15, including Sundays. Every American ought to see this film. It depicts the organization and the arrival in France of our armies. Being official, it is a medium of enlightenment, hope and inspiration. The prices are 25 and 50 cents. No war tax is charged.

"Polly With a Past" Coming

David Belasco is to send his latest comedy hit, "Polly With a Past," to the Columbia, beginning Monday, July 15, with the same east that played it in New York for 327 performances. Local theatregoers will be introduced to Ina Claire, a young actress who leaped into the limelight from the Ziegfeld "Follies." The cast also includes Cyril Scott, H. Reeves-Smith, Herbert Yost, George Stuart Christie, Thomas Reynolds, Louise Galloway, Adah Barton, Betty Linley, Francis Verdi and Lloyd Neal.

"The Rivals" at the Greek Theatre

An announcement of unusual interest is the production of "The Rivals" to be staged in the Greek Theatre on Saturday evening, July 20, with William H. Crane and Emelie Melville appearing with the Players' Club, of which Mr. Crane is an honorary member. The character of Sir Anthony Absolute as portrayed by the dean of American actors is placed by critics among the masterpieces of our theatrical history, and it is doubtful if Mr. Crane has done any finer character portrayal in his long career of fifty years as a star. Emelie Melville, as Mrs. Malaprop, will prove a splendid foil to Mr. Crane. Her name calls up cherished memories of forty years ago, when, as the reigning favorite of the old California Theatre.



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LAST TWO WEEKS START SUN. EVE., JULY 7

OLIVER MOROSCO'S
Most Brilliant Comedy Success
"LOMBARDI, Ltd."
With LEO CARRILLO
And the Original N. Y. Cast Intact
Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to $1.50;
Best Seats $1 Wed. Mat. NOT Playing Oakland.
SUN., JULY 21—MOROSCO'S New Musical Show, "LOOK PLEASANT," with Walter Catlett.

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Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
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In One Act
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Together with
A GREAT NEW VAUDEVILLE SHOW
and
ALLIED NATIONS' OFFICIAL WAR FILMS
BERNHARDT PRICES
Evenings, Saturday and Sunday Matinees:
Boxes, Loges and First Fifteen Rows of Orchestra, $1.00; balance of Orchestra, 75c; Dress Circle, 50c and 75c; Balcony, 10c and 25c.
Other Matinees:
Boxes and Loges, $1.00; First Fifteen Rows of Orchestra, 75c; balance of Orchestra, 50c; Dress Circle, 25c and 50c; Balcony, 10c and 25c.
WAR TAX ADDITIONAL

Columbia Theatre
The Leading Playhouse—Geary and Mason
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Up to and including Saturday, July 13
Twice Daily, 2:15 and 8:15, Sunday included
Under Auspices U. S. Government
"PERSHING'S CRUSADERS"
Uncle Sam's Answer to the Lies of the Hun
All seats reserved, 25c and 50c—NO WAR TAX
MONDAY, JULY 15—David Belasco present "POLLY WITH A PAST," Direct from Belasco Theatre, N. Y. City.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—More favorable war news from the Western front and the collapse of the Austrian offensive, put traders in a bullish mood, and as a result the whole market took on a more cheerful look and a good advance took place in the more active issues. They continued strong, with an advancing tendency right up to the close of the week, or until the Federal Trade Commission issued their profiteering report. The trade did not like the report, and as a result there was a change of sentiment which brought about a selling movement that became rather urgent, and the market soon lost a good deal of its advance. As is usual when the market starts down, there seems to be a number of bear factors that make their appearance. The increased tax bill was used an an argument, and traders were trying to figure out if the Steel Corporation can maintain the 17 per cent rate, in view of the certainty that excess profit taxation will be much heavier for the current year, and may be doubled. On the other hand, it was stated by Judge Gary that the finishing mills of the Corporation are operating at 95 per cent of capacity. This represents practically maximum possible operation, as some mills are necessarily suspended at all times for repairs or other special reasons. The Copper stocks, led by Anaconda, gave a good account of themselves, and, judging from their action, a good many people are confident that the price of metal will be advanced to around 25 cents. Oil stocks are looking up, and there seems to be a good demand for these securities whenever they are depressed. The Rails remain stagnant, and, outside of a little activity in Reading, due to the old talk of distribution of their coal assets, there seems to be little in this class of securities speculatively. The rails will not do much until the roads and the Government come to an agreement on some form of contract, and this question will not be reached until Director McAdoo returns from his Western trip. Generally speaking, there is nothing new in the situation marketwise; we have had an advancing market for the past thirty days, and it's only reasonable to expect a reaction, and, while it looks as if the reaction will extend some further, we believe that stocks should be bought, as the fundamentals are all on the constructive side of the market, and all reactions will only be temporary.

Cotton—The small number of notices of delivery on July contract upset the plans of the bears, and as a result a short covering movement set in that did not stop until the July option had advanced 150 points. The strength in nearby futures was an incentive to cover shorts in the new crop futures, and a sympathetic rise put the distant futures on a higher level. The advance, however, did not hold, and at the close of the week prices were off almost as much as they advanced. In the Cotton belt the weather continued favorable for its development, mostly where the bulk of the crop is grown. High temperatures persisted during the week in the districts west of the Mississippi River, but in the Eastern portion of the belt subnormal temperatures prevailed. Little rain fell during the week, except general showers in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas. Cotton however, is not as yet suffering from the extreme temperatures, and the general condition is good except in a few localities in the Central portion of Texas, and consequently the dry weather was beneficial as an aid in keeping the fields clean, particularly as labor is scarce. Some deterioration occurred in Central Texas from the hot dry weather, but elsewhere in the state the outlook is very promising. Southern Texas reports picking will be general in that section about the 15th of July, and an early movement from that section is expected. Cotton is growing nicely in Oklahoma and Arkansas, and the crop improved on the hot dry weather; and the plant is making rapid progress in Louisiana. No damage of any kind has come from these states. East of the Mississippi the crop is doing well, but there is some apprehension regarding the boll weevil in Georgia. This pest is said to be quite numerous this year in that state. Cotton is in blossom as far as the northern limits of the belt. On the whole, the crop so far has made a wonderful showing, and the present prospect is for the largest crop on record on an increased acreage. July and August are the two critical cotton months, but with such a favorable prospect at present, we can stand some decline in condition, and still raise a bumper crop. The price is unusually high, all things taken into consideration, and we doubt if present prices can be maintained.

Real Need of Export Trade

It is of good omen that the War Industries Board has asked the various Government departments buying goods for war uses, and also the industries engaged in producing them, to recheck the amounts of raw materials they really need. There seems to have been a tendency to overestimate the quantities required, and the result has been to keep in a quandary those who would provide for civilian needs. This has been the case as regards the metals and textiles. Everything needed for winning the war must, of course, have precedence, but what may remain after this is attended to ought to be put to the best uses. Besides merely domestic business, there is a certain amount of export trade that should not be neglected. In this the example of Germany is not a bad one to follow. This country, in spite of its financial and economic straits, is doing its utmost to retain and extend its trade with every country it can reach. The sea being closed to it, its efforts are confined to the contiguous countries of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Switzerland. Its commercial agents and traders are busy in all of these countries and appear to be meeting with much success. To counteract this propaganda, as well as for other good reasons, this country has just been negotiating commercial agreements with some of the countries mentioned and will do the same with the others, so that American products may be marketed in them.—New York Times.

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J. M. DUPAS....Vice-President
A. BOUSQUET .....Secretary
W. F. DUFFY.....Cashier

The Superior Court for San Francisco has granted this Corporation permission to change its name to THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY and the Superintendent of Banks and Secretary of State have issued the necessary certificates authorizing this to be done. As soon as these proceedings are legally effective, the change will be immediately made, of which our depositors, stockholders and the public generally will be duly advised.

THE
German Savings and Loan Society
(An American Corporation chartered by the State of California in 1868)
Savings Commercial
526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco
MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Sts.
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Sts.

JUNE 30th, 1918

Assets	$59,397,625.20
Deposits	55,775,507.86
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2.286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17
Number of Depositors	60,964

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E. F. HUTTON & CO.

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MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

The Maud Allan Libel Case

(Continued from Page 6)

Are the statements I have read to you in the article true in substance and in fact?—Absolutely true.

Is it written or printed?—It is printed.

In what language?—In German.

Mr. Billing—Who showed you it?—Neil Primrose.

Were you alone?—No, Major Evelyn Rothschild was with me.

They are both dead?—Yes. They were killed in Palestine.

In reply to further questions, the witness said that she saw the book at the Hut Hotel, Ripley. She and the two men had motored there and were having tea. Mr. Neil Primrose brought the book there and showed it to her by special request.

Did you find any names in the book?—I did.

Mr. Billing (to the witness)—Has your life ever been threatened in this connection?—It has.

Mr. Justice Darling—I say that any questions which are not permissible——

At this point, Mr. Billing raised his arm and, pointing dramatically at the Judge, shouted to the witness—Is Mr. Justice Darling's name in that book?

The witness immediately replied—It is.

Amid the excitement created by this incident, the witness could be heard shouting to the Judge that "the book can be produced. It has been produced in Germany, and it can and shall be produced here." She added a remark which was incompletely heard about Mr. Justice Darling and "winning the war."

In the same loud voice, and still with his hand outstretched, Mr. Billing demanded of the witness, "Is Mrs. Asquith's name in that book? Is Mr. Asquith's name in that book? Is Haldane's name in that book?

Mrs. Villiers-Stuart answered "It is" in each instance.

"Are you determined to go on trying this case, my Lord?" asked Mr. Billing.

Mr. Justice Darling—Resume your examination.

Mr. Billing (to the witness)—Do you know of any houses in London that are being conducted for practicing unnatural vice?—I do.

Do you know whether these houses are so conducted for political reasons?—I do.

Captain Harold Spencer was next called. He said that he was attached to the Air Service as an examiner, under the Chief Inspector of Aeroplanes. In 1913 he was given letters to members of the International Commission in control of Albania, and he afterwards obtained a captaincy in the international Gendarmerie. Eventually he became personal Aide-de-Camp to the King of Albania, the German Prince William of Wied. He left Albania in September, 1914. As aide-de-camp to the King he had access to the King's private papers.

Mr. Billing—Did you report to the Foreign Office that you had discovered the book referred to in the article on the "First 47,000"?—I reported to the principal private secretary to the Secretary of State, Sir Eric Drummond, with whom I have gone fully into the case.

Did you mention any names to him?—Yes, and I reported certain letters I had seen in reference to the book.

Where did you see the book?—Among other books of German Intelligence, Prince William of Wied had a report or co-ordinated reports, of German secret agents, appended to which was a list of names of people who might be approached and the methods by which they could be approached, to obtain information. This was the book referred to in the Imperialist article.

Where did you see this book?—In the palace at Durazzo.

Mr. Billing—Did you see a list of public houses and bars, and recognize the names of any in London?—Admiralty Intelligence did their best to close up the whole matter as far as they could. With regard to those bars and public houses, they conducted a very thorough campaign and cleared up that part of the German system here in London.

Were German agents using these public houses, bars, and massage establishments?—I believe that our intelligence had evidence that they were.

You said in the article that the book included the names of Privy Councillors, youths in the chorus, wives of Cabinet Ministers, dancing girls, even Cabinet Ministers themselves, diplomats, poets, bankers, editors, newspaper proprietors, and members of his Majesty's household. Do you stand by that?—I do.

Mr. Billing—Can you remember the names of any that you did see there?—Yes.

Will you mention them?—I will only give the names of those who I think have been approached and have succumbed to German agents.

Mr. Hume-Williams—That means, men who are traitors to their country.

Mr. Justice Darling—Well, saying so does not prove it.

The witness, in reply to Mr. Billing, said that Mrs. Asquith's name was in the book.

Mr. Billing—And?—Lord Haldane.

Further questioned by Mr. Billing, the witness said that he placed the information before the War Office, the Foreign Office, and the Admiralty. "There was great political pressure brought to bear," he said, "and I was told that if it were published it would undermine the whole fabric of government. I then took it to the so-called party machine." He added that he wrote the article complained of after a letter had been received from Miss Marie Corelli calling attention to the production of "Salome."

Do you know anything of the operations of a camarilla between England and Germany acting under the influence of German agents?—I do.

Had there been any messages sent between England and Germany?—They had messengers between Germany and England with this intelligence. The principal messenger has been Mrs. George Keppel.

The Judge—Are you speaking of what you know of your own knowledge?

The Witness—Yes, my Lord. I have seen Mrs. Keppel coming back from Holland. I was in London.

Answering further questions put by Mr. Billing, the witness said that he was placed in a cell of an asylum used as a hospital, and afterward he managed to escape by obtaining the clothes of a R. A. M. C. orderly. That was at Salonika.

Mr. Billing—When you arrived in England what did you do?—I reported myself and had another Medical Board, which was composed of three Scotch doctors. They were very honest men. (Laughter.) They said I was unusually fit, mentally and physically.

Cross-examined by Mr. Hume-Williams, the witness said that in the German book which was shown him by Prince William of Wied, after each name, there were notes showing how the person might be approached. The book also contained a medical introduction describing the principal vices to be used by the agent.

Why did you not give the list of names to the British Ambassador in Rome?—Because his name was in the list.

Mr. Hume-Williams pressed the witness whether he knew of any cases of secret service agents being marooned or locked up for mad in the circumstances described by him. The witness said that he knew of such cases, and declared that Admiral Troubridge knew of five, and that Admiral Hall knew of some.

The Court then adjourned for the day.

Lord Carnarvon and Mrs. Keppel

On Friday Sir E. Marshall Hall, K. C., rose and said that in the course of the case mention had been made of the name of Lord Carnarvon and his brother, Colonel Aubrey Herbert. He (counsel) was there to represent Lord Carnarvon, and if there were any questions his Lordship thought fit to ask him (Lord Carnarvon) he would be at the Court's disposal.

Mr. Justice Darling—So far as I remember, the only thing said about Lord Carnarvon and Colonel Aubrey Herbert was that on one occasion Captain Spencer, the witness, and they were present, and there was some talk about the war and about people who were suspected, and so on. Of course, it is very unpleasant for people to have these things said about them, but my difficulty is to see how it is relevant, and how I can allow any one to come and give any version of what that conversation was. But, in my view, those who are mentioned in that way must simply put up with it.

Mr. Head then made an application on behalf of Mrs. George Keppel. He said that the cruel suggestion had been made that she had been an emissary to Germany. He asked that at some point in the case Mrs. Keppel might be called that she might deny that suggestion and say that she had never been to Holland since the outbreak of war.

Mr. Billing—I have no objection to Mrs. Keppel's being called for the defense, or for the prosecution, or in any other capacity.

Mr. Justice Darling—In the circumstances, as the defendant would desire her to be called, either for the prosecution or for the defense, I will allow Mrs. George Keppel to give her evidence, and then either side may ask her questions.

The cross-examination of Captain Spencer by Mr. Hume-Williams was then resumed. The witness said that it was his firm belief that Mrs. George Keppel had been to Holland since war had been declared.

Mr. Hume-Williams—Do you mean to suggest that Mrs. Keppel is a German spy?—I mean to suggest that she has been to Holland to interview Germans—Baron von Kuhlmann.

Do you suggest that she is in German pay?—I do not.

The witness went on to say that before the article in the Vigilante was presented Mr. Pemberton Billing repeated a lot of it over the telephone to Mr. Arnold White.

Mr. Hume-Williams—Who is Mr. Arnold White?—A gentleman who has been fighting German influence in England for many years.

In what capacity?—As a public-spirited Englishman. One of the few.

He does not hold any official position?—No, that is why.

Mr. Hume-Williams—I expected you to say that.

How did you find the existence of the plot to bring Mr. Asquith back to power to conclude a corrupt peace?—A sudden peace.

I said a corrupt peace?—I am afraid our ideas of corruption are not the same.

Mr. Hume-Williams—I hope not. Where did you get your information from?—I got it in pursuance of my duties as a political officer.

From whom?

The witness hesitated.

Mr. Justice Darling—Answer that question, please.

The Witness—You are very anxious, my Lord. I got the information from abroad.

Mr. Hume-Williams—From whom?

The Witness—Are you asking on behalf of the Germans?

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Mr. Justice Darling—Behave yourself properly and answer the question.

The Witness—From certain French Deputies, certain Italian Deputies, and certain members of the American Embassy in Rome at a house in Rome on May 17, 1917. Their names I cannot remember.

The witness said that when any fact detrimental to Germany arose the officers of the Crown hushed it up. Most of those officers ot the old régime were appointed by politicians who lived on German money.

Are the present Government of the country in that position?—Today, no.

When did it cease?—When Mr. Lloyd George came into office. Previously, the party funds were filled from German pockets.

To the knowledge of Mr. Lloyd George?—Yes.

And I suppose he is getting rid of them all now?—He is doing his best, but he has a hard job.

Did you know, when you wrote the article in the Vigilante, of the tragedy in Miss Allan's family which Mr. Billing has thought fit to drag out in this Court?—As a child it was one of the dreadful tales they use to frighten one with.

The witness went on to say that when he was a child in Canada he was told of a man who had taken young girls and put them on an altar and performed loathsome things with them after their death. That was known as the "black mass."

Mr. Hume-Williams—Were you told that when you were a child?—Nurses tell children dreadful things.

Did you know that Durrant was Miss Maud Allan's brother?—No.

How did you find out?—The Vigilante headquarters have much more than that about Miss Maud Allan.

So having libelled her, as I submit, you added this further incident?—Mr. Billing's cross-examination of Miss Allan on that matter was a surprise to me.

Did it meet with your approval?—I am afraid that it had to be done.

Mr. Billing—When the article was published, what steps did we take to see that it was read in the right quarters?—Copies were sent to a great many Government Departments, printed on specially heavy paper, and they were not sold but simply sent to people who were likely to be under blackmail.

The witness added that during the last year the evil influence referred to in the article dealing with the "First 47,000" was much less. The appointments made by the old Liberal party machine were those of persons who are not very vigorous in the prosecution of the war.

Mr. Billing—Are you satisfied that Mr. Lloyd George is not mixed up in this?

Mr. Hume-Williams protested.

Mr. Justice Darling—I do not like to deprive Mr. Lloyd George of a testimonial to his character. (Laughter.)

The witness said that he thought that Mr. Lloyd George had been very courageous in turning inefficients out of office.

A Doctor's Evidence

After the luncheon adjournment Mr. Billing called Dr. Arthur Digby Serrell Cooke, of Cavendish place, Cavendish square.

Were you present at the Bow street hearings of this case?—Yes. After hearing what transpired there I came to see you.

Was your interest aroused by anything that occurred there?—Yes. by the psychology of one of the witnesses, J. T. Grein.

Anything else?—When he was giving evidence I heard him give a great wealth of detail about his appointment to the Ministry of Information, which was afterward denied in the press. I thought he must have some mental aberration. I next noticed the way in which he replied to questions. The language he used was most extraordinary. Things which were physical and material he described as poetic and beautiful.

What language do you decsribe that as?—The language which is generally used by homosexualists.

The witness added that sexual perverts referred to physical acts of the senses as "spiritual, poetic, beautiful, and pure love."

Mr. Justice Darling—Have you any opinion of where they ought to be put?—Yes, my Lord.

Where?—Locked up.

The witness then gave evidence with regard to the different forms of sexual perversion. The play, "Salome," he considered, was full of homosexual inclinations and sexual perversion.

Mr. Billing asked what would have been the impression of reading the book upon a man with a healthy mind.

The witness answered that a healthy person would have thrown it down in disgust.

His Lordship—You mean that a healthy-minded person, beginning this play, would hardly get through it?—Yes, because it is very tiresome.

Mr. Billing—But the person who is perverted?—Oh, he would take a delight in it.

The witness said that he was aware from his own knowledge that there were many moral perverts in England.

The witness went on to say that certain phases of the moon had a bad effect on certain types of sexual mania. The effect of the play on innocent persons might be to make sexual perverts of them. The play was a great danger to public morality.

Cross-examined, the witness said that he had never accused Mr. Grein of being a pervert. He had said that he employed the language of perversity.

Sir Alfred Fripp then went into the witness box. In reply to the Judge, he said that he had come to give evidence from a sense of duty. He had not seen the play "Salome," but he had read criticisms of it and had heard it frequently discussed. He had not read the play, and hoped that he would not do so.

Mr. Billing—Are you aware that there are moral and sexual perverts in London and in England generally?—There can be no doubt about it.

In all grades of society?—In all the grades I have met.

In the highest grades of society?—Certainly in the ruling grades of society.

Do you consider that the passages in the play to which your attention has been called, if acted on the stage, would be likely to assist in perversion?—I cannot conceive its doing anything else.

After further evidence the Court adjourned till the following day.

The Charges Against Mrs. Keppel

When the Judge took his seat on Saturday, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, K. C., said that Mrs. Keppel was there that day, and was prepared absolutely and emphatically to deny that she had ever been in Holland since the war broke out, that, since that date, she had seen Baron von Kuhlmann or any other German agent, or that, at any time, she had acted as an emissary between persons in this country and German agents abroad. He asked that Mrs. Keppel should be put into the witness box either for the prosecution or for the defense.

Mr. Justice Darling—It was a statement made by a witness (Captain Spencer) most irregularly on no issue in the case whatever. It is possible, if a witness abuses his position in the witness box, to say anything before he can be stopped. He may make statements about anybody. But I have thought carefully about what I should do if this application were renewed, and I have come to the conclusion that I ought not to allow Mrs. Keppel to go into the witness box to make a statement regarding what was said about her. I must only admit evidence which bears on the matters which are really relevant to this inquiry.

Lord Alfred Douglas and the Play

Lord Alfred Douglas, in evidence, said he had been intimately acquainted with Oscar Wilde from 1892 till he died.

The witness added that he had never seen the play. He translated it from the French. He had many conversations with Wilde about it, and had a very particular knowledge about what he (Wilde) meant by the play.

Mr. Billing—What were his intentions as expressed to you?—He said that he intended the play to be an exhibition of perverted sexual passion and excitement in a young girl and also there are other things in it.

He told you so?—He told me so. He cloaked up these things in flowery language.

The witness added that after Wilde's conviction he (Wilde) never attempted to disguise the fact that he was a moral and sexual pervert. He said so openly in any society he might be in, and even gloried in it.

The witness said that Wilde had "a most diabolical influence over others. He was the greatest force for evil in Europe for the last 350 years."

Mr. Billing—Do you refer to sexual evil?—No, he was the agent of the devil in every possible way. It was his whole object in life to attack and sneer at virtue and to undermine it by every means.

Do you regard his works as classics?—They have become "classics" on account of the tremendous notoriety and praise which he has had from critics.

Do you think they ought to be preserved by the nation?—Certainly not. He never wrote anything that had not some evil intention.

The witness further said that normal-minded people would be disgusted with "Salome," and sexual perverts would revel in it. As to individuals who might have some taint, the play would be liable to waken the dormant instinct.

The witness added that "Salome" had been presented in Berlin in 1902, and had run for 200 nights, which was unprecedented in the Prussian capital.

Mr. Billing—Do you consider that this is a type of work which would peculiarly appeal to certain German classes?—Undoubtedly.

Did you go to see Wilde in prison?—No, I was not allowed to.

Who did go to see him?—Oh, Ross and Lord Haldane went to see him. Wilde told me that Lord Haldane had been to see him two or three times and had been very kind to him.

Counsel for the prosecution protested, and the witness said that he did not see that it threw any discredit on Lord Haldane.

Mr. Hume-Williams then cross-examined the witness.

Mr. Hume-Williams—I understand you to say that Oscar Wilde had a habit of putting into language of beauty thing which were really disgusting?—Yes.

For instance, is this sort of thing a sample of it? It is a letter commencing "My dear boy. Your sonnet is quite lovely"——

Mr. Justice Darling inquired what the letter was, and counsel replied that it was from Wilde to the witness. It contained such phrases as "your slim gilt soul" and "the grey twilight of Gothic things," ending with "always with undying love, yours, Oscar."

The witness continually interrupted the reading with excited remarks. "Is that a sample?" asked Mr. Hume-Williams.

The Witness—Yes, it is. It is a rotten letter written by a diabolical scoundrel to a wretchedly silly youth.

The Judge—Listen to the question, and answer.

The Witness—I shall answer the questions as I please, not as you please. I am here to give my evidence, and I shall give it without interruption from you. You bullied me last time, and you will not do it again. You deliberately lost me my case last time, and I shall give my evidence and answers as I like.

The Judge threatened to have the witness removed if he persisted in that line of conduct.

Lord Alfred Douglas—I don't care, let me be removed from Court. It is not a pleasure for me to come here and help out these scoundrels.

Mr. Hume-Williams—I wish to give you another example. "Dearest of all boys, your letter was delightful. . . . I am sad and out of sorts."

The Witness—I recognize that letter. It is the twentieth time it has been in a public Court. That letter was produced by my father in an effort to smash Wilde and to save me. It was

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my father trying to save his wretched son, and you lawyers come here after 25 years and drag it up because you are paid to drag it up.

Mr. Hume-Williams—Do you really ask the jury to believe if you were a degenerate you would be more favorably received and treated?—I say so, certainly. There are many people, many Judges, and men of the highest in the land who are prone to degeneracy, and they have given public testimony to it. I will prove that in the dock with the greatest pleasure in my life. I have been there three times already. I will go to prison for the rest of my life, if need be, for a good cause.

In re-examination, the witness said that, in his opinion, the prevalence of unnatural vice was greater in London today than 25 years ago.

Father Bernard Vaughan's Evidence

Amid a murmur of surprise, Mr. Billing called Father Bernard Vaughan as the next witness, and Father Vaughan went into the witness box.

Mr. Billing—Are you giving evidence as a priest or just as a man?—I should like to speak as a priest, but I should not like to trust myself to speak as a priest about this abomination, which I look upon as constructive treason against the majesty and sanctity of God. But I will speak as an Englishman and a patriot who loves his country and wants to see——

Mr. Justice Darling—Father Vaughan, you are here as a witness. You may say all this tomorrow (Sunday) as a priest, but at present you must wait until some question is put to you relevant to this case.

Mr. Billing—Do you think that the performance of "Salome" ought to be permitted in England?—Of course not.

Why?—I think that if a play such as that in the original caused such terrible results to Herod I think that, Herod's name today being legion, it would do more harm still.

Mr. Billing (to the witness)—Are you aware that there are many moral perverts in this country?—Yes.

In the highest classes?—Yes.

In the governing classes?—I cannot swear to that.

After further evidence the case was accordingly adjourned till Monday.

Anonymous Letters

On taking his seat on Monday, Mr. Justice Darling said: If I receive anonymous letters I do not read them or concern myself with them at all.

Mr. J. T. Grein Called

Mr. J. T. Grein was the first witness called by Mr. Billing.

In reply to Mr. Billing, he said that it was at his request that Miss Allan appeared in "Salome."

Asked whether the desire of Salome to kiss John the Baptist's mouth was spiritual, he answered: It is in the sense the expression of the awakening of a soul. It is really the awakening of one's being and senses.

Physical or spiritual?—I should say both.

Why does Salome demand the head of John the Baptist?—I should call it spite.

Are you aware of the true meaning of the play?—I look on the play essentially as a work of an English author in the spirit of Eastern art.

Mr. Hume-Williams, cross-examining, asked the witness whether he found anything in the play of "Salome," from beginning to end, which suggested a certain vice.—I do not find any trace or any suggestion of it.

If you had found anything of the kind would you have been a party to its production?—Certainly not.

Was your performance attended by decent people?—The best class of literary people and others.

An Interview with Mr. Hume-Williams

Mrs. Villiers-Stuart was then recalled.

Mr. Billing—When you were here last did you tell us you had seen a certain book?—Yes.

Mr. Billing—Did you take steps to place your knowledge of the book before a public man?—Yes.

A prominent man?—Yes.

Mr. Justice Darling—You may ask the name.

Mr. Billing—What is the name?

The Witness (deliberately)—Mr. Hume-Williams. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hume-Williams—Where?—At a flat—No. 7k, The Albany.

Mr. Billing—When?—About April or May, 1916.

Mr. Billing—What did he say?—He said, "There are too many public people involved for any one to make a personal sacrifice and expose them."

When Mr. Hume-Williams rose to cross-examine the witness, Mr. Justice Darling said: Mr. Hume-Williams, don't you think you had better let another counsel cross-examine this witness?

Mr. Hume-Williams—Certainly.

Mr. Travers Humphreys then proceeded to cross-examine the witness.

I understand you to say it was at the flat of Mr. Bevan Ellis?—Yes; the flat had been lent to my husband while he was on active service.

Did he come to this meeting to hear this story of yours?—It was not a meeting. It was tea. He didn't know I was going to be there.

Can you give me the date when you went down in a taxi to The Hut at Ripley with Mr. Neil Primrose and Major Evelyn Rothschild?—It was after March, 1915.

Did he hold any office or position at that time?—I think he was a Liberal Whip.

Did he tell you whether he was going to take steps to bring the book before a public man?—He said he was in an awkward position. He might want to join the Army again, so that he could leave it and then get out of public life and expose the book.

Mr. Travers Humphreys—How many names did he show you altogether?—I cannot tell you. There were so many.

A dozen or 47,000?—Several hundreds.

Who were they? Men?—Public men.

Was anybody else present beside Mr. Primrose and Major Rothschild?—No.

And, unfortunately, they are both dead?—Yes, unfortunately, because they both knew the book.

The Judge—Do you say because they both knew of the book?—Yes.

You told us the other day that the book is in Germany, and can be produced?—It was in Germany. It may have been removed.

When did you know that it was in Germany?—About autumn of last year.

And you know that it can be produced?—I presume it can be. If I were in Germany I would bring it.

Then you know where it is?—I knew where it was.

Where?—In Berlin.

Where?—In the house formerly used by the British Ambassador.

In whose possession was the book?—I don't know his name.

What sort of a man?—A German officer.

Can you tell me anything more about him?—I cannot. He was in the Prussian Guard.

Who told you that it was in the possession of this man in July or August, 1917?—Neil Primrose.

Mr. Justice Darling—Have you told your husband that you have seen this book?—Yes.

Have you told him of the names in it?—Yes.

Is he still an officer in the British Army?—Yes, he is serving in India in the Indian Army.

Mr. Billing (re-examining)—What did you mean when you said that Mr. Primrose and Major Rothschild died because they knew of the book?—I said that because I firmly believe that because they knew of that book they both died on active service within a few days of each other.

Mr. Justice Darling—Do you mean that they were murdered from the rear?—I do.

The witness, answering further questions, said that when she met Mr. Hume-Williams she gave him details of the book. He asked quite serious questions and there was a serious discussion. She told him about the Germany agents, and gave him one name.

Mr. Billing—What name did you give him?—Jack Thomas Grein.

This concluded the evidence.

Mr. Justice Darling said: "The real libel on Miss Maud Allan is, in my judgment, in the title to the paragraph complained of and the next few words. It is capable of being a libel, and I shall leave it to the jury to say whether it was a libel on Miss Allan, and also, of course, whether it has been justified. The other parts of the paragraph I hold not to be a libel on her at all. Therefore it will be unnecessary for Mr. Billing to prove that there was a book with the names of the 'First 47,000' in it, that he could find any particular names in it, and that, if it had been secured, there would be found in it the names of persons who attended Mr. Grein's performance."

Mr. Billing's Speech

Mr. Billing then addressed the jury. In accepting responsibility for the paragraph in the Vigilante, he said, he had accepted responsibility for something that he had not written, and that he knew nothing of it until nine hours after it had been published, because he deemed it to be in the public interest to do so. After three and a half years of war it was time that the things to which he had referred should see the light of day. If they were untrue it was time that the Government put men into the witness box to contradict them, and time that the Government produced officials who could bear out the case for the Government—the late Government. If they were untrue it was time that the appalling rumors with which the country had been surfeited should be denied in a public place, and in what place better than a criminal court of justice? If they were true how much more necessary it was that the light of day should be brought to bear on them. If they were true how much more necessary it was that the influence, the mysterious influence which seemed to have dogged our steps through the whole conduct of the war, which, after three and a half years of war, kept German banks open in England, which left Germans still uninterned in that Court at that moment, which had paralyzed the Air Service of this country and had prevented our raiding Germany, should be removed.

Mr. Billing went on to speak of the protection which he claimed that Germans, and particularly German Jews, got in this country. It was easier, he said, for a German Jew to get a season ticket than a man who had been English for five generations.

He was prepared to believe Miss Allan did not know what the part was she was asked to play. She was ministering to "these people," but she might be doing it without malice. It had grieved him very much to cross-examiner her.

Speech for the Prosecution

The hearing was adjourned until next day.

On Tuesday, Mr. Hume-Williams addressed the jury for the prosecution. He said that the defendant had done his utmost to obscure the fact that that was purely a private prosecution undertaken by Miss Maud Allan at her own expense to clear her character from what everybody who had heard the case must admit was a very horrible accusation.

"You may camouflage it," he remarked, "with talk about being an apostle of purity, but it is a fight between Miss Allan and Mr. Billing, and you will have to choose who is speaking the truth." A great deal, he continued, had been said about the play, but the immorality of the play was very remotely connected with the issue. Many statement had been made about the play "Salome," but among all the body of evidence that had been called he challenged the recollection of the jury that no one had suggested that they could find in the play from beginning to end a hint or suggestion of certain practices. It was a play published by a reputable publisher, which had been acted textually by Sarah Bernhardt, played in France, Italy, and Holland for years, and set to music by a great composer.

Referring to the story of "the 47,000," counsel said that there was no lie so difficult to tackle as one partly founded on truth. Considering what they knew of German ways and operations, he suggested that it was not at all unlikely that such a list did exist, a list of people in prominent positions in England whom it might be desirable to approach if they could be approached.

Mr. Billing said that he stood there in the interest of public decency. Was it public decency, he said, to put this heading on an article to attack a woman? As Mr. Hume-Williams was developing his argument, Mr. Billing again intervened.

"Is it in order," he asked, "for counsel to make a statement about a thing which I have not said? He says I accused Miss Allan of being a pervert. The accusation I made was not that Miss Allan was a pervert, but that she was pandering to others."

Mr. Justice Darling—Do I understand, Mr.

Billing, that you withdraw that she is a pervert?

Mr. Billing—Certainly. I never said she was.

The Summing-up

Mr. Justice Darling proceeded to sum up. It was for the jury to say whether there was a libel on Miss Maud Allan or not. If the words referring to the 47,000 had not been put into the indictment, and he wished they had not, there would have been no question about the 47,000 and they would not have seen so many of the witnesses. There would have been nothing about the "black book" and the eccentric career of Captain Spencer. The matter would have a clear issue.

After the luncheon interval Mr. Justice Darling told the jury that they would be absolved altogether from forming any opinion about the "Black Book," the 47,000 people, the influence of Germany on them, and the German spy system. This really had nothing to do with the case, as there was no libel on Miss Maud Allan. To his mind it was immaterial whether there was ever such a book or whether the witness saw it, but in the course of his examination defendant shouted, "Is so and so in it?" and she shouted "Yes." It was impossible for a judge to stop the questions being put, although they were questions which should not have been put.

His Lordship, continuing, said: Names have been introduced without relevance into a case filled with impurity; the name of Viscount Grey is introduced. I should have thought if there was a man in England whose character was known to be such that he could not be mentioned in such a case as this it would have been Viscount Grey.

Mr. Pemberton Billing—I never mentioned Sir Edward Grey.

Mr. Justice Darling—Your witness did.

From the back of the Court there came a loud cry of "Never."

Mr. Justice Darling—Turn that man out of Court at once.

The interrupter, said to be Captain Spencer, was removed.

The Judge, continuing his summing-up, said: Questions had been put to show that "Salome" was guilty of a certain unnatural vice. It was for the jury to say whether they had come to the conclusion that that was the intention of the play, and then whether, if it were, that was the way in which the actress represented it.

Coming to the question what was the effect and nature and intention of the performance, the Judge said that it was common knowledge that one could go to a theatre and see a play decently, and go to another theatre and see the same play played very vulgarly. There were some actors capable without any words being needed of doing very indecent things, and some did them. Then a play might be an indecent play, and yet it might be played with restraint and refinement, which might conceal the indecency. On the other hand, the words of a play might not have anything impure or indecent, and yet it might be played with such gestures as to be wholly unfit for the stage at all.

The Judge made reference to an action recorded in the play as being an example of a particular form of vice. In doing this he alluded to Lord Alfred Douglas, who was sitting at the back of the dock, and his association with Wilde in the writing of the play. Lord Alfred Douglas rose to his feet, and almost at the top of his voice shouted at the Judge: "You have no right to say I wrote that. You are lying. It is a damned lie."

"Turn him out of Court," retorted the Judge, and police officers, who were already attempting to deal with the interrupter, seized Lord Alfred Douglas and forcibly ejected him.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and were absent for an hour and 25 minutes.

The foreman, after their return, announced, in answer to the Clerk of Assize, that their verdict was one of "Not Guilty." From the gallery of the Court there immediately came a loud cheer, which was repeated and prolonged, men waving their hats in excitement.

A more remarkable demonstration has, perhaps, never been seen in the Central Criminal Court. Mr. Justice Darling tried to give an order for its suppression, but his voice could not be heard against the cheering. Ushers endeavored to quiet the people, but with little success. When at last the noise died down the Judge very sternly and emphatically gave the order, "Clear the Court. Turn everybody out of the gallery." This was the signal for a renewal of the cheering, but the ushers and police got to work, and gradually the public was shepherded out. There had been signs that some of the demonstrators were stationed at the back of the body of the Court, and an order was given for their removal also. The only people allowed to remain were a number, including officers in uniform, sitting behind counsel. Shouting "Hurrah" to the last, the demonstrators were at last all ejected.

Mr. Hume-Williams, on behalf of the prosecution, then withdrew the other two indictments.

The jury, on the direction of the Judge, then returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" on the charges of publishing a defamatory libel against Jack Thomas Grein and of publishing an obscene libel.

Before the trial closed the Judge expressed the opinion that it ought to be made impossible for plays which could not be produced in the ordinary way to be produced privately or by subscription. He also suggested that those who had the power should prevent improper dances from being danced or scanty costumes from being worn on the stage. If the authorities had not the power, he pointed out that women in a short time would be able to use their influence on legislation, and he hoped they would make it their business to introduce much more purity into public representations than was the case at present. He hoped the verdict of the jury might help to bring about some reform in that matter.

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For the half-year ending June 30, 1918, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after July 1, 1918.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

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For the half-year ending June 30, 1918, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1918.

H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executors of the estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and Executors at the office of A. L. WEIL, Alaska Commercial Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON KAUFFMAN, deceased.

CELESTINE, Usually Called LINNIE KAUFFMAN, SYLVAIN S. KAUFFMAN, WILLIAM H. LOWE, Executrix and Executors of the Estate of Leon Kauffman, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 8, 1918.

A. L. WEIL,
Attorney at Law,
Alaska Commercial Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-22-10

TOWN TALK PRESS, 88 FIRST ST.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED JUNE 29, 1918

ASSETS

1—**Bonds of the United States** ($8.470,433.00), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof ($11,408,475.00), of the State of New York ($2,149,000.00), of the City of New York ($1,000,-000.00), of the State of Massachusetts ($1,262,-000.00), of the City of Chicago ($650,000.00), of the City of Cleveland ($100,000.00), of the City of Albany ($200,000.00), of the City of Salem ($100,-000.00), of the City of St. Paul ($100,000.00) of the City of Philadelphia ($350,000.00), of the City of Fall River ($165,000.00), of Bergen County, New Jersey ($200,000.00), the actual value of which is.. $26,327,832.50

2—**Miscellaneous Bonds** comprising Steam Railway Bonds ($2,244,000.00), Street Railway Bonds ($1,299,000.00), and Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds ($2,181,000.00), the actual value of which is 5,361,928.75

3—**Cash in Vault** and on demand deposit in banks.. 3,782,364.85

$35,472,126.10

4—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 32,185,508.47

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada.

5—**Promissory Notes** and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 315,295.00

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.

6—(a) **Real Estate** situate in the City and County of San Francisco ($1,916,370.44), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($1.00), Alameda ($59,-027.06), San Mateo ($64,573.38), and Los Angeles ($78,783.91), in this State, the actual value of which is 2,118,755.79

(b) **The Land and Building** in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 975,205.65

7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds..... 272,664.11

TOTAL ASSETS $71,339,555.12

LIABILITIES

1—**Said Corporation owes Deposits** amounting to and the actual value of which is..... $68,297,528.58

Number of Depositors..... 86,260

Average Deposit $788.56

2—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds..... 272,664.11

3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value 2,769,362.43

TOTAL LIABILITIES $71,339,555.12

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. TOBIN, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

E. J. TOBIN and J. O. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said E. J. TOBIN is President and that said J. O. TOBIN is Assistant Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

E. J. TOBIN, President.
J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1918.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1351 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 13, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXII | San Francisco-Oakland, July 13, 1918 | No. 1351

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLISHING COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

American Frightfulness

What a difference between the characteristic frightfulness of Germany, and of the United States. This is a matter that does not call much for the imagination. We know what Teuton frightfulness is without being told about it. What the Hun does to frighten us we know well. He does something atrocious, something that makes people marvel at his brutality like the sinking of the "Lusitania" or the murder of Edith Cavell. When he is frightful it is merely said of him that he is a savage and that it would be futile to try to beat him at his own game. In frightfulness he is above all things German, whether in maiming an enemy or in brutalizing the business of war. America's idea of frightfulness is manifested by its performances in the art of war. When it was reported, for instance, that we had shipped a million soldiers to France we knew that we had practiced a little frightfulness on the foe. Germany did not have to be told this. Germany had scoffed at us, thinking that it would be impossible to ship an army to France. It was supposed that, owing to the terrible U-boats, transports could not be sent across the Atlantic; but they have been sent in larger numbers than ever before in the history of the world. They were sent with greater speed and in greater numbers than when England, the mistress of the seas, was sending soldiers to South Africa. There was no dread of U-boats in the Boer war, but the great English navy was under a handicap in those days. We have had reason to be proud of our achievements, for we have turned the laugh on Germany and we have filled her with dread, not by sinking steamers but by evading her murderous craft. The Kaiser, we may be quite sure, has been filled with frightfulness and terror while making the German name a hissing and reproach throughout the civilized world by sinking an occasional hospital ship with the sanction of a people whom we are supposed to differentiate from his gallant waiters.

* * *

The Glory That Is America's

There will be so much for which we may applaud the President when the titanic struggle will have ended that there is no danger meanwhile of dimming his glory by mentioning his shortcomings. He will get all that is coming to him, and we need not write Fourth of July histories for the class room at this time. Suppose it should be said that he talked once of being too proud to fight. Well, as a matter of fact, we were never afraid. But it was a mistake (and let it be agreed now) ever to hold aloof from the big business man and to put the business of war in the hands of little politicians with experience only in small politics. It was wise at all times to make good use of the big men of business and this the whole world now admits. The big fellows were finally called in for speed and other things, and they gained confidence just about the time the whole country was appalled at what was told about the money that was thrown away on Liberty motors. The big fellows quickly took hold about the time that Schwab made his presence felt, and in every department of the government big men are now contributing to the fame of the President's achievements. The truth is now that this is America's war. It is directed by the best men at the President's command, and they will share in the President's glory who will be glad to point out that he received assistance from the rich man who had won renown in the workshops of the country and that had made the glory that is Uncle Sam's.

* * *

A Sensible Peace

Some folk are talking these days of ridding the world of the Teutonic race. This is nonsense. We must keep the future before our mind and try to make even of war itself a school of sympathy and unselfishness. It is natural, now that we are in it, to talk bitterly of the men who are killing our soldiers, but such a war as this, in spite of all its cruel conflicts, carries with it a denial of the spirit of separateness. We are conscious today as we have seldom been conscious of our relationship with the peoples and destinies of Europe. Our relations with two nations are now unhappily very bitter. But what would our relations with the people of Europe have been if this great conflict had been fought with our nation an onlooker? Yet we might have been outwardly at peace with Germany and Austria, with the powers that had invaded and overrun Belgium and that had sunk the "Lusitania," making war by the methods men have seen. Our President tried to keep us at peace and we applauded him. Had he done so we could not have made the kind of peace that should prevail between two neighbors. We should have been implicated in the very crimes which we now deplore. We should never deserve the reproach that Mazzini uttered when he talked of the creed of non-intervention more than sixty years ago. Let us be glad that we heeded the appeal of Europe, but let us not lose our heads.

* * *

Wilson's Russian Policy

It is gratifying to hear that President Wilson has a Russian policy. He was formerly undecided as to what that policy should be. All that could be learned was that he sympathized with the ignorant masses of Russia and was fearful of incurring their disfavor. He was bent on convincing them that he had no intention of allowing anybody to do them any harm. Even when they repudiated their debts we, who were once too proud to fight, were too just to advance our honest claims or even to hint at the traditional practices of international law. Thus did we proclaim our international idealism and proudly refrain from taking offense even when the Bolshevists thought it better to tell us what the law should be in the Mooney case instead of attending to their own business. Finally an awakening came when the Bolsheviks made it clear that they were playing into Germany's hands. That was about the time when one Petrenko, a Siberian soldier, improved on our strategy a little by suggesting that Russia should be urged to help the Allies by creating an Eastern front. He pointed out that a select body of Siberian soldiers could be employed to do us a great deal of good, and it was probably as a result of his advice that Mr. Wilson began to formulate a Russian policy. We hope that, if such be the case, there will be no more worrying about Japan's intentions in the Far East. We have done so much worrying on that score it is no wonder that the Japanese are agreeable to the business of attending as strictly as possible to their own affairs, but Mr. Wilson knows what we ought to do.

The Waste of Money

Economy is a virtue which for more than a generation has been going out of fashion. Up to the war it was hardly respectable. At most it was one of those dubious virtues which people resent either to be credited with or to be denied. Hardly any one really likes to be called economical, but neither does any one like it to be said that he or she does not know what it means to be spoken of as economical. Economy is in fact one of those good things the goodness of which is so precarious that directly we praise or encourage it overmuch it ceases to be good. It is at best a simple virtue which, we all agree, young folk and poor folk ought to learn. But are we not spoiling poor folk in this war? At least we are making money-making so easy that folk formerly poor are now spending money like drunken sailors. Our mechanics are our spendthrifts, and men in small businesses are making strenuous efforts to make both ends meet. Is this a wise course to pursue? We are told that to build ships and munitions and to turn out food for our soldiers and sailors, we should not be at all niggardly. This is true. But neither should we upset the industrial market to the immediate disaster of the small business man who has to suffer at the expense of the laboring man. Our commerce and the business of millions of men are matters of some importance. They are contributing in various ways to the cost of war and they should not be deprived of the opportunity by making slackers by paying exorbitant wages to men who are temporarily employed by the Government to compete with little business thus losing sight of the significance of economy. We are not complaining of the Government's earnest efforts to get necessary work done. It is profiteering of all kinds that we object to, and we believe that when the war is over there will be an investigation of profiteering for which the Government, in the goodness of its heart, may be deemed responsible, and by means of which it is thought to be engaged for the purpose of pure politics. One of the many strange things about economy is that each person, however spendthrift, usually has some pet saving of his own. It is not wise, therefore, to induce people to forget the saving point. Even pets and cats segregate things that they may be of use to themselves. There is a remote and subdued feeling that gives the person who practices economy a sort of victory, a stolen advantage in the fight for life. It is well for the Government to strengthen, not to weaken, the temptation by which people avoid the licentious habit. It is good to be trained in the art of careful management even to the point of wasting small comforts, and one of the effects of the war will be that we shall be taken back to the prudent paring of an earlier day.

* * *

Not So Badly Off

The statisticians refuse to let us be miserable in peace. Here we are bemoaning the high cost of food, luxuriating in doleful dumps over the diminished purchasing power of a dollar—and along come the statisticians to prove that we are not nearly as badly off as we might be. Our forbears who went shopping during the Civil War, say the men of figures, had a much harder time than we. It seems that the experts who dot and carry one have dug up some old invoices of goods sold by wholesalers to retailers in June of '62. And what do we learn? That sugar sold for $58 a barrel; rice at double the present price; tea at more than five times, coffee at more than three times what we pay for tea and coffee. Well, it seems that instead of being sorry for ourselves exclusively we should spend a little time being sorry for the old folks who went a-marketing in '62. We thank the statisticians for setting us right. What's the use of worrying about prices anyway? So long as the good Lord permits us to lay lawful hands on enough food to keep us healthy and happy we have no very grievous kick coming. The men and women of '62 worried through somehow, and we shall do the same.

The Carefullest Man in the World

By Irving Bacheller

The Spring's work's done an' it's up to the sun—all the crops an' the garden sass—
He's banished the cold an' sowed his gold on the flats in the medder grass.
Let's raise the flag—a better one was never yet unfurled—
But first I want to tell ye 'bout the Carefullest Man in the World.

Kings are kind o' careless-like with others' blood an' bone,
But no one can, I swear to man! be carefuller o' their own.
When I read about the German dead before the heated guns
I think o' the King in Germany with six uninjured sons.

Each fireside has its martyrs who have either died or bled;
The millions grieve for the sons who leave an' join the host o' the dead,
But the Kaiser's brood is safe an' sound—it either shirks or runs—
He's the only man in Germany with six uninjured sons.

The halt an' blind an' crippled line its byways an' its roads;
Once swift an' strong, they creep along 'neath everlastin' loads,
An' some with crippled intellects still hear the roarin' guns,
Yet there's a King in Germany with six uninjured sons.

Such caution in a fightin' man was never seen before;
It stands the while like a lonesome isle in a mighty sea o' gore.
The death an' woe he recommends to all the other Huns
Is not for him—you bet your life—or his uninjured sons.

Each Hohenzollern battles in a steel-clad limousine,
When the big shells come he's goin' some on legs o' gasoline;
With rubber feet, hell-bent for home, the reckless hero runs,
Oh! speed's the great preserver o' the Kaiser an' his sons.

They're like the bold jackrabbit an' other tribes accursed
Who have lightnin' in their sinews an' the motto "Safety first";
All clear the road an' stan' square-toed an' look with rested guns
When the Kaiser starts for safety with his fat uninjured sons.

While hunger starves the German host, how fat the Kaiser's brood!
No gizzards yearn with cash to burn or mind the price o' food.
When the trumpet calls the Teuton dead in the line o' crippled Huns
Just think o' the Kaiser marchin' up with six uninjured sons!

Varied Types

380—EMELIE MELVILLE
By Edward F. O'Day

Lucy—Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.
Lydia—Is it possible?
—"The Rivals," act one, scene II.

For a long time I had desired to meet Emelie Melville. To hear a great deal about a personage, all of it not merely honorable but phrased in the superlatives of praise, and never to see that personage—to glimpse a celebrity by reflection, as it were—to be on speaking terms with a career, and have not even a nodding acquaintance with the one who made it—is not this tantalizing?

Every time it has been my privilege to record the talk of a man or woman connected with the golden age of the San Francisco theatre, the name of Emelie Melville has flashed through the conversation like a jewel. In our astronomy I recognized Emelie Melville as a star of the first magnitude.

One is not disappointed in meeting her—she is so sweet, so kindly-smiling, so musical of voice, so graceful in the gesture with which she receives life, so delicately wise. As long as there are such women to meet and talk with, one's education is incomplete.

It was "The Rivals" which brought me Emelie Melville's acquaintance. I remember being present one day when the attractive project of presenting Sheridan's immortal play at the Greek Theatre was first placed before a company of enthusiasts by Professor William Dallam Armes. The availability of William H. Crane for the part of Sir Anthony Absolute was the inspiration of the happy thought.

"But where find a Mrs. Malaprop?" somebody asked.

"Emelie Melville, of course," said Professor Armes in a tone which meant that there could be no other conceivable answer to the question.

I met Mrs. Melville on the eve of the first rehearsal in the Greek Theatre, and begged her to tell me something about her long, distinguished career.

"I belong to a theatrical family," she told me. "My grandmother was the English actress Mrs. George Melville. My father was the actor Robert Melville. My mother's career on the London stage began when she was Julia Miles. She was married before coming to America, and on the American stage she was celebrated as actress and singer by the name of Julia Melville. She studied singing in New York with Chubb. After my father's death she married again, and lived to an old age in San Francisco. She was a remarkable woman."

Need I tell San Franciscans that this remarkable mother of Emelie Melville was our well beloved Mrs. Snyder?

"My first appearance on the stage," continued Mrs. Melville, "was at the age of six months. My mother was playing at Mrs. John Drew's theatre in Philadelphia. Perhaps actresses were more domestic in those days; at any rate my mother always took her baby to the theatre. Indeed, there was nothing else for her to do. My mother kept house, prepared dinner, made her own dresses, cared for her baby, studied lines and acted every night. I reposed in my bassinet under her dressing table in the dressing room while she was on the stage. One night the property man failed to provide a property baby for the after-piece. And so I made my first appearance. I gurgled and crowed, and received a favorable notice from the critics next morning.

"My next appearance was at the age of four. This was with the stock company at Providence, R. I., of which my mother was a member. In addition to my other studies, I had at this time mastered the roles of the Duke of York in Richard III, Arthur in King John and Fleance in Macbeth. Edwin Forrest came to Providence as visiting star, and played Richard III. For some reason I was permitted to play the Duke of York. My mother liked to tell how the great Forrest said to the stock company during rehearsal:

"'That child can teach you all to read lines'

"I do not remember that, but I remember what happened the following week when Forrest was playing 'Metamora,' an Indian play in which he had the part of a ferocious redskin. There was a great deal of gunfire in the play, and gunfire has always terrified me. As an Indian child, one of several, I became frantic when firearms were discharged, and my shrieks disturbed the play. Forrest stalked over to me and hissed:

"'If you don't stop, I'll r-r-r-r-roast you alive.'

"So I stopped.

"The only other celebrated star with whom I appeared during that Providence engagement at the age of four was Charlotte Cushman. The play was 'Medea.'

"When I was nine years old, Maggie Mitchell was appearing with great success in 'Fanchon the Cricket.' Her version was copyrighted, but another was made, and with the consent of my mother I appeared as 'Fanchon.' This was in St. Louis, and was the real beginning of my stage career. I recall that the 'Shadow Song' from 'Dinorah' was interpolated for me; already my voice, inherited from my mother, was considered good. I also appeared in 'The Pearl of Savoy,' 'The Child of the Regiment' and other pieces.

"Then we went to New York. A French company headed by Tosteé had just brought 'La Grande Duchesse' to New York. A manager told my mother that he would take me to California to sing the role. I was twelve or thirteen at this time. I went every night to hear and study Tosteé. Then we departed for California. On the train were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Barrett; they were going to join John McCullough's company in San Francisco.

"It took some time to prepare the San Francisco production of 'La Grande Duchesse.' Meanwhile I played 'Fanchon' and the rest of my repertoire. This was at one of the old theatres, before the California was opened. At Maguire's Opera House I played Arra-na-pogue to James Herne's Shaun, and other parts. The 'Duchesse' was a great success. But meanwhile Barrett had seen me.

"'We want Emelie,' he told my mother.

"I joined his company as ingenue. And so I was one of the original members of the California Theatre company which included John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, John T. Raymond, Harry Edwards, Robert Eberle, William Mestayer, Annette Ince, Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, Marie Gordan (Mrs. John T. Raymond), and beautiful Minnie Walton (Mrs. Fred Lister). Sedley Smith was stage director.

"The first play was Bulwer Lytton's 'Money,' and the second was the comedy 'Extremes.' Among other plays of that first season Barrett produced Lester Wallack's 'Rosedale,' which was the reigning success of New York. I played Rosa Leigh. I remember that we gave a benefit for the Mercantile Library. Colonel W. H. L. Barnes played Elliott Gray that night, and it was a gala occasion. He procured a whole regiment of real soldiers for one scene, and the effect was wonderful.

"During that engagement, besides supporting Barrett in Shakespearian roles, I played Juliet and Ophelia to Edwin Booth's Romeo and Hamlet, and Desdemona to McCullough's Othello. I also played Ophelia to the Hamlet of Walter Montgomery, an English actor who afterwards committed suicide. I remember Barrett saying to me:

"'You have seen many Hamlets, but in Montgomery you will see the most wonderful Hamlet on the stage.'

"I also played Annie Lee to the Enoch Arden of Edwin Adams, and Dora in dear old Mr. Couldock's production of the play from Tennyson's poem.

"Edwin Booth was rather stand-offish, but we all loved Edwin Adams and sweet old Mr. Couldock. But Barrett loved Booth like a brother. I remember, when we were rehearsing Hamlet, I asked Mr. Booth if my Ophelia should be changed in any way.

"'Not at all, child,' he replied. "I see nothing to correct. There are things you will do differently when you are older, but there is nothing to change just now.'

"All this time I had been studying for opera. My mother was singing with a company of Italian opera singers who were giving a season here, and from one of these, Signor Giuseppe Mancusi, I learned Italian. Finally I made my debut here in 'Traviata.' Later I studied with Baccei and Contini, and gave a concert with them at Platt's Hall. Then came an offer from Australia, from Fred Lister's brother, the impresario William Sauren Lister. I went to Australia—Ristori was on the steamer—and opened in Sydney in 'Girofle Girofla.' I sang there for eleven months. Lister wanted to take me to London, but I preferred to return to San Francisco.

"The Hess English Opera Company was here, and had just lost Clara Louise Kellogg. I took her place, and opened in 'The Bohemian Girl' with William Maass."

(Continued on Page 19)

Sometimes Too Early
—Never Too Late

"Caltex" Onepiece Bifocals are made for people requiring different glasses for reading and distance use. When you have reached this age you need "Caltex" Double Vision glasses. In appearance the same as regular glasses none of the discomforts of old style bifocals. "Caltex" are comfortable and efficient—with "Equipoise" mountings—doubly so.



What About Concrete Ships?

The following debate which took place in the Senate on June 28 is of particular interest to us San Franciscans because the first concrete ship, the "Faith," was launched here. It would appear from this debate that the concrete-ship programme has struck some kind of a snag.

Mr. McCumber. Two million more soldiers would, according to my estimate, take not less than 10,000,000 more tons of shipping. That 10,000,000 tons can be produced this year in concrete ships in addition to the ships that we are producing and will produce of steel and wood, and we can have them ready if we can overcome the everlasting conspiracy now afloat in this country to prevent the construction of concrete ships.

Mr. Gallinger. I have not kept in very close touch with the concrete shipping question, but I have noticed that one concrete ship has made a successful voyage, and I had supposed that that would probably settle the question of the advisability of building those ships. I will ask the Senator if we have not made an appropriation of $50,000,000, or something like that, for concrete ships?

Mr. McCumber. No; concrete shipping is hedged about, and the Shipping Board will not take hold of it on a large scale unless Congress especially authorizes it and directs it. The House committee refuse to direct it because they say that the Shipping Board can go ahead if they want to. The Shipping Board says, "I know we can, but we want instruction to go ahead," and the House committee says, "We will not give you any instruction." Now, I am not blind to what is back of that "you first."

Mr. Gallinger. I am, and for that reason I asked the question. I supposed having made the appropriation we had discharged our duty, and I presumed that an executive department would not hold up a matter of that kind after Congress had legislated.

Mr. McCumber. Congress made an appropriation generally last year for shipping, and will make another appropriation; but the Shipping Board says, "We want you to speak specifically; tell us to go ahead and do so and so in reference to concrete ships." The committee, through its chairman, answered, and I have the letter, "We gave you enough money, now take the responsibility." The Shipping Board says, "I will not take it," and there we are hung up between the two propositions. "You have the general authority" and "We want specific authority."

Mr. Jones of Washington. I did not hear all the Senator's suggestion with reference to the concrete-ship situation, but I want to call his attention to a fact with which he may be familiar. Since the House refused to provide a specific appropriation for concrete-ship building, the Shipping Board or the Emergency Fleet Corporation has decided to establish five concrete-ship yards in the United States and to carry on the construction of concrete ships out of the general appropriation in those five yards.

Mr. McCumber. Yes; but does the Senator stop to think what tonnage those five yards will produce?

Mr. Jones of Washington. I am not saying anything of that kind. I think they ought to be enlarged myself.

Mr. McCumber. I make the point that it is not a drop in the bucket.

Mr. Jones of Washington. I appreciate that, but I wanted to bring out the fact that the Shipping Board or the Emergency Fleet Corporation seems now to realize it, and are ready to use that money for the building of concrete ships.

Mr. McCumber. To use a little of it. They say, "We will use a little in experimentation, but we do not want to go to work on a large scale unless Congress tells us to do so."

Mr. Jones of Washington. I do not know whether they have taken that position now or not, but they are taking the position that they will not establish more than five yards. I know that because I tried to get them to establish another one and they say they will not do it.

Mr. King. I should like to ask the Senator from Washington if he knows whether Mr. Hurley has changed his views in respect to the building of concrete ships. The reason why I inquire is this: A short time ago I saw a publication to the effect that he is unalterably opposed to embarking upon the building of concrete ships. I was wondering if he had changed his mind and had reached the conclusion that there is merit in ships of that character.

Mr. Jones of Washington. I cannot, of course, speak for Mr. Hurley, although I have had some talk with him that I would not repeat. I do not think Mr. Hurley himself has changed his mind, but the Shipping Board or the Emergency Fleet Corporation, of which he is chairman at present and only one member, has decided to locate five yards, under a suggestion probably from outside sources.

Mr. McCumber. I know there are a great many Senators who have more or less prejudice against this matter of concrete ships, who seem to think that some one who has some Portland cement to sell is wanting to find a market for it. The cost of Portland cement would not be a drop in the bucket in the matter of the construction of a concrete ship. It is not worthy of consideration at all. I know also that a great many other Senators look at our sidewalks with their many cracks and say, "How can you build a ship out of material of that kind?" They do not stop to think that these sidewalks are built under a contract system and with lack of a sufficient quantity of Portland cement. They do not stop to think that the greatest piers today in the world are concrete piers. They do not stop to consider that after the great earthquake in San Francisco, when they began to consider the safest kind of a structure, they concluded that the structure which would stand vibration better than anything else would be a concrete structure. They forget that all the great buildings which are now constructed throughout the United States are either partially or wholly concrete. They forget that the longest railroad bridges in the United States and in the world are now constructed of concrete. I want to quote the first declaration made, after one year's close study of this subject by the Shipping Board, upon the statement made to them by their chief engineer, who had given all his time to this investigation. He starts out with this declaration:

> The reinforced concrete ship can be built structurally equal to any steel ship.

Mr. King. Has the Senator from North Dakota any recent information as to the serviceability of the ship known as "Faith," which is, as I understand, a concrete vessel?

Mr. McCumber. Let me give the second finding—and this declaration was made before certain ships which were then under construction had been put to the test—

> The available information assures with all the certainty possible, short of actual experience under service conditions, that the concrete ship will be durable for several years, assuring satisfactory service throughout the probable duration of the war.

And that is what we want.

Mr. King. Does the Senator from North Dakota know whether or not the manufacturers and producers of steel, whether in the fabricated or in the unfinished form, or any other agencies are opposed to the use of concrete for the building of ships?

Mr. McCumber. I know some are. Do not let me be understood as saying that the great steel companies, and so forth, are opposed to the use of concrete in the building of ships; no one has yet made one single statement contrary to the declaration made in this report that the concrete ship can be made a success, and that while the steel hull costs us from $140 to $200 per ton, the ship "Faith," including its ways, cost but $28 per ton.

Mr. King. Then, does the Senator know what is the objection urged to the construction of additional ships of the character which he is describing?

Mr. McCumber. I think there are certain propagandists in the United States today that do not wish to see this country go extensively into the construction of concrete ships; they hope that we shall somehow worry through this war without calling extensively upon our ability to construct concrete ships, and that when the war is over we shall have a sufficient number of steel and wooden ships to supply the shipping demand and shall not need the others.

Now, Mr. President, I want to quote but one thing further on this line. I got this telegram concerning the "Faith," which was a ship of something over 5000 dead weight tons, constructed in San Francisco by private parties, upon their faith in concrete. It was not built as strongly as the Government engineer thinks such ships should be built; but, nevertheless, here is the telegram:

> Concrete steamer "Faith," six days out of San Francisco with full cargo, reached Seattle yesterday afternoon on her way to Vancouver after one of roughest coast voyages recorded; 80-miles gale; waves 35 feet high; everything in perfect condition. Captain and Government officials aboard expressed themselves as follows: "'Faith' acted as any other good ship of wood or steel, and with absolutely no vibration."

Mr. Pomerene. Am I rightly informed when I say that the United States Shipping Board has already let contracts for a certain number of concrete ships?

Mr. McCumber. Oh, I think 30 or 40, probably. Most of them are little ships, to be used to bring oil up from Mexico to the United States for the use of our ships.

Mr. Pomerene. I have every faith that such ships will prove satisfactory; but I think the Shipping Board may be excused for not giving very large contracts until a little later.

Mr. McCumber. Well, I want the ships to get our men over. War is a gamble; we have got to take some chances. Every engineer in the United States says he can see no reason why concrete ships shall not be a success. We have tried them and they have proven a success. Then, why hesitate longer?

Zoeth Skinner Eldredge

Born, October 13, 1846; Died, July 8, 1918

By Charles B. Turrill

Descended from rugged Saxon stock through a line of worthy ancestors, Zoeth Skinner Eldredge was eminently fitted for positions of trust and the labors of his long life. During the period of most active manhood his work was connected with banking and financial institutions in which he was eminently successful. His later years have been given almost entirely to careful, conscientious historical research relating to California history, which will make his name live.

The study of genealogy was of great and constant interest to him. He devoted much research to the history of his own ancestors, first printed in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register and afterward, with additions, privately printed in 1896. He compiled and edited other genealogical records. He was a member and Past President of the California Genealogical Society. The second publication of this society was his important and authoritative paper, "The Spanish Archives of California," printed in 1901.

In January, 1906, he published a pamphlet, "The Key to the Pacific," in which he demonstrated the commercial advantage of the Panama Canal to San Francisco and California. Later in the same year he issued several pamphlets relating to the rehabilitation of San Francisco.

In 1909 Mr. Eldredge vividly impressed on the general reader the Spanish influence on California history through his valuable work, "The March of Portola and the Discovery of San Francisco Bay." In the preparation of that little volume he consulted and carefully digested rare and important source material not accessible to the ordinary student. Not willing to rely on his own researches, every step in his work was thoroughly discussed with the late Professor George Davidson, whose life studies in the early explorations and cartography of our western coast were graciously given and intelligently used in preparing the valuable and accurate account of the strange discovery of San Francisco Bay.

His interest in the topic, as well as the importance of the work, induced Mr. Eldredge to continue and extend his investigations. In 1912 he published his great work, in two volumes, "The Beginnings of San Francisco." Herein we read of the discovery of our bay by the company of Portola; the sailing of the "San Carlos," under command of Ayala, through what was later named by Fremont the "Golden Gate"; the dangerous trip of exploration, by land, from Mexico under command of Anza, which proved the California Missions need not depend on the long and dangerous ocean trip for supplies; and that momentuous march of the same Anza, with men, women, children and domestic animals over the same route, coming from Northern Mexico, to found the settlement which has grown into San Francisco. The entire history of our city is then carefully traced through its vicissitudes of growth. Mr. Eldredge made generous use of the data he had carefully compiled from the Spanish archives, and he thoroughly searched the priceless Bancroft Library and every other available source of information. He has recorded the descendants of all those early California settlers and has appended copious notes meaty with suggestive information for future investigators. He carefully collated his information and wrote his conclusions in clear, unmistakable language.

In 1915 Mr. Eldredge acted as editor of the five-volume "History of California," published by the Century History Company of New York. Here, as always, the rule of the man whose motto was "to be exact," entailed an enormous amount of work that undoubtedly undermined his constitution and led to a physical weakness that precipitated the end. Not only did he do the careful editorial work on this history, but he attended to the difficult task of securing rare maps and illustrative material and also did a considerable part of the writing.

Mr. Eldredge essayed a Youth's History of California. This volume has not yet been printed.

It is a great loss to California that one who was so thoroughly conversant with each phase of its history should have been compelled to leave undone much important historical work for which he had assembled the data. He was probably the best informed man in the state on the genealogies of the early Spanish families. He had devoted years to the collection of this information from every possible source, working with the thoroughness of the trained genealogist and historical researcher.

His deep interest in historical pursuits did not dull the pleasures Mr. Eldredge enjoyed in a most happy home and in the association of congenial friends. He was a member of the Bohemian Club and took deep interest in the club's library. He was an active participant in the meetings of the California Literature Society at the home of Ina Coolbrith.

It was a great privilege to enjoy the benefits of his helpful association and the encouragement of his example. He has left to all a written heritage which will ever be helpful to the student, entertaining to the general reader, and an enduring monument of a long and useful life.

The Typical German

By The New Statesman

In time of war, it is clear, men feel more than usually at liberty to ignore the claims of ordinary intelligence when speaking about their enemies. They confidently make statements about them which would be laughed out of court in time of peace. They seem to think that to vilify an enemy is a legitimate form of patriotism. They forget that to vilify him is the next step to whitewashing him. Such fatality is there in the swing of the pendulum that the blacker you will have your enemy today, the whiter he will appear tomorrow. That is why justice is so important even in one's judgment of a Crippen. It is sufficient to condemn Crippen for the crimes that he committed without accusing him of having also committed all the other great crimes of the twentieth century. As a matter of fact, had he been accused in this wholesale way his obvious innocence in regard to the greater part of the charge would have led many people to insist upon his innocence even of the murder of which he was guilty. The only effective indictment of a criminal is the bare truth. Anything more than that, whatever virtuous airs it may put on, is mere self-indulgence.

It is because we wish the indictment of Germany for her part in bringing about the present war and her conduct in waging it to be effective that we desire to see it kept sane and within the bounds of reason. It seems to us better from every point of view to accuse Germany of being what she is and of having done what she has done, than to accuse her of being what she is not and of having done what she has not done. Surely it is more important to bear in mind what she has done in Belgium than to expend one's ingenuity in trying to prove that she was responsible for the death of Simon de Montfort, and was the sinister influence behind the Spanish Armada. Yet there are Englishmen—and, no doubt, Frenchmen and Russians—today busying themselves tracing the lineage of Germany through all the criminals of history back to Judas, and from Judas, presumably, back to Cain. Provided they can make Germany responsible for yet another crime in history they are happy. One would not be astonished to find them gravely contending that Judge Jeffries was in German pay, and attributing the crimes of Richard III to an infusion of German blood.

We do not pretend that this kind of extravagance is typical of English sentiment about Germany. We are thinking only of a small minority of furious persons who apparently look on it as a fine thing to see Germany not as it is, but as the supreme monster of all time. But even among saner people there are many who appear to enjoy conjuring up the picture of an unreal Germany rather than of the real Germany, because the former is of a more unredeemed blackness. During the past few days we had two comparative examples of this preference for make-believe about Germany. One of them occurred during the hearing of a divorce case in which a woman who married a German sued for a divorce on the grounds of desertion and cruelty. Her counsel, Mr. Cotes-Preedy, was not content to describe the husband's cruelty; if we can accept the report of the case in the Daily Telegraph as accurate, he went on to suggest that the man's cruelty to his wife was just what might be expected in a German. "The cruelty charged," he declared, "was, as might be expected from a man of his nationality, of a serious character." How serious it was may be judged from the story of the petitioner, who said that her husband "had struck her with a heavy stick and poker, knocked her teeth out with his fists, endeavored to throw her over the banisters, and had thrown a jug of boiling water over her." Does Mr. Cotes-Preedy ask us to believe that conduct of this kind is "what might be expected" in a typical German home? Do German husbands throw boiling water over their wives or pitch them over the banisters or knock out their teeth with the poker to an extent which would justify any sane man in regarding cruelty

of the kind as a national characteristic? Mr. W. H. Dawson, who knows Germany more intimately than most Englishmen, has certainly never painted the German home in these dark colors. "Marriage," he writes, "may often fall short of an ideal companionship, as elsewhere, but, so far as devotion and fidelity go, the German husband is as good as any other, if not always quite as polished and punctilious as he might be, and the idea that a system of domestic tyranny exists in Germany does not call for serious notice." But there is no need to bring proofs to show that Mr. Cotes-Preedy's statement is nonsense, which should not be uttered even in war time. Ruthlessness, unscrupulousness and cruelty are typical of Germany's methods of warfare, though even here in individual cases we have had occasional contradictory glimpses of courtesy, humanity and the finer side of human nature. But to suggest that the men who are the servants and instruments of a savage policy in war are therefore likely to live in an orgy of savagery in their homes is to deny the world's experience. Even in the brutal ages of which we read in the Old Testament and the "Iliad," we are again and again struck by the contrast between the public atrocity of human beings and their private tenderness. If the Trojans or the Jews had been fighting against us today, what difficulty we would have found in believing in that scene in which Hector bids good-bye to Andromache, or in that other scene in which David laments over the dead body of Jonathan. Some of us might even have preferred to conjure up a scene in which Hector tried to throw Andromache over the banisters, and David knocked Jonathan's teeth out with a poker.

What, then, are the typical things in Germany? What are the typical things even in German warfare? Belgium and the "Lusitania" are evidence that ruthlessness is typical of the German policy of conquest. But it is difficult to get even soldiers to agree as to what kind of deed is typical of this ruthlessness. We know that it is a typical German action to attempt to strike terror by the massacre of hostages, and even by an indiscriminate slaughter of civilians, male and female, old and young. But is it characteristic of them to resort to atrocities to as great a degree as possible, or to as small a degree as they think will achieve their military object? This is in these days by no means a superfluous question. Thousands of people may be found wavering between the conclusion that the Germans are devils and the conclusion that they are merely human being possessed by a devil which may one day be exorcised. When they lean towards the former conclusion, they relate how the Germans crucified two Canadians whom they had captured, and ask us to accept this as a typical German deed. But is it so, or was it the work of fiendish scoundrels who are abnormal even in the German army? It is not honest for anybody to content himself wth pretending that everything unholy that any German does is typically German. We must use our sense of truth to discover what really are the typical things and what the abnormal things. In this way only can we arrive at a true idea of what the German mania is from which Europe is suffering and how it can be permanently cured.

Many ordinary men and women are even now uncertain as to what was the typical German attitude to world politics before the outbreak of the war. Clearly the ruling classes aimed at making Germany the greatest military power, and after that the greatest naval power, in the world. They believe in winning a "place in

(Continued on Page 19)

Sunday

By Reita Lambert Ranck

It was Sunday morning.

A pencil of sunlight crept throught a loose shutter of the blind, and traveled inquisitively across the ceiling and down the gaudy wall paper of the bedroom. It paused finally on the closed eyelids of the woman—waking her. Almost instantly she was out of bed and dressing hurriedly—and very silently. While she twisted her heavy, dull hair into a sleek pug, the onyx clock on the dresser struck seven. Soon afterward she tiptoed softly downstairs, the reassuring sound of her hussband's snore growing fainter.

In the kitchen, with its faintly perceptible odor of last night's meal, she tied an apron over her fresh house-dress, which had obligingly faded from a quite hideous blue to near white. She liked white for Sunday. Then she opened the window, and started immediately with the fresh rolls. The dough, set to raise last night, overflowed the shining pan, and as she rolled and kneaded, it bubbled noisily between her hardened fingers. When the last one was laid alongside its chubby brothers, and the whole covered with a clean towel, she turned to the range. Some of the wood was soggy and wet, and she shut the door leading into the hall to keep the smoke from penetrating the rest of the house.

She stepped out of the back door and drank in huge gulps of the lilac-scented morning. She could see Mrs. Bushnell moving about her garden; the rest of the village appeared to be still enjoying its Sunday morning snooze. The dew shone and sparkled on the moth-eaten little lawn—a beautiful morning but promising to be a hot day. She sighed a little.

"Mamma-ah!"

She rushed frantically through the kitchen and into the hall, quivering with anxiety.

"Hush, hush," she whispered up the stairs hoarsely, "you'll wake your father. What is it you want, Alfred?"

"Oh, I'm awake. You're a little late with your 'hush,' ain't you? All this howling"—— the voice rambled off into a low grumble.

"Well, breakfast'll be ready in a minute," she soothed. "Now, Alfred"——

"Where's my clean underclo's—Harold's got his, an' I"——

"They're right on the end of the washstand there—Harold's on one end and yours on the other. Ask Mabel to get them for you, and tell her to help Edith."

"Mamma!" shrilled Edith, "Harold's got my comb 'n' Mabel won't make him give it to me."

"Now, Harold, dear," commenced the woman patiently, but a threatening rumble came from her husband's room, cutting short her arbitrary protests:

"Well, by heaven! If I can't have a little peace on a Sunday morning! So help me, if I hear another word out o' you"——

There was a scurrying of small bare feet, and quiet reigned.

The woman hurried back to her stove, slipped the rolls into the oven, ground the coffee and brought the ham and butter from the cellar. She set the table and creamed the potatoes. It occurred to her that an orange would have tasted good this morning, but he didn't care for fruit—in fact, they never had it. She worked busily, turning a few moments later at the sound of light footsteps.

"Now, Mabel," she scolded her first-born, "what did you put on your best dress for?—and it's so early, too—go right upstairs"——

"But, mamma," defended Mabel, "I have to put it on for Sunday school anyway. I won't get it mussed up."

"Then run right up and put an apron on, and help Edith while you're up there. Tell the twins to keep quiet—and to hurry."

She tested the rolls with a fork, when—

"Martha, are them white pants o' Uncle Jim's clean? I thought I'd put 'em on for church"——

She went swiftly up the stairs, wiping her face on a corner of her apron, and rushed down again in time to save the potatoes from "catching." She finished things in haste now, moving from stove to sink, from kitchen to dining room, making the coffee, frying the ham.

"Now mind," she admonished the twins when they appeared, unusually shiny from their Saturday bath and morning splashing, "stay right on the porch until breakfast, and don't you get those suits dirty; you'll have to wear 'em all week anyway."

Her dull blue eyes lighted and warmed as they rested on her boys, lanky ten-year-olds, their enormous second teeth and loose and missing first ones always in evidence behind a perpetual grin. When Mabel appeared, crossly enveloped in an apron, with Edith, at six, the prettiest and sauciest of the lot, it only remained for him to make his appearance. Presently he came, a very close shave and plenty of Florida water silent tributes to the importance of the day. He was looking very cool and clean in Uncle Jim's discarded trousers.

"Breakfast's ready! Come everybody!"

She stood above the stove, dishing up the ham and eggs and potatoes. Great puffs of hot air from the open oven fanned her face to poppy color. She hurried the things into the dining room, pushing stray locks of hair behind her ears unbecomingly.

"Come, children, breakfast," she said.

Her own meal was punctuated by many trips to the kitchen, but her family ate noisily and hungrily.

"Some coffee, mamma?"

"You know it's Sunday, mamma."

"Yes, some cambric coffee," she assented.

"Mighty good rolls," said her husband, helping himself to a third. "Like old Aunt Maze used to make. 'Now Al,' Aunt Maze used to say to me"——

She never had to bother to talk at table—after the first edge was off his appetite. He had many interesting reminiscences, and the children never grew tired of listening to them.

Half-past nine Sunday school rushed things, and the breakfast table was left standing while she prepared the four children.

"Now boys, remember, I don't want to hear any more complaints from your teacher. I told Miss Sheldon to tell me, and"——

"Aw, we don't have to be tattled on—we'll behave all right—but if that Jimmie Swartout starts anything"—— began Harold.

"Just don't pay any attention to Jimmie Swartout."

(Continued on Page 17)

Perspective Impressions

We are not sorry to learn that it is dangerous to take a German post in Russia.

Wonder if Austria has quit starving merely to prolong the war!

Will there ever be a greater Fourth of July than this year's? Yes, the Fourth after victory.

Another Sultan of Turkey is dead. How many more Sick Men will Europe have?

The only thing the United States Senate does expeditiously is to jump though hoops at the President's command.

We feel pretty certain that the Kaiser has read the President's Mount Vernon speech, and that he doesn't like it one bit.

England's Hoover (Baron Rhonnda) died of overwork. We hope our Hoover will be spared to us many years.

There is no longer any doubt that the Italians are really fighting. Better yet, they are winning.

It is good to know that the Rev. Charles R. Brown has returned to Oakland a non-pacifist. The Congregational Church welcomes him back for many reasons.

Job had pretty good staying qualities even before his friends made him prove that he was a greater philosopher than even his enemies thought.

We've discovered by reading the Congressional Record that the men who get the country's work done are the men who don't lose their tempers.

It doesn't do any good to know that the Kaiser is only bluffing. But there is some satisfaction in knowing that he knows that we mean business and are going to play the string out.

Kipling's "Gunga Din" must be played out; it was quoted in Congress the other day.

Wonder how many German officials are writing memoranda a la Lichnowsky?

Charley Schwab can't come here often enough to suit us.

Our forces are in control of Kola, but nothing is said of Coca.

Once it was "Remember the Maine." Now it is "Remember the Lusitania."

All the candidates for governor have such perfectly beautiful platforms that perhaps we better elect all of them.

Somehow or other, when a politician speaks in defense of the farmers we can't help suspecting that he is thinking of himself more than of the men who till.

The Spectator

Charley Schwab

In Charley Schwab we've been entertaining A Man. Though perhaps 'twould be more correct to say that A Man has been entertaining us. Or, better still, the entertainment was "fifty-fifty." We gave Charley Schwab the best time we knew how to give, and he reciprocated. His spirits were irrepressible. He enjoyed every moment because he was happy all the time, happy with an infectious happiness. At the Union Iron Works he danced a jig to relieve his overcharged feelings as a ship slid down the ways.

"I've seen hundreds of 'em launched," he explained, "but they always give me the same old thrill."

That's the worker exulting in achievement. Charley Schwab represents the dignity of labor, and he reminded us by his actions that true dignity is not afraid to look undignified, or rather to look what slow pokes and solemn asses call undignified.

And Joe Tynan

Did we ever have a more inspiring spectacle of the dignity of labor than Charley Schwab motoring up Market street the day he arrived behind the Union Iron Works band—men and boys in dirty overalls and jumpers blowing and drumming a musical welcome to the boss? That must have been Joe Tynan's idea. It would, no doubt, have been Charley Schwab's idea if Joe Tynan were being welcomed to Philadelphia. The two men are of the same flesh and blood, warmly human to the marrow. They affect you the same way: make you wish you were helping to win the war in the sweat of your face by working at the Union Iron Works.

What of McGregor?

Many have commented on the fact that John A. McGregor was not much in evidence during Schwab's visit. You had to hunt for his name in the newspaper accounts. You had to look long for his picture in the snapshots, and often you looked in vain. Joe Tynan was the man close to Schwab, literally and figuratively. Many times in his speeches Schwab paid tribute to Joe Tynan's ability as a builder of ships. Am I wrong in saying that he did not mention McGregor in any of his talks? Yet it was not so long ago that McGregor was Tynan's superior. McGregor was president of the Union Iron Works; Tynan was vice-president and general manager. McGregor is still here, but it looks very much as though Tynan has superseded him. Indeed, it is understood that sheer merit has made Joe Tynan the "whole thing" in the Bethlehem corporation on the Pacific Coast.

What of Corey?

When the Fourth of July dancers at the Civic Auditorium gave Schwab a noisy welcome he cried out to them:

"I want you to meet my wife."

And that charming woman bowed smilingly to the vast throng. I could not help thinking of another of Carnegie's men. What has become of Corey? He was a big factor in the Carnegie organization once upon a time. Then something happened, and he disappeared from view the way Bruce Ismay did later on. The something that happened in Corey's case was something the American public could not stomach. The wife who had been Corey's loyal, hard-working helpmate while he was accumulating his millions was not good enough for Corey when it came to spending those millions. He put her away from him, and took a young wife with no wrinkles on her brow, no gray in her hair. And as far as the American public was concerned, Corey became less than nothing. I thought of that when Charley Schwab insisted on sharing the applause of a great admiring concourse of happy men and women with the wife of his bosom.

The Size of the Ad Convention

When the Ad Convention met at St. Louis last year, there was quite a competition among cities to secure the convention for 1918. San Francisco made a determined fight. The fight could not be made without funds, and the money was raised by collecting contributions from hotel managers and others who benefit by conventions. The claim was made at that time that the Ad Convention would bring at least ten thousand visitors to this city. Well, San Francisco won the 1918 honor. When all

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM, Manager

our thoughts began to be concentrated on war, there was some doubt whether the convention should be held. Might not the transportation of so many delegates across the continent use rolling stock which could be devoted to more important services? Washington was appealed to, and Washington said that the Ad Convention was so important that it should be held as usual. So, while the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other organizations which intended to hold conventions here this year, cancelled their plans, the Ad Convention went right ahead with its preparations. To hear some of the enthusiastic ad men of this city talk, the only serious problem connected with the convention would be how to house the hordes of delegates in our existing hotels. The Ad Convention has been here—three hundred strong! It was so small that the plan of holding sessions in the main hall of the Exposition Auditorium had to be abandoned. Three hundred delegates would be lost there, and that wouldn't look well. Judged by its advance billing, the Ad Convention was a failure. This in spite of the fact that a representative of the local ad club made an eleven weeks' tour of the country, traveling, we are told, 15,000 miles for the purpose of drumming up a good attendance. What's the matter with the ad men? The convention of the Seventh Day Adventists, held here recently, brought ten people to San Francisco for every one brought by the Ad Convention.

Who Strafed the Kaiser's Bedroom?

When the German Hospital was de-Teutonized and its name changed to the Franklin Hospital, the Kaiser's Bedroom was left untouched. The Kaiser's Bedroom is the nickname the nurses gave to the most elaborate bedroom in the big hospital. There was a shield of the Hohenzollerns carved on the magnificent bed, and there were Germanic insignia on the pillow cases and the other bedclothes. This room was left unchanged when the hospital was divorced from Kultur. Somebody objected to this condition of things, forgetting perhaps that it was probably an oversight. Who that somebody was remains a deep, dark mystery. But a few nights ago the room was entered and the furniture was strafed. It was a case of frightfulness. The Teutonic armorial carving was scratched, the embroidered bedclothes were torn up. There is more than a suspicion that it was an "inside job," but nobody in the hospital knows anything at all about it—not even the nurses who generally know everything.

The Vice Cases

One does not hear much any more of the so-called Baker-street vice club. Since the matter was discussed in open court by Judge Mogan the authorities appear to be eager to drop the whole business. This they should not be allowed to do. As soon as one of the judges talked of a vigorous prosecution, the prosecutors acted as though they had more pressing matters on hand. Why they lost interest in the case it would be interesting to find out. Was the case merely a means of making what is called by the police a sensation? We have heard a lot of vice cases in this city of late and most of them emanated from persons who appeared to be employed in furnishing material of scandal for reformers who would have people believe that it was their favorite pastime to point out the lewd behavior of certain characters. Usually such persons are not notable for their sincerity. They start these scandals because they are pungent morsels to be rolled on the tongue. One of them was a policeman of the Society for the Suppression of Vice who was found to be addicted to many vile practices. He was arrested for his relations with a young woman. Now this so-called Baker-street club may turn out to be the sort of thing that evil-minded people may use to gratify their unlawful passions. Maybe it has collapsed because the people who figured as prosecutors have much to conceal. But we should know all that has happened, especially if the cases have been frame-ups and the prosecutors have been the real criminals. Somebody should get at the truth of the whole case and find out how much earnest, honest prosecution has been done by paid agents of the city. Perhaps much good has been done; also not a little evil. How interesting to learn if misdirected zeal has been tolerated by public officials and suffered by magistrates themselves!

How Rumors Spread

There is no doubt that a few degenerates spent much time in the Baker-street house. But we were told that there were hundreds involved, among them prominent men around town. There were in truth cases of men whispered into infamy by their enemies, some of whom never heard that they had been accused, others whose names never had been made matters of record. By accident the story of a vague accusation leaked out and the matter would have been dropped had not the person thus mentioned demanded that the case be investigated and that the court record be produced. Much to the amazement of one who had been mentioned, he found out that there was no court on record in which he had been mentioned. Now we are not desirous of stirring up this unsavory mess in which there has been much poking. But surely it may be good for the city to ventilate the whole case if it may be shown that official authorities may be abused at any time, much to the injury of innocent men. Unfortunately, certain conduct is sometimes attributed to men by their enemies. They may have only a mean suspicion with which to give color to the things they say, but a public scandal such as the Baker-street case may seem to justify their calumnies. This is precisely what happened in this case. One man was said to have given currency to a yarn that might have come out of an obscene book, and immediately hundreds of men of whom there had been vague rumors were reported to have been involved by competent testimony. The story was accepted as true as holy writ until the yarn was punctured by one who because of remote connections felt that he might have been unjustly implicated. It was found to everybody's amazement that all the talk had been without foundation. It may be, so far as anybody knows, that in some instances some men who committed suicide were guiltless in this case.

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Hotel Henry, 106 Sixth Street, San Francisco, will sell at Gallick Auction Rooms, 821 Mission Street, at Public Auction on August 15, 1918, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Hotel Henry:

Pearl Albert	1 Trunk	J. Morgan	1 Suitcase
Miss Smith	2 Trunks	Wrecht	1 Suitcase
A. J. Nelsen	1 Trunk	Hartman	1 Suitcase
A. Faidey	1 Trunk	Were	1 Suitcase
S. Espanzos	2 Trunks	Elmer Gould	1 Suitcase
W. H. Roth	1 Trunk	Letzstein	1 Suitcase
Henbulman	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Numbey	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Veitchil	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
McDougall	1 Trunk	Weiss	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	A. Smith	1 Basket
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Miss Black	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Mrs. Alusiny	1 Box
A. J. Scott	3 Trunks	Hall	1 Box
Wehr	2 Trunks	Ella Hayes	1 Box
A. Smith	1 Suitcase	Walten	1 Box
C. Pearl	2 Suitcases	Mrs. Bernnett	1 Box
Hogelned	1 Suitcase	Mr. Crane	1 Box
Lume	1 Suitcase	Saujhelen	1 Box
Fred Persens	1 Suitcase	Wehr	2 Boxes
Carter	1 Suitcase	Woods	1 Grip
Tulley	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Fiber Case
Shelinges	1 Suitcase	Masten	1 Basket
Jewell	1 Suitcase	Wrigth	1 Basket
Reyech	1 Suitcase	Runkle	1 Box
H. Young	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Grip
Mw. Boyd	1 Suitcase	Low	2 Cot Beds
Wrigth	1 Suitcase	Louis Wisleyer	1 Basket

7-13-5

Our sailors are giving their lives

To keep open the road to France.

Our soldiers are going "over there" willing to make the supreme sacrifice for the preservation of American ideals—American Liberties—to rid the world of the curse of Military Autocracy.

Their sacrifices are for you. You owe them something more than a cheer—something more than a sentimental endorsement.

You owe them the support of your money. You can discharge your obligations at a profit.

Buy War Savings Stamps.

Save something each day to invest in the next issue of Liberty Bonds. We will help you help your country.

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

Are You Temperamental?

One man put an end to the wholesale assassination of character by bravely standing up and demanding the facts in the records. This man was in a sense vulnerable; at least there were certain circumstances that might justify suspicion and he at first felt that he had rendered himself open to suspicion. This feeling was in a measure justified, because, being a wit, a notable one in club affairs, he made fun of all kinds of degeneracy, and innocently gave rise to gossip that any enemy might make use of. Furthermore, he had taken an interest in a young polished foreigner who had been very unfortunate and in need of assistance. Much to the clubman's amazement, as soon as the Baker-street scandal occurred, the young foreigner whom he had frequently invited to big week-end parties, was mentioned as one of the visitors. He was immediately requested to give an account of himself, and he did so. He was at the house only once when urged to go by one of the members of the club. The urging was done by an officer who seemed to know his friend and, through him, knew the clubman. It was made plain that these two men wanted a little definite information about the clubman. Here, so far as the record shows, was the beginning of as cold-blooded a frame-up as was ever made in San Francisco. Now, as a matter of fact, nothing was said derogatory of the clubman. No accusation was made against him, but he started an investigation on his own hook and forced the case before the grand jury. It was then he learned that a certain policeman, a spy employed to trap soldiers, was engaged in the investigation and that his favorite method was to ascertain whether men were temperamental. His idea was that artists of all kinds are temperamental and therefore suspicious characters. The clubman talked quite bluntly to this individual and also to officials who believed in him. But since then they have not been zealous, though there are to be found, even women among the men inventing reasons why certain citizens are not prosecuted.

How About Tanlac?

We have heard a great deal about honesty in advertising during the past week. All the delegates to the advertising convention believe in honest advertising. So do all the papers, for they publish columns on the subject, and that proves just how they feel. But, on second thought, does it? Are the papers as devoted to honest advertising as they pretend? Take the case of Tanlac. Ads for this nostrum appear in some of the local dailies. They appear in one daily which is very virtuous in the matter of strong drink. Yet Tanlac contains a high percentage of alcohol. It is classed by men who investigate such things with Peruna, Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and other nostrums that are popular because of their alcoholic "kick." Speaking of Tanlac, the Portland Spectator had this to say on June 22:

"If one may judge it by its effects on its users, one may be pardoned for thinking that its high percentage of alcohol is its greatest virtue. Tanlac not only manufactures testimonials to its own virtues, and appends the names of reputable persons to these fraudulent recommendations, but it has printed testimonials of the wonderful cures wrought by it on persons who, before their paid eulogies appeared in print, had the unhappiness to be dead. Whether or not the use of Tanlac hastened the end of the miserable wretches whose dead voices proclaim its virtues, is a question that science might easily solve: Alcohol is a deadly poison in some diseases. Tanlac cannot be a safe remedy. Nothing that is good and honest requires the wicked and fraudulent advertising that has been found necessary to force this nostrum on the attention of the public."

Incidentally, the exclusive agency for Tanlac in this city belongs to a chain of drug stores which not so long ago displayed conspicuous signs to the effect that it had no liquors for sale. Doesn't Tanlac sort of throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery of honest advertising?

Our Four Tracks

Here is the report of a conversation between a local member of the Advertising Association and a convention visitor from New York. It took place on Market street:

Visitor (pointing to the four tracks): "May I ask, what's the idea?"

Local Man: "Four tracks for four lines of cars; two running each way."

Visitor: "I understand that. But why four tracks on one street?"

Local Man: "To accommodate the traffic."

Visitor: "What has caused the temporary congestion?"

Local Man: "It isn't temporary. It exists all the time."

Visitor: "But surely two of the tracks are temporary?"

Local Man: "Not at all. They are down to stay."

Visitor: "You mean it?"

Local Man: "Certainly."

Visitor: "Well, I'll be damned?"

The Lord's Prayer Applauded

Father M. D. Connolly made the invocation at the Fourth of July exercises in the Exposition Auditorium. The audience liked his prayer. When he called down blessings on the country, the audience interrupted with a round of applause. When he commended our boys Over There to the divine protection, there was another applausive interruption. When he prayed God to bless President Wilson, the applause was still more vociferous. But when he had finished saying the Lord's Prayer, the noisy demonstration almost shook the roof!

"Frisky" Freeman Cashiered

Commander Frederick Freeman, better known as "Frisky" Freeman, was one of the most popular naval men ever stationed in this port. He was hail-fellow-well-met, the inspiration of a thousand good times. Alas! that same conviviality has been his downfall. He was stationed somewhere in France, and committed the offense of overstaying his leave four days, an unpardonable offense in war time. The result is that he has been dismissed from the Navy. Those who have heard the news are very sorry, for everybody likes "Frisky" Freeman.

Bromo Seltzer Quips

The fortune which Emerson made out of Bromo Seltzer has been the occasion of many quips. One day during the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore in 1912, the late Charley White of Tammany Hall and Postmaster Tom Fox of Sacramento were passing the huge Emerson building with the revolving Bromo Seltzer bottle on top of it.

"There," said White, "is the place where old Emerson ran a headache into a million."

The visit of those distinguished honeymooners Mr. and Mrs. Ray Baker to this city has evoked another good one. Speaking of Mrs. Baker's father, Fay King wrote the other day:

"Who says Emerson's seltzer ain't done as much for the head of man as Emerson's essays?"

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, June 29, 1918

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$ 40,316,788.88
United States Bonds to Secure Circulation	3,500,000.00
Other United States Bonds and Certificates	5,725,000.00
Other Bonds	10,387,592.84
Other Assets	1,088,994.36
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances	14,398,085.31
Cash and Sight Exchange	26,221,998.42
	$101,638,459.81

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,378,750.34
Circulation	3,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances	14,398,085.31
Federal Reserve Bank	3,308,000.00
Deposits	74,053,624.16
	101,638,459.81

OFFICERS

HERBERT FLEISHHACKER	President
MORTIMER FLEISHHACKER	Vice-President
J. FRIEDLANDER	Vice-President
C. F. HUNT	Vice-President
E. W. WILSON	Vice-President
C. R. PARKER	Vice-President and Cashier
H. CHOYNSKI	Vice-President
WM. H. HIGH	Assistant Cashier
J. W. LILIENTHAL JR.	Assistant Cashier
FRED F. OUER	Assistant Cashier
J. G. ANDERTON	Assistant Cashier
GEO. A. VAN SMITH	Assistant Cashier
V. KLINKER	Assistant Cashier
J. S. CURRAN	Assistant Cashier
A. L. LANGERMAN	Secretary
SIG. GREENEBAUM	Chairman of the Board

Overheard in a Car

They were discussing the reported assassination of the Czar.

"I don't get much time to read the papers," said the woman to the man, "but my opinion is that if they ever catch this fellow by the name of Bolsheviki they ought to kill him too."

On Our Roll of Honor

That California has done more, in proportion to population, than most states to fill the ranks of Pershing's army is known to all who have followed the draft debates in Congress. But it is not only thus that California has testified her devotion to the cause of right. On the nation's roll of honor for civil as opposed to military service are found the names of many Californians. When Uncle Sam wanted a Food Administrator he summoned Herbert Hoover. When he wanted a sugar expert he called George Rolph. When he wanted an oil man he took Mark Requa. When he needed a man to supervise the production of TNT he called Daniel Jackling. To be McAdoo's right-hand traffic man he selected Ed Chambers. Then he took William Sproule as his western manager of railroads. He made W. B. Storey federal manager of the Santa Fe. He selected John H. Rosseter as director of the Bureau of Operations of the Shipping Board. And so in many other instances. Uncle Sam made a heavy draft on the brains of California, and California is proud that the men she has delighted to honor are proving themselves equal to the transaction of the nation's business.

The Bird of Omen

Frank Moroney, insurance broker, in company with Bob Moore of the Moore-Scott Shipbuilding Company and Dr. Theodore Rethers, was motoring to Bartlett Springs recently. As they were climbing over Bartlett mountain in the auto stage, Bob Moore, who was rather debilitated after months of hard work at his shipbuilding plant, turned to Dr. Rethers and remarked:

"You've got a couple of dead ones on your hands."

"That's true," interjected Moroney, whose health has not been of the best lately. "And you can't fool a buzzard," he concluded, pointing to one of the big, black birds that was at that moment circling the wide blue just above their automobile. For days they looked for the buzzard, and without fail would find him skimming the mountain tops skirting the hotel. Finally the punch of life began to return to their veins and the buzzard disappeared. Then Moroney and Moore got well by leaps and bounds.

The Newest Fish Story

While Judge Thomas F. Graham was at the springs early in the season he did considerable fishing in Bartlett creek. He established the record of the season for the largest trout. This big trout, as the story comes to me, measured as long as a man's forearm. Judge Graham sentenced it to incarceration in a spring near the hotel. The guests named the trout Jumbo. Jumbo got so he would eat his dinner out of a silver spoon held in the unwavering hand of his master and trainer. The meal consisted of raw liver, cut into six-inch strips, well seasoned, and a couple of thimblefuls of coffee. When Judge Graham would lift the lid of the spring, Jumbo, who always kept his mouth shut through fear of being misquoted in the newspapers (a precaution impressed on him by the judge), would rise to the surface, keep his elbows off the bank, and wait for action. When the meat was lowered on the silver spoon, Jumbo would give three fresh-water cheers and take a strip of the meat. Then he would swim in the form of Judge Graham's three initials, back fire once, and sink from sight like a German submarine trying to escape from a United States destroyer. When Eddie Graney, also a guest at the springs, was told the story of Jumbo, he said it sounded twice as raw as the liver. But Graney was soon convinced that Jumbo could do all that the judge claimed. Graney, as soon as he can get his fountain pen to leaking normally, intends to write a serial account of Jumbo for one of the San Francisco dailies.

Ford for Senator

Hank Ford's candidacy for the United States Senate continues to yield amusement to newspaper readers in the East.

"Now we shall see whether I can build anything but automobiles, tractors and ships," Ford said to a reporter in Detroit the other day.

And to show what his idea of building a senatorial career is, he went on:

"If necessary, I will move my whole force down to Washington; then they will know that I have arrived."

It was suggested to him that his idea of the senatorship was a little out of the ordinary, whereupon he responded:

"All those old formulas will be discarded. I am not interested in the technique of politics."

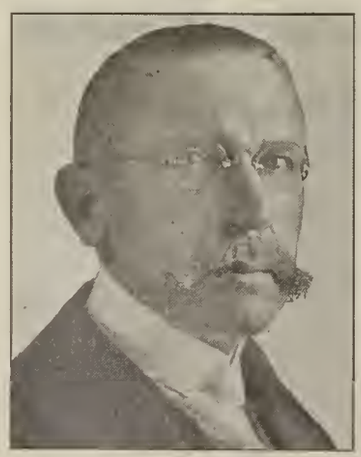
Asked what ticket he would run on, he replied:

"That is a matter of political technique that can be taken up and disposed of when I come to it."

On Seeing the Peace Ship

Somebody wrote to the New York Times recently, telling of the thoughts that came to him when he noticed the peace ship "Oscar II" in the Hudson River. I must quote from the letter:

"Is this steamer not the historical flivver of the seas with which Henry Ford fared forth some years ago to find a place in the sun? Having survived a cargo of cranks and the U-boat menace, I presume she is waiting in the Hudson with her nose upstream in order to negotiate the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes on a trip to Detroit in order to transport the new Senator to Washington. I suggest that her one-time distinguished passenger list be assembled—that is, those of it who are still on speaking terms—for an invasion of the Michigan primary aboard the Oscar. Perhaps they would be more successful in filling the trenches of '18 with voters than they were in emptying those of '15 of soldiers—that is, if they have had their hair cut. There would be another advantage, if one assumes the election of Mr. Ford, and of course Mr. Ford might be elected, for there have been some frightful calamities incident to the exercise of electoral franchise in this country. If I remember correctly, there were teachers aboard the Oscar when Mr. Ford waged wind against war in 1915. These would be useful, for as the Oscar nosed her way along the Erie and loafed in its locks they could instruct the new Senator in the rudiments of history, which he claims he does not know. A United States Senator who claims he voted for Garfield for President in 1884 would be a unique specimen for instructional experimentation."



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(Scientific Eye Examinations)

Charter Member:

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SAN FRANCISCO

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SAN FRANCISCO

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By TANTALUS

Sarah at the Cliff

For the celebrities of the stage all roads lead to the Cliff House, now as fifty years ago. All roads led there years ago, when there were no motor cars, only hacks from the old Plaza, and only an occasional French actor, like Coquelin, who made grimaces with his mobile face at the seals. It was natural therefore that Sarah Bernhardt should return to one of the scenes of her early conquests, for she adored the Cliff House in the long ago almost as much as Adolph Sutro himself and for the same reason—that it presented a rare marine view. Sarah Bernhardt has never changed much in her likes and dislikes. When she was a young and pretty and talented Jewess, just arrived in Paris, she loved bizarre effects. She had peculiar ways that made her talked about, though she had no publicity agent. She scorned the way of the actress to win publicity, but having caprices she just indulged her ways and people could not help talking about her. So it was when dramatic critics were afraid of the young lion who played in her apartments. She dotes on wild animals. The same critics were shocked that she should like a coffin for a bed, but a love of the macabre was a passion. It was as natural as that she should cultivate a thinness many years before it was fashionable to avoid a well-nourished appearance. She was merely ahead of her time. She knew it was beautiful to be slender, and now women everywhere are employing doctors to tell them how many meals they can safely go without. Probably after a time this wonderful woman who has survived all the heroines of Sardou and the great and famous Jewish tragedienne of her day whom Matthew Arnold so fondly described, and for whom Oscar Wilde wrote "Salome" in the French tongue—perhaps she will teach her sex that there is some subtle charm in a sea lion. A seal that she obtained in Africa is her latest pet, and the seal was in her entourage when she visited the Cliff for lunch last Saturday and made the acquaintance of our authority on seals while praising the chef of the world's famous resort. At the close of her lunch she was paid a tribute by the whole house standing while she was taking her departure.

Early Tommy Pease

Another interesting visitor came to the Cliff immediately after the divine Sarah had gone. The visitor was none other than Tommy Pease, who had charge of the battery when we first received the news that England was at war. Tommy immediately quit the Cliff and by December, 1914, he was in England, ready to help out. He joined the army and for two years



INA CLAIRE
With David Belasco's production of "Polly With a Past," coming to the Columbia Theatre, direct from New York, opening Monday night, July 15.

thereafter he fought in the trenches. He lost an eye in the trenches fighting for England, and he is now drawing a pension. Tommy tells interesting stories of his many hairbreadth escapes besides the one that caused the loss of his eye, which he seems to remember less than the gas he inhaled and the device he used to keep himself alive. The device he remembers as very painful when it pinched his nose to keep the gas out of his lungs. Tommy is quite a critic of the war. He says the Germans have an advantage in officers and he doesn't think much of Haig or of any of the British officers, some of whom are old-timers notable for their ability to hold on to their jobs. He believes that new life will be injected into the war by the Americans. Tommy's chief exploit was the capture of a German's belt which he had on when he was shot.

Going Through Hubby's Pockets

Mr. O'Dell is an advertising man, married. Miss Schappi is stenographer for a yeast company. Mr. O'Dell conceived for Miss Schappi what "Bob" Hanford once described as "the grand passion." Miss Schappi didn't know the advertising man was married—that was a fact he didn't advertise. So Miss Schappi reciprocated his affection. Alas, the inevitable has happened. They wrote letters to each other, and were caught by Mrs. O'Dell. For poor Miss Schappi correspondence has led to correspondence. Mr. O'Dell is now interlocutorily at large. It is an old story. And the way detection came was so common a way that it is worth commenting on. Mrs. O'Dell discovered the duplicity of Mr. O'Dell by going through his pockets. Going through hubby's pockets is a prerogative claimed by wifey the world over. Hubby sullenly submits to it. The purpose of the "going through" is usually connected with the payment of household bills. Money is the thing sought. Occasionally something else is found. Mrs. O'Dell found grounds for divorce.

What to Do with Love Letters

This suggests some important reflections. Obviously, any pocket of hubby's clothes is no place for hubby to keep love letters from another woman. Then where are these letters to be kept? Hubby's desk is a bad place to keep them, for wifey has been known to rifle that when suspicion makes her bold. The waste paper basket also is a bad place for them. Even if they are torn up they can be fitted together again. Sleuths love to fit the fragments of a torn letter together. And every slighted or scorned wife is a sleuth. Burning the incriminating letters is not entirely satisfactory, either. They may only char, and a charred letter can be read. Really, thinking the whole thing over, the conclusion seems to be forced upon us that the very best thing for hubby to do with love

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letters from a woman not his wife is—not to get them.

Miss Phyllis de Young Married

Miss Phyllis de Young, the youngest daughter of Mr. M. H. de Young, and Nion Tucker, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tucker of Sacramento, were married Monday afternoon in the terrace garden of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron at Burlingame, only close relatives and intimate friends being present. The marriage service was read by Archbishop Hanna. The bridesmaids were Miss Dorothy Deane, Miss Alice Tucker and Miss Helen Garritt. The best man was Prescott Scott. The bride's niece, little Patricia Tobin, was maid of honor. It was a very beautiful wedding. The altar was erected at the end of the long lawn under a canopy of mauve and gold satin. A floral aisle led to it, formed of high white baskets filled with masses of pink and blue hydraangeas. Festoons of white stock connected these, and potted shrubbery added a touch of green. Flanking the altar were high vases of white stone, filled with hydrangeas and lilies. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served on the upper terrace, and then the young couple departed on their honeymoon, their destination being kept a secret.

Exhibit of War Art at Elder's

For the benefit of the blind French soldiers, an exhibition and sale of paintings of the artists of the Allies is being held in the Paul Elder Gallery this week, to continue until next Friday evening, July 19. The display includes originals by such masters as Louis Raemaekers, Jonas, Poulbot, Forain, Fann and Berne Bellecourt. The collection was brought to San Francisco by M. Willy Rogers. This collection was displayed at the Palace for a few days, and an admission charge was made. The most interesting of the paintings, together with several canvases that have not been shown previously, are now in the Paul Elder Gallery. The public is invited, and there is no admission charge. The proceeds from the sale of the pictures are to go towards establishing a home for the blind soldiers of France. The exhibit is under the control and patronage of the General Consul of France and is endorsed by the Friends of France.

Bernhardt to Speak at Tolerton's

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her granddaughter, Mlle. Lysiane Bernhardt, will speak at the gallery of the Hill Tolerton Print Rooms, 540 Sutter street, next Tuesday at a quarter before two. Madame Bernhardt's theatrical engagements make it necessary for her to speak promptly at this hour. Mlle. Bernhardt will deliver a lecture on the "Vision of France." She has been in France on the firing line within the last year and has an intimate knowledge of the present conditions of art and the artists in France. Madame Bernhardt is at the head of the French Artists' Fund and the proceeds of the lecture are to be devoted to that fund. Mlle. Bernhardt is the younger daughter of Maurice Bernhardt, Mme. Bernhardt's only child.

Beringer Musicale

Members of the Beringer Musical Club will give a musicale at the Beringer Conservatory of Music, 926 Pierce street, this Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. An excellent programme has been prepared and friends of the club members have been looking forward to the event with much pleasure.

At the Cecil

A cordial welcome is being extended Commander and Mrs. W. F. Lafrenz of the Navy. Commander Lafrenz leaves soon for France, and his wife will make her home at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Fisher of Singapore arrived this week. Captain and Mrs. Morgan entertained at dinner Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. W. Armstrong of Elko will sail Saturday for Honolulu. Mrs. A. R. Worrall of New York is a guest. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans, who were visiting the former's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evans, have left for their home in Sacramento. Colonel J. F. Koester left Monday for Fort Sill, to take charge of the Fire School. His charming wife will remain at the hotel for several months. Mrs. C. B. Lastreto of Menlo Park is stopping. Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Hicks motored from Pomona this week. Mrs. Hazel Bennett of Honolulu is enjoying her visit. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cotton of Nevada will be at the hotel for a fortnight or so. Mrs. J. L. Simmons of Tonopah, and Mrs. E. S. Masters will spend the remainder of July at the hotel.

A Techau Puzzle

Far be it from me to "start anything," but I have long wondered whether the Show Girl Revue Corps at Techau Tavern fill in the intervals between dances, or whether the Jazz Orchestra plays for dancing when the girls are getting their breath between songs. They both make a hit with me, but I just wonder which organization I should make the headliner if I were billing them together for a tour of the country. There are jazz orchestras and jazz orchestras till you can't rest, and there are show girl revue corps and just plain singers, but when two such cracker-jack organizations appear on one bill, who is going to decide between 'em? Not I. Between the two they put on a programme that would please a stone image, let alone any one with red blood. And so the Tavern is crowded every evening and everyone is happy, particularly those ladies who are so fortunate as to be presented with one of the fine silk favors or the five-dollar War Saving Stamp, which are given during the merchandise dances.

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Sheridan's "Rivals"

By William Hazlitt

This extract from Hazlitt's lecture on "The English Comic Writers of the Last Century" will be read with interest and profit by those who propose to themselves the pleasure of seeing William H. Crane, Emelie Melville and the amateurs of the Players' Club in the classic comedy at the Greek Theatre, Saturday, July 20.

The "Rivals" is a play of even more action and incident, but of less wit and satire than the "School for Scandal." It is as good as a novel in the reading, and has the broadest and most palpable effect on the stage. . . . The "Rivals" is one of the most agreeable comedies we have. In the elegance and brilliancy of the dialogue, in a certain animation of moral sentiment, and in the masterly denouement of the fable, the "School for Scandal" is superior; but the "Rivals" has more life and action in it, and abounds in a greater number of whimsical characters, unexpected incidents, and absurd contrasts of situation. The effect of the "School for Scandal" is something like reading a collection of epigrams, that of the "Rivals" is more like reading a novel. In the first you are always at the toilette or in the drawing room; in the last you pass into the open air, and take a turn in King's Mead. The interest is kept alive in one play by smart repartee, in the other by startling rencontres; in the one we laugh at the satirical descriptions of the speakers, in the other the situation of their persons on the stage is irresistibly ludicrous. Thus the interviews between Lucy and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, between Acres and his friend Jack, who is at once his confident and his rival; between Mrs. Malaprop and the lover of her niece as Captain Absolute, and between that young lady and the same person as the pretended Ensign Beverley, tell from the mere double entendre of the scene, and from the ignorance of the parties of one another's persons and designs. There is no source of dramatic effect more complete than this species of practical satire (in which our author seems to have been an adept), where one character in the piece is made a fool of and turned into ridicule to his face, by the very person whom he is trying to overreach.

There is scarcely a more delightful play than the "Rivals" when it is well acted, or one that goes off more indifferently when it is not. The humor is of so broad and farcical a kind, that if not thoroughly entered into and carried off by the tone and manner of the performers, it fails of effect from its obtrusiveness, and becomes flat from eccentricity. The absurdities brought forward are of that artificial, affected, and preposterous description, that we in some measure require to have the evidence of our senses to see the persons themselves "jetting under the advanced plumes of their folly," before we can entirely believe in their existence, or derive pleasure from their exposure. If the extravagance of the poet's conception is not supported by the downright reality of the representation, our credulity is staggered and falls to the ground.

For instance, Acres should be as odd a compound in external appearance as he is of the author's brain. He must look like a very notable mixture of the lively coxcomb and the blundering blockhead, to reconcile us to his continued impertinence and senseless flippancy. Acres is a mere conventional character, a gay, fluttering automaton, constructed upon mechanical principles, and pushed, as it were, by the logic of wit and a strict keeping in the pursuit of the ridiculous, into follies and fopperies which his natural thoughtlessness would never have dreamt of. Acres does not say or do what such a half-witted young gentleman would say or do of his own head, but what he might be led to do or say with such a prompter as Sheridan at his elbow to tutor him in absurdity—to make a butt of him first, and laugh at him afterwards. Thus his presence of mind in persisting in his allegorical swearing, "Odds triggers and flints," in the duel scene when he is trembling all over with cowardice, is quite out of character, but it keeps up the preconcerted jest. In proportion, therefore, as the author has overdone the part, it calls for a greater effort of animal spirits, and a peculiar aptitude of genius in the actor to go through with it, to humor the extravagance, and to seem to take a real and cordial delight in caricaturing himself. Dodd was the only actor we remember who realized this ideal combination of volatility and phlegm, of slowness of understanding with levity of purpose, of vacancy of thought and vivacity of gesture. Acres' affected phrases and apish manners used to sit upon this inimitable actor with the same sort of bumpkin grace and conscious self-complacency as the new cut of his clothes. In general, this character is made little of on the stage; and when left to shift for itself, seems as vapid as it is forced.

Mrs. Malaprop is another portrait of the same overcharged description. The chief drollery of this extraordinary personage consists in her unaccountable and systematic misapplication of hard words. How she should know the words, and not their meaning, is a little odd. In reading the play we are amused with such a series of ridiculous blunders, just as we are with a series of puns or cross-readings. But to keep up the farce upon the stage, besides "a nice derangement of epitaphs," the imagination must have the assistance of a stately array of grave pretensions, and a most formidable establishment of countenance, with all the vulgar self-sufficiency of pride and ignorance, before it can give full credit to this learned tissue of technical absurdity.

As to Miss Lydia Languish, she is not easily done to the life. She is a delightful compound of extravagance and naivete. She is fond and froward, practical and chimerical, hot and cold in a breath. . . . She should have all the physiognomical marks of a true boarding-school, novel-reading Miss about her, and some others into the bargain. . . .

Sir Anthony Absolute and his son are the most sterling characters of the play. The tetchy, positive, impatient, overbearing, but warm and generous character of the one, and the gallant, determined spirit, adroit address, and dry humor of the other, are admirably set off against each other. The two scenes in which they contend about the proposed match, in the first of which the indignant lover is as choleric and rash as the old gentleman is furious and obstinate, and in the latter of which the son affects such a cool indifference



LILI PETSCHINKOFF
The World-Famous Violiniste. Next Week at the Orpheum.

and dutiful submission to his father, from having found out that it is the mistress of his choice whom he is to be compelled to marry, are masterpieces both of wit, humor, and character. Sir Anthony Absolute is an evident copy after Smollett's kind-hearted, high-spirited Matthew Bramble, as Mrs. Malaprop is after the redoubted linguist, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble; and, indeed, the whole tone, as well as the local scenery of the "Rivals," reminds the reader of "Humphrey Clinker." Sheridan had a right to borrow; and he made use of this privilege, not sparingly, both in this and in his other plays. His Acres, as well in the general character as in particular scenes, is a mannered imitation of Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

STAGE

Bernhardt and France

"God bless America!"

These were the only words the great Bernhardt uttered in English. How the blood of the Orpheum audience bounded at the sentiment! Before the wounded poilu whom Bernhardt impersonates stood one of Pershing's men, come to the battlefield to help save France and Christian civilization. With a gesture that represented the grateful gesture of all France, Bernhardt saluted the American army. With a phrase that has been spoken in every church of France, she asked God to bless America. At that moment she stood for the whole of France. The Orpheum audience knew it. The noise of applause was deafening, but there was a louder, a more meaningful tumult in every breast. Bernhardt speaks French, but her genius makes it a universal language. The light on her face, the flash in her eye, the soul in her body translate her words out of French into the unsyllabled language of humanity. The great of this earth express themselves in actions that are symbolical. Bernhardt is one of the great of our time, and this little play she gives us is curiously symbolical. Here is a poilu with a leg so shattered he cannot rise. Poor Bernhardt, we know, has lost her leg. There is no symbol here, of course; not even a coincidence. The part was written thus because Bernhardt is infirm. But this poilu rises on the wings of patriotism, his spirit is not stricken as his body is. This is a symbol of the unconquerable soul of Bernhardt. The poilu is soon to die. Surely Bernhardt has not a great span of life before her. The soldier's last thoughts are for France. So are Bernhardt's. He is serving France to the end. Bernhard is, too. He is making the great sacrifice for his country. She is making sacrifice, and who knows but that it may end as the soldier's did? This woman did not return to the stage for gain: her histrionic immortality is assured, her career has brought her prosperity—her large earnings of this tour go to France for the alleviation of distress. The soldier clasps his beloved flag to his bosom and expires with that cry which has never lost its sublimity, "Vive la France!" Bernhardt will die that way. So the little play symbolizes this great woman. It is also a symbol of France, France dying on the battlefield that France may live. France kissing the lips of death that mortality may become immortality. Bernhardt stands in symbolical relation to the time in which she lives. She is more than a great woman of France, she is France's unbeatable spirit.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Morosco's Musical Show at Cort

"Look Pleasant," Oliver Morosco's latest musical comedy production, starring Walter Catlett, will be disclosed to San Francisco for the first time on Monday evening, July 22, at the Cort. The action is laid in a photographic studio, with Catlett officiating as the gentleman behind the camera. A rollicking plot, witty lines and numerous song hits are features of the production, which has been built along the successful lines of "So Long, Letty," "Canary Cottage" and "What Next." Elmer Harris wrote the book, Ballard MacDonald the lyrics, and Harry Piani the music. Catlett supervised the rehearsals. Supporting Catlett will be such popular favorites as Juliette Day, Byrdine Zuber, Jack Pollard, Marion Vantine, David Butler, Lela Bliss and Frank Darien. There will be a bewitching all-girl chorus.

Final Week of Leo Carrillo

With the performance of Sunday night at the Cort, Oliver Morosco's scintillating comedy "Lombardi, Ltd.," with Leo Carrillo as star, enters upon the fifth and final week of its tremendously successful engagement. The last performance will be given Sunday night, July 21. "Lombardi, Ltd." has made the most emphatic sort of a hit with San Francisco, and press and public have been most prodigal in their praise of the comedy, of the clever work of Leo Carrillo and his supporting company, and of the elaborate production and costumery. Carrillo's role of the temperamental Italian "male modiste" is played with such rare art that the young actor has established himself with the leading character stars of the American stage.

"Polly With a Past"

San Francisco theatregoers will next week have the opportunity of witnessing the comedy hit, "Polly With a Past," which is booked for the Columbia beginning Monday night. This comedy by George Middleton and Guy Bolton made a great hit at the Belasco Theatre in New York, running for ten months. It is a most refreshing comedy, with an ideal cast. A sensational success has been scored in the leading role by Ina Claire. Other well-known players in this Belasco cast are Cyril Scott, H. Reeves-Smith, Herbert Yost, George Stuart Christie, Thomas Reynolds, Louise Galloway, Adah Barton, Betty Linley, Francis Verdi, and Lloyd Neal.

Bernhardt's Final Week

Madame Sarah Bernhardt will present for the second and final week of her engagement at the Orpheum, which begins with the Sunday matinee, the last act of "La Dame aux Camelias" (Camille), in which she will appear as Marguerite Gautier, a character she has made essentially her own. Mayo and Lynn will indulge in a racy conversation replete with wit and humor. Lili Petschinkoff, famous violiniste, will be heard in a delightful programme. She has a Stradivarius said to be most valuable. Ruth Budd, called "The Girl with the Smile," performs the most hazardous aerial feats. Brodean and Silvermoon, a man and a dog, introduce a most appealing act. Marion Weeks, the dainty little American coloratura soprano, will be heard in new numbers. Eddie Carr and company will repeat the comedy hit, "The Office Boy. Bensee and Baird will be heard in new songs. Allied Nations' Official War Films will be shown.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

Sunday

Continued from Page 8)

"Don't pay no 'tention to him when he takes your pennies away, an' then makes believe he put 'em all in the plate himself?"

"Oh, mamma," shrilled Mabel from the front walk, "if we gotta wait all day for the twins we'll be late, that's all."

"Hurry on now, boys, and don't forget your text."

She stood on the porch and watched the four trot off down the scraggly village street—and her face beamed. They were so clean, so freckled, so full of mighty promises! The twins led, hand in hand, then Mabel with little Edith, mothering the rest proudly.

"Well, I guess I'll go down to the village and get the papers."

Her husband came out on the porch manipulating a toothpick with more dexterity than charm.

"Are you going to church?" she asked him. "The children are going to stay."

"Sure, sure," he said; "'six days shalt thou labor,' you know."

He waved the toothpick slowly, majestically, as he quoted:

"'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work'—er, 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Well, I'll be saunterin'. Gosh! It's a hot day—must be eighty already." He wiped little beads of perspiration with a clean handkerchief. "Well, it ain't so bad on Sunday."

She had started in, when he called to her from the steps. He winked good-naturedly.

"What's for dinner today—chicken?"

"No," she said, "roast beef."

"Um-um," he said approvingly, "and Yorkshire puddin'?"

She hesitated.

"Ye-yess, I guess so," she wavered.

"Your Yorkshire puddin'," he began—but she had gone.

She attacked the bedrooms with hands that were hampered by time. The twins' room was chaotic. Soiled clothes, birdshot, fishlines, tomahawks, slingshots—every morning it was like this. But the girls had left a semblance of order. Mabel was growing, she thought. Her own room was done in a jiffy.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the dishes were finished, and the vegetables not prepared. She sat down to peel the potatoes and onions, holding the dishpan of cold water in her lap. The church bells had ceased their chanting invitation. A yellow-bellied bee flapped against the screen door; a fly hummed lazily above her head—the world was so still she could hear the little stream in the meadow across the road. It was restful, sitting here peeling and clipping. The onions made her eyes smart, but it was restful at least, and almost cool near the door.

She wondered what she could have for dessert. Things were so high, but she must have a dessert always. He expected it. She decided that cottage pudding was as cheap as any. He was fond of it, too. When the vegetables were finished she made a hard sauce for the pudding, then went upstairs to bathe her face and comb her hair. From her bedroom window she saw her family coming from church. The children were armed with Sunday school papers, and came bounding into the house.

"Dinner ready, mamma?"

"Dinner ready, mom?"

"Now, boys, you know on Sunday we don't have dinner until one. Sit down on the porch like little gentlemen. Perhaps Mabel will tell you a story."

"Aw, will you, Mabel?"

"Aw, Mabe, will you?"

"Mom, she says she won't."

"I guess not," said Mabel primly. "You oughta seen how they carried on in Sunday school! Even that little Swartout boy had better manners. I was so ashamed"——

"Tattle tale! Tattle tale!" chorused the twins.

Their mother looked up anxiously from the beef she was basting.

"Now, children"—— she began.

"Boys!" bellowed their father.

She hurried now, stepping on the heels of time, marveling at the shortness of the day. From savory stove to cool dining room she went, replacing the bespattered cloth with the snowy Sunday one, and filling the napkin rings. Butter and chili sauce must be brought from the cellar. She mixed up the pudding with lightning fingers, basted the meat, made the Yorkshire pudding, cut the bread, creamed the onions, mashed the potatoes, cleaned the radishes and thickened the gravy. Phew! How very hot the kitchen was—and steaming! Well, everything was ready at last.

She went out on the porch. Her husband looked up expectantly from his paper. The twins, lying flat on their stomachs, were waving stout dusty shoes about, and reading with vociferous joy the colored supplement of the Sunday paper. Mabel and Edith were engrossed in the magazine section. Other parts of the paper were strewn about the porch in wild confusion.

"Ready?" queried her husband.

She nodded.

"Dinner's ready, children—come right away, while it's hot."

She went in, smoothing her hair. The children followed, rioting.

"I think the Katzenjammer Kids is funnier than Buster Brown."

"Oh, I don't—not half as funny as Happy Hooligan, an'"——

"Mamma, Harold's sittin' in my place"——

"Mamma, Alfred's got my napkin ring"——

"I ain't; it's mine"——

"It ain't either"——

"Boys, don't say 'ain't,'" interrupted Mabel, with great dignity.

"Mamma, can we have some candy after dinner?"

"Now, Edith, we won't talk about candy yet," replied their mother, setting the platter in front of her husband. "Boys, stop that kicking."

The beef towered above the dishes—red, savory. It would have to serve in many disguises before its usefulness was ended, but today it was luscious and tender.

"An outside piece, Martha?" inquired her husband, knife poised.

"I don't seem to be very hungry—it's almost too hot. Well, just a little thin piece, then."

The conversation narrowed to "Um," "Ah!" and not-too-polite demands for gravy, bread, a little more potato.

Later, the woman said:

"Now, Mabel, you're going to help mamma with the dishes."

"But, mamma," complained Mabel, "I promised Sarah Williams I'd go for a walk with her and Molly Kingsley, an"——

"Without even asking me? You know"——

"But it's Sunday, mamma, and I didn't think you'd care. They're going to stop for me at three o'clock, and it's nearly three now. Oh, please, mamma, just this once."

"I'm goin' too, then, I'm goin' too, then—can't I, mamma?" shrilled little Edith.

"Yes, Mabel, if you go, you'll have to take Edith."

"Oh," wailed Mabel, on the verge of tears, "take that baby everywhere I go—have her always taggin' with us big girls? I don't care. I think it's a shame. I do. So there!"

"Oh, mamma, can't I go? Can't I go?"

Two small fists were raised to eyes threatening to overflow. Edith well knew the efficacy of tears, and Mabel surrendered when she saw the imminency of the outburst.

"Oh, all right," she agreed ungraciously. "If I take her, can I go, mamma?"

"Yes, but be back at six. Where are the twins? Tell them not to get dirty."

It was four when the last greasy pan had been scoured and the final dish put away. Her hands were pink and shriveled, like Japanese crepe paper. She was fairly drenched with perspiration.

Out on the porch, her husband slept with a newspaper over his face. She stole softly upstairs, slipped off her dress and lay down on the bed, with a great sigh. Then the puckered softness of her hands gave place to such tantalizing dryness that she got up and hunted for sold cream. She found it very relieving, and lay down once more, but something throbbed in her head—steadily, relentlessly. She bathed her forehead with witch hazel and tried to close her eyes, but there were lights inside the lids, and she could not rest.

She lay looking at the ceiling, and she had a queer hallucination that she could never get up again; that she would just remain there numb and weary forever——

"By heaven! Can't I have one day o' rest without bein' pestered to death by a couple o' good-fer-nothin's? What d' you mean by it? Here I work all week—eight hours a day—earn your bread 'n' butter—can't even have a nap in my own house on Sunday"——

She was on her feet at the first words, hurriedly buttoning her dress.

"Alfred—Harold—boys, do you want to be put to bed right now 'till tomorrow?"

She went swiftly down, her face lined and puckered with consternation.

"Aw, mom, we was only playin' "—

"Aw, we didn't mean nothin'—honest, mom."

"Now," she whispered hoarsely, as they came in from the porch, subdued and scared for the moment, "you play in the back while your father's asleep, or go to meet the girls"——

"Oh, mamma, won't you read us the funny?"

"Read the funny to us, mamma."

They brought it in, and sat on the kitchen doorsill, one on each side of her.

"You mustn't laugh out loud then, will you?"

They promised in husky unison.

A refreshing breeze swept to them from over the fields, laden with odorous suggestions of moist green places and clover pastures. The world, in the grip of the Sunday afternoon

(Continued on Page 19)

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK
31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918 The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—About the only item of news that was considered important enough to be of any assistance to the market, was the fixing of the price of copper metal at 26 cents. In view of the uncertainty that has heretofore prevailed, because of the charge of profiteering made by the Federal Trade Commission, the increase in the price of metal came as an agreeable surprise. Its significance is of the utmost importance, showing the complete harmony that prevails between Government authorities and the representatives of large business interests. It means that when an increase in price is justified it will be granted. Therefore, stockholders of steel companies and other lines of business may rest assured of a square deal. The effect on the price of copper shares was in a measure discounted by the recent advance in several of the leading copper stocks. There was some selling of the steel issues, based almost wholly on uncertainty over the coming dividend in face of higher taxes. An analysis of steel earnings figured on various possible new taxation programmes, indicates steel yearly earnings anywhere from $26 down to $20. If it is as low as $20 there would be some question of maintaining the present rate, and professionals were selling on this uncertainty. There was also some talk of a new German offensive that may start the coming week. The selling of the steel issues had a sympathetic effect on the general list, and prices generally were lower, although some specialties advanced. The railroad list was inactive, and some of them were not quoted. It is learned that the Government has agreed to a modification of general railroad contract, which will permit railroads virtually to control their rentals from the Government in accordance with the railroad law passed soon after the beginning of Government control. This is regarded by railroad officials and bankers as one of the most important concessions so far. There may be some further professional liquidation, to give us a setback in the general list, but with the fundamentals so strong the decline can only be temporary, and we would take advantage of the minor setbacks to buy the better class of industrials such as the steel and copper shares.

Cotton—The principal factor in the cotton market was the discussion regarding the probable size of the cotton crop, based on the Government acreage and condition report. The condition was a surprise to the general trade, as it was much higher than any of the private experts had figured it, and the acreage showed an increase of 6 per cent, whereas the trade was looking for an increase of from 2 to 4 per cent. The market first held steady, then weakened on heavy selling by the South and trade interests, and the decline was not checked until prices were off 120 points. At the decline, profit taking seemed to be in order, and on reports of too dry weather in Texas, as well as some Boll Weevil reports from Georgia, the market soon righted itself and a good rally was the result. The report itself could hardly be more bearish than it was, and unless something unusual strikes the crop, a large crop, if not a record one, will be harvested. Early in the spring it was said that it would be impossible to raise a large crop this year, owing to the shortage of labor, and now it is said it will be impossible to pick the large crop, for the same reason, but the fact that the report shows such a fine condition at this season of the year, and such a large increase in acreage, should mean that while labor no doubt is hard to obtain, yet the South must have had sufficient labor to give the increased acreage a good start, and when picking time arrives they will find some means of gathering the crop. Traders are overlooking the suspension by President Wilson of that clause in the immigration laws which would otherwise keep ignorant Mexican labor out by its illiteracy tests. These have been suspended for the period of the war, and it is expected that plenty of Mexican labor will migrate to the Southwest, to take advantage of the high wages being paid. This supply is counted upon to make good any deficiency in that part of the belt. Already the South is beginning to offer new cotton at 5 or 6 cents per pound below old cotton prices for fall shipment. In view of the nearness of the approaching harvest, and the comparatively high price at which the new crop futures are selling, we would advise selling cotton on the bulges, which are brought about by the technical conditions of the market. As long as prospects are so favorable, it will be hard to sustain any advance from this level and a big decline could start at any time now.

Spiking a German Gun

Among the methods resorted to by Germany in the way of "peaceful economic penetration" of foreign lands was the purchase of interests in such countries amounting to control. Thus, Germans bought shares in British, French, Italian, or American banking institutions and in companies making articles or turning out metals or other products of prime importance. In some cases, agreements were entered into with foreign interests so as to give control to monopolies under the direction of German syndicates. Such syndicates then regulated prices and even apportioned the amounts of products to be allotted to the various foreign countries. Agreements of the kind were made with certain interests in this country, especially with regard to the non-ferrous metals. All such, of course, have been abrogated or rendered nugatory since the United States declared war against Germany. In Great Britain, which was affected more even than this country, efforts are being made to remove the clutch of all foreign interests—not alone the German—from domestic undertakings of national importance. For this purpose the Board of Trade has, under the Defense of the Realm Act and Orders in Council, prohibited the transfer without its consent to a foreign-controlled company of any interest in or securities issued by domestic companies owning such undertakings. These undertakings include oil fields, mines from which are extracted platinum, copper, lead, tin, tungsten, or zinc.

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Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17
Number of Depositors	60,964

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VARIED TYPES

(Continued from Page 5)

The infant phenomenon was now launched on a singing career. She went to New York for an engagement. Came back to San Francisco to introduce us to the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Bush Street Theatre. Went East again to sing in 'Pinafore,' 'Patience,' etc. Received an offer from D'Oyley Carte and went to London. Broke her contract in favor of a South African engagement. "I'd go anywhere at that time to see lions and tigers." Toured Australia, India, China and Japan. "We sang 'The Mikado' before the Mikado, and he thought the lines very funny." Left South Africa for home just after the Jameson Raid.

Then happened the tragedy of Emelie Melville's life. A growth developed in her throat in South Africa. There was an operation in London. She was assured that by the time she completed the long trip home to San Francisco, her voice would be restored. Alas! a short engagement at the Tivoli showed that her beautiful singing voice was gone forever. It is a test of Emelie Melville's character—the sweet way she speaks of this terrible blow. Like all who have achieved perfect resignation, she does not betray the ordeal.

She played the part of Mrs. Chichester in the original production of "Peg o' My Heart" in Los Angeles; went to New York with Laurette Taylor; played in "Peg" for three solid years there; for eighteen months in Chicago; and came back to her beloved San Francisco. The managers are calling her to Broadway right now, but she is not sure she wants to go. At any rate, we shall see her as Mrs. Malaprop first, and those who saw her in the part with Guy Bates Post six years ago declare that she takes precedence of Mrs. Drew.

The Typical German

(Continued from Page 8)

the sun" through war. But some people are not content with so plain a picture of German ambitions. They ask us to accept as typical of German aspirations every mad statement which any German has chosen to make in recent years. Thus Major-General Sir Alfred Turner is reported to have said the other day at the opening of an exhibition of the Society of Women Artists:

"In 1907 a book written in the Kaiser's dominions stated that in a few years 80,000,000 of Germans would rule 135,000,000 of non-Germans of Europe, that the Germans alone would possess civil rights, and they would only allow the non-Germans to perform the more menial offices of life. That book was soon discreetly suppressed, but so far as it was published it was received with shrieks of delight in Berlin, and it showed what was the ideal which the Germans kept before them."

Now we may admit that a lunatic book of this kind was symptomatic of the national egomania of modern Germany. But Sir Alfred Turner is only weakening the indictment of Germany by exaggeration when he asks us to believe that a Europe in which "the Germans alone would possess civil rights, and they would only allow the non-Germans to perform the more menial offices of life" is anything but a caricature of "the ideal which the Germans kept before them." Germany's "ideal" was much more dangerous, because much more within the bounds of possibility.

But Mr. Cotes-Preedy and Sir Alfred Turner are by no means exceptional in their apparent inability to distinguish between abnormal things and typical things in speaking of an enemy. The line of least resistance in such cases is to choose the worst thing and call it the typical thing, and in passionate times of crisis we are all prone to so easy an error. Even in ordinary times, and in regard to our friends, it is the hardest thing in the world to discover what is typical and not to improve on it with a little exaggeration. What, for instance, is the typical Englishman like? He is an entirely different being according as he is seen by a friend or an enemy. One picture shows him strong and silent, speaking the truth when he speaks at all, a lover of the bath, dispensing justice to the ends of the earth. The opposite picture shows him hypocritical, greedy, grinding the faces of the poor with a Bible in his hand, the robber of the globe, spreading gin and disease wherever he goes. Common sense suggests to us that neither the Englishman of the pedestal nor the Englishman of hostile satirists is the typical Englishman. Human nature is too oddly compounded of good and evil to allow either so white a saint or so beastly a sinner as a national type. No doubt, however, they will both survive as "types" for many years to come as a result of our passion for the picturesque. This is the passion which is responsible for half the falsifications in history. It is because Macaulay sought after the picturesque rather than the typical things that his judgments on great men have been so destructively challenged. Thus he represented as characteristic actions of Dr. Johnson's the ejaculation of the Lord's Prayer in the middle of a dinner party and a fit of absentmindedness during which he stooped down and took off a lady's shoe. Suetonius in the same way wrote historical biography in which he heaped anecdote upon anecdote without discrimination between what was eccentric and what was typical, or even between what was true and what was false. And the result is, a strong reaction has set in against his portrait of a foul and debauched Tiberius. True history, like true art and perhaps true statesmanship, is the discovery of typical things. The exaggeration of the eccentric and abnormal, with whatever earnestness, is mere entertainment and anecdotage.

Sunday

(Continued from Page 17)

lethargy, dozed and roused and dozed again, lulled by the buzz and hum of lazy flying things A very stout robin, fatuous, and conspicuously vested, strutted with much ostentation, chirping asthmatically——

"Well, what about a bite? Nearly supper time—what?"

He stood in the doorway, and Happy Hooligan, on some ridiculous mission of charity, was halted on the threshold of defeat.

"Oh, supper? Are you hungry? We had such a big dinner—such a little while ago. I"——

"Little while! Nearly five hours. Some o' that beef'll go good cold, with some pickle and some preserves. Got any cake?"

He stretched luxuriously.

"Oh—hum," he yawned, arms high above his head, "it's a sleepy day."

Soon after seven, with the intonation of the church bells like a challenging rival of nature, echoing and reverberating through the little village, she sat in a far corner of the dim porch. Her husband appeared—a bulging silhouette in the doorway. His hair was freshly sleeked, exuding a strong odor of Florida water.

"You there, Martha? Well, I'm off for church. Don't know what folks'll think—you never goin'. Well, I try to do my duty. Um"——

He walked away—stately, dignified. In the dining room the children were busy with parchesi. She came and sat on the step, leaning her head against the porch railing. Cool little stars peered down at her. She thought how far away they were, and how safely enseonced in their velvet bowl. The church bell, as if conscious of the futility of exerting itself further, ceased its clamor.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
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Vol. XXXII | San Francisco-Oakland, July 20, 1918 | No. 1352

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLISHING COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Uncle Sam's Peace

With all his varied military attainments of which he was as proud as of his ability as a music critic, the wonderful Kaiser was a bad general. With all his reputed skill and his many advantages he jockeyed himself into a deplorable position. He really made a sorry job of his position notwithstanding the assistance he received from wise men, capable of any sacrifice of honor or decency. It was in his power for a long time to compel almost any kind of peace he desired and that power increased after the Russian Revolution. He gained strength enough to conquer the whole Eastern world, and he might have made many satisfactory deals with the Allies, so weak had they become, but in the fulness of his pride he missed the psychological moment. He could not perceive the importance of keeping America at a safe distance. In his folly he ridiculed that power and forced it into the war. That was his fatal mistake. The power to make a fraudulent peace is no longer his. The power to make peace has passed to this country, and we are no longer in a mood to provoke his mirth. This has ceased to be a Pacifist nation, eager for any old excuse to keep out of the war. It took Uncle Sam a long time to get into the war with both feet, but he is in now, and before he gets out the Kaiser will be thoroughly licked.

* * *

Hindenburg a Legendary Hero

According to recent reports Hindenburg is dead, and died as might have been expected with the expletives of the Kaiser exploding over his head in rage. How like the end of a tyrant's victim! But there are great liars in Europe and Hindenburg may be merely ill. When the war broke out the old man was on the retired list, counted too old for service, of no more use it was thought to the great army. According to the military chiefs, Ludendorf, Mackensen and others, he was reputed to be a man with a hobby, nothing more. He had devoted himself to a study of the chain of Russian lakes which he said might some day save the country. He was believed to have mastered the strategy of war affecting those marshy lakes, but they were thought by others of minor importance, especially when the war was concerned only with the Western front where the wise men of Germany were preparing to give the finishing touches to France. But the Russian Grand Duke was the man of the hour, and though poorly equipped he was making trouble for the Germans. He was winning victories. Then Hindenburg was remembered and was hastily sent for and by an astonishing manoeuvre he quickly turned his knowledge of the marshy lakes to advantage. Transporting an army with incredible speed and driving the Russians into the lakes, he won a great victory, or was reported to have done so, and at once the effete general became a hero over night. At any rate he was acclaimed by the people who were glad of the opportunity to make a hero of the man who had been set aside by the Crown Prince and his clique. At once the Kaiser perceived the advantage of using a legendary hero, for such a one is always of advantage in war. Hindenburg became the legendary hero of his day. He was set up as a god for the people to glorify. They hammered nails sent from all parts of the world into a statue of their hero and as in the case of K. of K. they would not let him die. They prolonged his existence long after his death was reported and even now it is said that their hero still lives ready to complete his big drive which Foch has several times halted. Whatever the truth, of course, it is very much to the Kaiser's interest to keep Hindenburg alive, for the people are sceptical, so often has it been reported that he was ready to renew his drive. Legendary heroes are hard to kill. K. of K., it will be remembered, still lives. There are people who are sure that he lives in Russia ready to return to end the war. Yet it is more important at this time for the Germans to renew the activities of the old warrior of the Lakes.

* * *

The Modern God

There are many things we miss nowadays that we are in a world of war, for this is a day of Hooverizing, but there are many things we might do to our advantage. The trouble is we are a great commercial nation and we are thinking chiefly of commerce. When Greece was great and mighty she did not devote herself wholly to commerce. She loved her gods and perceiving that they were the handmaids of Apollo she held it meet and right that the Muses should be subject to religion and that in their finest flower they should be dedicated to its service. They did not spend all their time devising new means of mechanical kultur or crying over ruined new temples. Their architects thought of new temples whose very ruins are still beautiful as dreams and memorable as granted prayers; her sculptors hewed magnificently in silent imperishable marble the images of gods and of heroes the children of the gods; her poets wove song, her musicians wrought melodies, her painters made color and form to come alive, and all in the honor of the great gods whom Greece worshipped as immortal, and knew not that she cloaked a mortal religion with the splendor of a deathless art. We, too, have our god. His name is Mammon. But he is the name of a power and instead of sculpturing him we sacrifice victims to him, and while we call him Business and worship him as an ideal we do not recognize him as a master of the plastic art or weave to him garlands of deathless bays. He does not make us proud. Rather he makes us ashamed for he reminds us chiefly of our liver.

* * *

The Question of Immortality

Everywhere in intellectual circles men are discussing the intimations of immortality in the relations of mind and body. This is no longer merely a subject of discussion among Christian Scientists, but of all men as well who are studying their experience in curing physical ailments by psychical means. Men like Clutton-Brock, a leader writer of the London Times, are interested in these war times to prove the dominating influence of mind over body and they conjecture that the mind, having in the course of centuries gained a certain mastery, may one day be completely emancipated and "perhaps find or create for itself a spiritual body adapted to a different sphere of existence." Men of letters are likely to turn with much satisfaction to Clutton-Brock's essays. In the first he discusses the cause of much prevalent disbelief in immortality and finds it partly in an honest passion for "absolute values" without thought of reward, and partly in reaction against the popular notion of what the future life will bring with it. But in reply to such an agnostic posi-

tion Mr. Clutton-Brock points out that man's invincible desire for these "absolute values" such as justice, cannot be satisfied without a future life, and that such a future life is really involved in a spiritual conception of the universe. "Is there such a thing," he asks, "as spirit, or merely a complicated mechanical process which becomes conscious of itself through some extra intensity in its working? Either spirit is the supreme fact, supreme over all changes of process and lasting through them all; or life is to be defined as a mechanical process suffering from the illusion that it is not mechanical. . . . The mechanical explanation of the universe would be quite satisfying, if only it were not we poor machines that had hit upon it. . . . The fact that we are capable of conceiving these (mechanical) theories must always in the long run make it impossible for us to believe them. Therefore men will continue to believe in a future life, will indeed believe in it more and more with every increase of consciousness."

Later Mr. Clutton-Brock refers to art as a representation of life 'emptier of irrelevance,' to suggest some characteristics of what heaven may be. The irrelevant in our case is the unreal and evil dreams we make for ourselves—'our hatreds, our hostile generalizations about hostile classes and people, our sense of status, or formulae moral, intellectual, and aesthetic, our habit of valuing the temporal as the eternal.' These things, not being part of reality, will not follow us to heaven; but we shall be more ourselves without them, and heaven will seem to us more our home than earth has ever been. Using the key supplied by art, Mr. Clutton-Brock finds for himself a solution of many problems about the future life. He has written a very fresh and stimulating essay, relieved here and there by touches of humor, as when he pictures the behavior of Henry James on finding himself in 'the conventional heaven of the conventionally devout.'

The Case of Drink

England started in earlier than America to abolish drunkenness, but the people of England are not yet dry. There appears to be more moderate drinking in England than before, but this is not due to prohibition. The Prohibitionists of England are just as intemperate and puritanical as the people of this country, just as unreasonable and as drastic in their proposed regulations and demands, but there is one thing in which the people of England cannot be persuaded; that is to give up their individual liberty. This is a subject in which there has been more education, more learned controversy in England than in this country, and the masses are more jealous of their individual rights than they are in the land wherein Thomas Jefferson preached. They are fearful of the consequences that may arise from trespassing on the rights of the individual, for they have read discussions of these matters by the most distinguished controversalists (from Hume to Mills) of England, and they are full of the subject. So, while they would agree to cut down the amount of alcohol in beer and wine, they stoutly refused to become teetotalers. Nevertheless, a great change has occurred in the attitude of the public mind. When a man was formerly told that if he sang "Yo, ho, and a bottle of rum" and lived in the spirit of the song, he would go to hell, nobody cared much at the time except his mother or aunt. When it was shown by men of science that too much liquor had such and such an effect on the brain and blood and might make him a worse soldier or engineer or sailor, people began to take an interest in the matter and the days of the heavy drinker were numbered. True, a great deal of nonsense was talked, but it scared people even though Mr. Chesterton continued to keep alive the philosophy of drinking, and his songs in favor of the philosophy of drinking became popular though his fee-fo-fums were only like the nursery rhymes in fairyland. However, he expressed a view of life which for some threatened to transform Sir John Falstaff into St. John Falstaff, but there is something to be said for it if nothing more than that being sociable is a part of sanctity that must not be left out. The English would not leave it out, for after all it was English, and they would rather drink Brown October Ale than a heavy beer. Besides the notion persisted than many, at least many Englishmen, felt that on emerging from the cave of egoism he needed some such call to companionableness as he found in liquor. His communion with his fellows was easy and inarticulate until he had a drink with them. At any rate, drink seemed to create the condition in which any sort of conversation seemed good conversation; also, it may be added, any sort of drink seemed good drink; this was one reason, the other, the respect that men have for individual rights that barred prohibition. Even in this country, where every man wishes to become a good soldier or gallant marine, there is even now so much objection to teetotalism that men steal liquor and commit fraud to obtain liquor. Not even public opinion will stay the hand of the soldier who regards the gift of strong drink as something peculiarly divine. He thinks is better to get half shot than to stay sober if liquor does no more than make a man as eloquent as Socrates or as witty as Menander. On the other hand, he thinks it terrible to become a philosopher like Bill Bryan or a poet like the Chancellor of Palo Alto. We are told there is a change of sentiment in this country with reference to liquor. This may be so, but we see no change in favor of prohibition, for once we talked of stopping all use of alcohol and now we are willing to compromise everywhere but in saloons made ugly by rum sellers of the slums. We object to liquor only when it is a parasite of misery, filth or ignorance and the cheapest entrance to comradeship.

Now or Never

By Laurence Housman

Grasp, lover, grasp thy nettle tight!
  Beneath the blossom there be stings
Which start and stab; but out of sight
  Within that flower lie folded wings.
So now, ere these be set on flight,
Grasp, lover, grasp thy nettle tight!

Those stings which, lightly touched, do harm—
  If thou but hold them fast enough,
Spent of their poison shall disarm;
  And, seeming but a little rough,
Reveal beneath the covert form
So dear, and deep, and close, and warm!

The wind of heaven blows so light,
  So light of head the blossom swings,
While there within, all tipped for flight,
  Still sleep the honey-laden wings.
So, in the safe and secret night,
Grasp, lover, grasp thy nettle tight!

Oh! were man wise to crown his years
  With these bright moments as they fly—
Rescue quick hope from fixing fears—
  How many a death he would not die!
And with a swift snatch from out the grave
His own and other souls would save!

Perspective Impressions

Easy money makes thrift hard.

Were there any I. W. W.'s on that street car which was wrecked last week?

Class consciousness and industry are not very good friends.

Why worry about the Russian situation? Don't we like revolutions, even when they start in Mexico?

A lot of American preachers propose to evangelize Russia. There are some pulpit-pounders in San Francisco that we could spare for this work.

The Germans are now very busy. General Foch has given them a new front in Macedonia and they don't know what is likely to happen to them in Siberia.

Germany treats Belgium the way she does because she wants Belgium's friendship after the war, says the German Chancellor. Wonder how the German dictionaries define that word "friendship"?

President Wilson treated striking railroad employes so fine once upon a time that strikes have become officially popular. In the midst of war our strikes are making the President uneasy, but Mr. Wilson has the power to end them.

A lot of Senators seem to forget that the President is Commander-in-Chief.

What must our soldiers think when they read about a strike like that one in Oakland?

Our soldiers are beginning by taking towns—working up gradually to Berlin.

Every American soldier on the Marne says: "They shall not pass."

"Solons will take recess"—Newspaper headline. Thank God.

The Moose still have the state power, says Lissner. He forgot to say "They still have Lissner."

Sir Edward Carson complaining that England is terrorizing Ulster follows the mellowest traditions of Irish humor.

"We feel for the honor of our fatherland," says Hertling. How can you feel for a minus quantity?

Hertling says that the Huns "won't keep Belgium." And for the first time in his life he learns that people will believe him.

Mrs. Busch is appealing for the return of her property. Isn't she lucky to have any property whereon to base an appeal?

President Wilson believes in keeping wheat out of politics.

Now we've got to familiarize ourselves with Albanian geography.

Where is the man who used to say that France was bled white?

If you have nothing else to worry about you can bewail the increased cost of a shine.

That new star discovered during the eclipse is fading already. Reminds us of a lot of stage stars.

Belgium's future won't be settled at the peace parley. Every Boche will have been driven from Belgian soil long before peace parleys are in order. Yet Hertling speaks of using Belgium as a pawn to secure other concessions!

So the Chinese are building ships for America. But President Wilson has not yet resolved to improve the labor market by raising the bars. But perhaps he will do this before the war is over.

Does anybody remember that once upon a time it was considered a crime to have crowded cars on the United Railroads? Now it is permissible to crowd the Geary street cars like sardine boxes and nobody complains about it.

Julian Grenfell, Soldier-Poet

By T. Sturge Moore

The war has confounded matter-of-fact calculation and made most people aware of unprized volcanic resources in human nature. However, some men, many young men, have always felt moved, supported or opposed, by agencies of which they could give no consistent account to the seasoned worldling. Rhythms and cadences which express or seem to lead on to the expression of life's hidden value take possession of young minds, control and contort their speech into jangling rhyme which, since the war, has acquired increasing popularity till critics remember how during the wars of Napoleon verse sold better than prose and wonder whether this may not happen again. The customs and cares of civil life dishearten and depress, and a run on poetry would be proof of reawakened sensibility. Let us hope that England, where life has seemed both stablest and stalest, is to be refreshed by a wave of finer enthusiasm. The young will feel it first, for they are never stale or established. Of all the young men whom England has sent out to fight, he who has produced the best poem seems to have least hesitated answering the call to fight with ecstatic joy.

Captain the Hon. Julian H. F. Grenfell, D. S. O., was born March 30, 1888, obtained a commission in the 1st Royal Dragoons in September, 1909, and died of wounds May 26, 1915, having written the following poem about a month earlier:

INTO BATTLE

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And life is Color and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their bright comradeship,
The Dog Star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's belt and sworded hip:

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers; . . .
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Many readers are exhilarated by this who cannot be at the pains to ravel out its secret, and I propose to help them that the impression may last longer and satisfy more completely. Young Grenfell exults at fulfilling an inborn promise. At last he feels free to be what instinct and capacity make him; general

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consent and his own conscience permit him to kill and to die. The ecstasy is like that of married love, a fundamental instinct can be gratified untaxed by inward loss or damage and with the approval of mankind. Harmony between impulse and circumstance creates this joy, but not only is it more complex than that of the young male stag who attacks the leader of the herd, there is in it an element of quite a different order, a sense that wrong within can be defeated by braving evil abroad. The strain between worldly custom and that passion for good which begets spiritual insight finds relief in fighting, looks for peace in death. Only the noblest spirits when young so intolerably feel this strain that they welcome such an end as delicious satisfaction. Acquiescence in evil seems to them too high a price to pay for life. As though it were a devil they would cast out all complicity with it from themselves as from others. This is the focus of their activities, and until it is found they have no peace. Shelley is recognized as a type of the young poet, and this eagerness to attack evil in the world and this readiness to die characterizes him, though his weapon was the pen and he faced death in crazy boats and fever-stricken hovels and not in battle.

The intimate delicacy and justness of this marvelous lyric will appear more brilliantly yet if we contrast the aspects which arouse its eloquence with those more commonly selected when the theme is war.

Throughout the poem no hint is given of the nature of the enemy; he does not proclaim, as so many have done, that he fights for right or agaist tyranny. He does not himself look forward to tasting the fruits of victory; he accepts death as the natural necessary reward of taking up arms. Even in peace he has chosen to serve by being ready to fight. Yet he does not cry up devotion to England. You will say his was obvious. That is just it, true poetry does not say what is unnecessary.

That a young man of this gentleness should be glad both to kill and be killed shows that the martyr and the soldier are not opposite types, but stand before the deeply moved conscience as equal heroes. Both are finest when each most resembles the other. The martyr, courageous, unflinching, capable of detachment and courtesy to the last. The soldier, conscientious, humane and unaggressive: St. Stephen and St. George. The quality of emotion in these stanzas will serve as a touchstone to imperialist and pacifist theories. True peace is not signed by governments, but is something never yet achieved on earth. That so-called peace which preceded the war must have created the exultant relief to have done with it which this young man felt. And we know he was right, we know its foul shame, we know how unworthy it was of the name we so fondly gave it. Peace indeed!

The sanity of a true inspiration is miraculous and avoids errors which we all breathe and utter, and yet does not fall into the opposition of that half-illumination which, like a bee on a window-pane, angrily buzzes itself to death, because it sees but cannot enter the light. Neither is it passive, disclaiming part and parcel in humanity's tragedy, as though there were any other means of support than man's widespread goodwill. Men and nations, we all depend for what we are permitted to be on friendliness and co-operation.

The senses both of mind and body are tender, all callousness impairs them. The slaves of machinery, with their real-politik and subserviency to fact, are in all countries striving to stifle liberty, poetry, joy. But kindness is stronger than discipline, and courtesy more victorious than munitions.

Since I wrote this a pamphlet ("Julian Grenfell." A Memoir by Viola Meynell.) has been published with extracts from Julian Grenfell's letters; these strengthen and endorse the impression received from his poem. He was a born fighter; there is a wonderful description of a boxing match he had with a champion at Johanneshurg, too long to quote here, but very worth reading. After he had been knocked down three times he remarks that his "head was clearing." Yet he can also write—"I hate material hooks, centered on whether people are successful. I like books about artists and philosophers and dreamers, anybody who is just a little bit off his dot." Success in this present world is a little incompatible with real success, one is a trifle beside the mark of the other even when they seem to coincide.

"I longed to be able to say that I liked it, after all that one has heard of being under fire for the first time. But it is beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I liked it, but it was no good, it only made me careless and unwatchful and self-absorbed; but when one acknowledged to oneself that it was beastly, one became all right again and cool"—so his head began to clear again just in time. "Here we are in the burning center of it all, and I would not be anywhere else for a million pounds and the Queen of Sheba." Consciously or unconsciously he repeats the sentiment that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Henry V at Agincourt, and Sir Henry Newholt into Nelson's in his "Admirals All." That sentiment characterizes the born leader: when facing danger he feels that he is where he can best prove what he is. He felt "utterly ashamed" of himself when he had met a German officer prisoner with a scowl, the other looked "so proud, so resolute, smart and confident in his hour of bitterness." This instant challenge and rebuke of himself was akin to his mastery and initiative. He begged to be allowed to go out into "No Man's Land" stalking Germans, and was refused. "At last they told me to take a section with me, and I said I would rather cut my throat and have done with it. So they let me go alone." His experiences are as good reading as the fight at Johanneshurg, but too long to quote. "I got back at a sort of galloping crawl and sent a message to the 10th that the Germans were moving up their way in some numbers. . . . They made quite a ridiculous muss about me stalking and getting the message through. . . . It was up to some one to do it instead of leaving it all to the Germans and losing two officers a day through snipers. All our men have started it now. It is a popular amusement." But first is first today, just as when David met Goliath.

A piece of bursting shell has deprived us of a great leader, with the characteristics of the finest kings of men. And though wealthy enough to travel with dogs and horses wherever he went, he could not bear to think that a friend had deserted the Socialist cause out of respect for the "loaves and the fishes." This friend writes: "I don't suppose many people knew what an ardent love he had for honesty of purpose, and intellectual honesty, and what sacrifices he made for them—sacrifices of peace-of-mind abhorrent to most Englishmen . . . caused himself no end of worry and unhappiness." Yes, facing discomfort clears the will as facing physical danger clears the head, and wrong within can be defeated by braving evil abroad. And now while intellectual honesty is at a premium I will confess that the last two lines of his "Into Battle" always disappoint me. They ring hollow and empty; it is as though he had been disturbed and scribbled in haste something that looks like an end but is not, and never given his mind to the poem again. The other poems published since are slighter in mood and more boyish in execution. Though they are not bad, they are not good enough to enhance the effect of "Into Battle."

Physically, mentally and morally splendid, he might seem to have done little in this world but be and be destroyed. Yet to have been, and to be known to have been such as he was may well in time seem one of the grandest facts of these times. Such admiration as we owe to him is an experience as rare as it is beneficent, and will outlast a vast number of topics and crazes. Two phases of his worth he revealed even to those who never met him, the one in his poem, the other in his letters, and they tally as the like aspects have rarely tallied in other men. This proves the density of the integrity that was destroyed by a fragment of iron. He lay wounded a few weeks before he ceased to suffer.

The worst horror of modern war is not the vastness of its destructions but the number of spirits whom it enslaves to machinery, and in this it closely resembles modern peace. The plough lacerates the turf; many lowly and lovely lives are sacrificed that wheat may be sown and a taller, straighter growth raised to sustain a higher pulse of life. But how often our modern machines create what is useless or harmful at the expenes of the best life both of those whose profit is intended and of those whom they exploit? Is there so much choice between the horrors of war and those of peace, when they are truly estimated, that the pacifist should prefer them or the imperialist wish to re-establish them? That men should be forced by the self-seeking of others to linger in want or to die in cruel torture is equally abhorrent. The hope of all generous spirits is to have done by means of this war with the peace that they have known, and to usher in a better order. And Grenfell cheers this hope as few can, foreshowing a better proportioned life. The limpidity and strength of his emotion, though it creates beauty and reveals wisdom, was seconded by no matured art; yet those who have this at command are so liable to fail just where he succeeds, in sureness of aim.



The "Free" Woman in England

By Popina

"He's fair it, he is, really."

"And got a bar?"

"Something or other. Here, what do you smoke, old girl? Jips?"

"Oh, any vegetable will do me, but I like a long tube, don't you?"

"What do you think? I say, have you seen Baby's Pockethandkerchief? It's it, that is. My word, we didn't half laugh with Charlie the other night. Such a nice theatre, too. I'm going again on Saturday with Winnie, you know; she's up at Thurston's. Just hoiking it in, she is. Nice lot of girls there. Why, you're out; try one of mine."

"Thanks, old girl. Here, let's have coffee. I've got my sach! O, I say, isn't that Miss Flitch a cauker? She's a glad eye, if you like. Do you know, she does a theatre regular three times a week? It's wonderful what some of those girls can stick. Don't seem to care a damn, do they?"

"That's right. I'm getting like that also, you know—sort of free and easy. Why not?"

"Course."

"So are you, old pal, I expect, if the cat was out."

"A little more drink won't do any harm."

"You are a sly thing, you are, Rose. Gosh, here's the coffee."

The conversation I had been listening to—I could not help overhearing in the little room with the tables so close together—would not have aroused my curiosity, for the language was ordinary enough in all conscience, had it not been that the speakers were obviously women, whereas the whole tone of their remarks, the manner, and the actual language were so curiously male. It was not often that I strayed into the center of London for luncheon, but on that day I had found myself caught at about one o'clock, and, being reasonably hungry, I entered one of those semi-foreign restaurants that abound in Soho and the neighborhood, where perforce I had to get a place in a small room upstairs, and, naturally, every word was audible.

I turned round. I want to make it clear that it was not the conversation that interested me; on the contrary, that kind of vulgarity nauseates my very being, but solely the personality of the two young women who had so assimilated all that was cheap and common in man, even to the inflexion of tone, for these girls, I could not help thinking, must be the "new free" woman we hear so much about, the woman of munitions and the Government hotels, the emancipated woman of the vote.

I turned round as if with the purpose of staring out of the dingy street window and examined them. To my surprise, both girls were well dressed and had the appearance of being comfortably off. There was nothing "showy" about them, and it was clear at a glance that they did not belong to the war class of girl, so short of skirt and so rich in stocking. My practiced eye could see that they were thoroughly decent girls. Before the war I suppose we would have called them "nice" girls—they were neither common nor obvious in any sense, not exactly pretty, yet not unattractive either; in short, two fairly well-dressed girls of the lower middle class who were enjoying their new-discovered liberty and daily responsibilities with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy on his holidays smoking cigarettes in a cinema with a boy friend.

As they took no notice of my scrutiny, I continued to observe them. They ate nicely. They were astonishingly composed, and quite free from any self-consciousness. In their whole attitude and manner they resembled men. There were men at the other tables, but I did not observe either of the girls to look in their direction or apparently to take any notice. They sat like men, sprawling at the table, each with long tubes in their mouths containing ciragettes, and the one nearest me had her legs crossed and looked so like a youth in her easy poise and independence that I expected her every minute to pull up her skirts in imitation of the way men pull up their trousers. "Damns" fell from their mouths simply and naturally; they laughed like men. They used exactly the same expressions. Evidently they were extraordinarily free and self-contained young women. The war was never mentioned. "Jack" had been "gassed," I gathered, but that was all. The office, the work, the excitement of their work entirely absorbed them, the one other topic being the stage. And yet they were both interested in the other sex. Charlie was plainly a person of significance. They went often to the play. They envied the girls who went more frequently. There was nothing "farouche" about them. They liked men, and apparently men liked them; and the more I realized that the more, I regret to say, I stared, so strange to me did it appear. To me these two girls seemed to belong to a neuter sex.

I came deliberately to this conclusion—if I were a man I could not love two such girls. I don't think I'm impossibly old-fashioned—at least, for many years I've worked for woman's suffrage, and I've seen quite a bit of life. But to me sex antithesis is indispensable. We love men because they are what we are not, because they are complementary, because we are their mothers. I believe men love us because we are not big-footed, muscular people, with hard skins and big bones, who curse and fight and smoke, because our voices are soft and our lines elusive, and because of that little mystery that every woman knows to be imaginary, and every youth deems to be divine.

But I am laying down the law, which is not my purpose. As I watched these girls I could not help thinking what enormous changes were coming upon us, how deeply the war is revolutionizing all our habits and traditions, how, growing before our eyes, a new woman has arisen—the free woman of industrialism.

That is why these types so interested me. I cannot say I was edified. It may be that the new woman—the woman who works and is independent—will set up a type which men will take to and delight in for the sake of companionship and society, and, if so, perhaps the creation of a recognized industrial or semi-enforced neuter class of women will enrich the community and add to the gaiety of life; I am not here concerned with that aspect. The point I wish to make is the matter of quality of the the new "free" woman.

A large number of women have now the vote. What use will they make of it? That is one of the national questions today. Will they develop on their own lines, or will they fall into the mere imitation of man, and so fall into all his ways and errors?

Here I see a most dangerous pitfall, and when I saw those two girls—men in their manner of speech, thought, attitude, and deportment—I could not help thinking what a terrible calamity it would be if the emancipated women of Britain were to copy men's politics in the same fashion as the emancipated women workers copy men's ways and vulgarities. It is a real danger. Women are naturally imitative. Nothing is easier than for a girl to ape the male, for acting is the privileg of her sex, and out of the "knut" she could easily forge a nut-cracker. But where would it lead us? What would it profit women to have the vote if in the process women forfeited all that is sexually, morally, mentally, and distinguishingly theirs? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. If women become mere politicians, like the men, mere platform speakers, agitators, place-hunters, and their politics become a mere game of class and vested interest, humbug, personality, and insincerity, then the addition to the suffrage will simply have added to the demoralization and degradation of democracy without benefit to themselves or to society. And the danger is, in my opinion, most acute. If the new woman smokes and swears in public, why should not the political woman climb up the political tree, like Sir F. E. Smith, for instance, who one day is busy at the top of the law, to make a "powerful" political speech on Wednesday, while at odd times we hear of him as a brigadier-general or what not, unless I am confusing this title with the somewhat similar-sounding honor of a Solicitor-General. We could do all that, and more. We have women who could beat Smith and Churchill any day, both as public speakers and public actors. I know a girl whom I would back to become more versatile and more "tricky" than Mr. Lloyd George once she got into Parliament, and as she is better-looking she would probably have a larger following.

But for women such a result would be disastrous. As a sex, we should obtain little from political "success." Men's political morality is low enough as it is, as all serious folk will admit, but if women are to enter the arena as mere competitors or imitators, then inevitably the morality of our politics wil sink lower, and all that the vote will have given us will be a few prizes, a few "knock-out" lady speakers, a few jobs and perhaps titles, and a few big public scandals.

Men confidently anticipate this. "It will only add to the votes and—to the insincerity," a

(Continued on Page 17)

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The Vindication of Driver Thomas Tomkins

By F. G.

Number 53896271, Driver Thomas Tomkins, was, according to all report, the worst man in the entire British Army. So, at least, thought his Number One. Such, with even greater intensity, was the opinion of the Sergeant-major; and the verdict of the sergeants' mess found an echo in the breast of every man Jack in the battery.

After nine months in France he was still without a pal. The reasons for his comrades' dislike were various as their natures. A few appeared to consider the fact that he was a conscript was sufficient to render him taboo. Many, themselves none too squeamish, regarded with an aversion almost amounting to horror his lavish obscenity. It must be admitted, too, that their objection was not without foundation, for none could remember a single occasion on which he had delivered himself of two words untinctured with expletives. But by far the greater number were of the type that judges a man by his actions rather than his words.

"If 'e'd only be'ave decent, I'd easy put up with 'is talk," remarked Driver Weeks one day to his friend Jerry Wild. The latter fully agreed.

"'E ain't got no notion o' self-respect," continued Weeks. "I never seen 'im wash 'isself prop'ly, and 'is chin's always like a bloomin' packet o' needles. An' can't 'e just swing the lead?"

"Aye," chimed in Bill Waters, "did yer see 'im on groomin' this morning? 'E did nowt but look up at old Jimmy Pollard yonder." And he indicated an observation balloon up aloft with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb.

"H'm," exclaimed Jerry, "no doubt 'e is a fool. 'E might at least 'ave pretended to work, eh, Bill?"

Waters grinned sheepishly. "Well, s'long as the orficer don't notice, what's the odds? I say, 'e don't arf think somethin' of 'imself, that new orficer, don't 'e?"

But Weeks was not thus to be diverted. "Funny, ain't it," he said, "but some-'ow, though 'e don't do much groomin', 'e seems to care for 'is 'orses in a way."

Here the wheezy notes of a trumpet that had evidently known better days broke in upon their talk.

"Fall in," said Waters. And so they turned in to afternoon stables, which (let us hope) prevented any further conversation for the next hour or so.

The Sergeant-major waxed eloquent that evening upon the same theme.

"I don't know what's the matter with him," he exclaimed, for at least the thousandth time. "Can't get anything out of him, nor smarten up his ideas nohow. I'm dead sick of putting him on fatigues. He's never been really tidy on main parade. This morning it was that he hadn't shaved, and said he hadn't any stuff to clean his buttons. I can't do nothing with him!"

"I'd like to find the beggar as could," was Sergeant Jenkins' acid retort. "'E takes no notice o' words, and you can't knock no sense into 'im. I'm about at my wits' end what to do. This very blessed mornin', when Mr. Ellis went round the tents, an' comes to my sub, 'e finds there, wrapped up in the brailin', a pair o' spurs I never seen the likes of. There warn't no steel visible, only rust, an' I'll bet it were an eighth of an inch thick. An' 'is bandolier"—— Here his wrath boiled over and choked further utterance for a minute. Then he proceeded with his plaint.

"I'm tired of bein' strafed for 'is shortcomin's, and the orficers don't seem to understand the job you've got. It's 'Sergeant Jenkins this' and 'Sergeant Jenkins that.' I'm fed up with the whole blamed business. If Mr. Duckworth 'ad only let 'em put 'im in the trough the other day, 'twould 'ave done 'im a sight o' good. 'Stead o' that, 'e interferes. But there! they never understands.

"H'm," said the Sergeant-major, "I reckon he ought to be a Christmas pudding maker: one job a year, and fifty-two weeks to do it in. Maybe he might do something as an Easter egg decorator. But he's no good in the Army."

"Wonder what 'e really was in civvy life? 'E's down as a hawker, but strikes me 'e was a rose maker for Alexandra Day." With which cutting sarcasm Sergeant Jenkins relapsed into silence and betook him to a cigarette.

Indeed Driver Tomkins was notorious. His harness was the dirtiest in the brigade, and he himself the most disreputable individual that could have been found in the whole of the British Expeditionary Force. Titanic efforts to impart to him some slight knowledge of the benefits of cleanliness met with only a temporary result. Within a few days further exhortation was sure to be required. It was this eternal missionary work as the apostle of hygiene that chiefly embittered the hapless Sergeant Jenkins. Albeit of Celtic extraction, he was of all men most patient, but even to the endurance of a Number One in the Royal Regiment of Artillery there are limits, and the long-suffering of Job would have been wasted on Driver Thomas Tomkins.

In short, Tomkins was a blot on the earth—a disgrace to the badge he wore; at least, so he had more than once been informed. The catalogue of his crimes occupied two whole sheets and the beginning of a third. The C. O. found him utterly intractable; his section commander loathed the sight of him; he was absolutely detested by his Number One, and the men who should have been his chums frequently recorded their impressions of him in no uncertain manner.

Amid this general concurrence there was but one dissentient voice. Lieutenant Duckworth, the left section commander, was one of those unpractical people called idealists, and as such refused to believe that even so hardened a sinner as Tomkins was altogether depraved. In his opinion the man had been spoiled by tactless handling. He once suggested this to his chum Coghill, to whose section the recalcitrant belonged. Coghill laughed him to scorn. But the days passed and the weeks, yet still no gleam of grace appeared.

The Major opened a long official envelope. "Operation orders!" he said, and then, "Let's see, isn't it your turn for F. O. O., Duckworth?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Right—you will report at Headquarters tomorrow for final instructions. We needn't bother about signallers for the present, but what about runners? Whom shall we say?"

"If you don't mind, sir, I should like to call for volunteers. I always prefer them in such cases."

Now that same evening what should happen but that the Sergeant-major should find Driver Tomkins in the act of stealing hay? Caught red-handed, the man pleaded insufficient food for his horses, but this the irrate warrant officer regarded as an idle excuse. Tomkins was placed under open arrest, and left to ponder over the injustice of all present-day systems, for on this occasion the excuse happened to be genuine.

Next morning, on main parade, Driver Tomkins appeared without his box respirator or his spurs. He had forgotten them, it seemed. This was too much for Sergeant Jenkins, who straightway proceeded to pour out the vials of his wrath.

"Forget, forget! Can't yer find nothin' different to say, only that? You're always forgettin'. When the 'ell are yer ever goin' to remember, always gettin' the sub-section into trouble? You're a disgrace to the Royal Regiment, that's what you are."

The arrival of Mr. Coghill checked further comment. But the man next to Tomkins, glancing at him, chanced to observe a strange expression upon his countenance. So unusual an occurrence chained his attention, until the Sergeant-major, perceiving him, exclaimed sharply, "Eyes front there, Driver Willis."

Why had his Number One's last remark stirred Tomkins? He had often heard the same thing before, but then it had never rankled. Now the words aroused a defiant challenge within him, and Driver Willis thought he heard him mutter, "I'll show 'em."

Before the parade was dismissed, Mr. Duckworth came forward and asked for volunteers to accompany him as runners on his expedition. To the general surprise, Driver Tomkins stepped out immediately. The men stared; the Sergeant-major gaped astonishment. Mr. Coghill, too, seemed not a little taken aback.

At office hour Driver Tomkins was brought before the C. O. After hearing the accusation and the prisoner's defense, the Major glanced keenly at him for a moment before speaking.

"Driver Tomkins," he said, "you are a hard case. I hear you have volunteered to go as a runner with Mr. Duckworth. I shall let the matter stand over for a few days, and if you behave well you may be given another chance."

* * * * * *

Forth flashed the barrage with one great roar from the muzzles of a thousand guns. Very lights and distress signals from the enemy trenches lit up the dawn in all directions. The infantry were beginning to go over.

Lieutenant Duckworth too was up and doing. He was to reach Hill 47 and there establish his observing station, and his party was soon on the move. They ran the gauntlet of the Boche barrage with only one casualty. The hill was reached in safety, the lines laid out, and the Lieutenant threw himself down and pulled out his glasses.

Presently he started. "My God!" he cried, "they are coming back."

(Continued on Page 17)

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES SAN FRANCISCO 14

Poems About San Francisco

These verses are from Brooks's volume "Old Ace and Other Poems," published by Forbes and Company, Chicago, 1914.

219—THE GOLDEN GATE

By Fred Emerson Brooks

"Yerba Buena" sends a token
From her garden in the West:
Blossoms with the stems unbroken,
Wild ones gathered from her breast;
And a bit of ocean glory,
With a peep about the State;
'Tis a little picture story:
Gleanings by the Golden Gate.

Yonder forts that lie a-dozing
Like old castles by the sea,
Wonder if they seem imposing,
What their usefulness may be:
With the round shot sleeping under
Soothing fragrance of the bowers,
And the cannon, robbed of thunder,
Being captured by the flowers.

In such glorious golden weather
As the seasons with them bring
You are puzzled guessing whether
It is summer, fall, or spring:
'Tis not summer for the reason
There is no oppressive heat;
Nor, indeed, the winter season
With the flowers at your feet.

On this glorious land of plenty
Nature squandered all her art!
Charming as a maid of twenty:
In her smiles you lose your heart.
Should you doubt the ardent story
Which the painters here relate,
Come yourself and see the glory
Streaming through the Golden Gate!

The Spectator

Hartman Does Some Campaign Guessing

"It's looking better for my friend Heney," said Senator Gus Hartman when asked yesterday by the Clockwinder about the contest for Senator. "It's looking better since Heney returned. It's looking better since Fickert got in the fight up to his ears."

"Is Fickert really in the fight?" the Clockwinder asked.

"I should say he is. I was down to Los Angeles last week and I met some of the gang, all of whom told me that our District Attorney was in it with both feet. They are for him, of course, but the business men down there are for Black Hayes, as usual. It looks down there as though Heney will get a lot of Stephens' votes, and I think so myself. Fickert is the Frankenstein monster made by his masters of years ago when it was decided to win the district attorneyship. He took their help then but now he feels big enough to run the game alone."

"Well, what do you think?" the Clockwinder asked.

"Well, all I can do is quote the gang to you. The people of Los Angeles are strong for Stephens because they cannot see how you can beat Stephens with Fickert in the fight. They don't care anything about Fickert personally, but they want to do up the Mooney crowd. Now they think Fickert has proved himself the right man in that fight and they are for him against anybody but Stephens. Figuring it out that way they are not alarmed by Hayes' prospects. Again: the Stephens fight looks good with Governor Johnson playing the Stephens end."

"Do you think the Governor is for Stephens now?"

"Well, I know that Al McCabe is lining up Progressives for Stephens, and that is a sign that puzzles, for Rolph is in the fight, and Johnson may be with him. Then again Rolph may be camouflaging. I don't know. I am only guessing, and this is a hard campaign to guess."

Rolph's Hat in the Ring

"Well, it's your own fault." The speaker was Senator Gus Hartman, who was making a quick return visit to the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"My own fault!" exclaimed the Clockwinder in a burst of surprise. "What's troubling you now?"

"Nothing at all; only I know our Mayor has taken you off your pins."

"In what way?"

"In the usual way. Just as he fooled Andrew Gallagher when he wouldn't acknowledge that he was going to trim the dear people again by running for Mayor. Oh, our Mayor is foxy. It's easy to guess the issue that he's going to make again."

"Well, what is it? Now let me see your guess."

"Why, he's going to make an issue out of the United Railroads, of course. Follow Jim and never try to be original and you'll get right."

"Do you mean to say," asked the Clockwinder, "that he'll talk United Railroads after congesting Market street from one end to the other?"

"Precisely. He's got the dear people just where he wants them and he'll work them to a fare-you-well. Don't worry about Jim. He'll prove to the dear people that he's giving them just what they want out of the pockets of the helpless taxpayers. Do you know that he's keeping the bus lines at the west end of the park, paying a motorman three-fifty or so a day to carry two dollars' worth of people down the street back of the grand highway?"

"No, you don't say so!"

"But I do; go out and look."

"But that isn't the surprising thing."

"No?"

"When he started the railroad strike, causing people to commit murder, the interior papers—all but Chester Rowell's—went crazy. But Jim is going to run again, just the same, and they'll all probably be with him. We'll soon find out that he has the same old cinch. This is war time and Jim is taking advantage of it. The other day one of President Wilson's men talked saucy about the strikers who are living off the fat of the land in the shipyards. They went in their automobiles to hear him!"

"Well, why not? They're taking their ease these days."

"That's right. But Wilson's man denounced them as a lot of damned traitors for pulling off a strike just as Uncle Sam's men were going into the big drive."

"That's right, but the men only rattled their tin lizzies with laughter. Now those men are all for Rolph and Heney, and as for the people, let them be damned."

Inez as Poet

When Mrs. Will Irwin (Inez Haynes Gillmore) was out here some time ago she charged Sam Berger with being a poet, but Sam denied the soft impeachment, and it has never been proved. Now, however, Mrs. Irwin appears in the poetical role herself. She has written a long poem for the July issue of that radical paper The Liberator, calling it "Spring in Paris—1917." I say it is poetry because it is presented as such. New poetry would describe it more closely. There is no rhyme to it, no rhythm, no metre. It is poetry of the sort so dear to Alice Corbin Henderson, associate editor of Poetry, who says that our Californian poets are not poets at all but literary invalids suffering from "cosmicality." I was not much interested in this poem by Inez till my eye lit on the name of a distinguished San Franciscan in one of the lines. Then I took notice.

Mike Casey in a Poem

This distinguished San Franciscan was no other than Michael Casey, president of the Teamsters' Union and former member of the Board of Public Works. Fancy Mike Casey embalmed in a poem! I know you won't believe me unless I give the evidence. So here's a quotation from Mrs. Will Irwin's poem:

I thought of California
Where labor is strong
And valiant and beautiful;
And of the Labor Council of San Francisco
Which I attended every Friday night
For one whole year
Learning lessons in citizenship;
And of the State Convention at Stockton
Where Michael Casey,
The handsome, white-haired chief of the teamsters,
With his clear-grey Irish eyes
And ringing laugh,
Told me from start to finish
The terrific story of the Teamsters' Strike
In San Francisco.

What Does Mike Think of It?

There are other local celebrities in this poem. There are several long and short lines about "Sarah Hagen, a garment-worker." And there is this choice morsel:

How Tveitmoe's heroic hulk,
Like Rodin in mirth,
Rocked back and forth in an ecstasy of delight,
And how Johannsen's golden laugh
Waved in the silence like a banner.

But somehow or other these mentions don't affect me as the mention of Mike does. I wonder what he thinks about being in a down-to-the-minute poem? I wonder if it pleased him? I wonder if he'd like his neighbors out in the Mission to know that a new-poetess is writing about his beauty, about his eyes? Out in the Mission where opinion is formed by the Promotion Association, poets and poetesses are not held in the highest esteem. Who knows but that Michael Casey will be called upon in the Labor Council to explain what he means by inspiring a poetess to rapture?

The Book Club and Clark Smith

Some time ago I mentioned that The Book Club of California was preparing for its members a volume de luxe of selected poems by Clark Ashton Smith. A little later it was my privilege to publish in these columns the prefatory words written for the volume by George Sterling. In that noble tribute to the young poet of Auburn Sterling said that compared to Smith, Chatterton was "a babbling babe." Also: "Let California be proud that such a phenomenon (as Smith) exists within her borders." That is high praise. But those who read and re-read and studied "The Star-Treader" when A. M. Robertson published that remarkable first book, know that Sterling is not extravagant in his estimate of this singer. Among those who know this are the cultivated members of The Book Club. They have testified to their exalted opinion of Smith by making their volume de luxe a book of rare beauty. "Odes and Sonnets" this book is called, and since a copy came into by possession I have been turning its leaves over and over in sheer sensuous delight. It is a quarto bound in Fabriano boards and printed on Kelmscott hand-made paper. Each page of hand-set Kennerley type is set in a decorative border with a peacock and grapevine motif. On the beautiful title-page this decoration is elaborated, and the title Odes and Sonnets is in red; the first poem "Nero" has a rubricated initial. The decorations are by Florence Lundborg, formerly of San Francisco but now of New York, whose murals in the California Building in the World's Fair are well remembered. The printing was done by Taylor and Taylor, and I understand that they regard it as the best piece of work they have done. Well they may; any printer might be proud of it. Looking at this volume, one can be in no doubt as to the value The Book Club places upon the poetry of Clark Ashton Smith. Keats would have been honored by having his poems enshrined in such a volume.

Some New Poems

This volume is noteworthy in another way. Of the fifteen poems in it only four are to be found in Smith's book "The Star-Treader." These are "Nero," 'Ode to the Abyss." "To the Darkness" and "The Retribution." Three of the remaining eleven were first published in the pages of Town Talk. They are "The Refuge of Beauty," "The Harlot of the World" and "The Medusa of Despair." The other eight, I think, are new to print. So The Book Club has made an important contribution to Californian poetical literature, and the book stands as one which collectors will be eager to acquire. I am afraid they won't find its acquisition easy; only three hundred copies were printed, and all, I believe, were distributed to members of the club. I owe my copy to the kindness of Albert M. Bender. By the way, one of the sonnets in the volume is dedicated to this bibliophile, to whom George Sterling also dedicated the de luxe edition of his Exposition Ode.

"Pure Gold in Heavy Veins"

The phrase is George Sterling's and was applied by him to the poems in this book. What a wonderful boy Smith is! Born and reared in a little mountain town whose only organizations of culture are a high school and a public library, his imagination has traveled in the realms of gold and has been enriched with wondrous treasures. Reading his "Nero" and coming to such lines as

There have been many kings, and they are dead,
And have no power in death save what the wind
Confers upon their blown and brainless dust
To vex the eyehalls of posterity,

one thinks of young Christopher Marlowe moulding his mighty line. Reading "Satan Unrepentant" one thinks of Keats transcending himself in "Hyperion." Yet these poems are not imitative; far from it. Smith has a voice of his own. And a personality of his own, could we but grasp it, but it is elusive. This boy would plumb the universe, would pierce its ultimate darkness, glimpse its nethermost abyss. When he returns for a little while to our own planet, what does he tell us of himself? He tells us that he slept and that "old Egypt's gods, Osiris, Ammon, Thoth, came on my dream in thunder," and that when they passed, "a plague of darkness fell, unsleeping, and accurst with nameless things." He offers his beloved "black dreams" and "bitter, barren love." Life he calls a harlot; death he hails as "the one perfect sleep which filleth, foldeth all." He is plunged in gloom, like Poe. I should like to see him happy, to hear from him one song of pure, sustained delight. Perhaps when he opens this book and sees what The Book Club has done to honor his genius, he may be inspired to such an utterance.

Labor Peace in San Francisco

The organized workingmen of San Francisco believe that one war at a time is enough. As we have our hands full winning the big war, they are not going to start any little ones. In other words, labor in San Francisco will start no strikes during the war. A compact was made last Saturday between P. H. McCarthy, representing the Building Trades Council, and Mortimer Fleishhacker and Gavin McNab, representing the Government, by the terms of which industrial peace in our building trades is assured. It was a splendid achievement, an example to the other big cities. How the compact will be kept we may judge from the past. P. H. McCarthy undertook to preserve industrial peace in San Francisco while we were building our World's Fair, the result being that that great undertaking was completed without one workingman laying down a tool in discontent.

The Workingman De Luxe

I quote from the account in Monday's Chronicle of the strike meeting held in Oakland on Sunday:

"Most of the men came in their own auto-

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mobiles, some in expensive sedan models, and scores on motorcycles. The streets for blocks around the Municipal Auditorium were thick with parked automobiles and to passersby it appeared that a meeting of capitalists was in progress in the Auditorium rather than a meeting of union labor workers."

The workingman is having his day, it would appear. And it would seem that he is not always saving his money against the rainy season. It was so in the months following the fire of 1906: insurance money was spent in extravagance, and the cafes were full of workingmen. Now the workingmen who are earning high war wages are buying motor cars (doubtless on the installment plan) and moving from flats to apartments.

Our Four Tracks

There was a car crash at Powell and Market the other day. A United Railroads car and a Municipal car tried to occupy the same space at one and the same time, with the inevitable result. Both cars were derailed. Fortunately there were no accidents to pasengers. All who happened to be on the two cars were shaken up and some got nervous shocks, but that was all. Meanwhile minor accidents are happening somewhere on the four tracks all the time. I saw one woman get caught in the narrow space between the cars the other day; she had the skin scraped off her arm. I saw another woman another day caught the same way; she got off with an attack of hysterics. Another day I saw a man save his life from a car on the outside track by jumping on the front step of a car on the inner track. When I saw the shudder that passed through him at his hair-breadth escape I shuddered too.

A Visit from Clampett

Back from the Southland abounding with the buoyancy of life, the Rev. Dr. Clampett returned to town yesterday to renew old acquaintances and talk joyously of camp life and of the men from this city who are eagerly and impatiently waiting for the call to arms. "They are moving all the time," he says; five thousand of the men in camp left for the front yesterday and the rest are ready to go at any minute. He himself is filled with enthusiasm. "It's a great life," he says, "and it is doing all the men a world of good. All of us have grown younger and stronger and we are all prouder than ever of Uncle Sam. We feel that he has taken hold with a will and that he has done better than any of us expected. He is in to win this war and he is going about it the right way. The men are all full of pep, and though of course we shall appreciate peace, nobody is in a hurry; nobody, perhaps, but the officers who have been using all their time to advantage and who are eager to get into the mix-up right away." I asked him about Mullally and, like everybody who has returned from camp, he has a fine report to make. "Mullally," he says, "looks the part of the ideal soldier, and I am sure that he will play his part well." Speaking of his sons, he says they are all "over there," eager to fight for the Allies, including the Irish, who have been unfortunately put in wrong but who are getting more sense every day.

The Unfeeling Brother

Jack Wolfe paused long enough on the corner of Powell and Ellis to tell this one:

"You remember Izzy Cohn? Izzy used to be quite a gambler. Among other things Izzy followed the horses. He didn't follow them very wisely, Izzy didn't, and one day Izzy found himself broke. Izzy had a brother who was a very prominent doctor in New York. Izzy's brother didn't approve of Izzy following the horses, but Izzy was desperate. So he sent his brother in New York, his doctor-brother, this wire:

"'Am broke. Send me five hundred dollars.'

"And what do you think Izzy's brother, the doctor, did? He wired back to Izzy—collect—wired him a prescription for softening of the brain!"

Daniels Objects to the Cliff

The report that the Cliff House has been put into the dry zone reminds us that Secretary Daniels is still in the Cabinet. Why should this ruling be made against San Francisco's most famous resort? Presumably there is some objection because it is so well known. Doubtless every prohibitionist in the country thinks that the Cliff House has the reputation that was given to it in the years agone, when theatregoers thought that "A Trip to Chinatown" was the finest farce comedy ever written. And perhaps they think the Cliff House should be closed because the Cliff was the scene of one of the gayest acts of that farce. As a matter of fact the scene, though somewhat suggestive, was never naughty. Nor was the Cliff House ever anything different from what

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

it has been of recent years, save that it once catered to men with long purses and deep thirsts. Of late, especially since the beginning of the war, it has been a model house, very solicitous for the welfare of Uncle Sam. Indeed, it is one of the few non-drinkable establishments along the Great Highway, but Secretary Daniels demands circumspection, not to be free from booze but to gratify the qualms of prohibitionists. Perhaps the seals on the rocks are so wet that they shall never be considered as drys while the war lasts. However, there will be great public objection to any attempt to close the Cliff, if for no other reason than that it is a great natural aquarium conducted more for educational than for any other purpose.

A Doctor in Dear Old Lunnon

Others may be weeping and bemoaning the fate of war, but not Dr. Don Weaver, formerly of St. Francis Hospital. Dr. Weaver always took life easy, and never more so than when he was invalided home from the front in France. He was gay when he was in trouble at the St. Francis, where he received a warning from Dr. Coffey, and here he is as happy as a clam at high tide though he is on sick leave at the American Red Cross Hospital for officers at 98 Lancaster Gate No. 1. "As I lie here in a luxurious bed," he begins in a letter to the St. Francis, "with large French windows open, sun streaming into the room, I can scarcely realize the battle that is going on in France. True, my feathers were a little ruffled when I left home because of a letter or two that you did not feel inclined to write. But now that I am in England, war or no war, you feel at peace with the whole world." So evidently does Dr. Don Weaver in his luxurious bed. At any rate he writes to Dr. Coffey: "I still regard you as the old friend by whom I was first infected with the germ of ambition. That germ lived and thrived, then was latent for about two years, to be revived again by M. P. Roach, whose position is also a result of her early association as you know. So it is essentially the same organism, from the same source, which has reinfected me. Hence this letter. I have had the pleasure and honor to have her give a few anesthetics for me at Leicester, where I was attached as I am now surgeon to a base hospital eleven months. Had a very good place and regret having given it up to go to France. Most of my two months since was spent in a hospital as a patient; was returned to England three days ago in a hospital ship and am now in a small hospital of thirty-five beds facing Hyde Park, which is beautiful at this time of the year. The hospital is one established and run by American ladies of London—Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Jacob Astor, Lady Randolph Churchill, and many others. So you may assume that we are properly cared for, even to motor rides and introductions, for London without friends is a lonesome town, but it is putting on its spring clothes. I can understand now why the Englishman loves his native land. This is the most beautiful spot under the sun. Lady Martins waited on me at tea yesterday; afterwards washed dishes and tidied up the room. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Churchill visit my ward twice daily. Doesn't all of this tell a most beautiful story to you? If it doesn't, it's because I lack power of expression. Aristocracy in England has buckled down and made good. Aristocracy is now the mainstay of England; labor, as you know, the weakest point."



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Y. M. C. A. Overseas Workers Needed

In response to a cable from General Pershing asking that 500 Y. M. C. A. war work secretaries be rushed overseas to serve the French army, a call has been sounded in Oakland, Berkeley and other east bay cities as well as in San Francisco by Henry J. McCoy, senior general secretary of the San Francisco association and recruiting secretary for San Francisco and vicinity. McCoy is anxious to receive applications from men above the draft age and not more than 50 years old. Men selected will be sent overseas to serve with the armies of the United States, France and Italy. No man will be selected who cannot give references as to character and integrity. The Y. M. C. A. now has about 4000 secretaries overseas and is anxious to send at least 1100 a month for the next six months to meet the demands. All applications for service should be sent to Henry J. McCoy at the Y. M. C. A. Building, 220 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco.

Officers' Training Schools

The War Department has just offered civilians either in the draft age or up to 40 years a chance for enrollment in the Officers' Training Schools. Five of these, in continuous session, will after the first four months graduate 600 young men for commissions from each school each month. Those entering the first few classes will necessarily have first chances of advancement in the service. California and Oregon lead in enrollment of service men per capita and practically all of our young men having previous military training have been afforded a chance for commissions. In addition to its thousands of present officers, our army is in need of many more for replacement and for future contingencies. This lack of an officers supply was the vital handicap of our Allies in the early war periods. For all Northern California points nearer San Rafael than the Universities of California, Nevada and Oregon, requests for blanks and information should be made to Major S. P. Vestal, U. S. A. Ret., Professor Military Science and Tactics, who is on duty at the Hitchcock Military Acamedy. After approval, contingents will then be sent each month for choice of the Infantry, Field Artillery and Machine Gun Schools respectively. Men of technical training are especially desired. All civilian candidates from 20 years and eight months of age up to 40 years are included. They must have graduated from High School, or had equivalent work. For field artillery an understanding and working knowledge of arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations and plane geometry is required. Trigonometry and use of logarithms is desirable. Three letters of character recommendation and physical qualifications are also important requirements.

Tainted Books

In the course of an address at Hotel Oakland, L. Ehrlich, Professor of Political Science at the University of California, warned the members of the San Francisco Bay Counties Booksellers' Association against selling books tainted with German propaganda, calling particular attention to the two Trotsky books that have had a large sale in this city, "The Bolsheviki and the World Peace," published by Boni & Liveright, and "Our Revolution," issued by Henry Holt & Co. Other books challenged by Professor Ehrlich as being inimical to Allied interests in that they gave a false impression of the countries described were Phillips' "Poland," in the Home University Library, and Lord Eversley's "The Partitions of Poland," published by Dodd, Mead

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& Co. Both volumes, according to Professor Ehrlich, were based on misinformation.

Lloyd George Knows the Bible

Like all Welshmen Lloyd George knows his Bible. Biblical quotations and allusions frequently strengthen his speeches. He said in his address at the Canadian dinner in London last Saturday:

"The god of brute force must this time forever be broken and burnt in its own furnace."

Do yo know your Bible well enough to trace that allusion? It is from the Book of Daniel, chapter three. It is related in that place how King Nabuchodonosor made a statue of gold sixty cubits high and set it up in the plain of Dura of the province of Babylon. Then he commanded all the people to fall down and adore this god of gold. Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago refused, so they were cast into the fiery furnace. They were not hurt by this fiery ordeal, but "the flames of the fire slew those men that had cast in Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago."

At the War's End

Despite what is happening in the war, the indications are that it will be ended by diplomacy and not by a "knock-out blow," as it is called in Europe. When the slaughter is over certain eminent statesmen will assemble at a great table as usual and talk the matter over. Meanwhile, of course, the progress of the war is closely watched, but it will not be wound up by military men or by diplomats. The war is an international affair, but it will not be ended by drives, by victory or generalship, or by all or any of those things. This much is to be gathered by keeping closely in touch with the situation. The slaughter continues, but all involved are quite calm. There is very little talk of a knock-out blow, but there will be a great deal of talk about territory and guarantees, and there will be much complaint about the lost peace of 1917 when in reply to Emperor Charles' first letter M. Poincare in addition to a demand for Alsace made a demand for guarantees as to the left bank of the Rhine, claiming also the Trentino and Trieste for Italy, and suggesting that Austria recoup herself by taking Silesia from Germany. The Emperor had to remind France that there was no objection to the exchange, Austria already occupying Trieste and the Trentino and that France did not occupy Silesia. He declared that he was confident of inducing Germany to accept peace provided that the territorial demands of the Allies were restricted to Alsace-Lorraine. He was assured also of the agreement of Bulgaria. These questions will bob up again, even though the situation be changed.

Austria Collapsing

Once again it appears that Austria is pleading for peace. It has been evident for some time that the fetters which bind Austria to Germany were far from tightening. Economic bonds that were of the loosest may have lately been evolved with what has been thought too much for immediate realization—a customs union. With the inevitable subordination of the weaker ally's foreign policy to that of the stronger partner, these two measures would mean for all external purposes the practical fusion of Austria-Hungary in the German Empire. This is the maximum at which Berlin may aim. It may be realized if the war drags on, for a bankrupt, starving, and faction-ridden Austria may lean on some stronger power if she is to survive. It will not be realized, however, with the willing assent of Vienna. There will be passive resistance and there will be delays. There will be hard bargaining even in extremis. The present Austrian Richsrat, as the Frankfurter Zeitung points out, will not yield the necessary majority for treaties based on these principles. The Emperor, who has proclaimed "democracy" his ideal, will be in no hurry to revert to unconstitutional expedients, nor yet to create a German majority by rearranging his dominions. The dream of "Central Europe" is not yet a reality. But Austria is visibly collapsing and the Kaiser is not likely to save her from disintegration if he could.

America's Allies

By John F. Davis

An extract from the eloquent address delivered at the celebration of the Fall of the Bastile, in the Civic Auditorium, July 14, 1918.

America went into this fight with clean hands. She may have been late in going, but with what a superb and peerless grace did she not go when the time arrived for action! No statement of her motive will ever be better than the immortal words of Woodrow Wilson in his speech of the second of April:

"The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundation of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest—no dominion. We seek no indemnities, no material compensation, for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them."

"But one of the champions of mankind" are we. And what a group of high-crested champions are our allies! What a feeling of pride and affection such a comradeship evokes!

Belgium—brave little Belgium—who went to her martyrdom without hesitation and without a tremor—whose spirit was typified by her matchless king, when he said: "They sent us an ultimatum of twenty-four hours and we took twenty-four minutes to reply!"

England and all her dominions, England with her immortal first hundred thousand, England who refused to break her plighted word to Belgium and to France, who refused to treat a solemn treaty as a scrap of paper, and held her honor high above the eternal stars!

Italy, whose victory on the Piave bids us remember that her ancestors once carried Caesar's victorious eagles to the Rhine and that the sires' blood has deseended to the sons.

Gallant Serbia, brave Montenegro, the land of the rising sun, and all the others!

And, above all today, France, bleeding France, who never at any time in this war has asked aught for herself that she did not ask for the rest of humanity! France, who in the war has found her own soul, and covered her men and women with eternal glory! There has been a sort of filial pride in her spiritual triumph felt by those of us who in our young manhood fortified the lesson of Freedom at her shrines of learning. Beyond all expression is the feeling of admiration today of the rest of humanity for the wives and mothers of France. Their patriotic fervor was symbolized by the reply of the young peasant wife, who, when asked how she could give up her husband to the service of his country, bravely replied:

"Why, I am but his wife; France is his mother."

And that army has already given to the defense of democracy against autocracy the names of Petain, and Gallieni, and Joffre, and the gleaming name of Foch, and has given to posterity the memory of the heroes' defense of Verdun and the Marne. No land in history has ever been the object of more ardent love and devotion, and as the symbol of the highest hopes of humanity, no land has deserved it more, than that which Shakespeare apostrophized as:

"France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier!"

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

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The Red Cross Swimming Meet

Only recently devotees of swimming in and around San Francisco were delighted to learn that Miss Fanny Durack and Miss Mina Wylie, the greatest of women swimmers and two of the most renowned athletes that won honors at Stockholm, had arrived in this city to start their continental tour. American followers of the sport have always been curious to witness the work of these acknowledged artists of the water. But no sooner had the pair arrived than they were involved in a controversy. Events so shaped themselves that the entire arrangements under which the girls were to swim were revoked. For some time it apeared as if they would return to Australia without giving the American public a chance to view them in action. Mrs. Mildred Pollak of the Women's Athletic Club, who enjoyed the confidence of the two girls, succeeded in interesting them in Red Cross work. Out of that interest grew their desire to do something real big. So, where tempting offers from eastern beaches and theatrical concerns failed, the Red Cross succeeded and both girls are waiting for the starter's whistle that will send them plowing through the waters of Sutro Baths this Saturday night in an effort to break world's records at the Red Cross championship swimming meet. A most interesting programme will be given. The Olympic, Neptune and Center clubs will have competitors in all the events. An Army and Navy swimming race will be staged for the first time in the history of the two service organization.

At the Cecil

After a delightful visit at the Cecil Mrs. Cosmo Morgan returned this week to her home in Los Altos. Mrs. George Gage and Mrs. Voila Kennedy of Pasadena will remain at the hotel for another fortnight. Miss Marcelene Monroe of Ontario is making her first visit to California; she will be at the hotel for a month or longer. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Town are sojourning. Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McDonald are being extensively entertained. Accompanied by their two children and maid they arrived in town Monday. Mrs. John Newton, a prominent resident of Washington, D. C., is registered.



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The Stage

"Polly With a Past"

"Any new show in town?" I asked the First Nighter.

"'Polly With a Past' opened Monday night," he answered.

"Where?" I asked.

"At the Belascolumbia," he replied.

"Who wrote it?"

"It's a Belascollaboration."

"On the part of ——?"

"Two Belascoadjutors."

"Namely?"

"George Belascomiddleton and Guy Belascobolton."

"What's it about?"

"A past."

"A fast past?"

"Very speedy."

"An interesting past?"

"Well, Belasco's a pastmaster."

"How's the plot?"

"Very timely."

"Why so?"

"The past is dragged into the present to affect the future."

"Who's future?"

"Rex's future."

"Is Rex a dog?"

"No, a tame cat."

"A mollybruiser?"

"No, a mollycoddle."

"Does this molly love Polly?"

"He learns to."

"How?"

"By comparing her with Myrtle."

"Who's Myrtle?"

"A born uplifter."

"Does she uplift Polly?"

"She tries to."

"With what result?"

"She loses Rex."

"And wrecks his future?"

"Rex's future is Polly."

"But what about Polly's past?"

"It was passed with a pastor?"

"Shocking!"

"Not at all. The pastor was her father."

"I don't understand."

"Spend two dollars plus war tax and you will."

"You mean that Polly's past was chemically pure?"

"I mean that Polly put the past in pasteurized."

"But her past was not flagitious?"

"It was camouflagitious and persiflagitious."

"How is the pretense exposed?"

"By the long arm of Belascoincidence."

"Why all the long words?"

"I speak in Polly syllables."

"Is it a clever play?"

"The playwrights know their Pollytechnique."

"Are the lines funny?"

"Belascolloquial."

"The plot seem incoherent."

"On the contrary, it is Belascoherent."

"Who plays Polly?"

"Ina Claire."

"Does she play her well?"

"Belascoquettishly."

"Do you think I'll like her?"

"You'll be glad to see her back."

"She's been here before?"

"Never."

"But you said——"

"Aw, go and buy a ticket!"

—Edward F. O'Day.

Sarah Bernhardt

Sarah Bernhardt is sadly deranging to critical austerity. When she is not there, one can judicially count up her sins against her art. She "stars," trying more to outshine than to shine; it was she who made Sardou write worst; she will hardly ever act "Phèdre"; she rushes up and down the world, working half as much again as she should; she chooses new plays as if it were nothing to her whether she acts a masterpiece or trash. She has tricks of tongue that are horrors in memory; she will tear though a beautiful tragic speech as if she were Mr. George Grossmith in comic opera, pattering against time; or, for contrast, she will retail a passage, word by word, with a full stop after each, till they sound like stones slowly dropped into a well; or, against nature and the French language, she will turn all her vowels into open vowels, speaking "je ne sais pas" as if it were "j—enn—ess—aip—as"; or she will force into tropical overgrowth her own devices and graces, such as the melodious phrasing of a speech into groups of rhythmic syllables, with little abrupt halts, lingerings on a note, and fresh launchings out upon some new trailing or hammering cadence. These faults are rank; they cry to Heaven—when she is not there. Then you see her act once more, and you feel as if you were looking again at Florence from Fiesole, or at a pheasant's neck, or Leonardo's Monna Lisa, or ripe corn with poppies in it. In absence you may have asked were these things really so fine, or might not a change here and a change there have made them finer; present, you only enjoy, you ask nothing. It is like that when Marguerite tries to stand up to greet Armand, in the last act of "La Dame aux Camélias"; it is like that in Sardou's "Sorcière," when Zoraya runs to meet Enrique; only one actress in Europe—in France or England, at any rate—seems to conceive with that energy of sympathy the enthusiasm of affection; at least, only one can convey it with the sudden fire that makes you see, as with the bodily eye, the whole soul of the one lover leap up with joy at rejoining the other.

—C. E. Montague.

Singing in German

To most people the very sound of German speech and accent is so obnoxious at the present time that it causes an involuntary shudder. It seems to suggest dreadful things; and the law of suggestion is not easily resisted. Heard in the streets or even in the drawing room, one can escape it by getting out of carshot. At a concert the same remedy is available, but per-



VESTA WALLACE

A clever entertainer who will appear in song, dance and patter at the Orpheum next week.

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One hundred and ninety families are living abroad as compared to only 165 last year. The arrivals and departures from Europe and the names of yachts are not mentioned in the Register this year for well-known war reasons. The Summer Social Register indicates the rank of 949 in the service of their country, of whom apparently 347 are abroad. Since April, 705 persons have married as compared to 956 last spring, which was a banner season in this respect. There are noted the deaths of 245 men as compared to 221 last year, and of 193 women as compared to 182 last year.

The Red Cross Swimming Meet

Only recently devotees of swimming in and around San Francisco were delighted to learn that Miss Fanny Durack and Miss Mina Wylie, the greatest of women swimmers and two of the most renowned athletes that won honors at Stockholm, had arrived in this city to start their continental tour. American followers of the sport have always been curious to witness the work of these acknowledged artists of the water. But no sooner had the pair arrived than they were involved in a controversy. Events so shaped themselves that the entire arrangements under which the girls were to swim were revoked. For some time it apeared as if they would return to Australia without giving the American public a chance to view them in action. Mrs. Mildred Pollak of the Women's Athletic Club, who enjoyed the confidence of the two girls, succeeded in interesting them in Red Cross work. Out of that interest grew their desire to do something real big. So, where tempting offers from eastern beaches and theatrical concerns failed, the Red Cross succeeded and both girls are waiting for the starter's whistle that will send them plowing through the waters of Sutro Baths this Saturday night in an effort to break world's records at the Red Cross championship swimming meet. A most interesting programme will be given. The Olympic, Neptune and Center clubs will have competitors in all the events. An Army and Navy swimming race will be staged for the first time in the history of the two service organization.

At the Cecil

After a delightful visit at the Cecil Mrs. Cosmo Morgan returned this week to her home in Los Altos. Mrs. George Gage and Mrs. Voila Kennedy of Pasadena will remain at the hotel for another fortnight. Miss Marcelene Monroe of Ontario is making her first visit to California; she will be at the hotel for a month or longer. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Town are sojourning. Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McDonald are being extensively entertained. Accompanied by their two children and maid they arrived in town Monday. Mrs. John Newton, a prominent resident of Washington, D. C., is registered.



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The Stage

"Polly With a Past"

"Any new show in town?" I asked the First Nighter.

"'Polly With a Past' opened Monday night," he answered.

"Where?" I asked.

"At the Belascolumbia," he replied.

"Who wrote it?"

"It's a Belascollaboration."

"On the part of ——?"

"Two Belascoadjutors."

"Namely?"

"George Belascomiddleton and Guy Belascobolton."

"What's it about?"

"A past."

"A fast past?"

"Very speedy."

"An interesting past?"

"Well, Belasco's a pastmaster."

"How's the plot?"

"Very timely."

"Why so?"

"The past is dragged into the present to affect the future."

"Who's future?"

"Rex's future."

"Is Rex a dog?"

"No, a tame cat."

"A mollybruiser?"

"No, a mollycoddle."

"Does this molly love Polly?"

"He learns to."

"How?"

"By comparing her with Myrtle."

"Who's Myrtle?"

"A born uplifter."

"Does she uplift Polly?"

"She tries to."

"With what result?"

"She loses Rex."

"And wrecks his future?"

"Rex's future is Polly."

"But what about Polly's past?"

"It was passed with a pastor?"

"Shocking!"

"Not at all. The pastor was her father."

"I don't understand."

"Spend two dollars plus war tax and you will."

"You mean that Polly's past was chemically pure?"

"I mean that Polly put the past in pasteurized."

"But her past was not flagitious?"

"It was camouflagitious and persiflagitious."

"How is the pretense exposed?"

"By the long arm of Belascoincidence."

"Why all the long words?"

"I speak in Polly syllables."

"Is it a clever play?"

"The playwrights know their Pollytechnique."

"Are the lines funny?"

"Belascolloquial."

"The plot seem incoherent."

"On the contrary, it is Belascoherent."

"Who plays Polly?"

"Ina Claire."

"Does she play her well?"

"Belascoquettishly."

"Do you think I'll like her?"

"You'll be glad to see her back."

"She's been here before?"

"Never."

"But you said——"

"Aw, go and buy a ticket!"

—Edward F. O'Day.

Sarah Bernhardt

Sarah Bernhardt is sadly deranging to critical austerity. When she is not there, one can judicially count up her sins against her art. She "stars," trying more to outshine than to shine; it was she who made Sardou write worst; she will hardly ever act "Phèdre"; she rushes up and down the world, working half as much again as she should; she chooses new plays as if it were nothing to her whether she acts a masterpiece or trash. She has tricks of tongue that are horrors in memory; she will tear though a beautiful tragic speech as if she were Mr. George Grossmith in comic opera, pattering against time; or, for contrast, she will retail a passage, word by word, with a full stop after each, till they sound like stones slowly dropped into a well; or, against nature and the French language, she will turn all her vowels into open vowels, speaking "je ne sais pas" as if it were "j—enn—css—aip—as"; or she will force into tropical overgrowth her own devices and graces, such as the melodious phrasing of a speech into groups of rhythmic syllables, with little abrupt halts, lingerings on a note, and fresh launchings out upon some new trailing or hammering cadence. These faults are rank; they cry to Heaven—when she is not there. Then you see her act once more, and you feel as if you were looking again at Florence from Fiesole, or at a pheasant's neck, or Leonardo's Monna Lisa, or ripe corn with poppies in it. In absence you may have asked were these things really so fine, or might not a change here and a change there have made them finer; present, you only enjoy, you ask nothing. It is like that when Marguerite tries to stand up to greet Armand, in the last act of "La Dame aux Camélias"; it is like that in Sardou's "Sorcière," when Zoraya runs to meet Enrique; only one actress in Europe—in France or England, at any rate—seems to conceive with that energy of sympathy the enthusiasm of affection; at least, only one can convey it with the sudden fire that makes you see, as with the bodily eye, the whole soul of the one lover leap up with joy at rejoining the other.

—C. E. Montague.

Singing in German

To most people the very sound of German speech and accent is so obnoxious at the present time that it causes an involuntary shudder. It seems to suggest dreadful things; and the law of suggestion is not easily resisted. Heard in the streets or even in the drawing room, one can escape it by getting out of earshot. At a concert the same remedy is available, but per-



VESTA WALLACE

A clever entertainer who will appear in song, dance and patter at the Orpheum next week.

haps at the cost of a great pleasure—that of listening to beautiful music which one loves to hear well sung. Such a sacrifice ought surely not to be necessary. The songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms are no more indissolubly allied to the language that gave them birth than is Shakespeare to the original English text when performed in Berlin. The right plan in the former case, as in the latter, must obviously be to use the best translation that can be had and present these familiar gems through the medium of the tongue that is "understanded of the people." It possesses, here at least, the double advantage of getting rid of the objectionable Teutonic timbre, and revealing the meaning of the poem to the otherwise blissfully ignorant listener. Vocalists are beginning to see this.

Being under the impression that the practice ought to be commended, for the sake both of sensitive ears and "uncultured" minds unacquainted as yet with Goethe or Heine, I was rather disappointed the other day when I came across the following sentence in a notice of a recital: "It seemed a pity that Miss Blank should have chosen to sing her Schubert and Brahms to English words, but she may have felt happier in so doing." No doubt she did; and the vast majority of her audience were unquestionably just as happy on that account as herself. But why "a pity?" Are these glorious Lieder less inspired or less inspiring when divorced from their original text? Or will it be seriously contended that they ought to be boycotted, unless we are willing to pay the penalty of listening to the mellifluous cadences of the German language, sung, moreover, by American singers? Neither argument will hold water for a moment. The pity, rather, is that anything should be said to discourage the use of our own language, as far as it can possibly be employed, in the concert room almost as much as in the opera house—for the better training of the musical public, to appeal to their intelligence, to improve their taste through mental grasp as well as mere sensuous enjoyment. We clamor for better translations of operatic librettos and foreign songs; we demand a clearer articulation, a purer pronounciation of words, so that all who listen may comprehend. These things may be slow in coming, but they are indubitably on their way, and meanwhile no single chance should be lost of fostering a national love for the musical beauties, of whatever origin, which they can and do convey.—The Music Lover.

The Old Opera House

So the old Opera House on Washington street is closed for good, and is to be torn away to make room for public improvements. I can imagine how it now stands in empty gloom, and, when contrasted with the light, life and activity of former days, a mournful place. The vestibule is closed and barred; the lamps unlit; the pavement loungers gone, and the fruit stands with their loads of cholera morbus and flaring, smoky lamps are poisoning the passer-by elsewhere. And Tom—Tom Maguire—the human fixture of the Opera House, with his lounging air and low voice, has at last deserted it.

The old Opera House is full of history and associations for thousands of San Franciscans. Star after star has flashed there. There we have heard the immense guttural of Forrest—the same guttural which years bygone delighted the boys in the Broadway Theatre. There we listened to that theatrical epitome of self-satisfaction, Herr Bandmann. There we saw and laughed our last at poor Satchell ere he disappeared forever. Vestvali made those boards groan under her elephantinely magnificent tread. We go back still further to Edwin Booth, who in his boyhood days, there played his first round of characters, to Julia Deane, to the Menken, to Mrs. John Wood. These are enough to suggest the host of other, and many of them equally deserving, celebrities associated with the Opera House.

They are gone. The stage is dark and empty. Only the rats rehearse there by day, and play by night to empty benches. A deserted village is sad enough; still, there is some life; there is sunlight, the creeping vine, the grass, the flowers. A deserted house is lonesome enough; still, there is light and sun. But the closed theatre, tenanted by darkness and old recollections, is in a manner a deserted tomb, and we its sincere mourners.

—Prentice Mulford in San Francisco Figaro, April 15, 1873.

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The Success of "Polly"

The New York production and cast of "Polly With a Past" is meeting with a triumph at the Columbia where the second week of the engagement opens Monday night. The Bolton-Middleton comedy had an all-season run at the Belasco Theatre, New York. Its charm has hit the fancy of San Franciscans and the three weeks' engagement at the Columbia may be entirely too limited to accommodate the throngs already rushing to the box office. The fine cast includes Ina Claire, Cyril Scott, H. Reeves-Smith, Herbert Yost, George Stuart Christie, Thomas Reynolds, Louise Galloway, Adaha Barton, Betty Linley, Francis Verdi and Lloyd Neal. There will be no Sunday performances. This attraction will not be seen in Oakland.

Margaret Anglin Coming in "Billeted"

Two weeks hence at the Columbia Margaret Anglin will make her appearance in the merry military comedy, "Billeted," one of London's most noted hits and a play in which Miss Anglin shone most radiantly for a long run in New York and Chicago.

"Look Pleasant" at Cort

Oliver Morosco's new musical show. "Look Pleasant," with Walter Catlett as star, will be seen at the Cort for the first time here on Monday evening. "Lombardi,' Ltd.," starring Leo Carrillo, will close its successful five weeks' engagement Sunday night. Much may be expected of "Look Pleasant," for it is announced as a companion piece to "So Long, Letty," "Canary Cottage" and "What Next." "Look Pleasant" is cheery entertainment, witty, speedy, containing a score of song hits, and boasting an unusually pretty all-girl chorus. The book is by Elmer Harris, the lyrics by Ballard MacDonald who wrote "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and the music by Harry Piani. Walter Catlett superintended the production. Harry James, well known here, will conduct the jazz orchestra. Supporting Catlett are Juliette Day, the original "baby vampire" in "Upstairs and Down," James Gleason, Marion Vantine, Frank Darien, Lela Bliss, Virginia Foltz, Jack Pollard and David Butler.

Carl Jorn at the Orpheum

Carl Jorn, a distinguished tenor, late of the New York Metropolitan and London Royal Opera companies, will sing several of the songs that have made him famous at the Orpheum next week. The engagement of this artist is one on which the Orpheum management congratulates itself. Henri De Vries, the noted protean actor, recently became a producer of one-act plays. His most recent effort is "Camouflage," not a military play but a comedy. It proved a great sensation in New York. The Sixty-Third United States Infantry Band will be heard in patriotic selections. Marie Nordstrom, who, during her recent engagement, made such a great success in her delightful skit "Let's Pretend," will play a return engagement. Lowell B. Drew and Vesta Wallace will appear in song, dance and patter. The Equillo Brothers are equilibrists of extraordinary skill. Lili Petschnikoff, the violinist, will be heard in a new programme. Mayo and Lynn in racy conversation, and Ruth Budd, "the girl with the smile," will also be in this bill. Also new official war films.

At Techau's

I am something of a theatre fan and "from Missouri" when any one suggests that an evening at a cafe would be a welcome change. But last night I yielded to the importunities of a friend and "took in" the Tavern. Why, I enjoyed every minute, from dinner time until they began to put out the lights. They put out the delights right through the evening. Such dancing! Such music! A Jazz Orchestra, the Show Girl Revue Corps! The ladies of the party were all smiles over the favors for the merchandise dances—all sorts of fluffy silk things from Livingston Bros., and, for one lady, a five-dollar War Saving Stamp. Presented without competition, too. Yes, it was some night.

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This attraction will NOT play Oakland.

The "Free" Woman in England

(Continued from Page 7)

care-worn politician said to me, and at the words I shuddered. Women do not create easily, whereas imitation and adaptation are instinctive with them. Already the women possess the facile, public-speaking brand, the agitator, the type that lives for sensation and notoriety. Our education qua sex has been terribly neglected. Perhaps a majority of women have no considered opinion on any public question at all. How should they! Why, alas! should they?

This intimation of kinetic man puzzles me infinitely, and yet it seems to be the chief thing these "free' girls aim at. I notice the khaki women walking, talking, and behaving like men. I see these working girls apparently trying to divest themselves of all sex individuality. These new girls are not only losing their femininity, but they have in great part lost it. They talk and think in slang. Their minds work just like Charlie's or Herbert's. One hears from their lips the same schoolboy adjectives, the same music-hall phrases, the same stock remarks. They seem to have assimilated all the throw-off of the other sex, but I cannot see that they have delved much deeper. They converse exactly as I have heard schoolboys talk among themselves, that is, everything is a "rag," nothing is serious; it is had form to appear even serious.

Now, when these women come to vote, is it to he expected that they will suddenly divorce themselves from their studied artificiality? It is difficult to believe. If you talk hy rote and fashion, you are likely to think by rote and fashion. Men think little enough of serious things in life, heaven knows, but if women are mercly to think politically as the men hitherto have done then the suffrage will not alter anything.

Just think of the reforms women need; think of the many just things women have the right to demand. How are they going to obtain them unless they think and act on sex lines? Imitating the manners of man will not hring about social reforms. Politics after this war will be a serious matter again. Grave things will have to be tackled. All kinds of economic problems will arise, demanding most serious thought. In the work of reconstruction women could play a vital part, but if they do not now fit themselves to assume responsibility assuredly their part will not be more than a contributory factor, as they will discover to their cost.

As the new woman is developing today, she seems to me to be drifting into a sex that is neither constructively man nor woman. She is getting selfish and non-motherly, and yet not enriching or deepening her own feminine character. On the contrary, she is creating a type or, rather, is dissociating herself from her type. Women have gone out into the world to work in such great numbers during the war that enormous changes in woman's position and outlook are inevitable. Women have done almost all that men do, and they know all about it. That alone constitutes a little sex revolution. They will never go back. They have proved how hard they can work. A woman can respectfully say that women have shown themselves to be as good as men. What will it all end in?

The answer, of course, is human nature. We cannot alter that, and women will always be women and men always men. After the war there will be a quick and fierce reaction, but if women are not careful they will find themselves destined to work, while those who have fought will seek solace in less work than they ever did before. For many years after Armageddon hero-worship will persist, and man will once more be the soldier-hero of his women. That is not a good nursery for woman's self-development, and if, in addition, she continues to go out and work, man may choose to look on and encourage her, so assisting in the creation of a real neuter or drudge sex, which already seems to be in process of being.

The natural danger to women lies in imitation and extremism. We have our extremist lady-politicians; we already see our imitation ladies of the world. In both types the trend is similar. The women politicians ape the men politicians; the women free lances ape the man about town. In politics I am sure women could easily put up a dozen Lloyd Georges to every one that the men could find, and, no doubt, in time they could "paint the town" as well as any young man from the 'Varsity who ever strolled after a good dinner into the promenade of the Empire; but that kind of skill will not help women much.

But perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps men like the rabid platform extremist and the girl who talks slang as glibly as the low comedian, and perhaps women will vie with men on all counts, whether as three-quarter backs or lightweights, and babies will be a luxury. So much the worse for the race, that is all. In the meanwhile I submit that the "free" woman is losing dignity in her make-up of man's vulgarities, and with that is losing—charm. I further submit that the further she gets away from her own distinctive values and idiosyncrasies the less likely she is to approach to the intrinsic and creative side of man, which, in his case, does not lie "on his sleeve" or in his beard, as they say in France, but moves and gives token from within.

"The Vindication of Driver Thomas Tomkins"

(Continued from Page 8)

He turned to the telephonist, but his instructions were never received, for at that instant a stray shell burst almost on top of them. Driver Tomkins was thrown violently to the ground, and half buried in dirt. For a minute or two he lay half-stunned, then slowly and painfully rose. Blood was trickling from his right shoulder, and his left arm hung helpless.

He looked around. There lay Mr. Duckworth, literally blown to pieces. The little group of signalers were all dead and horribly mutilated. One runner, his lungs pierced, was coughing up blood, a ghastly sight; while of the other nothing remained beyond a few scraps of blood-stained clothing.

He turned to assist his wounded comrade, but at that moment the man, with a stifled groan, fell back dead.

A moment later he was aware of a stream of running men, khaki-clad, some with fixed bayonets, others unarmed and wounded. One of these latter, badly hit, sank down beside him.

"Oh, my God, my God!" he wailed.

"What happened?" cried Tomkins.

"He got us with his machine guns," gasped the man with a groan. "Oh, my God!" and then he fainted.

Tomkins turned to flee. He had gone several yards when suddenly he came to a dead stop. Sergeant Jenkins' angry face had risen before his mental vision. For a long moment he hesitated. They couldn't blame him when everyone else was retiring. Besides, he was wounded, and even to him life was sweet.

He turned again. More figures in khaki streamed into view over the crest. A dogged look crept into his eyes.

"After all, they're my mates," he muttered. "A disgrace to the regiment!" then viciously, between has clenched teeth, "I'll show 'em."

Back he went to the telephone. The explosion had blown away a piece of the wire, and it was some seconds before he could find the loose ends. Then he moved the box a short distance, until he could hook them together. In his state it was impossible to tie them. Then he pressed the buzzer key, and put the receiver to his ear.

A voice at the other end answered his call.

"Our men are retreating, sir. They've come back over Hill 47."

"Is that you, Duckworth?"

"Mr. Duckworth is killed, sir. I'm one of his runners."

"Where is the enemy?"

Tomkins glanced over his shoulder.

"They're just coming up the other side, sir, a few hundred yards off."

Tomkins' work was done. In less than a minute orders were going through to the different artillery groups to meet this sudden change in the tactical situation. Meanwhile he turned to the wounded infantryman.

A few minutes later a long grey line of German infantry appeared over the ridge. Then time shrapnel began to burst among them.

* * * * * *

They found him there next day, riddled with bullets from the shells his message had brought in time to stop the enemy attack. He was still bending over the wounded infantryman.

The news caused a great stir in the battery.

"Well," exclaimed Driver Weeks (and there was a strange gulp in his voice), "poor old Tomkins won't never get strafed again."

"No," said Bill Waters. "He seemed awful had, but he did care for 'is 'orses."

"Aye, there's good in the worst of us," added Jerry Wild. "I only wish I could shake 'ands with 'im now."

"Well, Jenkins," said the Sergeant-major, "we've lost the most troublesome man in the battery. But I'm not sure I'm glad. Anyway, I wish it had been a Blighty."

"He died game," said Sergeant Jenkins, "and that wipes out a lot, I suppose. 'E might have been some good after all."

The news was the chief topic of conversation in the officers' mess that night.

"It's extraordinary!" said the Major. "After all his bad record here, the Royal Regiment need not be ashamed of him. Had he lived, I should have put him in for a decoration. I'm sure he deserved one."

"Poor old Duckworth was right after all," said Coghill musingly.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The long period of dullness at last gave way to activity, but the activity led to a price movement in a downward direction. The selling of stocks, and particularly Steel, has been heavy and continuous. There were various explanations for the selling, but the fact remains that prices gave way with ease, and it is now a question as to whether the stocks disposed of have reached a resting place or must pass through a period of assimilation. It would seem from the volume of steel trade that the buying must have been of the best, otherwise the break would have been more severe. There was nothing in the news that would justify any dissatisfaction with existing prices or any pessimistic feeling as to the future until Saturday, when the long-talked-of German offensive was used as an argument to bring about further decline. This German offensive has been worked overtime in the market, and it should have had no effect whatever. Everybody expected a German offensive, and there is no one that can see anything but failure in it, and why traders should become alarmed and sell their stocks is one of the mysteries of stock speculation. This drive will come to an end very quickly, and then the market will have already discounted its failure. Outside of the political news from abroad, there is nothing in the domestic news to warrant any decline. Stocks are low, and the real foundation of the market, the crops, are doing well and promise a record yield. Taxes will be high, but not so high that they will hurt any of the better corporations. The railroad situation remains unchanged, and as yet no contract has been signed nor will there be until Director-General McAdoo arrives from the West. The railroads will be treated fairly by the Government, and while there are no prospects of any big advance in these issues, they are selling at a very attractive price, and should be selling higher on their merits. There may be some further liquidation in the general list, due to the German offensive, but we believe if there is any break of consequence, advantage should be taken of the decline to purchase the better class of stocks.

Cotton—Temperatures averaged about normal throughout the cotton belt, but nights were too cool for best growth in Eastern portion. Except for good showers in Georgia and Carolina at the close of the week, and some rainfall in Eastern and Northern Texas practically no precipitation occurred in the cotton belt. Rainfall was at few points in Texas. The soil is becoming dry in much of the cotton-growing area, but lack of moisture has not yet proved detrimental to cotton except in portions of Texas. The weather was favorable for cultivation, and the fields are generally free of grass. The week was favorable in the Northern, Eastern and Coast portions of Texas, but very unfavorable in the Western portion of that State, where late planted cotton is drying for lack of moisture. Cotton made good growth and is blooming freely in Oklahoma, and is fruiting well and in good to excellent conditon in Arkansas and Louisiana. The plant is growing satisfactorily in Mississippi and bolls developing normally in that section. The crop is making rapid growth in the latter State. It is too dry for the best results in the Southern portion of South Carolina until near the close of the week, but the rain of the 11th will be very beneficial in that section. The crop is making satisfactory progress and is fruiting well in Tennessee and North Carolina. Boll weevil is doing some damage in the Central and Southern portions of Alabama, but somewhat less active in Mississippi, while only a few complaints of this pest were received in Arkansas. Dry weather continues in Texas, but taking the cotton belt as a whole, the cotton plant is doing well, and with an acreage of over 37,000,000, prospects are good for a large crop, and this, in connection with the fact that there will be a large carry-over from the last crop of over 2,000,000 bales, leads us to believe that cotton should be sold on strong markets.

Overheard in the Vesey Street Salesroom

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Joe."

"How's business?"

"Pretty bad, pretty bad."

"What's the trouble?"

"Trouble isn't the word. I'm up against it for fair."

"What's wrong?"

"One of my best houses is being foreclosed. It's not the first one that's been taken away from me, and it's not the taking away that hurts. It's the fact that I've got her in fine shape. The interest and taxes are being paid, and I'm getting a good return. That's what hurts—the calling of my loan when I've got a good proposition going, and that mortgage is as safe as the Washington Mint."

"Do? I can't do anything. I have to raise $40,000 inside of a month or my equity can say by-bye."

"You don't mean it, John! Isn't there a thing to do?"

"Not a thing. The brokers can't even get me a new loan. The banks and life insurance companies are practically out of the market. Private lenders and the old estates have been stocking up on other securities that can be easily liquidated if they want ready cash for Liberty bonds. The title companies have to meet payments on their guaranteed mortgages that are coming due. They are doing what they can, but how do they know what demands are going to be made on them for money on their guaranteed mortgages?"

"I don't know. But do you mean to tell me that a mortgagee, without scruples, can practically take away the best parcel in New York for the amount of the mortgage, just by asking for his money when the term expires?"

"I wouldn't go as far as to say that a man could lose the best parcel in New York that way, but you're right when you say that the

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The Superior Court for San Francisco has granted this Corporation permission to change its name to THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY and the Superintendent of Banks and Secretary of State have issued the necessary certificates authorizing this to be done. As soon as these proceedings are legally effective, the change will be immediately made, of which our depositors, stockholders and the public generally will be duly advised.

THE

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(An American Corporation chartered by the State of California in 1868)

Savings Commercial

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Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Sts.

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Sts.

JUNE 30th, 1918

Assets	$59,397,625.20
Deposits	55,775,507.86
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17
Number of Depositors	60,964

The Superior Court for San Francisco has granted this Corporation permission to change its name to THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY and the Superintendent of Banks and Secretary of State have issued the necessary certificates authorizing this to be done. As soon as these proceedings are legally effective, the change will be immediately made, of which our depositors, stockholders and the public generally will be duly advised.

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man with the mortgage is more of an owner now than the man with the fee."

"Awful, John! That is certainly awful! Is there no remedy?"

"Yes, there are a few remedies. But some of them are drastic. One of them is a moratorium, preventing all mortgages from being foreclosed for the duration of the war, provided the interest and taxes are paid and the property kept in good condition. But many people don't want a moratorium. It would be a boomerang that would so discourage future investments in mortgages that real estate would never recover. A man wouldn't put any money in mortgages and tie it up indefinitely when there are so many other places where he can put it, and liquidate without trouble."

"Well, then, why not make real estate mortgages more liquid?"

"Exactly. Why not?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I."

Pause.

"Well, what are the other remedies?"

"Exposure. Let every man whose mortgage is being foreclosed expose the mortgagor. Let the public know who the fellows are who are seeking to make capital out of the present stringency. Show a couple of them up and we won't have any trouble."

"Doesn't sound bad. What's the other remedy?"

"Yes, one more. Help from the Government through the Federal Reserve Bank or the War Finance Corporation. They help the farmer and the business man. Why not help the small property owner?"

"Could such a thing be arranged?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I."

(Pause.)

"Well, good-bye, Joe."

"So long, John."

—New York Times.

"See here," bawled the motorcycle policeman, "you were going fifty miles an hour in that car of yours and I've been chasing you for blocks."

"Are you sure I was making fifty miles an hour?"

"Yes."

"Have a cigar and let me shake your hand."

"Do you think you can bribe me?"

"Certainly not. You will understand my feelings when I tell you this is a second-hand car and I bought it only yesterday."

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"You might order me a couple of dozen oysters" said the pretty girl.

"But I thought you never ate oysters?"

"True."

"And you couldn't possibly eat two dozen."

"No, but I always order them when I can. One might find a pearl."

A young man was called before the manager. "Mr. Jones, of late your work has been very perfunctory." Just as he was going to ask for an explanation, the young clerk broke in: "Mr. Smith, I've been working here for three months now, and, though I have tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I have received. Thank you."

"That man," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "has no daughters and his wife doesn't dance."

"How do you know all that?" asked Dr. Watson. "Have you ever seen him before?"

"Never. I just overheard him say that he could see no harm in the Tango or the Turkey Trot."

Newspaper Man—I should like to telegraph home immediately that the commanding general is an idiot.

Officer—I am very sorry, sir, but the department allows no military secrets to be let out.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Hotel Henry, 106 Sixth Street, San Francisco, will sell at Gallick Auction Rooms, 821 Mission Street, at Public Auction on August 15, 1918, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Hotel Henry:

Pearl Albert	1 Trunk	I. Morgan	1 Suitcase
Miss Smith	2 Trunks	Wrecht	1 Suitcase
A. J. Nelsen	1 Trunk	Hartman	1 Suitcase
A. Faidey	1 Trunk	Were	1 Suitcase
S. Espanzos	2 Trunks	Elmer Gould	1 Suitcase
W. H. Roth	1 Trunk	Letzstein	1 Suitcase
Henbulman	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Numbey	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Veitchil	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
McDougall	1 Trunk	Weiss	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	A. Smith	1 Basket
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Miss Black	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Mrs. Alusiny	1 Box
A. J. Scott	3 Trunks	Hall	1 Box
Wehr	2 Trunks	Ella Hayes	1 Box
A. Smith	1 Suitcase	Walten	1 Box
C. Pearl	2 Suitcases	Mrs. Bernnett	1 Box
Hogelned	1 Suitcase	Mr. Crane	1 Box
Lume	1 Suitcase	Saujhelen	1 Box
Fred Persons	1 Suitcase	Wehr	2 Boxes
Carter	1 Suitcase	Woods	1 Grip
Tulley	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Fiber Case
Shelinges	1 Suitcase	Masten	1 Basket
Jewell	1 Suitcase	Wrigth	1 Basket
Reyech	1 Suitcase	Runkle	1 Box
H. Young	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Grip
Mw. Boyd	1 Suitcase	Low	2 Cot Beds
Wrigth	1 Suitcase	Louis Wisleyer	1 Basket

7-13-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY NOTE AND MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17747. Department No. 13.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS MACRANDRIAS, an Insane Person.

There having been filed herein the petition of George Macrandrias, guardian of the estate of the above named incompetent, for an order of the above named Court authorizing and directing said guardian to execute and deliver to Hibernia Savings & Loan Society a mortgage on the lot belonging to said incompetent situate on the Southerly line of Twenty-Sixth Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Mission Street, with a frontage of forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches on Twenty-Sixth Street, and a depth of one hundred (100) feet, said lot being a portion of Mission Block No. 199, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said mortgage to secure a note to said Hibernia Savings & Loan Society for Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), payable one year from date and bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent are hereby required to appear before the above named Court, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said above described property, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the above mentioned amount of Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), or such lesser amount as to said Court, or the Judge thereof, shall seem meet.

For further particulars, all persons interested in said Estate are hereby referred to said petition on file herein.

Dated: July 10, 1918.

GEO. A. STURTEVANT,
Judge of the Superior Court.

O'CONNOR & SCHWARTZ,
Attorneys for Guardian,
414 Kohl Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-20-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-22-10

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1353 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 279, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLISHING COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Patriotism and Paper

We are making the cover of Town Talk less expensive than usual, and we are proud of the change, for we are following the general policy of the President, who is strong for economy. Why should we waste money on paper, which is going up in price, and save a little in foods which the people have to consume? The people do not have to consume paper, most of which is printed to make the bonfires of tomorrow. Expensive paper (and all paper is expensive nowadays) is unpatriotic for it calls for varied and expensive inks. Also it calls for extra labor. It is really important that we should eliminate expensive paper and that no paper should be used to give the impression of large circulation. In this respect we are following the best traditions in Europe, and we hope that our readers will take this view of the matter and help Town Talk to be as patriotic as the President desires.

* * *

The Unspeakable German

We are told that the political leaders of the Allies are ready to hear peace proposals from German headquarters "if they are offered in a spirit of sincerity." But who are going to tell them how they are offered? We have only our experience to offer. We know that Punic faith is precisely what it was in ancient times, and we know that the German has not changed since the days when Julius Caesar pronounced him beyond the pale. In short, the German of the twentieth century is in a class by himself, just as avaricious and dishonest as ever, stabbing an enemy in the back when calling him Kamerad or any other name to disarm suspicion. All through the war has he not made it clear that it was characteristic of him to speak of a solemn treaty as a "scrap of paper." Yet we are still talking of listening to his peace terms! There is only one way to listen to him—with a knife at his throat.

* * *

Waiting for the Wind Up

We don't get much news of the war these days; only enough to know that it is going our way. The tide of battle has been wavering to and fro, and America for the first time is making its presence felt. The Kaiser is getting mussed up and grimly holding on. His failure of counter attacks is very unpleasant. The Germans are beaten wherever they are trying to make advances, but William is playing the same desperate part that was played in somewhat similar circumstances by his ancestor Frederick the Great. He is holding on hoping that somebody will "run out," and to that end he is doing some furious fighting. But this sort of thing cannot keep up forever. Unless all signs fail, the Hohenzollerns are defeated, and will have to yield. But they will not do so gracefully. They will inflict as much damage as possible. How much will they, in turn, stand for their Emperor? This is the question all men are asking. We are anxious ourselves.

* * *

A Pro-German's Argument

Germany is not whipped yet; nor has she quit looking for help from her diplomats, some of whom have made her quite as ridiculous as she has been made absurd and brutal. Early in the war some of her statesmen pretended to believe that her enemies started the trouble by trying to close her in an iron ring. They were afraid it was said of her expanding trade, of the willingness of her sons to do more work to make more money, and she said people wanted to put her in a ring for the safety of the commercial world. This is still Germany's thesis and she has friends among her enemies to make her argument. One of them is Mr. Clive Bell, writer of the pamphlet called "Peace at Once." It is said to be his sincere view of the subject and he calls it his general human morality. He endorses the German plea that Germany needs elbow-room. This is true. She needs elbow-room, but it has hitherto been occupied by other people's elbows. Further, she thinks it quite reasonable to solve the problem by cutting off other people's arms. In 1870 she needed elbow room and she annexed two of the living limbs of France. Also we know the result of the amputation. But Mr. Clive Bell is still pleased with seeing the stolen provinces living reluctantly under the Prussian rod. Yet Prussia has since offered to give back what she stole to make more elbow-room. Nevertheless, Mr. Bell says he is a Democrat.

* * *

The Uncompromising Carson

It was thought that the Kaiser was the only person in this war who despised the people; not so, Sir Edward Carson is described now as a man despising the will of the people, who, caring nothing for the opinion of the world, or for the acts of the legislature, has ranged the British people on the side of Ireland. This the British press has said is the spectacle made by an elderly Irish lawyer in his Ulster campaign when making an offensive alliance with the Deity. The Kaiser and Carson had abandoned themselves to a political philosophy which if put into practice would make security, liberty and civilization impossible. In their separate spheres they have played the part of world wrecker. It is declared that criminal lunatics have not more successfully brought death and disaster to their fellow-men. According to Carson, the only secure principle on which an Irish Home Rule question can be established is: "that which is best for Ireland is best for the empire!" He therefore takes a position which is intolerable to the Irish people at a time when a settlement was considered paramount in the midst of war. He is the worst of all uncompromising Irishmen.

The Misunderstood Shaw

Remarkable is the man who is misunderstood in two languages. But the thing is not incredible. There is the late Henry James, for instance, and also Mark Twain. Yet it is thought odd that George Bernard Shaw should be thought quite a different person from what he is. Some folk think him a very conceited person who regards Bernard Shaw as the genius of his age. He is nothing of the kind. He is above all things a humorist and is merely successful in the practice of his profession. However, James Palmer, who is a sensible man, has written a book to prove that Shaw is nothing more than what he is—an artist in making himself misunderstood. According to Palmer's idea, Bernard Shaw is merely a pretender who has made it pay to talk about himself. He was never so foolish, says Palmer, as to think that Shakespeare was not an extraordinary man of genius. He appreciates Shakespeare and merely holds that the ordinary admirers of the bard extol him for his shortcomings. The same thing may be said regarding Shaw's opinion of the German, as may be learned by a careful reading of what he has said about the people of Germany and the kind of war they have waged. He has been merely misunderstood, as was Mark Twain when that writer did not wish to have it understood that he believed in the miracles that abounded in the life of Joan of Arc. The truth is he feared at that time that as a humorist he would be misunderstood. The man was an agnostic, but the one person concerning whom he was most skeptical was the Maid of Domremy. Yet for a long time he never acknowledged the authorship of the fairy story about that marvelous woman. How she impressed him we learn not from the fairy story but from his essay on the great captain.

* * *

Music Made by Teutons

Germans, if they think at all (and some of them are reputed to do more thinking at times than anything else), are doing a lot of worrying as time runs on. They have made themselves universally despised, both as individuals and as a people. They are bound to curse the Kaiser for the reputation he has given the nation. People no longer distinguish between the German as an individual and the German as part of a political system. We have come to dislike Germany so much, the temptation is almost irresistible to regard every dislikable quality in any particular German as due to the fact that he is a German. Even now we hate the German composer as well as the German musician. People have a blind bias against German music. The most important product of German music in the year preceding the war was "The Legend of Joseph," the crass and vulgar opera which even German critics, favorable to Strauss, had to admit as something new. In other countries critics are saying that for years a dangerous strain of stupidity was coming over him. In truth German art of all kinds has been affected by vulgarity. It is noticeable in many ways, even in their wit. Their comic papers, though funny are sometimes nauseating. They are distinguished for a brand of witticism, sometimes pictorial, that other nations will not permit the mails. This is not accidental; it is psychological, like the characteristics of ancient peoples that were rapidly drifting to their extinction. It was noticed long ago among the Teutonic peoples, even among the Austrians. The filthiest writings in Austria in recent years were the works of her dramatists and psychologists. Consider Freud, the man who recently wrote of Leonardo da Vinci. German music did not come during the war. It had been a long time sinking in. When Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" was first given in England five years ago one of his admirers remarked that it was the work of a man who was once a genius and of whom there must be something physically wrong, his brain having fallen so low. He spoke of the degeneration of Strauss's artistic sense. Afterwards, speaking of certain pages of Salome, he talked of Strauss's intellectual degeneration. He spoke especially of the vulgarity of "The Legend of Joseph." Indeed, Strauss, from all accounts, appears to have been paving the way for the dancers and other degenerates who have figured prominently in the gay life of the Teutons. It has been observed, incidentally, that the country has developed a queer passion for bulk and weight which has been shown in military tactics as well as in the over-full orchestration of Strauss and the wooden statue of Hindenburg. It has been noticed in the musical and general artistic works of Austria and her dependencies and all men who work along the lines of the same common tradition. But of course it is absurd to hold that the Germans are tarred with the same brush. The worst to be said is that all Germans who are typical of modern Germany in music are in a welter of bad taste. It should be remembered that these bad ones are disliked cordially even in Germany where there are some classic critics. But undoubtedly the musicians will not be accepted merely because they are Germans. Strauss already has fallen from the leadership of German music. He is considered a rather dull composer.

Perspective Impressions

The happiest Americans alive today are Pershing's men.

The Apache of Paris and the Apache of Texas are fighting side by side on the Marne.

It is easier to appear wise, as Montaigne might say, than to gain the wisdom one requires.

There are a great many rumors going round about the war, but since Verdun not one of them is as wild as the Crown Prince.

No wonder Americans are fighting well in France, for, as Shakespeare has said:

"Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once."

Virtues are spotless up to the hour of trial, but some folk insist they should be in evidence then. These persons do a lot of camouflaging when the going is easy.

Are you work-or-fighting?

Do your duty and leave the rest to Heaven.

It looks as though we are going to have a new world altogether.

We shall win the war, but hardly to resume life for all practical purposes.

Ingratitude is the child of pride, but think of the people who have no reason to be proud.

Our Mayor proclaimed the fall of Soissons too soon, showing faith rather than knowledge.

We fight for liberty, it is said, but we would almost lose our own souls rather than that love should perish from this earth.

The great part of politics even in small campaigns is to foresee events, and that is all the wisdom there is in politicians.

Do the Germans think they can win this war on the Cape Cod front?

Quentin was a true Roosevelt and a true American.

Our boys are thoroughly enjoying their stay on the Continent.

Better study French, or you'll be ashamed when your boy comes back.

Have you met the wiseacre who knew all along that Rolph would run?

Our country needs nurses, and our women being what they our, our country will get plenty of nurses.

Deputy Nolens has been asked by the Queen of Holland to form the new ministry, and has consented. In others words, the Queen found Nolens volens.

Varied Types

381—W. LESLIE COMYN

By Edward F. O'Day

Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Need I say Leslie Comyn of the shipping and commission firm of Comyn, Mackall and Company didn't use the words of Longfellow when he gave orders for the construction of our first concrete ship? His is the plain speech of a California-street business man. Poetry is never quoted on California street. Thoroughly convinced by careful study that a concrete ship would be seaworthy, Leslie Comyn used prose when he told the concrete men to go ahead and pour. They did, and we all know the result. The "Faith" has been tried and not found wanting. She is now on her way to Peru. In the opinion of experts Leslie Comyn has started an industry that will be permanent.

"How did it happen?" I asked him the other day while he paused in the midst of a deskful of work.

"For some time," he answered, "the McDonald Brothers had been trying to get me interested in a wooden-ship proposition. I don't believe in wooden ships, and I didn't get interested. But finally Kenneth McDonald, the architect, said to me:

"'Let me build you a concrete ship.'

"'Now you're talking,' I replied.

"I had been reading a good deal about concrete shipbuilding in Norway, where they build small concrete ships—not more than four hundred tons—and I didn't see why we shouldn't build big ones. So I told Kenneth McDonald to go ahead and get plans. He consulted a naval architect and between them they drew many sets of plans. Set after set went into the waste-paper basket, but finally we got plans that were right.

"I was confident that with our knowledge of concrete a five thousand ton concrete ship was feasible. You see, in San Francisco we are so far ahead of the rest of the world in concrete construction that the rest of the world is practically nowhere. This is due principally to the impetus given to concrete construction by the fire of 1906. They build reinforced concrete buildings in other parts of the world, but not like we build them here in San Francisco. You ought to see the concrete buildings they put up in London! They're a joke compared to ours. The Pacific Coast is using more concrete construction today in proportion to population than any other section of the United States. They are beginning to build with reinforced concrete in Chicago on a large scale, but elsewhere they are slow in realizing its possibilities. But the rest of the country is not as sceptical as it was in 1906 when we of San Francisco commenced to put up concrete structures. The rest of the country laughed at us then. They are not laughing now.

"It is not only in reinforced concrete buildings that we lead the world. We lead in all sorts of concrete construction. Take those concrete train sheds down at the Southern Pacific depot at Third and Townsend—there may be something somewhere just like them, but I haven't's heard of it. Our railroads are using concrete pipe. We are building concrete lamp posts. These things are not done elsewhere.

"So a big concrete ship was not so chimerical as it may have seemed, although Hurley, when he heard of the idea, called it a farcical absurdity."

Opinion began to swing round to the concrete ship as the time came for the launching. That memorable event took place, as we all know, at the Redwood City yards of the San Francisco Shipbuilding Company on March 14, this year. The largest concrete ship ever built was christened the "Faith."

"Who gave it the name?" I asked Comyn.

"It's hard to say," answered Comyn. "We had a meeting of our board of directors. There were John Lawson, R. J. Hanna, John Baxter, George Hind and myself. I suggested first that we call here the 'Victory.' Then somebody suggested 'Hope,' and 'Faith' followed 'Hope.' We all agreed on 'Faith.'"

The "Faith" made her trial trip round the Bay on May 5. Then she departed for Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver with a cargo of salt and ore. She returned to the Bay of San Francisco a few days ago, and left for Peru with a cargo of lumber. At one of the nitrate ports of South America she will load a cargo of nitrates for the Atlantic Coast.

"After her start for Peru," Comyn told me, "the Government men went over her off the Coast from A to Z, and pronounced her excellent."

The men who built the "Faith" have a contract to build eight concrete ships for the Government, and work will soon begin at Government Island in the Oakland estuary. Meanwhile the yards at Redwood City will turn out concrete ships on non-Government orders.

"Do you think the concrete ship has come to stay?"

"The 'Faith' is at the very least a temporary success. I say 'temporary' because neither one short nor one long voyage is final proof of the success of concrete construction for shipbuilding purposes. For proof of the absolute adaptability of concrete to shipbuilding a test extending over a number of years is necessary. But if a steamer built of reinforced concrete can last three years, concrete as applied to ships will have served its purpose under the existing emergency. General Pershing wants a 'bridge of ships,' and we are helping to meet the demand."

An Appeal for the Blind

By Rebecca Godchaux

It is my unbounded confidence in the goodness and generosity of the human heart that gives me the courage to make this appeal to the public, in behalf of the most pitiful, hard-stricken victims of this war, the blind!

We all feel for the mutilated, the widows, the orphans; all the sorrowful human wreckage created by this cyclone, the war. But the thought of the blind, of the thousands (fifty-five thousand of them in France), mostly fine young men, plunged into utter darkness and helplessness for the rest of their lives—that thought strikes the very fountain of our sympathy and pity, and causes our tears to flow endlessly.

Many great leaders have undertaken the work of assisting these unfortunates—of helping them carry their awful burden of distress and sorrow through their path of life. But the needs are such that they require much material assistance, and the funds are always so low!

The celebrated French writer, Eugene Brieux, has, since the war began, entirely devoted his noble efforts toward this splendid cause, and he now sends an appeal so strong, so desperate, that it is a cry uttered from the depths of his big heart. Let it not be a "cry in the wilderness," and respond, kind-hearted friends of the sufferers! Here are parts of the appeal of Mr. Brieux, as printed in his little journal called "Le Journal des Blesses aux Yeux," which is entirely devoted to the blind, and their friends.

"Within a year, if we do not receive sufficient aid, we shall have to cease all our distributions of help. It is serious! We have sent monthly to three hundred and seventy-one families of the blind assistance amounting to from twenty to forty francs. We have paid the cost of civilian clothes for some of them, enabled a particularly afflicted victim (both blind and armless) to enjoy a winter season on the milder shores of the Mediterranean Sea. And now! I shall have to cut out many a stricken family from our lists if more assistance in funds be not forthcoming. Ah! What a painful task, what a distressing necessity it would be! And this at a time when the cost of living has exceeded all reasonable limits!

"You who have aided me, will you allow our work to become a failure? Will you place me under the necessity of abandoning many poor creatures, who have given up all in the fight for the world's freedom? I am painfully alarmed. You may believe me—and I cry in anguish, 'Help!'"

No sympathetic heart will resist this call, I am sure! There are none, I know, in our dear San Francisco, who have not given—but—we must keep on giving, giving, even if it be a sacrifice.

Remember that the battlefield is everywhere—in every recess of our daily lives. Our fight is for those who are fighting the real, vital battle!

Give, and your generosity will return to you in blessings and joy!

Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Eugene Brieux, 26 rue Victor Masse, Paris, France, or to Miss Rebecca Godchaux, 2620 Buchanan street, San Francisco.

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The American Marines

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

This article was written "near a French port" before the Marines had gone into battle on the French front. It was published in The Spectator of London.

"Sir, I thank you for permission to go ashore." —"Aren't you the cook?"—"Yes, sir."—"How long do you want?"—"Just till six bells, sir."—"Who're you leaving in charge of the galley?" —"Mott, sir."—"Mott? Where's Schultz?"—"On the binnacle list, sir. Hit the deck yesterday an' sprained his ankle. But there's only slumgullion to get, sir; an' Mott's all right at that."—"Better go before the mast. If the Skipper hasn't any objection, I'll give you shore leave."

It sounded like the opening of a sea romance by the late W. Clark Russell. Yet I was on dry land, within a stone's throw of the spot wherefrom I am now writing. The only canvas was that of a tent or two among rows of Adrian huts; the sole funnel was the gaunt chimney of an open-air oven; the nearest thing to a mast was a flag pole. An enlisted man was asking an officer if he might walk from the cantonment to town, returning at 11 o'clock, and was explaining that, his chief assistant having hurt himself in a fall, the beef stew for mess would be prepared in the kitchen by a competent substitute. Whereto the officer was replying that it would be necessary for the applicant to go to the Captain's office and obtain there an assurance that the petition had the Captain's "O. K." In brief, I was in a camp, ashore, of the U. S. Marines.

Kipling was right. That poem of his about the British "Jollies" jumps into your mind the moment you become a guest of their American counterpart and continues to justify itself so long as you remain. I have been living with him for a bit, and—both because he carries his sea lingo ashore and his shore rifle afloat, and because he is as much an amphibian in duties as in mind—I can think of the Marine, not as a "special chrysanthemum," but only as "soldier an' sailor too." He has done police duty across half the world—from Porto Rico to the Philippines—and now he is policing in France. He has fought in Cuba and the islands of the Pacific, in Mexico and Hayti—everywhere, he has justifiably boasted, he was "The First to Fight" —and now, although a little hurt at not being allowed to be the earliest to pull a trigger among our men in Europe, he has at least the distinction of having been the earliest and readiest unit of them that arrived for such a purpose on the eastern shore of the Atlantic.

The first Marine that I saw when I came to the city near here was one of a squad unloading stone from a railway car for the construction of a pier; around about were similarly employed squads of Engineers and negro contract laborers from Louisiana. The last Marine that I saw today, before retiring to his Commander's office to write this article, was, with business-like calm, subduing five tall men by means of one short club. Of him, when he had refused my proffered help with quiet scorn and secured his prisoners by his own unaided efforts, I asked a question. "Why don't the infantry care for us?" he snapped back. He nodded at his five charges. "That's why. O' course they say we go out of our way to beat 'em up, but o' course it ain't true. Our job's to keep things quiet, an' we can do it best by not seein' fellows unless they want to be seen." "Still," I urged, "you don't dislike it—this sort of thing?" He grinned broadly. "'First to fight'!" he chuckled. To the other Marine just mentioned—to the member of the stone-hauling squad—I put, I remember, another query. "What do you think of Pershing?" "Well," he answered, "Pershing don't seem to think much of us." That man was sore because his corps had to cart stone when it wanted to fight. He might have argued that General Pershing thinks a good deal of the Marines because he trusts so much to their performance.

For the Marines are everywhere. They are the first Americans you see when you land; they are maintaining order at our ports of entry. All the way across the country and through the American Camp, it is a Marine that you note at every station—a Marine that comes up to you with blank book and poised pencil, and the demand, firm but polite: "Let me take a note of your movement orders, sir." In Paris, as in every French town and village where there are U. S. troops, there also are the Marines, on patrol duty by night and traffic control duty by day, their blue sea-service uniforms changed for land uniforms of khaki and around their left arms the red brassard bearing the black initials "M. P." "What are those fellows, sir?" a Gordon Highlander once asked me on the Rue de Rivoli. "Marines," I told him. "The letters stand for 'Military Police.'" "Oh," he said, "I heard you had some of your Congressmen over here, an' I was wonderin' if these was them, an' if the letters meant 'Member o' Parliament.'" Finally, at this and other seaside cities, the Marines are both "shore cops" and stevedores. "But only for a little while," they one and all assure you, even the officers: "The Brass Hats are sure to let us fight soon."

Now 'is work begins by Gawd knows when, and 'is work is never through;
'E isn't one o' the reg'lar Line, nor 'e isn't one of the crew.
'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—soldier an' sailor too!

The Marines have two salient characteristics: their ability to make something out of nothing and to do it quickly, results in their establishing themselves at once and with a minimum of damage to surroundings; and, since they bring ashore with them the sea tradition of cleanliness and order, they are, when not the first to fight, the First to Clean. I recall a French seaport at which none of our men had ever landed before a certain ship began to disgorge an equal number of soldiers and Marines; the latter were under canvas before the former had left the dock; the Marines had even collected kindling from ash heaps and had their cook stoves going. A few night since, I saw a newly arrived company of them march into this camp; when I visited their quarters at 6 a. m. you would have supposed that they had been born and bred there. "All our own work but the stone foundations for the ovens," a sergeant assured me, "an' we'd have done that, only these French Johnnies insisted that it was a job for the Boche prisoners."

What sort of men are they? They will answer that interrogation with a ready brevity. "The best," they will say—and, after living among them, I am not so sure that they are wrong. By one of the odd freaks of their anomalous law of organization, their surgeons and chaplains are sailors, whereas all the rest of the corps is, in each individual case, one half land and one half sea. Perhaps because distance makes for romance, the majority of our Marines in this camp come from the plains; here is the band of a State Agricultural College in the Mississippi Valley that enlisted as a unit, and across the way is housed a company seventy members of which joined in a body from the university of one of our central northwestern commonwealths. Most of them never saw the ocean before they volunteered for service. "You know," one of these told me, "when we raw fellows got on the transport, we found they'd remembered only the sailor side of us and given us hammocks to sleep in—regular hammocks, only half too short for a grown man and two-thirds too narrow. We'd never been to sea before; it was all we could do to climb into the things, and more than we could do to stay there. So we just rolled 'em up for pillows an' slept on the deck."

Don't, however, suppose that the majority of Marines are green men. Though by far the larger part volunteered, by far the larger part volunteered long ago. Some day somebody will write a romance of the Marines, and when he does he need not draw on his imagination; he need only collect the data—when their stolid modesty will vouchsafe it—from such veterans as we have here, who began as those boys from Kansas or Minnesota are beginning now. He need but tell the story of that sergeant of thirty, who looks twenty-five, and who enlisted at sixteen; of how he ran away to sea, like one of W. H. G. Kingston's boys; of that cloudless day when he rowed under fire across the unprotected strip of water to patrol the streets of Vera Cruz, and of the succeeding night, when he, and three other men, held a freight car, loaded with explosives, against an armed Mexican mob. He need only gain the confidence of this lad from Pittsburgh to learn of hand-to-hand fights that began against outnumbering Mexican regulars, drawn from their cover on

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Spectator

The Clockwinder Sermonizes

"Well," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, addressing his old friend "Abe" Ruef, "Who's going to win this fight?"

"Abe" straightened his back against the Crocker Bank Building and, looking at his friend the Clockwinder reproachfully, asked: "Why do you ask me?" He looked off in the distance, and tilting his hat jauntily on one side, he waited for an answer.

"Because I know you are familiar with politics," said the philosopher of the water front.

"Yes, I seem to know all the fellows who are running," said Ruef dolefully.

"Tell me all about it," urged the Clockwinder. "Some of them treated you pretty shabbily, I fancy."

"Yes," said Abe meditatively. "Perhaps they did, but I'm not talking about such things nowadays. I learned my lesson once. It was a bitter lesson. You ought to learn it now, too, because it is bound to come and it will astonish you. Prepare for astonishment, and take such things philosophically."

"Did they tell you that?" the Clockwinder asked sympathetically.

"That's precisely what they said," said Abe Ruef. "It may be well to remember that it is taken for granted that there are men who seem as bad as they are painted and others who do not seem as bad. These others are never confident with themselves. They never see anything but a halo for themselves. Oh there's a lot of things I could tell if I were in the mood, but I'm not. It wouldn't do you any good anyway."

No Preaching for Him

"Well, I don't want to be sermonizing," said the Clockwinder. "Just thought I'd ask for a little news."

"Oh, I thought so," said Abe. "Well, all the news I have is of the lecture form. It's dry reading."

The Clockwinder yawned. "Couldn't you tell me," he asked, "something about Jim Rolph?"

"I might," said Abe, "but I'm a politician, too, at present. I would only suggest that I think Jim is playing the old game."

Ruef in Earnest

"Don't you think," said the Clockwinder, "that he has given a good many people the double cross?"

"I think he has given some of our magnates just what they deserve. He knows them. He must have taken their philosophy himself."

"You must be joshing," said the Clockwinder.

"Never was I more in earnest," said Ruef, giving the philosopher of the water front a quizzical look. "I'm giving you my candid opinion."

"You don't mean it," said the Clockwinder in amazement. "Haven't I heard you say Jim throws away the money of the taxpayers?"

"Maybe you have," calmly replied the former boss. "I said many things before I knew some of our rich bondholders. But now that I know them it makes me laugh to hear people talk about the Mayor. There's one thing to be said: he has red blood in his veins and is not trying to find out what sins men have committed when strikes occur; he knows most men are in the same box."

"Tell me," said the Clockwinder, "what about Heney?" "Well, Heney is as honest as the rest of them and the only people who say he's not right are the ones who showed him that the way to get along is on a familiar principle. Oh, I'm a thorough philosopher now. I'm friendly even with Johnson, though he didn't treat Heney right. Heney has red blood in his veins, too."

On the Way to the Tower

"I'll have to hurry back to the Ferry tower," said the Clockwinder, "so I'll be going."

"Wait a minute," said Ruef. "Perhaps you'll want to hear what I have to say about Heney."

"What is it? I'm in a hurry?"

"I'm not sure that Jim is a winner."

"No?"

"Heney will win a good many votes from the regular Democrats—men who have seen him fighting the party for years and at the same time Rolph will get the labor vote from this city. That is, he thinks he will. According to my way of thinking, Heney is in this fight to get Johnson's support. You watch, and you may yet see Johnson behind Heney in this fight. And then again—there's Stephens. Don't forget him. He is in a puzzling position. He hates to pardon Mooney; but he'd lose if he didn't. He'll probably reprieve Mooney for awhile and pardon him later on. I think that's the game, but it's all very puzzling, one that nobody can guess. The sure-thing politician is likely to be fooled in this campaign."

"Hold on," said the Clockwinder. "What about Al McCabe?"

"Oh," said Abe, "I forgot about Al. He's doing Johnson's dirty work as usual, trying to swat Heney. And the little fighter is on to him."

The Lone Mountain Rolph Club

Yesterday the Lone Mountain Rolph Club was organized. . . . Sixty-four signed the charter roll.—From the Call, July 19.

"This meeting will please come to order," said the sexton as he rapped on a headstone with a shinbone.

"What's the matter?" asked a wraith from Laurel Hill. "Did Gabriel blow his trump?"

"No," said the sexton, "but Matt Sullivan has played his."

"Who's Matt Sullivan?" asked a spook from Calvary.

"Mayor Rolph's mentor," said the sexton.

"Who's Mayor Rolph?" asked a ghost from Odd Fellows'.

"Our candidate for Governor," replied the sexton.

"How does he stand on cemetery removal?" asked a spirit from the Masonic.

"He's for what the people want," said the sexton.

"The dead people or the living?" asked the wraith from Laurel Hill.

"Both," said the sexton.

"Is he a live candidate?" asked the spook from Calvary.

"He's never been laid out yet," said the sexton.

"Is Dr. O'Donnell running?" asked the ghost from Odd Fellows'.

"No," said the sexton in deep disgust.

"Why should we be for Rolph?" asked the spirit from the Masonic.

"For grave reasons," said the sexton.

"Do the people like him?" asked the wraith from Laurel Hill.

"He is embalmed in the affections of the workingman," said the sexton.

"Has the Sextons' Union indorsed him?" asked the spook from Calvary.

"The cemeteries are open shop," said the sexton.

"Not these cemeteries," muttered the spook from Calvary.

"Will they let us vote?" asked the ghost from Odd Fellows'.

"Dead ones have been voting for years," said the sexton.

"Is this Rolph a pleasant fellow?" asked the spirit from the Masonic.

"Genial as a busy undertaker," said the sexton.

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"I move that we indorse Rolph for governor," said the wraith from Laurel Hill.

It was carried unanimously, and as the dawn began to break on Lone Mountain the meeting was hastily adjourned.

Fremont Older Goes to Hearst

Fremont Older, managing editor of the Bulletin for a quarter of a century, has resigned his position to enter the employ of William Randolph Hearst. Older left the Bulletin a week ago Wednesday, and two days later departed with Mrs Older for New York, to confer with his new chief. Rumor has been busy with the subject of the particular work which Older will undertake in the Hearst organization, but this is a case wherein speculation might just as well wait for an authoritative announcement: Hearst does not divulge his plans, even to his closest associates, until he is good and ready. One rumor has it that Hearst will keep Older in New York to act as "doctor" to the Hearst newspapers at a salary of $50,000 a year, by "doctor" being meant one who diagnoses the troubles of "sick" newspapers and prescribes the treatment calculated to cure them. Another rumor runs to the effect that Older will be given charge of all the Hearst newspapers on the Pacific Coast, which would be a position similar to that occupied by the late Dent H. Robert. It is generally understood that Older was offered a big increase over his large Bulletin salary; but whether this was the only consideration which caused him to sever his Bulletin ties nobody seems to know. Perhaps the whole story will come out piecemeal. If it does not, the curious will be disappointed, for not in a long time have they had such a morsel of gossip.

Not the First Offer

Hearst has succeeded in getting Older only after several unsuccessful attempts. Some time in '04 or '05 Hearst offered Older the managing editorship of the Los Angeles Examiner. But Older declined. Early in 1906 Hearst made him another offer. This time Older went to New York to confer with Hearst, and it was understood that Hearst asked him to take charge of the New York Journal at a salary of fifteen thousand a year. As the story was told at the time in newspaper circles, Older answered Hearst that he would take this offer under consideration, adding however that he preferred San Francisco to New York. It happened that R. A. Crothers, part proprietor of the Bulletin, was in New York at the time. Crothers and Older met there. Shortly afterwards Older returned to San Francisco and to his desk at the Bulletin. It was generally understood that Crothers had offered Older such an increase in salary as, in conjunction with Older's preference for San Francisco over New York, induced the Bulletin's managing editor to refuse Hearst's offer of a metropolitan career at fifteen thousand a year. About five years ago Hearst made another attempt to secure the services of Older, again unsuccessfully. This time, however, he has succeeded. Considering the persistency of his attempts, it is obvious that he wanted Older very much indeed. And it is also quite plain that Hearst regards Older as a very valuable man.

What Will Happen?

Of equal interest to the curious as the terms on which Older was employed is the question, What will happen as a result of his passing from the Bulletin to the Hearst service? Will Older take any Bulletin men with him? There are men on the Bulletin staff of whom Older thinks very highly, and it is possible that he will want them as his lieutenants, no matter whether his work is to be in New York or San Francisco. And who will take Older's place on the Bulletin? On this subject Bulletin men are still in the dark. The Bulletin is owned jointly by R. A. Crothers, his sister Mrs. Loring Pickering, and Mrs. Pickering's son Loring Pickering. Young Loring Pickering is in the aviation service, but he knows a great deal about the inside of a newspaper office. He worked as a reporter on the Bulletin before going abroad to complete his college education. On his return from Oxford and the Sorbonne he took a position in the business office of the Bulletin and held it till he entered the army at the outbreak of the war. Pickering may decide to return to run the Bulletin himself. Then again, R. A. Crothers may have a new managing editor already picked out. We shall hear what we shall hear. One thing is incontestable: the Bulletin has lost the man who made it what it is, and it will be no easy task to find another managing editor approaching him in initiative, originality, resourcefulness and sensitiveness to the proletarian currents of public opinion.

Hoodlums and Others

"So, the men who attacked Miss Perry the other day while she was on the way to work are the vampires of the city and should be dealt with as severely as the law will permit." So says Mrs. Florence Richmond, past president of the Papyrus Club. "Our young women must be protected at all costs," she says. Always the call is for the protection of our young women. But if we watch closely we shall see

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that the young men are not always the vampires in the city. There are a good many young women in public places who are giving young men much of their attention. Apparently they are intent on keeping our soldiers from getting lonesome. Really, as a matter of fact, young men are not the only ones spending their time in front of saloons and cigar stands. Our dutiful police officers are very well behaved these days, and working relentlessly for 'civic betterment,' as it is called. Let us not give all the young men a bad name. Hoodlumism is hardly more conspicuous than Hooliganism. If you don't believe it, go out on the beach and observe the young ladies who sprawl on the sands to entertain the soldiers until long after dark. All the merriment is not in the form of joy-riding. But let it be remembered also that we are not training soldiers to qualify them for the sad life of a New England village. In San Francisco philandering is a fine art far removed from the wear and tear consequent on the grand passion. Nor has it anything of the robust vulgarity of mere flirtation. Women go in for it because it is natural for them to be attractive. They are not essentially suffragettes. Some of them are futurists who are in favor of prolonging that state of sentimental indecision which is the salt of a philanderer's life.

Spoofing Ham Lewis

A day or two before the session came to an end, that magnificent Beau Brummel, Senator Ham Lewis of Illinois, arose in the Senate to make a personal statement which had nothing whatever to do with the matter under debate. In taking the responsibility for something he quoted "Give unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto God that which is God's." When he got through, some of his colleagues couldn't help "hamming" Ham a little bit. Said Brandegee:

"The Senator from Illinois having united himself with Caesar and God, I suppose he has achieved his object."

Said Hiram Johnson:

"Now that the anxiety of a waiting and expectant people has been relieved, I trust we may proceed with the joint resolution."

This sort of thing made Ham Lewis furious, which was exactly what it was intended to do. When a Senator finds that he is not being taken seriously he feels as though he had been stabbed in the back by treachery; and indeed, there is a sort of unwritten Senate law that solemn silliness must be received with gravity. That unwritten law was made to protect the dunces. The sooner it is repealed the better it will be for the Senate.

Tittlebat Titmouse

Dr. Warren's great novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," got into the record of the House of Representatives a few days before adjournment. Joe Cannot introduced the literary allusion in one of his speeches. Joe's speeches are always worth reading, because he never gets up to open his mouth without having something to say. Uncle Joe was talking about the American passion for making laws on every conceivable subject. He said:

My friend from Pennsylvania (Mr. Temple) has just asked me if I had ever read "Ten Thousand a Year." Yes; I read it, and I suspect everyone has read it. Tittlebat Titmouse, by virtue of the firm of Quirk, Gammon & Snap, in fixing up litigation and forging evidence and sustaining it by perjury, won a peerage for its client Titmouse, and he became a member of the House of Lords. He introduced a bill there, and what did it provide? To this effect—

Be it enacted, etc., That everybody shall have everything. (Laughter.)

That was his notion about it, and I am reminded now in my recollection that after he had won the peerage he once went to the house of Mr. Quirk, one of the firm that had won the lawsuit for him. Quite a number of people were there, and they began to say smart things. Presumably they had had some port and—yes, some champagne, and so forth. After a time the name of Tittlebat Titmouse was called, and he was asked what he could do in the way of poetry. He rose to the occasion all right. My recollection is that it was as follows:

Tittlebat Titmouse is my name,
England is my nation;
London is my dwelling place,
And Christ is my salvation!

That is the kind of a fellow that Tittlebat was, who wanted to pass a law that everybody should have everything. You know there are some people in this world today who think that all you have to do to remedy some condition that they happen to have rise to plague them is to pass a law—be it enacted, and so forth.

The Germans Would Slacken in the Air

The attack from the air on German towns is an odious necessity, but as the Germans are the first to object they were the first also to start that kind of fighting. They do not like it, and have petitioned to have it discontinued, but the British are not likely now to forfeit the military advantage of demobolizing a great deal of German artillery. For it must be remembered that the defense of the German towns means the use of a great deal of metal, both for guns and ammunition, and also the employment of a considerable number of gunners who have to be withdrawn from the front. Altogether, concentration upon the work of the air is a military enterprise from which the Allies are entitled to expect great results. The Allies have a superior producing capacity and they have above all a fighting talent that amounts to genius. In this capacity the Germans have very few stars.

Art Sales in London

It is agrecable proof of British stoicism that sale of objets d'art goes on the same as ever at Christies. It went on steadily during the great German drive before Americans arrived to help out. Indeed it went on during the great threat to civilization itself. True, the object of the sales is purely charitable, and the funds of the Red Cross will benefit to the full extent of the proceeds. The sale comprises a great deal of old masters and modern masters. In this sale the phenomena of dilettantism have been receiving some attention, not from rich Americans but from Britishers themselves. It involves not a real expenditure of money in exchange of goods, but chiefly a transference of money from one pocket to another. Still it should be truthfully said that much of the buying is done patriotically by men who are interested in keeping real objets d'art at home.

Loti, the Frenchman

Nations are hard to understand. They are as hard as individuals. It is because of this misunderstanding that they precipitated Europe into war. Reread Pierre Loti's strange book, "Madame Chrysanthème," and you will understand how. Pierre Loti is one of the most famous and most notable of French writers, but he has only an impression of Japan. Not for an instant can I imagine that Pierre Loti has divined even the outer soul of that strange land. It is unimaginable that any people could be quite so prettily absurd as this Frenchman's Japanese. And his view, read in the light of the view, say, of Lafcado Hearn, seems even more absurd than it does in relation to one's own acquaintance with Japanese art and one's own necessarily smaller acquaintance with Japanese people. One meets Japanese friends in these

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days on equal terms. They are different to our Europeans, but not so different as they might be. They are interested in all our human problems, and often more keenly and more intelligently than ourselves. And in all modern affairs, in commerce and in war, which seem to be the two chief modern affairs, they can more than hold their own. Such contact with the Japanese as happens to us proves equally that they are neither the ghost people of Lafcadio Hearn nor the doll people of Pierre Loti. Nevertheless, other views are interesting. Hearn's might be called the Japan of bronze, full of ineffable suggestion of life within life. Loti gives us a bric-a-brac Japan. To read "Madame Chrysanthème" is like handling a piece of delicate and pretty Satzuma. You feel that in spite of all its charm it is both breakable and hollow. We know Japan is neither.

His Famous Story

The book is not a story, it is an anecdote; almost a smoke-room anecdote with grossness substituted by prettiness. It is told in the first person, as if it were an autobiography. It may or may not be so, and if I refer to the hero as though he were Pierre Loti himself, it is because Pierre Loti has set me the example. Anyhow, it is a fact that the brilliant author who uses the pen name of Pierre Loti is a French naval officer, and it is as a French naval officer that the hero of "Madame Chrysanthème" comes, it will be remembered, to Nagasaki, and there takes to himself a Japanese wife. European proprieties would not in the ordinary course of things be desolated by that act; but in this case our naval officer does not, as the children might say, take his wife for keeps. There is a custom in Japan, panoplied in all the majesty of the law, by which temporary marriages may be arranged. "Madame Chrysanthème" is a temporary wife. She is introduced by M. Kangourou, an obsequious matrimonial agent, who negotiates the bargain between the hero, and the bride-elect's mother, the bride having small say in the matter, with a combination of delicacy and business acumen which is a stroke of Oriental genius. Three days later the husband looks back at the strange ceremony and its romantic consequence:

> The ceremony took place in the full heat of mid-day; Chrysanthème and her mother arrived there together, and I went alone. We seemed to have met for the purpose of ratifying some discreditable contract, and the two women trembled in the presence of these ugly little individuals (Japanese policemen), who, in their eyes, were the personification of the law. In the middle of their official scrawl they made me write in French my name, Christian name, and profession. Then they gave me an extraordinary document on a sheet of rice paper, which set forth the permission granted me by the civilian authorities of the Island of Kiu-Siu, to inhabit a house situated in the suburb of Diou-djen-dji, with a person called Chrysanthème, the said permission being available under protection of the police during the whole of my stay in Japan.
>
> In the evening, however, up there in our own quarter, our little marriage became a very pretty affair—a procession carrying lantern, a festive tea and some music. It was indeed high time.
>
> Now we are almost an old married couple, and we are gently settling down into everyday habits. Chrysanthème tends the flowers in our bronze vases, dresses herself with studied care, proud of her socks with the divided big toe, and strums all day on a kind of long guitar, producing therefrom plaintive and sad sounds.

His Method

In the midst of such plaintive sounds, which are the keynote of the book, and always in view of Nagasaki below the hills with its paper houses and temples by day, and its innumerable lanterns by night, and the sea and the ships beyond, and, pervading all, the eternal twitter of the cicalas, this strange marriage proceeds.

The bridegroom is puzzled to begin with, and remains puzzled to the end; and in the end, to do him justice, his adventure, although outwardly successful, proves not entirely satisfying to the soul, if the soul may be said to enter into such arrangements. "Is it a woman or a doll?" he asks himself, leaving time to answer the question. In appearance Madame Chrysanthème is pleasing; she differs from the familiar Japanese type; the half-open eyes and child-like laughing merriness, which strike Europeans as so masque-like and artificial, are absent:

> Chrysanthème is an exception, for she is melancholy. What thoughts can be running through that little brain? My knowledge of her language is still too restricted to enable me to find out. Moreover, it is a hundred to one that she has no thoughts whatever. And even if she had, what do I care?

Then with the brutal self-complacency of the epicurean, but with commendable frankness, he admits that he has chosen her for amusement, and that he would "really rather" have preferred that she had "one of those little, insignificant, thoughtless faces like all the others." True it is that Chrysanthème does not reveal any striking mental or spiritual qualities, such as Lafcadio Hearn might have found in her, but she is human even to frailty, as her implied flirtation with Yves, the hero's friend, would

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FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

seem to indicate, and she was indisputably kind, even if she provided little more companionship than one might have obtained from a netsuke figure or an Imari vase; but that she is a genuine daughter of Eve is proved by the fact that she is frightened of mice.

Pierre Loti tells us that Chrysanthème's meals were something indescribable, but in spite of that he attempts the impossible by describing them with not a little success, and by doing so he brings before us very clearly the admittedly toy-like characteristics of Japanese domestic life. Madame begins the day by taking two little green wild plums pickled in vinegar and rolled in powdered sugar. This, with a cup of tea, is the traditional breakfast of Japan. It is served up to travelers in all the inns like a symbolical essay upon Japan's dangerous flirtation with the Western world. To Pierre Loti it is merely a curious incident in a quaint escapade.

So the story ends as all stories must; and our hero, like the hero of any musical comedy, departs from Japan and Japan's fair daughter. The matrimonial contract is legally undone as it is legally made:

Chrysanthème bows her head and says no more, but seeing that I am really going, rises to escort me. Without speaking, without the slightest noise, she follows me as we descend the staircase and cross the garden full of sunshine, where the dwarf shrubs and the deformed flowers seem like the rest of the household, plunged in warm somnolence.

THE FIRING SQUAD

By Captain George Steunenberg, U. S. A.

I wonder how long we'll continue to be a health resort for spies
And other industrious gentlemen that the papers criticize!
The place for an agent of Kaiser Bill is six feet under the sod—
I want to hear some corporal yell, "Fall in, the firing squad!"

Do we get cold feet at the thought of blood? Have we lost our oldtime grit?
If we haven't the guts to kill a man we'd better lie down and quit.
Do you think you can tame these animals by the method of "spare the rod"?
Forget it! Come on with the corporal in command of a firing squad!

If we riddled a few incendiaries the industry would decline;
If we plugged a couple of profiteers the rest would stand in line;
And a lot of these devilish anarchists would get in and carry the hod
If a few of their leaders went over the range to the tune of a firing squad.

"Arrested," "interned" or "out on bail"—it's ever the same old song.
And we lay the paper aside to remark, "How long, oh, God, how long!"
We've seen enough devilment this past year to arouse the wrath of God!
Then what is it we are waiting for? Come on with the firing squad!

FOR MEN
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Letters

One of Those "Barbara" Girls

Barbara has been chosen so often of late as the name of a certain type of young girl that it has become a descriptive adjective, and as soon as the reader sees the name he (more often it is she) knows exactly what to expect. The Barbaras are the kind of girls our novelists and playwrights seem to imagine are charming and irresistible, and so specially guarded by a watchful providence that, no matter what they may do, no harm can befall them. So, when Hermann Hagedorn presents "Barbara Picks a Husband," we know just what is coming. His particular specimen is a young lady of about twenty, the only daughter of a widow of wealth and social position, and an extremely modern miss who has been brought up, or rather has grown up, without undue interference. She is vain, silly, ignorant, disrespectful and cheap in every respect save the cost of her maintenance. She is untruthful and without principle, being guided only by the conventional unconventionalities of her own set, and if not fast she is so "advcnturous" that it takes sharp sight to discern the dividing line. Barbara's mother appears to be a sensible woman in some respects, yet, having left the girl without restraint all her life, it is rather pathetic to witness her belated efforts to influence the headstrong young lady. Barbara, of course, has had suitors galore. Now she thinks it is time to marry, and her choice has settled down to three, and the action with which the story deals is crowded into three days. Of the three suitors one is a young lawyer who has known Barbara all her life, so one would imagine he would know better. Another is a young man very much under his mother's thumb, and his mother thinks Barbara would make him an excellent wife, for she would rule and Chester needs ruling. The third is a Minneapolis millionaire's son who has known her for just a month, and who, being the least desirable in every respect, having nothing to commend him but his father's money and his own assurance, is the favorite. Mrs. Collingwood wants to save her darling daughter from a disastrous marriage, and the Parroways, father and mother, would like nothing better than to see Barbara disposed of in any fashion that would save their son from her. Events move as rapidly as the thrilliest movie could demand, and on a background of controversy and family quarrels there is displyaed about every kind of disaster there is short of sudden death, ending up with a mock marriage from the consequences of which the adorable Barbara is saved at the eleventh hour by her somewhat despised childhood sweetheart. There are other events and other characters but they are all subordinated to Barbara, and only serve to accentuate her charms. There is no denying that Barbara is a recognizable type, but when her kind are backed by social and financial position judicious mothers marry them off early to the first eligible. Subsequently their careers make spicy reading for the Sunday papers.

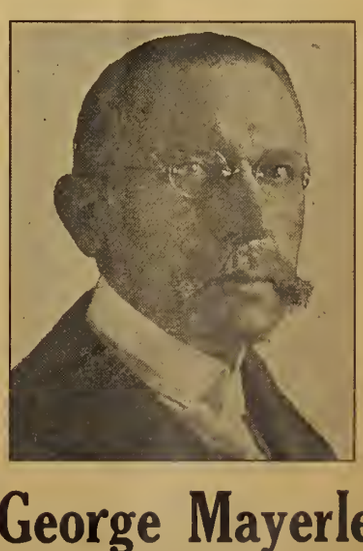
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Dancing for Guests *Salon Concert*

When less fortunately placed in the world they become wards of juvenile courts and detention homes. Barbaras are hardly the type to be commended as examples. From the Macmillan Company.

Puer—Father, what does nonchalant mean?

Pater—It means, my son, the way you try to act when you have slipped on an unexpected piece of ice, while your choicest enemy looks on.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Cliff House Totters

Day after day, time out of mind,
This beach has known both sun and wind;
The mighty Cliffs that stand near by,
Mournful their song, ever drear their sigh,
Mingling perpetual splash and roar,
They wail and cry along the shore.

But there is to be a change of company in this life. The gulls will no more mingle their shrieks from dizzy heights with the bark of the seal to say farewell to the fishermen or to the pilot man who starts the tide of commerce to southern isles or to the distant Orient. Sitting on the mournful Cliffs visions are revealed to the thoughtful mind in poems of the past. The beauty of the scene is about to disappear with a saddening spectacle that calls up poignant reminiscences in poems that make us keen for visions that are gone. Those visions are not to be resisted by one who has been immersed near sun down in the broad stream of sunlight on the dancing waters. It was the last night of the old Cliff House just below where the music played that tempted joyous feet into the rythmic dance. Many sad eyes were there that saw the scenes of other parting days. The house may be completely silent. Even the people spoke in subdued tones, an occasional seal could be heard moaning a mournful dirge. "This is indeed a vague vision of the past," I said. "Like one of Thomas Hardy's poems," but no mirror could be seen revealing the skeleton at the feast, unobserved of the feasters. But the visioning power was there of the dead in the quick, the visioning power of the scathed and memoried man who recalled with something like pride his starry thoughts of other nights. A phantom now, he did not wish to see in flesh and blood so bare a bough, but he could talk entertainingly of other Cliff Houses he had known and of the famous men and women who had figured here. He was probably in sombre mood for he was recalling ghostly revelations of persons who had passed in review without sound of the surf, listening to unknown seals that knew what was going on in the world and below. The world is now rocking with war as once it rocked on the mighty little marine miscrocosm inhabited by Ben Butler. How sad that it should travel so far to make its presence felt among men as well as among beasts.

Fay's Tribute to the Kid

I quote from Fay King's article in the Examiner of Monday:

He's a fine looking fellow, unassuming, quiet and nice. I was just thinking what nice eyes he has, when he looked at his watch and said:

"Would you like to be the next Mrs. McCoy—oh, er, er, pardon me, Miss King—it's a habit I've gotten into—proposing."

Now what do you think of that!

In answer to Miss King's ejaculation I can only say that being one of her more or less constant readers—she is such a relief after the society pages—I was deeply interested. Also, just a little bit suspicious. I had already noted that she had drawn the Kid's—for of course we are talking of Kid McCoy—had drawn the Kid's picture more carefully than she draws most of her pictures which are decidedly paulo-post-impressionistic. The more I thought about it, the more suspicious I became. So I hunted the Kid up. I found him in the St. Francis, and he greeted me like a long-lost brother.

Catechizing the Kid

"Norman," I said when the first effusiveness had worn off, "Norman," I said—for I haven't called him Kid since he strapped me in one of those McCoy belts—"Norman, what are you doing in San Francisco?"

"Just ran up from Los Angeles," he said. "to look things over."

"What were you doing in Los Angeles?"

"Making new men out of tired movie actors and directors," said Norman Selby alias Kid McCoy. "I have a four-acre place behind the Hollywood Hotel where I give 'em my adaptation of the Muldoon treatment. I've been giving it to Jesse Lasky—he needed it bad. Thought with action is the idea—rejuvenate the muscles and brighten the brain. Medicine ball, boxing gloves, all that sort of thing."

"But what are you doing in San Francisco?" I insisted.

"Did you read what Fay King had to say about me this morning?" asked the hero of six done, finished matrimonial romances.

"That's why I asked the question," I replied.

"We're engaged," said the Kid in that soft voice of his.

"You're what?"

"Surest thing you know. I ain't kidding. We been corresponding some time. You know I knew Fay in Denver. I used to do a health column for the same paper she was working on."

I extended my congratulations.

"What do you think of me?" asked the Kid with a smile.

"That you're a better man than your predecessor, Battling Nelson," I answered, having in mind Miss King's former husband.

"We Are Seven"

If Kid McCoy, after promising to love and honor Miss King, should call a convention of all who have taken his name, they could recite that touching poem of Wordsworth's, "We Are Seven." For there have been already a round half dozen of Mrs. McCoys, and I think they are all living. Therefore the Kid has the longest matrimonial record of any man in the public eye. Nat Goodwin is runner-up, with De Wolfe Hopper nowhere. I was thinking of this when I left the Kid. In the midst of my cogitations I met a man who knows him well.

"Why do women marry Kid McCoy?" I asked.

"Because he's a P. W." was the answer.

"A what?" said I.

"A Persistent Wooer," was the answer, but it doesn't seem to explain everything.

Women in France

Some months ago, speaking of the trouble that arose in South Africa from giving permission to the relatives of soldiers to visit the front, I reported that there were already too many women at the front. The matter is now the subject of controversy among those who think the graduate nurse should not be barred from service simply because kinsfolk happen to be in the army. There has been a steady drive on, through members of the Senate and House, who, on behalf of millions of interested constituents, have sought to know the reasons of the Government. Lieutenant-General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, has very positive views on the subject, and it was after consultation with him that General Pershing agreed with him. They are both of the opinion that too many women are behind the lines.

Mrs. Richards' Boarding and Day School

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has met with instant success. It is practically an open-air school for day pupils. Among those registered this week are Mary Katherine Zook, grandchild of Judge Slack; Ruth Woolsey, daughter of Dr. Chester Woolsey; Captain Sonna's two children, Peter and Priscilla; Lenchito Slack, Mary Louise Rausch, Willette Gregg and Elwood Auer. The Friday afternoon dancing classes conducted by Mrs. Fannie Hinman for Mrs. Richards at Hotel St. Francis are as popular as ever.

At the Cecil

Major and Mrs. W. J. Barton, U. S. A., who have been stopping at the Cecil, have returned to Camp Fremont. A delightful but informal dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. William Halilton Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Miller of Stockton are receiving a warm welcome from their San Francisco friends. They will be at the hotel for another week or ten days. Mrs. Dora Alhborn, who arrived recently from Honolulu and is making her home at the Cecil, gave a luncheon in the private dining room Tuesday. Ensign and Mrs. J. H. Everson, U. S. N., and Mrs. A. M. Everson of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived this week at the hotel where they will remain for an indefinite period. Mrs. W. S. Thompson and her daughter Miss Marion Thompson returned to the hotel Monday after a sojourn of several weeks in Southern California. Mrs. John Charles Doyle gave a luncheon and bridge Monday. There was an impromptu dinner at which Mrs. Kennedy was the hostess Sunday. Miss Helen Brown returned from Santa Barbara Tuesday and will probably spend the remainder of the summer at the Cecil.

An Evening at Techau's

These are rather drab days for many of us and a little relaxation is a mighty good thing. Personally, when I feel the need of an evening of jollity I slip into the Tavern for dinner and let the management do the amusing. They certainly know how. I dance a few times during the dinner hour and enjoy seeing the ladies receive the beautiful favors given at the Merchandise Dances. They are intimate silken articles, very chic and modish, and there is no competition to regulate their bestowal. Lately a five-dollar war stamp has been added to the list of these favors. The rest of the evening I dance as often as it pleases me and when I want a change I just sit and listen to the Show Girl Revue Corps. They sing all sorts of pleasing things, from ragtime to grand opera selections, and sing them all well. After the theatre come more Merchandise Dances.

Oppressors of the Poor

"What amount of wealth," asks the inquisitive subscriber, "does it take to constitute a man an enemy of the plain people?" It varies according to time and occasion. A man can be on friendly terms with the proletariat in an off year and have $15,000,000, but in a campaign year the possession of $7.50 subjects him to suspicion as an oppressor of the poor and if he is known to have a tenspot he is a public enemy."

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The Stage

"The Rivals"

A comedy of manners is not suited to a stage of magnificent distances. Satin breeches and silk stockings, powdered wigs and fans belong on the indoor boards. Highly polished epigrams are incompatible with moonlight. The artificial mannerisms of a defunct fashion lose their piquancy when they are displayed outside the playhouse. Nature is so lovely in the Berkeley hills that the studied graces of life as it was lived a hundred and fifty years ago become unnecessarily insignificant by comparison. "The Rivals" is not a good play for the Greek Theatre. And yet, how excellently it was performed! The Sir Anthony Absolute of William H. Crane, the Mrs. Malaprop of Emelie Melville, the Bob Acres of Will Rainey, the David of Arthur Keith, the Lydia Languish of Pearl King Tanner, the Lucy of Mae O'Keefe—in a lesser degree the Captain Absolute of Rafaelo Brunnetto and the Sir Lucius O'Trigger of August Aguirre, gave the big audience a delight which was independent of scenery and unrelated to the classic setting of the open-air theatre. When Sheridan wrote the part of Sir Anthony he must have had an actor like Crane in mind, for the irascible, warm-hearted old fellow is just the sort of character that Crane loves to play, that we all love to see Crane play. The Mrs. Malaprop of Emelie Melville was a performance of the highest finish. These two splendid players did not so much enact the roles as throw their entire personalities into them. And with what purity of diction they spoke every line! Not a word was slurred, not a humorous possibility was overlooked. It was great comic acting. Those who are familiar with the work of the Players' Club cannot have been surprised at the manner in which Rainey, Keith and the rest acquitted themselves. We have come to expect great things from this aggregation of amateur talent, and we are never disappointed. The production was a tribute to the ability of Reginald Travers. But—to return to the thought already expressed—the Greek Theatre is not the place for "The Rivals." Why can we not have another production, this time in San Francisco? The Columbia is to be "dark" for a few Sundays. Why not repeat "The Rivals" there? Such a production, I feel confident, would draw a capacity audience.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Look Pleasant"

Elmer Harris has gotten into the habit of writing successful "comedies with music." He knows the formula so well now that it seems no trick at all for him to "put over" a success in this line. But of course the trick is not as easy as it seems. Given the same ingredients, other writers do not produce shows like "Look Pleasant." Perhaps there is a secret about the way the ingredients are mixed. Perhaps Harris knows better than other writers just when to bring on his chorus girls, a most important matter in this species of entertainment. Certainly he knows what kind of jokes and songs to muster for the tired business man—there is nearly always a wink in them. One of the songs sung by Walter Catlett is typical. It is called "What a Position for Me." One stanza concerns a man who undresses in a strange woman's room, the other is about a bather whose clothes are stolen. Harris knows better than the majority of those who attempt to write "comedies with music" how dear this sort of humor is to the tired business man. And what is more important, he knows that you can be pretty broad in your innuendo, pretty salacious in your suggestion, without offending the aforesaid t. b. m. "Look Pleasant" is very funny in a legitimate way, for it depends principally on the comic talents of Walter Catlett; but ever and anon there is some questionable fun—a line, a look, a gesture—of the kind some (not many) people objected to in "So Long, Letty" and "Canary Cottage." Just the same, "Look Pleasant" is good entertainment. The company is good, the chorus is good to look at, and the plot is of sufficient interest to hold its own in the attention of the audience. Did any comedian ever work harder than Catlett does in this show? It is good to be able to say that his industry is rewarded: he gets one laugh for every minute he spends on the stage.

—E. F. O'D.

German Propaganda at Home and Abroad

Paul Elder announces a lecture by J. M. de Beaufort, late of the Belgian Army, "the man who interviewed von Hindenburg," exposing "German Propaganda at Home and Abroad," Thursday evening, August 8, in the ball room of the Palace Hotel. Of the few men that have been able to penetrate the German Veil these last four years, none has a more interesting story to tell. M. de Beaufort foresaw the immense value of information to be secured behind the German lines and voluntarily took up the dangerous and confidential mission offered him by the London Daily Telegraph, during which time he spent four months in Germany. That it was not without danger is proved by the remark of Ambassador Gerard, "Young man, you will never know how hard I had to work to keep the Germans from shooting you." This lecture will be followed on consecutive Thursday evenings by others, during which de Beaufort will give intimate sidelights on Germany and Germany's most prominent men and their ideas of peace, together with a vivid picture of the German naval bases at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. He has the distinction of being the only foreign newspaper man to pass through the Kiel Canal during war time.

Hall Caine's Son at Orpheum

Derwent Hall Caine, called by the London Post England's greatest romantic actor and only son of the famous Manx author, will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week and will present his father's maiden effort "The Iron Hand." It is a playlet founded on the Kaiser's speech at Potsdam—that speech



LEW MADDEN and GENE FORD. Next week at the Orpheum.

in which the Kaiser said to his recruits, "Children of my guard, you are now my soldiers—mine body and soul! You have sworn to obey all my commands. From this day on you must know but one enemy and that enemy is my enemy. And if I command you some day to fire upon your own relatives—your fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, perhaps—remember your oath and obey!" Sir Hall Caine has written a playlet that will long linger in the memory of vaudeville patrons. The role of a young Belgian lieutenant is played by Derwent Hall Caine. He is supported by Frances Stamford, Lillian Paige, Jay J. Mulrey, Theodore Kerwell, Hallett Thompson, Frank Johnston, Robert Whitehouse and J. B. Rorke. George Moran and Charles Mack, "The Two Black Crows," are blackface comedians. Lew Madden and Gene Ford present a sketch, "Monday Morning," the scene of which is a rehearsal of the different acts booked in a vaudeville theatre. The Yerxa Twins, clever children, will introduce songs and dances. Henri de Vries' production of the comedy-drama "Camouflage"; Marie Nordstrom in new imitations; Lowell B. Drew and Vesta Wallace in "At the Soda Fountain"; and the Equilli Brothers in equilibristic feats will also be in the programme. Carl Jorn, famous Russian tenor, will change his programme daily. The latest series of Allied Nations' Official War Films will conclude the performance.

"Look Pleasant" Continues

"Look Pleasant," Oliver Morosco's newest "comedy with music," continues at the Cort next week. It is constructed on the pattern of "So Long, Letty," "Canary Cottage" and "What Next." Walter Catlett is the star. Juliette Day, Marion Vantine, Lela Bliss, Jack Pollard, Virginia Foltz, Frank Darien, David Butler are other players well known to local audiences. The book of "Look Pleasant" is by Elmer Harris, the lyrics by Ballard MacDonald, and the tuneful score by Harri Piani. Harry James interprets the music with his characteristic spirit.

Last Week of "Polly with a Past"

David Belasco's latest offering to theatregoers of this city, "Polly with a Past," has made a fine impression, the result being that seats for the third and final week, commencing Monday night, are in great demand. Like Belasco's "The Boomerang" of last summer, this attraction has come here direct from its long New York run intact. The cast comes right off Broadway with Ina Claire, Cyril Scott, H. Reeves-Smith and others. Ina Claire, the latest and youngest acquisition to the Belasco fold, is making her first appearance here and she is a great hit. No Sunday performances are given. "Polly with a Past" will not be seen in Oakland.

Margaret Anglin in "Billeted"

The next attraction at the Columbia will be Margaret Anglin in the military comedy, "Billeted." Miss Anglin comes to San Francisco direct from long runs in New York and Chicago. Without revealing the theme or plot of the play, it may be said that it is a comedy dealing with certain phases of the war, but this must not be construed into meaning that it is a war play. In the central character Miss Anglin has a role which is entirely significant of her ideals in the realms of comedy. The supporting cast is a capable one. The stage settings are from designs by Livingston Platt. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday, August 1.

Rose-Red Cinderella

By Marjory Royce

How they would have smiled if they had known! She, Vera Riley—the little dressmaker hired by the day—was sitting there sewing, pretending that she was one of themselves. She was, for the time, Pamela's sister.

Vera loved working at the Bonsers'; they always installed her in the black and white parlor, with its blazing fire and bright cretonnes. Mrs. Bonser would be there some of the morning, and Pamela, draped in something altogether beautiful in line, would flit about the room. Vera was now doing up an evening dress for Pam, with fresh pink georgette; Pamela was dark, and always wore pink at night. This frock was being prepared for a party in honor of some one coming home on leave from the front. It was to be an informal affair, held in a small hall in a neighboring suburb.

Vera was exactly the same height and age as Pamela. But Pamela was rich and strong, and Vera was poor and lame. And there were dark weeks when no one wanted her, and she had to scrape and pinch to make ends meet. But days when she was summoned to the Bonsers' spelled bliss. She was not shut away in some cold workroom, but in the heart of the home itself. She was able to listen to the talk of mother and daughter, to hear Pamela's sharp, clever comments when she fitted on her clothes.

Vera was busily pretending when the lunch gong sounded, and Mrs. Bonser and her daughter went downstairs. A sudden idea darted into the dressmaker's mind, as she gazed admiringly at the frock, which lay like a rosy cloud before her. She had never worn an evening gown! Oh, to be a real lady, to go to a party!

She caught up the dress and limped with it across the landing into Pamela's bedroom.

Before the long mirror she tried on the rose-red frock. It fitted her like a glove. Her fair head, rising above the soft folds on the shoulders, looked almost pretty. She was standing thus with dreamy eyes when Pamela came in.

Vera was completely surprised, and stood there all helpless. She trembled and shivered and looked down.

Pamela said slowly, "Hullo! Trying on my frock. Why?"

"I was pretending that I was you," faltered Vera, "and that I was going to that party. I beg your pardon. I know I shouldn't have done it. But it was so lovely. I've always liked pretending, ever since I was a little girl. It seems to keep me going."

Pamela watched Vera scurry out of the dress. Her eye suddenly fell on Vera's lame foot in its heavy shoe, and the haughty word of reproof died on her tongue.

"Would you like to have a dress like that so very much?" said Pamela, nodding at the gown.

"Oh, of course I should. But I could never have one."

To be lame! Not to be able to dance, to skate. To be poor as well. Pamela considered it, then went to a cupboard in the wall.

"I've got an old frock here," said she. "You added the gold belt." She produced another rose-red gown, very much worn.

"If you like, Vera, you may have this; it's no use to me now. And look here"—Pamela was imaginative—"Why not put it on next Thursday night, take the 'bus to Surbiton, and come and watch our party? There's a gallery in the hall, and one or two people will be watching, I expect. I'll make it right with the hostess and send you a card of admission. There will be a few tableaux and games and dancing." To herself she added, "I must see that she often has little treats, if I can possibly manage it."

"How heavenly," said Vera, very low. Lovingly she fingered the filmy pink, and Pamela, looking at her, saw a living, breathing being like herself, hungry for color and happiness.

She bent forward impulsively. "You must watch somebody very particularly," she whispered, as one girl whispers to another. "An Australian office. I—we—like him very much, Vera."

"I shall look out for him," same the quick reply. "I'll just love to see him."

On the night of the party Pamela said to her Australian. "Could you go up to the gallery with some coffee and sandwiches for the girl in pink, Dick, dear?"

"Righto. Who is she?"

"A little friend of mine, called Cinderella."

—The British Weekly.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The collapse of the German offensive in the West was the principal factor in bringing about a fair sized advance in the stock market the past week. All the advance was not held, however, as there seemed to be stocks for sale and after the first rush of buying was over, the market quieted down and trading was mostly for professional account. The public is not in the market to any large extent at present, although sentiment is generally quite favorable to higher prices, but without the public's co-operation the market does not get very far either way. The successful financing of the new Bethlehem Steel notes has had a stimulating influence, and considerable quiet buying of non-dividend-paying railroad issues has been going on, the stock being picked up when offered, and taken out of the market. This buying seems to be coming from some wealthy men who prefer to buy a cheap stock for the certainty of an appreciation in value some time later on, rather than buy an active issue for quicker action, the idea being to limit income during the war rather than pay heavy taxes. We believe investors will be remunerated by the purchase of low-priced rails. The Copper stocks showed some signs of life early in the week, and there was some talk of the Government allowing them a further increase in price, but the buying was limited and the market settled back again. The news on the whole, last week, was very favorable to the constructive side of the market. Crop reports continue quite favorable and business generally is good. About the only drawback to the market is the present strength in the money market, due to the heavy withdrawals by the Government from the banks, which makes for a temporary stringency. This, however, will only be for a short period, as the money will come back to the banks again as soon as it has fulfilled its mission. There is also a little anxiety felt regarding the new tax legislation, and some people are inclined to look for a very drastic revenue bill. The bill will no doubt put a heavy penalty on all incomes, as well as business in general, but the Government is not going to kill business, and no doubt the tax bill will be framed so it will produce the required amount of revenue and yet not be destructive. The same feeling of pessimism prevailed when the last bill went into effect, but this wave of pessimism soon faded away and no one was actually hurt. The Government needs the money and will get it, but business will not suffer generally. We feel very friendly to the market on all recessions, and believe that just as soon as this usual summer dullness is out of the way, stocks will improve as they generally do, from the month of August on, when crops are assured.

Cotton—The Cotton market advanced to new high levels for the new crop futures last week on continued dry weather in parts of Texas, and the big difference between spot cotton and futures. Spot cotton seems to be in urgent demand, with prices quoted above the 34-cent mark. Week end figures, as well as the monthly consumptive figures issued by the Government, were bearish, but were not factors. New cotton is beginning to move, and it is expected that, owing to the extreme high price for cotton and the prospects of a large crop, farmers will be anxious to rush their cotton to market as soon as it can be gathered. Outside of Texas the crop is doing well, and in most states a record production is expected. Weekly weather report says the continued absence of rain throughout nearly the whole of the cotton belt, together with excessive temperatures in Texas, and cool weather in the Central and Eastern portions, made conditions generally unfavorable for rapid advancement of the cotton crop in most of the belt. Cotton continued to deteriorate in Central, Western and Southwestern Texas, where dry, hot weather persisted, but is still in good condition in the Northeast and Coast portions of that state. The crop is looking well in most parts of Oklahoma, and showers were beneficial in Arkansas, where good growth was made. Rain is needed in Louisiana, and some shedding is reported from Mississippi. Crop is in good to excellent condition East of the Mississippi, but growth was unsatisfactory in most of Georgia on account of cool nights, which was also the case in the Carolinas. The continued dry weather, however, was beneficial in checking the activities of the boll weevil.

As to Wool and Woolens

Domestic Wool is coming to market rapidly and in good volume, and the outlook for imports seems rather more promising. In Argentina, Americans have been doing some buying at prices which permit of the wool being taken by the Government under its option. After the 28th inst. this will stop in accordance with the notice of the War Trade Board. An easing of the general situation is shown in the declarations that mills having wool not needed on Government work may use the same in making fabrics for civilian purposes, and that there is no intention to stop concerns from advertising "all wool" fabrics or garments. Neither is there any more of the hysteria as to the inability of the woolen mills to supply all needs. Taking together the looms of all kinds in such mills, it does not appear that much over 30 per cent of them have been continuously operating on military material, and this, too, despite the fact that this material was not only for immediate use, but included a generous reserve. Not much, if any complaint is made by the larger garment manufacturers of a lack of fabrics, although the old-time variety is wanting. There is good reason to believe, also, that the end is in sight of the promiscuous speculation in piece goods which had so much to do with creating the notion of a scarcity and with causing needless advance in price. It is going to be a little more than risky to keep it up, and the Government may stop it abruptly by some drastic price fixing.—New York Times.

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The American Marines

(Continued from Page 4)

roofs and behind chimneys, and ended in repelling rear attacks of the Mexican police. "You see that grizzled old fellow over there?" a Captain asked me. He himself was young enough to have been the "old fellow's" son, but the old fellow was still tough enough to have been the Captain's twin brother. "Well, he's had a lot of it—Philippines, Boxer Rebellion, Vera Cruz, and Hayti. You know, in the Marines, when we can't think of the generic name for anything, we call it a 'gadget' or a "gilguy.' Now, this man has won two Congressional medals and has another coming. When we sighted the French coast, I was standing, where he couldn't see me, just behind him; and I heard him say: 'I got two of them gadgets now, an' one on its way. I wonder if I'll get another over here.'"

The Marine, as I've said, carries all his sea terms ashore, and his vocabulary is almost entirely nautical. When he stops what he has been doing, he "belays" it; when you tell him to prepare to do something else, you order him to "stand by" for it; and when he is called before his commanding officer, he is brought "up before the mast." Though he falls on a country road, he "hits the deck"; when he is slightly ill, he goes "on the binnacle list"; and when he must at last enter hospital, even if a motor ambulance carries him to a building at a street corner, it carries him to the "sick bay." He gets a stripe for every enlistment, and the stripes are "hashmarks"; he keeps himself "shipshape" as much ashore as afloat; the kitchen is the "galley" wherever it may be; the guard-house is the "brig" by land as well as by water; and a Captain is always a "Skipper." On ship, at leisure hours in the evening, the Marines light a lamp in their quarters and smoke; they call it "lighting the smoking lamp," and in camp their dismissal to leisure remains "lighting the smoking lamp," even when there is no lamp about and the tobacco is exhausted. Their Central and South American service has contributed "pronto" for "quickly," has twisted "mañana" into "slowly," and they now use "hombre" for "prisoner." What new terms they will learn from their work in France, Heaven only knows.

It is all kinds of work, in all kinds of weathers, at every hour of the clock. Here Marines are hauling stone with Engineers and contract laborers. Throughout the American Zone in France, they are the policemen that never sleep. The day may come when they are holding their bit of the line against the Boche. Boys from Western farms and men from Manila and Vera Cruz, they are pure grain that is being poured into every one of a dozen of the horrible hoppers of war.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased. No. 24762, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will Annexed at the office of McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD, 908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased.

GEORGE B. SPERRY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD,
Attorneys for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased. No. 24790, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of HARTLEY F. PEART, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased.

NANCY GERTRUDE BLETHEN, also called Nancy G. Blethen, also called Gertrude Blethen, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorney for Executrix,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Hotel Henry, 106 Sixth Street, San Francisco, will sell at Gallick Auction Rooms, 821 Mission Street, at Public Auction on August 15, 1918, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Hotel Henry:

Pearl Albert	1 Trunk	J. Morgan	1 Suitcase
Miss Smith	2 Trunks	Wrecht	1 Suitcase
A. J. Nelsen	1 Trunk	Hartman	1 Suitcase
A. Faidey	1 Trunk	Were	1 Suitcase
S. Espanzos	2 Trunks	Elmer Gould	1 Suitcase
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Veitchil	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
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Lume	1 Suitease	Saujhelen	1 Box
Fred Persens	1 Suitcase	Wehr	2 Boxes
Carter	1 Suitcase	Woods	1 Grip
Tulley	1 Suitease	Unknown	1 Fiber Case
Shelinges	1 Suitcase	Masten	1 Basket
Jewell	1 Suitcase	Wrigth	1 Basket
Reyech	1 Suitcase	Runkle	1 Box
H. Young	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Grip
Mw. Boyd	1 Suitcase	Low	2 Cot Beds
Wrigth	1 Suitcase	Louis Wisleyer	1 Basket

7-13-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY NOTE AND MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17747. Department No. 13.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS MACRANDRIAS, an Insane Person.

There having been filed herein the petition of George Macrandrias, guardian of the estate of the above named incompetent, for an order of the above named Court authorizing and directing said guardian to execute and deliver to Hibernia Savings & Loan Society a mortgage on the lot belonging to said incompetent situate on the Southerly line of Twenty-Sixth Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Mission Street, with a frontage of forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches on Twenty-Sixth Street, and a depth of one hundred (100) feet, said lot being a portion of Mission Block No. 199, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said mortgage to secure a note to said Hibernia Savings & Loan Society for Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), payable one year from date and bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent are hereby required to appear before the above named Court, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said above described property, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the above mentioned amount of Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), or such lesser amount as to said Court, or the Judge thereof, shall seem meet.

For further particulars, all persons interested in said Estate are hereby referred to said petition on file herein.

Dated: July 10, 1918.

GEO. A. STURTEVANT,
Judge of the Superior Court.

O'CONNOR & SCHWARTZ,
Attorneys for Guardian,
414 Kohl Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-20-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-22-10

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1354 | San Francisco-Oakland, August 3, 1918 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
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SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

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Dernburg for Peace

"However much we may smile at those who venture today to put the dictates of morality and humanity above eating and drinking, riches and prosperity: who can be happy only in an atmosphere in which not force but justice rules; who wish for an ordering of the world other than in violent opposition to their religious convictions; who interpret peace on earth as a peace of the conscience and the soul; yet these are, after all, the ultimate aims for which we must all strive, and without which this life were not worth living."

—Dr. Dernburg, *Ex-Colonial Secretary.*

No one can read the extracts published from the German papers without realizing that there is grave discontent and apprehension among certain groups in Germany, and that criticism of the Pan-German party is very severe. Consider, for instance, a notable speech by Herr Dernburg, the German ex-Colonial Secretary, who knows something of the world. It was delivered at Frankfort to a vast throng of people representing all classes; no standing room was left anywhere within sound of the speaker. Dernburg strongly attacked the Fatherland party, which, while supported by the money of circles whose interests it served, condemned everyone as unpatriotic who disagreed with its opinions. "It is against the foe within as well as the foe without that we must fight," he said. "The whole power of the Fatherland party is in the hands of reactionary despots . . . the very men who uphold despotic government, unequal suffrage, and class privilege. . . . Thus this party has developed into a powerful weapon against progress, with the press of the land owners and the heavy industries as its organ. Witness the saying of the well-known Herr von Oldenburg-Janushau: 'If we get equal suffrage in Prussia, then we have lost the war.' . . . The Pan-Germans invite the generals to strike if their aims are not realized. Ludendorff, whom we all greatly respect . . . is a soldier, and knows that he can no more be a striker than the last reservist."

Herr Dernburg changed his tune that we knew in this country a great deal. "We demand more liberty," he said. "If international trade is not re-established we shall have a hunger-peace; for you can take away territory from a state, but you cannot compel it to exchange goods with us. . . . A dictated peace would make the Entente Alliance permanent. The whole world will stand in arms against us. We should have to meet the expense of ever-increasing armaments, involving annually some twelve thousand million marks. It would not then take two years, as in this war, for England and America to have an army ready. Even now our air service is costing us more than our entire army in peace time. A war indemnity is not to be thought of. Which country would pay it? Daily we are spending between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and forty million marks to keep this war going. What does it mean if perhaps after another year of war we get twelve thousand million as war indemnity?"

Dernburg has been doing some thinking and the chieftain is permitting him to frighten the people. He is fearful of perpetuating the war and binding the nation in hopeless militarism. Germany is bleeding at the nose and she knows it.

* * *

A Row in the War Cabinet

We may be a very querulous people at times. At any rate we are reported to be proud of our Americanism and jealous of our rights. But one thing we may say without challenge that as a free people we stand behind our President and obey his orders and give him whatever he asks without question. In this respect we differ in our Republicanism from England, where there has been much criticism since the war. There has been some quarreling over the mistakes of Lloyd George, who has been very dictatorial at times, but on the whole he has been permitted to boss the House of Commons and whenever in trouble the votes have been given in his favor. However, he is disliked, and there have been many disagreeable allusions to his conduct in the Marconi case, wherein he was involved years before the war. Englishmen are still talking about Lord Jellicoe, who was suddenly dismissed on account of his pro-Germanism and who has been accused of giving wrong signals. We have been told of Sir Edward Carson's "startling disclosures" that although a member of the War Cabinet who had been recently a member of the Admiralty he was not consulted about Lord Jellicoe's dismissal. It goes without saying, we are informed, that more will be heard of the matter. Mr. Carson added: "The whole time I was First Lord of the Admiralty one of the greatest difficulties I had was the constant persecution, for I can call it nothing else, of certain high officials who could not speak for themselves, which I have no doubt I could have traced to reasons and motives of a most malignant character. I might say that the whole of the time I had the most constant pressure put upon me, which I need hardly say I absolutely resisted, to remove officials, and among them Sir John Jellicoe. For what reason? I asked over and over again for what reason? Evidently there is much speaking out of school in the Cabinet." Not so in our Cabinet. It is clear that President Wilson rules the roost. Now there is much curiosity in England as to whether Sir Erric Geddes was responsible for the pressure.

* * *

Stephens Eliminated

The reprieval of Mooney by Governor Stephens was probably what might have been expected. Sponsored by Hiram Johnson, vouched for by the people of Los Angeles, and pledged boldly to no policy that

could be labeled dangerous, Governor Stephens entered the ring with rubber shoes and behaved in public always politely and seldom without discretion. Some folk approved of him for no other reason than that he was Governor of the State. They thought he should be complimented as a war Governor, but they think so no longer. A man, however, may be a war Governor without becoming a Bolshevik. The unpleasant truth is that Stephens is as faithful to Johnson as ever was Matt I. Sullivan even when Matt was as true to Matt as he was to Jim. There is this to be said for our Governor—he has made the guessing contests a little easier. We shall not include him in the wind-up. He has proved obedient to Rolph and at Johnson's request he will agree to accept any job that Rolph has to offer. Certainly he will not run with the expectation of winning. As a contestant he has made himself impossible by reprieving Mooney. Surely Los Angeles will not vote for a man for Governor who cultivated the favor of the anarchists of the "Preparedness Day" gang. He may have aided Rolph, but surely our Mayor has not been expecting much support from the Southland. More welcome to the Southland is Francis J. Heney, who, besides his own affirmative strength, as a Democrat at this time is bound to get the support of the Administration. But it's hard to call the election even with Stephens eliminated. There is still to be considered the man from San Jose who has made a brilliant campaign, who is a straight and regular Republican, who will get regular Republican votes and who has no antagonisms to conciliate. His principal opponent at any rate is not the "war Governor."

* * *

An Historian We Admire

Like a very old story appears the news that a copiously illustrated edition of the Macaulay History has just been published. A very old story, indeed, but deserving a warm welcome on more than one ground. Macaulay was a fine companion to men of more than one generation, and though he has lived to be scorned by readers of history today who say that they prefer the so-called scientific historian, he lives to confute the scientist and few who remember him forget the delight which they found in his pages. And though he was not scientific in the sense of the historian who goes to authoritative data to prove a case, his faults, such as they were, were not due to stupidity, nor to ignorance. And though not a historian like Green, he studied all the detailed records of his time with zest and it was his real greatness that he was able to make such dry bones live. There is consequently something attractive in his imaginativeness. It is impossible to read a chapter or two of his well-known works without coming upon a page or two in some forgotten pamphlet or ballad so skilfully introduced as to give a sudden vividness to the narrative. For Macaulay is a writer who makes history live. He had an enormous success on his first appearance, for his works were phenomena almost comparable to the triumphs of Dickens a decade or so earlier. Dickens was a wonderful story teller, but Macaulay at his best was a wonderful rhetorician, and he made his characters live. He had the faculty of transporting himself back over the past and fancying that he was in the places where he invented adventures to give life to men who figured in history. His vivid imagination was partly responsible for his defects, but we owe much to what he has written. Who has not read lately what he has written about Frederick the Great, and rejoiced that it was published?

* * *

Something to Talk About

We are saying a great deal about the war these days without saying much. We are only learning from time to time that our so-called war experts are not what they represent. But they are doing their best with the aid of maps and are making pretty fair guesses at what will be done in the event of such and such a thing happening. These folks are philosophers with a passion for the concrete. Now it would be easier to wander in the abstract and become discursive. For this sort of a thing a man need merely become discursive. We can at least hear such things. There are many of the kind we call open-mouthed philosophers who remind one of callow nestlings, clamorous and unfastidious. Come to think of it, the adjective is applicable with differing suggestiveness both to writers and readers, and there is this to be said that anybody who faithfully records his doing of life can produce an interesting book. The trouble is there are so few people capable of concentrating on an interesting book.

The Lucky Ones

By Rosaleen L. Graves

I could understand your sorrow for the living—
  Why should you be grieving for those that are dead?
How do we know that they are not the lucky ones,
  Those young plucky ones, whose last words are said?

Boys from the playing-field, boys from the plowing-field,
  They had no pretty one to love them, you say,
Life had just started when they departed,
  Life was all tomorrow—and they died today.
So they left unfinished the songs they were writing
  And went to the fighting—their hope still intact;
Their songs were the rarest, their first love the fairest,
  Life was a dream still, and not yet grown a fact.

"It's a long, long way!" was the song they were singing,
  As they went swinging along with their load,
It was further than they guessed, but they trudged it with the best
  And took their dreams and left us on the empty road.
Their frail young philosophy was still a haunting splendor,
  Life a perfumed wonder too delicate to touch;
Are they not the lucky ones, those poor, dead, plucky ones?
  Though their joys were shadows—do they miss so much?

Varied Types

382—HARRY STAFFORD

By Theodore F. Bonnet

Some scientists have peculiar superstitions about social and other sciences. There is Huxley, for instance. He renounced a great deal of theology, but as to biology he recommended a whole lot which he accepted with much joy. He was really an easy-going theologian. He could easily keep his debates clear from his religious beliefs, unlike many men to whom religious belief seems to have a more morbid attraction than it generally does to men who repudiate it as unnecessary. I fancy that this is the sort of man Harry Stafford is. Like Swift, he could talk about a broomstick on slight provocation, but he wouldn't get very serious about it even though he regarded it as sacramental. Harry Stafford is a jolly young soul who takes great pleasure in winning a case, which he does quite often, in a law court, but trying a case is with him not of very great moment. He can win a case either on the law and the evidence or on a joke. It is all the same with him which way it is won, but his opponents would rather see him serious, for the average man hates to be the butt of Stafford's ridicule. The divorced man, not the case, amuses him, for he regards the divorced man as one who enjoys the immunity of the gay seducer especially if such a one does not have to pay one-third of his income to each successive wife. Of course at the same time it must be said that Harry Stafford is a man who does not take seriously the ideals of the married state. One can easily imagine him joining a movement to abolish marriage altogether, for he has the appearance of a happy young Turk before the war. Stafford, as may be conjectured, is known as a wit as well as a lawyer, and his witticisms have the epigrammatic flavor which sometimes makes men wince. For instance, consider the case of the Sinn Feiner employed in a certain bank. He was not known as a Sinn Feiner. He preferred to talk about other things and to keep business out of the bank. On this occasion Stafford was learnedly discussing oil. The price was going up. "The Government shouldn't permit us to use it," said Stafford solemnly.

"Nonsense," said the banker, "and what should we do with the stuff?"

"I suppose you wouldn't help the Germans?" Stafford nonchalantly remarked. And the Sinn Feiner changed the subject.

Stafford is a man about town extremely versed in the ways of politicians, especially judges. I heard him seriously remark once that he didn't see much difference between alimony and paying room rent, and in the same breath he added, when asked about the practice of the law, "I'll divide with anybody but the judges." And he has a very intimate knowledge of the judges—the trial judges and the ones higher up. He knows how much many of them know and how little, also with what ease the average judge can sidestep a case. Indeed he is a man of peculiar sarcasms who is never afraid to tell the truth in comical jest. One evening recently at the Cliff House, where he was submitting to an interview while the waiters were telling about the plan to close up the resort and trying to find out Stafford's opinion of the President's action, they heard him say while touching economic questions that the country was full of farm houses and empty of farmers. "The situation might be greatly changed," said the attorney, "if the President would let the Orientals in, but he thinks it would be terrible to admit the Japs. I wonder if he ever thought what would happen if we let the Japs in and the Germans out?"

Some of the President's advisors he compares to a certain lawyer on our bench who has gone up so fast that it made him sick. "He wanted to put everybody in jail. He was so severe he wouldn't let the bad odor out of his ill-smelling room." Speaking of the barbarity of the war, he said: "I am kind of afraid that it will all be soon forgotten in some parts of the country. But I remember once in New York when the feeling was strong the other way. We all had to take pledges and there was a man in the crowd with costly medals which he gave away to men for taking a pledge that they would never take a German vessel. He asked me if I was going to Europe. I said I hoped to do so some day.

"He casually remarked that if I ever took a German ship he hoped I'd never get over." According to Stafford this man was constantly reminding the others of the sinking of the "Lusitania."

Stafford's favorite topic of conversation, the one he dilated on with every opportunity, was Justice Fred Henshaw, recently of the Supreme Court. "There," said he, "was the greatest man on the bench—a genius who had no superior anywhere. Even the dummies knew there was something exceptional about him; even the patriots took off their hats to him."

"Who are the patriots," I asked.

"They are the big salaried men at the City Hall," he answered.

"They are the high salaried boys on the payroll who serve the dear people with much zest by merely keeping the books straight. They receive about ten thousand a year and they give five dollars for the Red Cross. They are our big men."

Stafford rolled into his car like a little edition of Ned Greenway, and speaking to Mine Host Farley on the sidewalk he remarked:

"I like your short orders and your chef, Johnny, but believe me, not even for you, old pal, will I make a dinner out of one of Kid Nelson's dry laughs or a Rucker joke."

And before going down the road to enjoy a few cocktails Mr. Stafford said a few words on the subject of politics.

"I'm sorry," he said, "that they should be trying to elect Jim Rolph. What a calamity it would be to make him Governor. That would necessitate putting one of the supervisors in the mayoralty chair, and we haven't a supervisor who can write his own name! They are the worst bunch ever!"

Stafford, by the way, is as well acquainted with the supervisors as with the judges. He argues that on account of the supervisors it is advisable to keep Rolph where he is.

The President Through Mexican Eyes

By Jose de J. Nunez y Dominguez

The following is a translation of an article written by one of the Mexican editors who visited President Woodrow Wilson at the White House recently. The original article was published in the Mexican paper Excelsior on June 29 last.

An aid de camp pointed out to us, with a quiet but cordial gesture, where we should place ourselves to greet President Woodrow Wilson.

This was in the Blue Room of the White House, which we reached after passing along the garden walks that lead up to the Presidential residence. The room is solemn in appearance and is painted and draped in a dark blue color, which seems all the more grave as the faint rays of the light sift through the curtains covering the windows.

The prisms of two beautiful chandeliers that hang from the center of the room shine brilliantly. There we were, all silent and expectant. I glance at my companions and see they are laboring under the spell of deep emotion, and their faces seem to denote the intensity of their nervous strain; their eyes are fixed; the moment is, indeed, a solemn one.

The aide de camps move forward quickly and grasp the curtain which covers the vestibule. We behold Mr. Wilson. Impetuous applause greets him, and the great man smiles pleasantly. While one of my companions addresses him, I study the man with profound interest.

Yes, those eyeglasses are the same I have seen hundreds of times in the papers; that thin face is the same that has been profusely reproduced all over the world; the mouth, with determined jaws, is the very same from which the new gospel of the nations has issued.

The President listens attentively. His hair, almost white, still resists the total invasion of the gray. His clean-shaven face of angular features reveals by its hearty complexion, magnificent health; his stature, neither tall nor short, but rather the latter, stands firmly erect. He is very simply attired, in summer garb; from the buttonhole of his blue coat hangs a gold chain; trousers and shoes are white. His typical eyeglasses, as he faces our spokesman, light up brilliantly; his face gleams, and the evanescent rays from without, reflecting faintly against the marble columns, seem to augment the solemnity of the occasion.

His candor and democratic plainness impress me wonderfully and immediately inspire a cer-

(Continued on Page 15)

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May our boys keep on crossing rivers till they come to the Spree!

If you are really sweet-tempered you won't complain about the sugar restrictions.

Turkey and Bulgaria, two thieves quarreling over the booty.

Nothing we are told about the future of airplanes is incredible after what we have witnessed in this war.

"This is not a rough house," said a supervisor, speaking of the regular Monday meeting of the board. What is it, then?

The French praise "American fearlessness," and as they have been exhibiting fearlessness for four years they ought to know.

Our advice to those Swiss workingmen who are thinking of a strike: Cheese it!

The only strikes we like to hear about are those that occur in Germany.

You can lead a nervous man to the curb, but you can't make him cross Market street.

One of the multitude of things about which we refuse to become excited is the fact that some soldiers say "'Frisco."

That proposed high tax on talking machines will help to make many an apartment house endurable.

The Germans admit that it is hard to sink American transports. They are wrong: it is well nigh impossible.

Those of us who don't own motor cars are strongly in favor of taxing them.

We are getting close to the primary, but readers still concentrate on the war news.

Lemare makes harmony in the Civic Auditorium and discord in the City Hall.

What has become of the old fashioned girl who wore stockings when she went swimming?

Ever notice the virtuous air a man puts on when he tells you his wife is away and he feels lonesome?

The police raided a disorderly house at Page and Divisadero, in the heart of the residence district, the other day. That's the result of the policy of "scatteration."

An Excursion in Letters

By John Doran

The earth shook and trembled; there was a sudden eruption, a grinding noise, and a dozen men were impelled toward heaven. Private James Jasper, who had been watching for the British mine to explode in the enemy lines, realized that the enemy's mine had exploded first. Then he knew no more.

In private life Jasper had been a librarian, and it seemed quite right that when he woke up it should be in the reading room of the British Museum. There were the familiar names of the great men of literature round the walls, the books of reference, the swollen catalogue in the middle. Only the readers were absent; the room was deserted. Even the attendants had vanished.

"Jove, they must have shut the place up," said Jasper to himself. "Didn't know the war had made all that difference."

He walked to one of the long writing tables. There was note paper there, and it was embossed; clearly things had changed. Jasper picked it up and read the heading; it ran:

"The Posthumous Library: Old Purgatory Buildings. Telephone, Asbestos 666; Telegrams, Purifying, Hades."

Then Jasper knew that he was dead.

He had decided to look at the books until somebody came; even in a purgatorial library, he argued, there must be a sort of post-mortem librarian. The great catalogue alone testified to that.

He took down from the shelf a familiar looking tome in port-wine colored binding. It was called "The Cambridge History of English (Posthumous) Literature." The title indicated that it was the two hundred and fifty-ninth volume; the catalogue informed him that it was still "in progress." Then Jasper knew that the disease of authorship was not slain, like other diseases, by death, and that the ultimate destiny of dons was purgatory. It seemed right and proper that this should be so; a conclusive proof of the beneficence of providence.

But the book itself was strange to him, for it dealt only with posthumous literature in the strictest sense. He discovered that Coleridge had at last finished "Christabel," and a quotation from the completed poem rang with a quite unearthly melody; but the subsequent career of Keats had evidently disappointed the purgatorial critics. "With every facility for new and striking imagery in his new surroundings," Jasper read, "it is a disappointment that this great poet should still cling to mundane metaphor." Shelley, however, had surpassed himself, and enjoyed a great, though surreptitious vogue in Paradise, where his poems had been placed on the Index.

But Jasper was most surprised to learn that the greatest English poet of the age, perhaps indeed of all times, was one John Brown. Although a well-read man, he had never heard of him. He searched among the reference shelves until he came to "Who's Who in Purgatory"—a stoutish volume—and looked up the stranger's name. It appeared that he was the son of a brewer's drayman in the Borough, and had died at the age of two of a diet of stout and chestnuts; but he had since solved the problem of English hexameters in a masterly epic, and was awaiting the judgment of Saintsbury on his prosody at the appointed time.

Jasper had been reading for some hours, when at last a door opened, and a venerable gentleman entered. After a few well-chosen words of explanation and welcome, the chief librarian—for it was he—offered the newcomer a post as assistant.

"The work will be familiar enough to you," he said, "we have all the latest improvements, card indexes, subject catalogues, and so on. Our chief problem is, of course, lack of space. They will write so much, these great authors. . . . There's Wordsworth, now—an excellent fellow, I admit, and a fine poet—but we have just got the seventy-ninth volume of "The Excursion," and the end is not yet in sight." He frowned for a moment as he considered the difficulty of finding shelf room, but a second later he brightened visibly.

"There are, however, some abbreviations," he said briskly. "Macaulay's History, now. It threatened to require a library to itself—two volumes a year, and he's hardly reached the Young Pretender yet. But only this morning he told me he had just heard of the Parliament Act, and decided to turn Tory and stop writing. We shall want the space, because Carlyle's refuting his own opinion about the Germans, and that means a shelf to itself at least."

A trap door suddenly opened almost at their feet, and Jasper nearly fell through. He started back quickly as he saw flames beneath; there was a strong smell of sulphur, and a devil clambered through. It was a lost pedagogue, who was employed as a district messenger from below.

"You should really be more careful," said the head librarian with a touch of irritation in his voice. "Can't you see I have visitors?"

"Sorry," said the abashed intruder. "But I came to borrow Harold Begbie's latest, if it's in yet. There's an extraordinary run on it among our people. And also I was told to get "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors."

"What, again?" said the head librarian.

"Again," responded the messenger petulantly. "They're all quarrelling among themselves in our legal colony, and they won't believe each other unless they see it in print. They're heavy books, too."

The head librarian fetched him the volumes, and the trap door shut behind him.

"You have a lending department, then?" said Jasper curiously.

"Yes," replied his chief. "I don't encourage it, you know—the pages get a little singed sometimes, and the backs crack with the heat. But they often ask for books up above, and we can't show any favoritism."

He paused, as one who trembles to reveal a secret.

"Their tastes are not our tastes up there," he said, "mostly light reading and frothy novels—you know the kind. It's all the fault of the bishops—they simply will have them. That, and the lives of the Archbishops."

"I should have thought the Archbishops could have written their own lives," remarked Jasper.

"Well, the fact is"—— said the head librarian, and hesitated. He glanced round the room, and his voice sank to a whisper. "The fact is, they don't seem to have many archbishops up there, judging by what I hear. It's all the more curious, you know, as we haven't got one here at all. Of course I shouldn't like to draw any hasty conclusions."

The librarian and the library seemed to fade away. When Jasper came to himself he was in a base hospital with a wound in his head.

A League of Nations, B. C.

By The Historian

There is less in a League of Nations than is dreamt of in most people's philosophy. How is the question of military service to be settled, since if one power has it and another has not, the weak will always be at the mercy of the strong? Or the freedom of the sea, when land powers might outvote the sea powers? What of the alteration of frontiers and nationalities in the course of history? Or the problems of the air, when "peaceful" factories could turn out in secret unlimited quantities of war material? And if elementary questions such as these are unanswerable, what becomes of your League of Nations?

The League of Nations is no modern idea: it was tried nearly 2500 years ago and found wanting. Go from Naples to Paestum, a Life of Piranesi in your hand, and you will see the most wonderful remains of Greek architecture extant with the exception of the temples at Athens. Among them are the remains of a Doric Basilica which Piranesi etched and called the House of the Amphictionic Council. That Council was the League of Nations of the democracies of the Ancient World, and its history is not without interest.

But, you say, those Ionians, Dorians, Phocians, Thessalonians, Magnesians and the rest who formed the League were not nations, but municipalities. In size, perhaps; but nations they were in days when it took as long to go from Athens to Messene or from Plataea to Pella as it takes to go from London to New York. The world was smaller then, and analogies must be founded on position and not on population. Everything is relative. What happened when this Council tried to enforce its own rules? Look at its history, and remember that in the days of its greatest activity Demosthenes called it the shadow of a shade.

The Council of the Amphictionic League was made up of representatives of twelve tribes, each with two votes. It met twice a year; at Delphi in the spring, at Anthela near Thermopylae in the autumn. Its duties were to watch over the interests of the Temple of Delphi and the Sacred Land; to regulate the relations of the leagued states in peace and war; to act as arbitrator; to take charge of roads and bridges; to arrange loans from the treasury—and a levy on capital was not an unheard-of measure on its part; to supervise the Pythian games; to erect public monuments, one to Gorgias the orator, for instance, one to the heroes of Thermopylae; to adjust quarrels between members of the league, as in the case of the complaint of the Plataeans about the boastful inscription set up by Sparta on the monument of Delphi commemorating the battle of Plataea; to punish offenders against international law, as in the judgment passed on Ephialtes for his treachery in showing the Persians the secret path over the hills which enabled them to destroy Leonidas and his Immortals. It possessed the right of sanctuary, of which Orestes took advantage; it exempted religious bodies from military service. The Amphictionic oath bound each state not to level an offending city to the earth and not to cut off the water supply from a belligerent; the oath thus contemplated a state of war as anything but abnormal. And how was the oath carried out? Look at the history of the First Sacred War: the very name is an irony. The city of Crisa levied dues on the pilgrims who passed through its land to consult the Delphic Oracle, the Amphictionic Council declared a Holy War, and, after a favorable response from Apollo proceeded to divert the water supply, poison it with hellebore, and make a way into the weakened city, which was thereupon leveled with the ground: the Crisaean plain was laid waste with such "frightfulness" that it was still a scene of desolation in the days of Hadrian, six centuries later.

Here, then, the Council, to gain its private ends and the political suport of the Oracle, deliberately violates the provisions of its own oath—treats them as "scraps of paper"—and "mitigates the horrors of war"—its official function—by employing the foulest means against its foes. Take the case of Plataea again, when she had offended Thebes. Both were members of the league, yet because one is strong and the other weak, Plataea must go under. The Plataean prisoners are put to the sword, their city—the saviour of Greece at Marathon—is destroyed, and their territory confiscated: the story is in Thucydides.

The decrees of the Amphictionic Council were indeed enforced when the interests of a powerful party were not involved. In the days of Cimon, the Dolopians, the safe return of whose ships had been guaranteed by the league, charged the people of Scyros with piracy for attacking those ships, and the offenders were duly punished. A century later, again, the Spartans were fined for besieging the Cadmea or citadel of Thebes. But it was the fatal weakness of the league, as of any later League of Nations, that powerful integral states could flout its judgments. Sparta did so; and an Athenian decree was declared invalid, in spite of the fact that the league's status as arbitrator was never questioned, and was accepted even in the case of Athens and Delos, as it was later by the semi-barbarous powers of Macedon, in that both Philip and Alexander brought their Greek opponents before the Amphictions, instead of forcing them away to Macedonia for trial.

The voting powers of every state in the league were, nominally, equal; yet it was Athens and Sparta who fell out over the question of the exclusion from the League of states which had had their dealings with the Persians, and it was the stronger power that won.

This association of democratic neighboring states, with their representatives meeting at a common center to transact the business of the league and to celebrate religious rites, with its record of international law, its binding oaths, its claims to arbitrate, so as to ameliorate the horrors of war, its nominal equality of great and small, its plea for self-determination among smaller states, its guarantees against the abuse of power, presents an extraordinary parallel to the Hague Conference on the one hand and to the proposed League of Nations on the other. The result was just what might have been expected. Powerful democracies used the league for their own purposes, observed or ignored their obligations to suit themselves; there was no redress. Let those who hanker for a League of Nations recall the history of the democratic Amphictionic League; see it become the instrument of one powerful party after another, breaking its own laws, its own oaths; see Delphi itself taking vengeance on Crisa, Thebes on Phocis, Trespiae and Plataea, Argos on Mycenae, and see what comes of it in the end. As the First Sacred War had disclosed one member city poisoning the waters of another and razing its wall to the ground, so the Second Sacred War showed the same cynical Welt-politik, followed in this instance by the tragedy of Chaeronea and the rise of Macedon. In the middle of the fourth century B. C., Thebes, having been successful in getting the Spartans fined for their seizure of the Cadmea, saw an opportunity of using the league in the same way against the rival state of Phocis. A number of prominent Phocians were fined for alleged sacrilege, the league decreeing that if the fine were not paid within the time prescribed, their lands should be confiscated for the benefit of Delphi. Thereupon the Phocians seized Delphi itself; the league met at Thermopylae and decided that an Amphictionic army should rescue the sacred city, whose treasures were being used by the Phocians to purchase new allies in the North. Thessaly, threatened by this move, turned for help to Philip of Macedon, and thus changed the history of the world. When Demosthenes urged the cause of liberty and thundered out his Philippics, warning the Athenians of the intention of Macedon to subjugate all Greece, the league went on as usual. The board of temple builders met at Delphi; the Amphictionic Council—with the trifling exception of the anti-Phocian states—assembled as before; Dorians and Ionians sat side by side and talked and talked and talked in the peaceful Council chamber, and held the Pythian games; while the world outside was a welter of blood and confusion brought on it by the league.

"Fear God and learn to take your own part," said George Borrow. Not bad advice. If followed it will be more likely to prevent wrongdoing than will reliance on the insincerities of a League of Nations.

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46 GEARY STREET

Poems About San Francisco

These verses by a well-known newspaper man of this city were published in the Examiner May 25, 1918, during the second Red Cross Drive.

220—OVER THE TOP—AND ONWARD!

By Waldemar Young

San Francisco, bride of my youth,
  Maid of the cities that solaced my eye,
When, as a voyageur, searching the truth,
  Out of the East I cast my die!
San Francisco! Braver this day,
  Fairer in women, stronger in men,
Working in Mercy's name, making work play,
  Proving your worth as a city again!

City of Impulses! Gladly you fling
  Largess of golden hills, wealth from the sea,
Into the song that the seraphim sing:
  "Live and let live! Love and be free!"
Gladly you give of your zest and your zeal,
  Heeding the plea of the mothers of men,
Heart-strings and purse-strings loosed for their weal,
  Over the top with your dollars again!

San Francisco, bride of my youth!
  Fondly I know your ways, lover of old,
Know them with knowledge that this is the truth:
  You will continue to lavish your gold!
Giving and giving and giving till when
  Mercy's white legions have taken the toll,
Placing your name with the Cities of Men,
  Listing you far in advance of your goal!

The Spectator

Dry Monterey

Feeble and garrulous old men
Tell in the Spanish tongue
Of the good, grand times at the Mission,
And the hymns that the Fathers sung;

Of the oil and the wine, and the plenty,
And the dance in the twilight gray—
"Ah, these," and the head shakes sadly,
Were the good times in Monterey!"

It was in 1873—forty-five years ago—that Daniel O'Connell wrote these lines about the beautiful little Mission town he loved so dearly. Forty-five years have had a modernizing effect upon the town by the crescent bay, but they have not robbed it of its charm; they have only drawn more closely about it that "mantle of old traditions" it wears so gracefully. The old men are still garrulous about "the good, grand times" at the Mission of San Carlos; they still shake their heads sadly when they repeat the stories their fathers told them of "the oil and the wine, and the plenty." But they shake their old white heads even more sadly today than they did a month ago, for an undreamt-of, an almost unbelievable change has come to Monterey. It came so swiftly that it dazed all Monterey—not the old men alone, but the old women, too, and their sons and daughters, not the descendants of dons alone, but the shrimp fishers and the men in the canneries, yes, and the tradesmen and the artists and all the rest. For Monterey is dry. Military necessity has closed the saloons and the liquor stores. They were shut overnight, or at least so suddenly that there was no time to dispose of the stocks of sound wine and fiery brandy, of mellow whiskey and "two-and-three-fourths per cent" beer. Monterey is as dry as a sun-baked adobe wall.

The Effect of the Order

Day before yesterday a bottle of wine graced every hospitable board in Monterey. It was always a wine-drinking town, from the day the saintly Serra stepped ashore under the old oak in the cove, through Spanish and Mexican years to the times of the gringo. But now there are few bottles of wine left, and when private cellars are emptied they cannot be replenished until the war is over. Night before last after the Mexicans had made merry at a feast of frijoles and tamales and barbecued meat and had drained many a glass to the black eyes that flashed as "La Vesuviana" was danced, they escorted their bonitas homeward, strumming guitars, pumping accordeons and singing soft Spanish airs as they passed through the dark and crooked streets. You don't hear that music now, and even the light sleepers who pretended that it annoyed them are missing it sorely. The life has departed from the feast with the passing of the demijohn of claret. The black eyes still flash their signals of love, but one dances little when one cannot heat the veins with wine, and love without the dance is robbed of half its gayety. Day before yesterday there were pleasant gatherings in the patio, among the roses and the hollyhocks, behind the adobe, tile-crowned wall —gatherings at which one ate the delicious little raisin-stuffed tamales that Flora Noon and the wife of Blanco Diaz know so well how to prepare. But what is a tamale without a cup of wine or a mug of beer? The renowned Flora Noon has announced to her customers that there will be no more tamales. "You would have tamales and tea, perhaps?" she says with scorn. Monterey is like no other town of our State. There are in Monterey delicate, convent-bred women who go to the Royal Chapel of the King of Spain and pray to the good Lord that the ugly blight of prohibition may not ruin the vineyards of their beloved California. But now that Monterey is dry they do not quite know whether to cease their prayers, or to redouble them. They feel that they are not quite in touch with the realities of life, that perhaps they have been living in a dream.

The Closed Bars

Monterey had many bars, and yet it was an orderly town, for Monterey took its liquor like a Christian and a gentleman. Best known of all the bars in recent years was "El Adobe," where all the painters and writers who dwelt anywhere on the peninsula from the Custom House wharf clear round to Point Lobos on Carmel Bay were wont to foregather for a friendly glass and an hour of "shop" talk. It was in "El Adobe," now locked tight, that Charlie Dickman first uttered that immortal drinking phrase, "Three Rousing Cheers." Many a time and oft has Harry Leon Wilson, who put that convivial slogan into "Ruggles of Red Gap," quaffed a Scotch highball in "El Adobe" with Jimmy Hopper, the greatest football player in literature. In "El Adobe" George Sterling used to lead the way through the interminable verses of his unpublished masterpiece, "The Abalone." One of Francis McComas's aquarelles hung on the wall of "El Adobe"; and was there not also a thumb-note or two by Chase, the friend of "Jimmy" Whistler, to say nothing of memorials left by less famous painters?

"El Adobe" was the bar of highest renown during recent years, but there was another in Monterey still more dear to those whose memories run back a little. This was Max Schmidt's place on the Plaza, formerly conducted by the Sanchez Brothers. At that bar Bayard Taylor used to drink. There Robert Louis Stevenson, who lived not two blocks away, took his afternoon refreshment. There in later years Jules Tavernier and Julian Rix, Daniel O'Connell, Charles Warren Stoddard and Charles Rollo Peters held many a merry meeting, the records of which, had there been a Christopher North to write them down, would read like another volume of Noctes Ambrosianae. But Max Schmidt's place is locked and barred, and the soldiers from the Presidio of Monterey who peer through the glass door at the cases of wet goods piled up inside know nothing of the poets and painters who used to revel there—they only know that Monterey is dry by military order.

Kreling and the Clockwinder

"Speaking of politics," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "I suppose, of course, you think Jim Rolph will win hands down." He was addressing his bosom friend, Tiv. Kreling. "But don't forget," he added, "our old college chum Francis J. Heney, who has the Democrats with him strong, and don't forget to put a bet down on "Black" Hayes. The Republicans need a man like Hayes and they'll have nothing to do with Rolph."

"Guess again," said Tiv. "Jim is with the people. He'd do anything for them."

"Yes," said the Clockwinder, "he'd eat 'em alive."

"But," said Tiv., "it all depends on whether the President's party wins this time."

"Sure," said the Clockwinder, "but which is the President's party? Doesn't Julius Kahn belong to it? If they think so, the people may vote for the G. O. P., which means Hayes. There's a man with a consistent party record. But I suppose you think Rolph is the more consistent."

"He is more consistent with the labor union boys. That's sure."

"Quite sure," said the Clockwinder.

Politics in the C. of C.

"Seen Gavin McNab lately?" asked the Clockwinder.

"No," said Kreling. "He's too busy trying to make Mrs. Stocker keep her contract to talk politics with me."

"Gavin is never too busy to take a little recreation," the Clockwinder corrected, "and talking politics is his recreation. Just now he's having a lot of fun with the Chamber of Commerce."

"He's not joshing the Chamber, is he?" said Tiv.

"Gavin would josh the equator, if he felt like it," replied the Clockwinder. "He's making a few pleasantries at the expense of some members of the Chamber who look up to Milt Esberg as their political Solomon."

"Milt is a pretty wise fellow," Tiv. sumbitted.

"McNab says so, too," answered the Clockwinder, "but he confines the compliment to Esberg the business man. He's not so much impressed with Esberg the politician. Gavin says Milt places too much confidence in the political judgment of Max Kuhl to be considered infallible in politics. He says Milt and Max are too dignified to keep their ears to the ground, a thing you have to do in politics."

"In other words," said Tiv., "Gavin thinks they don't hear the sound of coming events?"

"Exactly," said the Clockwinder. "All they can hear coming is the tread of the people who are for Stephens."

"Well, if they can hear that sound," said Tiv., "without putting their ears to the ground, their hearing must be pretty acute. I can't hear it, and I've had my ear to the ground so much lately that I almost got it stepped on."

The Ultimatum to Sadakichi

Judge Buck of San Mateo shocked the delicate susceptibilities of every highbrow in the West when he told Sadakichi Hartman, in heartless and uninspired prose, to go to work or to jail. Sadakichi Hartman is the Hierophant of the Utterly Utter, the High Cockalorum of Cockaigne, the Worthy Grand Exalted Ruler of Hobohemia. For a mere judge who knows the rule in Shelley's case but never heard of "Queen Mab," who probably thinks that "Leaves of Grass" is a book on war gardening, and the "Idylls of the Kings" a book on ancient idolatry—for such an unsympathetic, early Victorian, bourgeois jurist to tell the author of "Confucius" to get him a job or go to the hoose gow—this is too much. All the pale and pimpled esthetes are tearing their lank locks and rending their magenta zones in anguish at the very ideah. When the news reached San Francisco one habitue of the Red Paint said "Helas!" with a near-French accent, and another got spifflicated on a bottle of Bevo that had been standing all night with two raisins in it.

Jail, Work and Poetry

"Go to jail or go to work," said Judge Buck, before whom the German-Japanese poet appeared on a charge of failing to support his three minor children. It is a horrid alternative. That is, the work part of it. Jail should have no horrors for a poet. Think of all the poets who have been in "stir"! When Homer went around smiting his bloomin' lyre and begging his war-bread he probably got vagged many a time by the constables in the jay-towns of Greece. Villon was locked up a score of times. Cervantes wore the Oregon-boot for years in a Turkish calaboose. Bunyan was sent across. Verlaine spent a long time on the inside looking out. Arthur Rimbaud did a bit, and Oscar Wilde a stretch. It's no new thing for a poet. All the great dungeons from the Bastille and the Mole of Hadrian to Newgate, the Fleet and Sing Sing have had their rhymers. On the other hand, poets have been a little shy about going to work. They can't seem to get the hang of early rising and regular hours. It is true Burns pushed a plow as well as a pen, but he left the furrow at the earliest opportunity. And if some ultra-eccentric poets have indeed worked, they have worked voluntarily, not under duress. I expected Sadakichi to say to Judge Buck in the language of Falstaff, "Not under compulsion," but he was either awed by the ermine or flabbergasted by the alternative. Well, it would seem that verse is no longer free, that the poet has been deprived of his license. It is sad, of course, but what can Sadakichi do? Judge Buck is very up-to-date and can't be flimflammed like Justice Shallow. And besides, we must not forget that this minor poet has three minor children.

Ted Shawn on War Dancing

One does not usually couple professional dancing men and professional fighting men. Yet there must be many professional dancing men in our new armies. Will they give as good an account of themselves on the battlefield as they did on the stage? We shall see. The matter was called pleasantly to my attention when I received a letter the other day from Ted Shawn, husband and dancing partner of Ruth St. Denis. Ted Shawn is in the Officers' Training Camp at Fremont. The last I heard of Ted Shawn he was raising goodly sums for the Red Cross and serving as a "four-minute man." Now, it seems, he is preparing for the fray itself. I wish him the best of luck, and

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meanwhile I shall quote from his letter, which contains some very original and (I should say) some very important observations. He writes:

"There is a similarity between many of the movements in the army drill and the movements in the system of virile dance I have been an adherent of for some years. One of the movements which is so definitely a dance movement that it only needs to be set to music to become a dance is that of throwing a hand grenade. It is done in four movements ending in a pose which is a definite ballet position called 'fondé' —one which I have used countless times. The movement of bayonet fighting, if done to music of a barbaric kind, and slightly conventionalized into an art form, would make a bully dance. The long thrust, short thrust and jab are motifs waiting to be made into a war dance of today. The position used to secure alignment of a company at the command 'Right Dress!' is so definitely Egyptian that it might have been taken from one of the tombs of Thebes. Of course it is an obvious and well known fact that soldiers drill and march better, more smartly and with more accuracy and precision, when the band is playing. All of the ancient world-conquering armies were composed of dance-trained soldiers. For hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of years the soldiers of Greece had dancing as an important part of their military training. Where we have 'setting-up exercises' they danced—achieving the same and better results physically, and a mental training which our system of physical training in the army doesn't give. I feel I owe my quick advancement in the army largely to being dance-trained. I had only a half-hour of 'rookie' drill after I enlisted before I went in with the rest of the company. This is due to the fact that dance is the system which begets the greatest possible co-ordination of mind and body, and trains the body to respond instantly to any command the mind gives it. It has been hard—very hard—to readjust myself to a system of life and thought the very antipode of my former habits. But even if I never come back from this war I will feel it infinitely worth while if I can do my part in making it impossible in the future for a war to cut off any young artist in his prime. I rather think the dancing man has made good in this crisis. He was always looked upon as a butterfly, froth. Vernon Castle was one of our finest aviators and gave his life for the cause. While I have chosen the drudgery of the infantry—less spectacular and less exhilarating—yet as an infantry officer I intend to get my share of Boches before this war is done. It was a handicap in a way, having been a 'classic dancer,' and it was only after living and working with the men for weeks that I convinced them I was a 'regular guy.' Yet I do not regret my dance training one bit, and, as I said before, it has helped me many times in quick mastery of new drills and the manual of arms. And if the war ends with my two leggs still attached to my trunk, I shall dance again—the Dance of the Grenadier, Bayonet Dance, Over the Top—and many other dances born out of this new but vitally interesting experience."

The Sharon Case

A case that caused a great deal of discussion at the time of its trial was that involving the Sharon heirs. It will be recalled that Judge Coffey was of the opinion that the case should be decided not according to the desire of a majority of the jurors, but according to the views of the attorneys for the principal heirs. Nine of the jurors refused to abide by the instructions of the court. When the case came up for hearing the other day it was argued that as a case had been made out the matter should have been submitted to the jury and that the court had no power to instruct the jury. Mr. Garret McEnerney argued that the action of the court was in strict accordance with the law of the case as the claimant had not made out a case. The matter was taken under advisement.

Prosperity in Cuba

Emilio Puyans, Cuban Consul in San Francisco, has just returned after a visit of three months in the island republic. He brings the news that Cuba, and particularly Havana, is more prosperous than ever before in history. This is due primarily, he says, to the sugar crop, which is the biggest in Cuban records. The price of sugar is very good, and is expected to go higher. The crowds at the Havana hotels are unusually large; the opera has had a remarkably brilliant and successful season. Wages for all sorts of labor have been increased. In the city of Havana, with a population of some three hundred thousand, there are at present, says Puyans, 7,200 residences under construction! Puyans says the Cuban people are pro-Ally, and particularly pro-American. Pro-German propaganda is rigorously stamped out. The newspapers are closely scrutinized by the Government, and when any pro-German

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propaganda creeps in they are immediately penalized. Cuba has adopted obligatory military service. Puyans adds that five hundred Cuban aviators are coming to this country to be trained for service in Francc. In this striking fashion Cuba will demonstrate her interest in the fight for civilization.

Graney's New Place

Eddie Graney, the little blacksmith, the friend of the fire laddies, the first man who ever wore a dinner jacket in an American prize ring, the man who—but why identify Eddie Graney in this his city? Everybody knows Eddie Graney, and everybody likes him, the warmth of affection being in direct ratio to the degree of intimacy enjoyed. However, a truce to compliments. Eddie Graney is the happiest man in San Francisco. For he is once more treading the Wilton velvet of Graney's billiard parlors. Some months ago Graney's billiard rooms on Market street were destroyed by fire. Before the ruins had ceased smouldering the active Graney mind was busy with plans for a grander place. Those plans were worked out by the well-known architect, G. A. Applegarth, construction and equipment have been completed, and the new Graney's opens in glory this Saturday night. I have been up there to give the new place what Jeeves would call "the north and south," that is to say, the "once-over." It is no exaggeration to say that Eddie has the most beautiful billiard parlor in the United States. I suppose we have been agreed that Brown and Hulen's of Seattle was the most beautiful parlor in the Pacific Northwest. It must now yield precedence to Graney's. As for the Eastern parlors, they, too, must readjust their claims. The Sweeney-Houston parlor in Detroit remains the largest in the world, but it cannot hold a tallow dip to Graney's for beauty. Neither can Mussey's in Chicago; Daly's in New York, or the Cleveland Arcade in the Ohio city. Graney's is better lighted, heated and ventilated, is more elaborately fitted than any of these I have mentioned.

Ventilation, Heat and Light

The five essentials by which the billiard player judges such a place are ventilation, light, heat, equipment and service. Of the service it will be time enough to speak after the opening tonight. Suffice for the present that it will be "Graney service." But of the other essentials I can say something. The fresh air comes into the parlors down false walls behind the immense wall mirrors, being fed in by blow fans and conducted under the risers of the spectators' seats over heating coils which permit of its being kept at any temperature desired. There are six vents in the ceiling with exhaust fans attached capable of extracting the cubic air capacity of the room seven times an hour. In other words, the air is completely changed every eight minutes or so. By day the entrance of too bright daylight is combatted by means of amber art glass windows which tone down the harsh rays of the sun. The same effect is obtained at night by throwing all the electric light through amber glass. The system of artificial lighting is semi-indirect. The scheme is to throw the light upward to the ceiling, panelled in old ivory, whence it is reflected to the side-

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walls, consisting of ten large mirrors. These magnificent mirrors, which are quite a feature of the new place, double and redouble the activity of the room, increasing its cheerfulness and gayety. Of course there are additional lighting fixtures over all the tables.

The Equipment of New Graney's

The tables are Brunswick-Balke-Collender's latest design, the Kling pattern, so-called after the well-known catcher for Chicago, who has a parlor in Kansas City. Their woodwork is of dark mahogany as is that of the cue cabinets and all the rest of the furniture. The cloth of the tables is the so-called Simoni's Number One, a Belgian cloth now all but impossible to obtain. There are eighteen tables in the billiard room and eight in the pocket billiard room. For the first time in this country, the tables are all of the French standard height. That is, instead of standing thirty-two inches high, they are thirty and one-quarter inches, a height which the French have used for fifty years and which immeasurably favors the player. Some will be surprised to find that Graney has included some English tables. These are six by twelve feet in size instead of five by ten, the standard French and American size. The reason for these tables is notable. It is due to the increasing demand for them owing to the many Canadians who come to San Francisco in ever growing numbers to escape the rigorous winter up North and who are used to English billiards. The cues are of the Merry Widow pattern, the finest made. Hitherto, indeed, they have always been made for private, never for public use. The stocks are of ebony, ironwood or cherry, according to the weight desired, the rest of the cue being of maple. They are leather wrapped, another unique feature. The mahogany cue cabinets are of the latest design. The carpets are of Wilton velvet. The parlors are finished in old ivory and fawn tones which give light and warmth and are in sharp but pleasing contrast to the dark mahogany finish of all the woodwork. In the pocket billiard parlor there is a special exhibition room for champion play. It has a seating capacity of one hundred and fifty. One reason why Graney was able to secure such beauty in his new place was the favorable construction of the building he occupies. The weight of the roof in this two-story structure is carried on trusses; there is not a post in either room. So the view is unbroken, and the architect had full play for his ideas unhampered by obstructions. But a more important reason for the beauty of the place is Eddie Grancy with his confidence in the future of a noble sport and his cheerful willingness to back that confidence with unlimited expenditures.

A Scotchwoman's Love

I have just been reading a pamphlet called "From Turkish Toils," a narrative, thoroughly vouched for, of the atrocities committed by the Turks on the helpless Armenians of Diarbekir in 1915. It was written by Mrs. Esther Mugerditchian, the wife of an Armenian pastor. This heroic woman succeeded in saving her six children from the Turks, but witnessed abominations, hideous cruelties and murders, the victims of which were her lifelong friends. She finally escaped with her children to Tiflis, disguised in Kurdish costumes. One incident in this narrative seems to me particularly touching. It is told simply, but there is a gripping story to be read between its lines. Here it is:

"The professor (Professor Luledjian) told me how he and his family were saved from the massacre and exile. Miss Campbell (of the American Hospital) was Scotch, but the Government recognized her as an American. She declared to him that she loved his brother Levon and so she would try and save the whole family. 'Please allow me,' she said, 'to become engaged to Levon, not with the idea of getting married, but to have grounds for protecting you by pretending that he is my betrothed. I cannot, though I love him, force Levon to marry me; I am ten years older than he. I want to make him my betrothed so as to save him. He can afterwards marry anyone he likes.' This lady, in truth, saved the whole family, accomodating them in her own or her lady friends' houses. Later, an opportunity presented itself and they fled to Dersim."

One likes to think that perhaps Levon overlooked the disparity in ages, and that Miss Campbell is no longer a spinster.

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By TANTALUS

"The House of Mystery"

Let me quote a little article from the pen of L. D. Ventura which was published under the title "The House of Mystery" in Town Talk for May 12, 1906, during the early days of San Francisco's rehabilitation:

Far from the center of San Francisco's ruins, caressed by the sea, protected by fields and warmed by California's sun, at the very end of Ocean Boulevard, stands a big house. The doors open easily, not to the indiscreet, but to people in need. But yesterday it was "the house of mystery," "the house of the fence." Yes, the fence against cowardice, ostentation, jealousy, greed and mental prostitution. The house with the fence was the house with no bias. For three years, Mecca-like, it has tempted the pilgrims of the press, the curious and the idle. Stories of mystery, of abductions, of strange rituals were told of the dwellers of that house. Yet there was no mystery, no darkness about it. The soul of this house is a woman who believes in God; yet she has no definite creed; she prays wherever she is. Believing in God makes her believe in whatever exists in the creation, good or bad, for good's sake. For a long period she has been the target of evil tongues, never bending her will to the pressure of prejudice and malice. But this hour of our calamity has been her hour. The house which still stands there is wide open now. The Red Cross flag waves over it. Through the big gates the rich of yesterday, the poor of today, all who hope in tomorrow, can enter. And the mysterious woman is ready to minister to the wants of man, of women, of children without suggestion or red tape. She is ministering to those wants, and at the same time she has avoided publicity. Well, from the ashes of San Francisco many noble hearts have arisen!"

A Sacred Trust

I quote this article about the beautiful home of Alexander Russell because it is once more receiving attention in the newspapers. We have all read that the wondrous art treasures accumulated in all parts of the world, but more especially in the Orient, by the late Mrs. Russell, are being sold. When Mrs. Russell died she thought she was a rich woman. She was rich—in the affection of her friends, rich in the spiritual increment of a life of Christian charity, but in worldly possessions she was not as rich as she thought. Indeed, it was found that little remained of the fortune she had once owned except the wonderful home on Ocean Boulevard and the art treasures it contained. Being childless, the Russells had adopted no less than seven children, and that fact explains where a great deal of Mrs. Russell's money went. To provide for these children as she desired in her will that they should be provided for, it was necessary to sell the art treasures, and this is now being done. The seven wards will be cared for with the money so raised, for Alexander Russell is the sort of man who does not think of himself when there is a sacred trust to be thought of first. And though Alexander Russell has been stricken with paralysis, the seven wards will not lack the tender, loving care of a foster parent, for Miss Mary Crittenden, for years companion and housekeeper to Mrs. Russell, has come forward and announced that she will devote her life to them.

A Christian Woman

Even in the newspaper articles which have made these facts public there have been some of the old misstatements which once made this big house on the beach a matter of curiosity to readers of and believers in yellow supplement sensations. Thus, I find in the Bulletin:

"There she erected a chapel for her own use and that of the members of her household. It is a strange retreat, this place of worship, and is said to contain grouped about an image of the Christian Savior a heterogeneous conglomeration of gods whose peoples are opposed to the Nazarene's teachings."

This is nonsense, pure and simple. There is no mystery about that chapel in the Russell home. It is not a strange retreat; it is no stranger than any other chapel in a San Francisco residence, and many of our homes have chapels. That chapel has been seen by all of Mr. and Mrs. Russell's friends. For the Russells entertained lavishly, and hundreds of people have inspected every room of the beautiful, artistic home. There were at least two hundred guests at the Russell reception in honor of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower and her daughters. There were an equal number at the musicale given there by Mrs. Russell's dear friend Miss Fernanda Pratt. All these guests must laugh at the "heterogeneous conglomeration" of absurdities which would make out that chapel to be a sort of pagan pantheon. The fact is, it is a Christian chapel. The only divinity worshiped there is the Christian divinity. The only image of a divinity there is a painting, not a statue of Christ. And that painting is a celebrated masterpiece, the great Hoffman's picture of Christ. The Russels and their seven children prayed in that chapel every evening, for that so-called "house of mystery" was a God-fearing Christian home.

Treating the War as a Joke

It would seem that there are some women in England who refuse to take the war seriously,

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who think is is a joke, a great big lark. I do not think there are many such women in England. But that there are some women so utterly frivolous that they cannot treat this terrible war as a serious matter, is proved by the testimony in divorce actions which appears from time to time in London newspapers. I have just been reading a column of testimony of this kind. An English officer, Captain Myers, sued his wife for divorce on the ground of adultery, naming a Captain Radford and a Lieutenant-Colonel Thom as co-respondents. Captain Radford was killed in action before the case was tried. The jury found that Mrs. Myers had been guilty of adultery with both co-respondents. Radford and Thom were frequent visitors at the Myers country home, Mrs. Myers and her sister Mrs. Wayman entertaining them. Captain Myers was at home on some of these visits, at other times he appears to have been on duty. Mrs. Wayman's husband is in India. One day when Radford's leave had expired he asked Mrs. Myers to go to France with him. At Folkestone he represented her as his sister and managed to get a permit for her to accompany him to Boulogne. She was the only woman on the steamer. At Boulogne she succeeded in inducing the French authorities to permit her to land. Disguised as a man she got to the front, and had a gay time there. I suppose the exposure of this prank would have cost Captain Radford his commission had he not been killed in the meantime.

A Practical Joke

Mrs. Myers testified that she was very fond of practical jokes. One of her practical jokes was described during the trial. It seems that she and her sister made a bet that they would "pull the men's legs," as they called it. Imitating her maid's voice, she phoned the captain and the lieutenant-colonel that she and her sister had started from the country home to the Dardanelles by airplane and had been shot down while crossing England, also that Mrs. Wayman had had her neck broken and Mrs. Myers a leg amputated. Then they borrowed a stretcher from the Red Cross Hospital, sprinkled it with bullock's blood which they got from a butcher, powdered their faces to make themselves pale, and had themselves bandaged. Their chauffeur's wife was pressed into service as a nurse. The two gallant officers rushed to the country house, found the two women in bed, and swallowed the whole story. I wonder how sober, serious English women who are devoting themselves heart and soul to war work, feel when they read of such practical jokes? How disgusted they must be! Another instance of Mrs. Myers's levity was supplied when some doggerel she wrote to Captain Radford was read in court. Here is her literary effort:

> Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity,
> In the trenches you work so hard,
> With you A, B, C, and D,
> Cavalry squads on guard,
> Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity,
> You are wasting so much time,
> With your lips close to the field telephone,
> When they might be close to mine.

Dr. Aurelia H. Reinhardt on War Poetry

Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, President of Mills College, will lecture in the Paul Elder Gallery on Saturday, August 10, at 2:30 o'clock on "American Poets and the War." Dr. Reinhardt will discuss the work of Alan Seeger,



J. M. DE BEAUFORT,

Author of "Behind the German Veil." To lecture on "German Propaganda at Home and Abroad" on August 8.

Henry van Dyke, Untermeyer, and other Americans. The interested public is cordially invited to attend this lecture; there will be no admission charge. This is the initial event in a series of "Half Hours with Prominent Speakers," to be given on Saturday afternoons in the Paul Elder Gallery. Speakers to appear on subsequent Saturdays are Sadakichi Hartmann on "Some Great Books of the War"; Comtesse Madeline de Bryas on "Experiences in Devastated France"; George Douglas on "American Women Writers in the War"; and Charles A. Murdock on "San Francisco in the Sixties." Other interesting announcements will be made for the series from time to time.

At the Cecil

Major Samuel Robinson, U. S. A., who is stationed at the Letterman Hospital, is making his home at the Cecil. Mrs. Robinson, who is in Portland, Me., will join her husband in a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Morton of New York are at the hotel and will spend the autumn and part of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Miller of Burlingame are sojourning. Miss Helen Brown, niece of Barbour Lathrop, is stopping at the hotel. A coterie of friends of Mrs. Dora Ahlborn enjoyed her hospitality at luncheon Wednesday. After a delightful visit, Mrs. C. B. Lastreto has returned to her home at Menlo Park. Mrs. F. N. Berry of Manila will make an indefinite stay. A profusion of roses adorned the dinner table at which Mr. and Mrs. Cook presided Thursday. Mr. T. G. Armstrong and Miss Helen Armstrong are being welcomed by their San Francisco friends. They will be at the Cecil for several weeks before returning to their home in Phoenix. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Klamp of Honolulu are among the recent guests. Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Klamp was Agnes Girard, daughter of Colonel Girard. Mrs. Edward Roberts has returned to Monterey. Mrs. A. M. Burns entertained informally at luncheon Sunday in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Louis Long of Santa Barbara, and Mrs. Jason Gould.

The Homelike Café

Probably the most homelike café in San Francisco and the one which most strongly appeals to those who like to enjoy their evenings with a family party, is Techau Tavern. The chief reason for this is, no doubt, that air of refinement and respectability for which the Tavern is noted. There is always plenty of life and color there, but never anything bordering on the risqué. The Show Girl Revue Corps sings many of the old favorite ballads, and the most popular ragtime hits, interspersed with grand opera selections. The Jazz Orchestra furnishes perfect dance music and the Merchandise Dances offer a charming novelty for the ladies, who are presented with costly silk favors, without competition, at the dinner hour and after the theatre. These favors include silk lingerie, bloomers, sweaters, stockings, blouses and the like.

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The Stage

De Beaufort on the Peace Drive

In his lecture on German Propaganda, to be delivered in the Palace Hotel ball room Thursday evening, August 8, J. M. de Beaufort will show that peace propaganda is the greatest menace to a victory over Germany. While she knows today that she cannot beat us, she does believe she can obtain an inconclusive peace that would not mean defeat. De Beaufort is the author of "Behind the German Veil," now in its eighth edition, a soldier, formerly with the Belgian Army, and a war correspondent, having successfully filled a delicate mission for the London Daily Telegraph, during which he spent four months in Germany and interviewed many of the most prominent men now in public life. He tells a most thrilling and convincing story. The subject of this lecture is "German Propaganda at Home and Abroad." On the five succeeding Thursday evenings, de Beaufort will give other lectures on his experiences in Germany and during thirty-two months in the war zone. The lectures are under the direction of Paul Elder.

Margaret Anglin in "Billeted"

Margaret Anglin and her original New York company intact will come to the Columbia on Monday night for a limited engagement in her great comedy success "Billeted." Miss Anglin's last Columbia engagement was three years ago, since which time she has been active as a producing manager in New York and Chicago.



MARGARET ANGLIN,
In the Merry Military Love Comedy, "Billeted," at the Columbia Theatre.

She acquired her present vehicle a year ago, after the play attained a record of upwards of a year in London. Miss Anglin made the initial production of "Billeted" in Philadelphia at the Little Theatre, where it ran for nearly two months. She began her New York season at the Playhouse in December and played continuously until Easter, when she transferred the comedy to Chicago, where it duplicated its success in the Eastern cities. The comedy is the work of Miss F. Tennyson Jesse and Captain H. M. Harwood, now in the British service in France. Miss Jesse is a niece of the poet Tennyson. Her previous work was as a contributor to the English magazines. She is now in the British Red Cross service in France. While "Billeted" is described as "a merry military love comedy," it positively is not a war play. It was written for laughter purposes only. Miss Anglin's company includes Margaret Hoffman, Sally Williams, Roland Rushton, Langdon Bruce, Myra Burrington, Phyllis Birkett, Ralph Kemmet and Fred Eric. The stage settings were made from special designs by Livingston Platt, technical director for Miss Anglin, who designed the stage settings for Miss Anglin's Greek Theatre productions. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given. A number of theatre parties will be given the first night.

Wonderful Film of China

"A Trip Through China," which has the reputation of being one of the greatest feature films, from an educational and historical standpoint, will be the week's attraction at the Cort, beginning with the matinee Sunday. There are innumerable features of interest in this magnificent picture. No phase of Chinese work and play has been overlooked, and the mysterious republic, from one end to the other, has been caught by the camera of the great traveler and photographer, Benjamin Brodsky. It is the most thorough exploitation of Chinese life ever brought to this country, and the film discloses many views of the "Forbidden City," never visited hitherto by the white man. It was by permission of the Chinese Government that Brodsky was enabled to take elaborate scenes of the interior of this wonderful place, and they are shown for the first time in this picture. The historic opium factories, since destroyed; the firecracker factories, Chinese weddings, funerals, a Chinese typhoon, the great Chinese wall and other features cram the 10,000 feet of film. An interesting lecture will accompany this cinema. Daily matinees are announced.

Cort to Have Musical Premiere

A theatrical event of importance will be the presentation of a new musical farce, "Up in the Air," for the first time on any stage, at the Cort on Sunday night, August 18. "Up in the Air" is described as a musical entertainment of the most modern type, possessing those elements of intimacy that have been characteristic of recent productions. The book and lyrics are by Michael Corper and Waldo C. Twitchell and the music by Arthur M. Fournier. The producers are two well-known men of the theatre, Dana Hayes and Ben M. Giroux. The cast is headed by Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwards, who were the hit of "What Next?" at the Cort, and Eleanor Henry, the beautiful prima donna, who scored a personal triumph in "Flora Bellla" and who was starred in this year's George M. Cohan Revue in New York. Alonzo Price, producer for Henry W. Savage, has been brought from the East to direct the new production.

Ralph Herz at the Orpheum

Ralph Herz, famous musical comedy and vaudeville star, will make his reappearance at the Orpheum next week after an absence of more than four years. He is in a class by himself. His recital of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" is well remembered. His name in itself is a guarantee that his programme will be thoroughly enjoyable. Maryon Cadic, an American girl whose dancing has won international approval, and Ota Gygi, violinist to the King of Spain, will present their repertoire of classical masterpieces. Gygi, who has been favorably compared to the wonderful Sarasate, was at the age of twenty-two a pupil of the great Joachim and subsequently was made a Professor of Music. Dooley and Nelson, "The Boys Who Do Everything," will present singing, dancing, rope spinning and jazz band playing. Valyda, the Creole Belle, has a double voice, baritone and mezzo-soprano. The Brazilian Nuts, she calls her company. One is a blackface comedian, eccentric dancer and tenor. The other is a Brazilian pianist. Moran and Mack in a laughable duologue; Lew Madden and Gene Ford in the rehearsal skit, "Monday Morning"; the Yerxa Twins in new songs and dances; and Derwent Hall Caine in Sir Hall Caine's one-act play, "The Iron Hand," will also be in the new bill, which will terminate with a new series of Allied Nations' Official War Films.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The war news the past week was real inspiring, and improved as the week progressed. It was but natural that the trading public should give expressions to their feelings, and the response in the market was almost as impressive as the news itself. It was noticeable, however, that the activity which developed did not assume breadth; it was confined mainly to leading issues that usually are the traders' favorites. The absence of a more general investment demand is perhaps due, in a measure, to the doubt as to the present money situation and banking facilities for the financing of the larger stock operations. The fact that the recent issue of Bethlehem Steel notes was offered at a 7¾ per cent basis, meaning a loss to the company of approximately 9 per cent, and these notes now being quoted in the market under the subscription price, does not tend to inspire confidence in the immediate future of the investment situation. Although we are experiencing a daily increase in our circulation medium, or inflation, as you may be pleased to call it, the constantly expanding demand of the Government more than counterbalances the benefit that normally would result. War taxation, now in process of drafting, also is exercising a deterrent influence on that part of the public which under other conditions would probably be interested in the securities market. Neither corporations nor individuals have been able so far to reach any definite conclusions regarding the extent of the new taxation, except that it will be much heavier than that imposed by existing revenue laws, and this element of uncertainty is entering largely into stock market operations. On the whole, crop conditions are considered favorable, and while there will be no record production, there will be more than the average tonnage from this source for the railroads. There is nothing new in the railroad situation marketwise. The Government, as yet, has not signed any contract with the roads, and as a result this class of securities seems to be in a waiting attitude. With a continuation of the present favorable news from the Western front, and should money conditions become easier, the market could easily turn upwards, and with any help from the outsider, much higher prices would be the result.

Cotton—A decline in spot cotton both in the South and in New York, of from three to five hundred points, upset the calculations of the bulls, and for a time all reports of hot dry weather in Texas and parts of the Eastern belt were ignored and a decline in the futures of from 150 to 200 points was brought about. Spot cotton has been commanding such a large premium over futures that it was only natural that a decline should take place, inasmuch as new cotton is beginning to make its appearance, and mills became alarmed over prospects of price fixing, and withdrew from the market. Exports for the week were again small, and it was said Liverpool was reselling cotton bought at higher prices here. These factors offset the drought talk for the time being, although reports of deterioration from Texas became worse as the week advanced, and some were of the sensational character bordering on crop failure. The hot dry weather in the South, Middle Atlantic states, was said to be doing more good than harm, as it put a check on the boll weevil, who annually makes his appearance at this season of the year. The boll weevil only thrives in damp wet weather, and with plenty of sunshine and high temperatures, his work is limited. Receipts of new cotton are becoming quite liberal at the ports, owing to the hot weather causing a premature opening of the bolls, and while labor is very scarce, it has not as yet become a factor. With the present high prices for cotton, farmers seem disposed to part with their cotton and are accepting bids on a lower basis. The crop at present points to a yield of 14,000,000 bales exclusive of linters, and with a carry-over of 3,000,000 bales there should be ample cotton for all requirements. The market will be governed by the weather, and should we get good rains in the Southwestern part of the belt, a decline can be expected that will bring futures to the 20-cent level. Without rain next week present prices will hold, and we may get some upturn from this level.

Sale of Old Gold

The Director of the Mint has issued the following statement in regard to the surrender of gold for war purposes:

"To persons who have old gold which they wish to convert into cash for war or other purposes, the Government offers an opportunity. Old gold and silver in quantities approximating $100 in value may be sent to the United States Assay Office in New York or to any one of the Government Assay Offices in Philadelphia, Denver, or San Francisco. The senders will receive in return a check on the United States Treasury for the value of the material less the charges for fitting such material for coinage purposes. These charges are nominal. No institution under the Government receives this material, as none has facilities for depositing or treating it.

"To societies raising funds for war relief work, the suggestion is made that individual collections of old gold and silver be gathered together in some central depositary, and when the necessary amount has been obtained, that it be sent to the assay office in one of the four cities mentioned which is most conveniently situated for transportation."

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The President Through Mexican Eyes

(Continued from Page 3)

tain confidence in those, like ourselves, who are from distant lands. One would take the Chief Magistrate to be no other than any ordinary honest American citizen, and this impression fills one with the purest thoughts of his absolute sincerity. It should be borne in mind that a government of the people and for the people does not require that its executive should be attired like a prince, but rather that he be a modest man, like one intrusted with the safe conduct of the state with its thousands of free citizens.

The President speaks. We seem to vibrate with the most tense attention, like drawn strings ready to break at the slightest impulse.

The President speaks with a clear voice, the voice of one accustomed to address millions of voters. His gestures, like his delivery, are at first deliberate and calm. With his thumb and forefinger joined, it seems as if he endeavored to put more force into his thoughts and convictions, to underscore them, make them clearer and more comprehensible.

His voice becomes gradually more accentuated and even vehement as he gives expression to the high ideals of his doctrines. His right arm suddenly rises with opened hand when he emphasizes the liberties of the people and the rights of humanity, and his countenance lights up as he welcomes us and wishes us prosperity.

There were moments when I felt like a scholar seated on a bench before the schoolmaster of Princeton. The President seemed to speak as in a hall of learning, and acquired as I listened a high moral value as an enunciator of ideas.

And when I went close to him to give him my hand, when I heard from his lips the courteous "I am glad to know you," I pressed with a reverent clasp that hand created to pen words of enormous importance to the world.

Still under the spell of the emotion of that moment, when my lucky star brought me to the presence of one of the representative men of these days of stupendous happenings, I set down these lines in order that they may express one of the indelible recollections of my journalistic career.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of MESSRS. GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE AND ORRICK, room No. 823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., situate at No. 433 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

ETHEL E. SHERWOOD,
Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1918.

GOODFELLOW, EELS, MOORE AND ORRICK,
Attorneys for Executrix,
823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., 433 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased. No. 24762, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will Annexed at the office of McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD, 908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased.

GEORGE B. SPERRY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD,
Attorneys for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased. No. 24790, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of HARTLEY F. PEART, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased.

NANCY GERTRUDE BLETHEN, also called Nancy G. Blethen, also called Gertrude Blethen,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorney for Executrix,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Hotel Henry, 106 Sixth Street, San Francisco, will sell at Gallick Auction Rooms, 821 Mission Street, at Public Auction on August 15, 1918, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Hotel Henry:

Pearl Albert	1 Trunk	J. Morgan	1 Suitcase
Miss Smith	2 Trunks	Wrecht	1 Suitcase
A. J. Nelsen	1 Trunk	Hartman	1 Suitcase
A. Faidey	1 Trunk	Were	1 Suitcase
S. Espanzos	2 Trunks	Elmer Gould	1 Suitcase
W. H. Roth	1 Trunk	Letzstein	1 Suitcase
Henbulman	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Numbey	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Veitchil	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
McDougall	1 Trunk	Weiss	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	A. Smith	1 Basket
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Miss Black	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Mrs. Alusiny	1 Box
A. J. Scott	3 Trunks	Hall	1 Box
Wehr	2 Trunks	Ella Hayes	1 Box
A. Smith	1 Suitcase	Walten	1 Box
C. Pearl	2 Suitcases	Mrs. Bernnett	1 Box
Hogelned	1 Suitcase	Mr. Crane	1 Box
Lume	1 Suitcase	Saujhelen	1 Box
Fred Persens	1 Suitcase	Wehr	2 Boxes
Carter	1 Suitcase	Woods	1 Grip
Tulley	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Fiber Case
Shelinges	1 Suitcase	Masten	1 Basket
Jewell	1 Suitcase	Wrigth	1 Basket
Reyech	1 Suitcase	Runkle	1 Box
H. Young	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Grip
Mw. Boyd	1 Suitcase	Low	2 Cot Beds
Wrigth	1 Suitcase	Louis Wisleyer	1 Basket

7-13-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY NOTE AND MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17747. Department No. 13.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS MACRANDRIAS, an Insane Person.

There having been filed herein the petition of George Macrandrias, guardian of the estate of the above named incompetent, for an order of the above named Court authorizing and directing said guardian to execute and deliver to Hibernia Savings & Loan Society a mortgage on the lot belonging to said incompetent situate on the Southerly line of Twenty-Sixth Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Mission Street, with a frontage of forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches on Twenty-Sixth Street, and a depth of one hundred (100) feet, said lot being a portion of Mission Block No. 199, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said mortgage to secure a note to said Hibernia Savings & Loan Society for Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), payable one year from date and bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent are hereby required to appear before the above named Court, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said above described property, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the above mentioned amount of Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), or such lesser amount as to said Court, or the Judge thereof, shall seem meet.

For further particulars, all persons interested in said Estate are hereby referred to said petition on file herein.

Dated: July 10, 1918.

GEO. A. STURTEVANT,
Judge of the Superior Court.

O'CONNOR & SCHWARTZ,
Attorneys for Guardian,
414 Kohl Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-20-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-22-10

FOR

GOVERNOR of CALIFORNIA

Francis J.

HENEY

THE MAN WHO EXPOSED THE BEEF TRUST

HE HAS THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT

TOWN TALK PRESS, 88 FIRST ST.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1355 | San Francisco-Oakland, August 10, 1918 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Casualties

Not since the Civil War have American mothers and fathers been called upon to show the bravery which is needful now. Our boys have thrilled the world with their dashing courage, but they have been meeting foemen worthy of their steel, and many of them have fallen. Fitz-Greene Halleck reminded us at school that in many of its aspects Death is very terrible, but not to the fighter who has dealt a blow in a worthy cause:

> But to the hero, when his sword
> Has won the battle for the free,
> Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
> And in its hollow tones are heard
> The thanks of millions yet to be.

That is the way our young heroes overseas feel about death; and that is the way we, their relatives and friends, should regard their passing. Many who went away will not return; but rightly considered, they left their hearts with us, and though their bodies may be committed to the earth beneath white wooden crosses, their souls go singing and marching on. We shall "absent ourselves from felicity a while" to do fitting honor to their memories, but we shall not begrudge them to their beloved country. And who knows? some of us may even envy them.

* * *

Binding the Beast

"If we cannot tame the cunning animal that has assaulted humanity, at least we can and will tether him." Thus that distinguished man of letters, Walter Raleigh, in an address delivered in London. It is not the first time this figure of speech has been applied to Germany. That the wild animal of Hundom must be caged, that there must be a "binding of the beast," our own George Sterling had already proclaimed in one of the most powerful—because one of the most deadly yet restrained—of the war poems which have come to our notice. It is significant that this figure should occur to two minds. Men in arms have not always looked upon the foe as a beast of prey. Wars have not always been regarded as analagous to a boar or tiger hunt. But we think of this war in just that way, and with reason. Is not "The Beast of Berlin" the title of a popular war film? The beast we would bind, the cunning animal we would tether has been infuriated by the taste of innocent blood. His chops are scarlet with the blood of Belgium, of Serbia, of Montenegro, of Poland. Like the Minotaur, he has devoured virgins and young men. Treachery is his instinct, cruelty is his method. The hunters have been following his spoor a long time, but have not yet brought him to bay. But the time is coming. It is true that he cannot be killed—our figure of speech fails here. It may be, as Walter Raleigh says, that he cannot be tamed. But he can be, and he will be tethered. And once he is tethered, his bonds must not be loosed for many, many years. Not till captivity has changed his nature will it be safe for the huntsmen to let him go.

* * *

The Unreasonable Russians

We can imagine how the Kaiser feels when the Russians assassinate one of his officials. Here he is—the All-Highest, self-constituted partner of the All-High—doing his best to bring sweetness and light into Russia, and the Russians turn from him in sourness and gloom, throwing a bomb, when the occasion offers, at a German official. The Kaiser weeps readily when his motives are impugned or when his kindly endeavors to lift the world to German levels are inadequately appreciated. We can see in fancy the fountains of sorrow that gush from his eyes at the ingratitude of these Russians. He asks for confidence and they throw a bomb. He gives them the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and they put the quietus on his ambassador. He takes their granaries under his protection, and they kill his Ukrainian governor. The sadness of it all is enough to drive him to drink, but we know from his American dentist that he is an abstemious man. What is he to do with these ungrateful Russians? Will they never permit themselves to be Teutonized? Are their dark minds never to be illuminated by the light of Kultur? It would seem not. It would seem that even a Lenine, a Trotsky cannot entirely convert them to the true doctrine that comes from Potsdam. However, there is a little something in this state of affairs which may help to console Wilhelm. Not so long ago the Russians were killing Germans by the thousands. Now they bomb one German at a time. We commend this fact to the Kaiser, hoping that he will extract some comfort from it and thus prepare himself for the day (which we hope is coming), when the Russians will recommence killing Germans on a wholesale scale.

* * *

The Czar's End

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." We are all familiar with this line from *Macbeth;* we have heard it applied time and again to men who made some amends for the errors of their mortal careers by the bravery with which they faced death. The line cannot be applied to Czar Nicholas, if we may believe what has been told us concerning his end. The imminence of death found him in a state of collapse; he had to be propped against a post to receive the volley. The picture is one from which we turn with disagreeable feelings. A ruler, and with so little command over himself! The head of an aristocracy, and displaying less fortitude than hundreds of thousands of his moujiks! The anointed head of a church, and acknowledging that death indeed has a sting! We hope the picture has been falsely painted, for it casts discredit upon our human nature. There is not one of us who does not believe that he would meet death in the spirit of Browning's "Prospice." There is not one of us who does not think that weakness in the supreme hour is a miserable thing. Bravery at the end makes up for much antecedent cowardice. Small though our sympathy for Nicholas may have been,

we should have doffed our hats to him had he died nobly. It is not sufficient to excuse him by saying that the spirit may have been willing while the flesh was weak. We expect strength of the flesh in this matter of facing the beyond. We were told many times that the man was a weakling; his death seemed to prove it.

* * *

Some Important Questions

What effect is war having on the character of our boys in France? The question cannot be answered just yet. We must wait and see. But it is the part of wisdom to examine the shadows cast before by coming events, and many wise men are trying to form some idea of the sort of Americanism which will be brought back to us by our victorious veterans. As one soldier in France has expressed it, "Some men will come out of this war better and some worse, but no one will remain the same." We like to think that the American soldiers who will come out of it worse than they went in, will be a small minority. That is an honorable optimism. We have heard much about the stimulation of religious thought and practice in the trenches. Many soldiers have "got religion" over there; it is unlikely that many who had it already have lost it. Here would seem to be a distinct gain. Then again, the severe army discipline is good for our boys, many of whom were wayward, spoiled or self-willed before the draft gathered them in. Are our boys profiting by the contact of Britons, Frenchmen, Italians and others? Are they enlarging their fund of ideas? Are they insensibly losing their more or less provincial outlook? Probably they are. Reading, as they do, the papers from home, and following the course of labor disputes, are they finding their respect for organized labor increased or decreased? Do they take our politicians more seriously than before, or less seriously? Observing the effects of a wine ration in the French and Italian armies, are they forming strong new opinions on the subject of prohibition? These are some of the questions we should like to have answered. For the answers will have a very important bearing upon the future course of this republic. The immediate future of our country will belong primarily, and quite properly, to our fighting boys. What will they do with it? We cannot tell until they come marching home.

* * *

Those Four Tracks

More street cars are being operated up and down Market street than are necessary to carry the people, according to information Power Administrator H. G. Butler has received.

"I have talked with William H. von Phul, general manager of the United Railroads, and with Fred Boeken, superintendent of your municipal system," said Butler, "and they have both admitted to me that the large number of cars being operated on Market street is not necessary."

The quotation is from a daily paper. It causes a little wonderment in our simple mind. We cannot forget that the Four Track Crime was excused on the ground of dire necessity. Market street needed more cars, many more cars, and there was only that one way to provide them. So we were told by our City Fathers, and though some of us disputed their contention it gained us nothing: they professed to have unanswerable data on the subject and were not inclined to argue. On their *ipse dixit* the additional tracks were laid and Market street was ruined. And now we are told that the heads of both systems, privately owned and municipal, admit that Market street has more cars than it needs. We are in a position to say with justice "I told you so," but what's the use? The four tracks are still there. It looks as though they are going to stay there. It is up to us to watch our step as we cross them, and keep in mind whatever directions for safety the good City Fathers see fit to embody in traffic ordinances. Yet we cannot help pointing out again that our City Fathers know nothing about municipal transportation, that they have never tried seriously to master its problems, and that they never will try so long as their tenure of office depends on their vote-getting ability instead of on their brains. To the typical City Father the public is a boob, and when two City Fathers meet they laugh in their sleeves, like Roman augurs, at the gullibility of their dupes.

* * *

Mark and the Ouija Board

Mitchell Kennerley, the publisher, recently issued a novel called *Jap Herron*, attributing it to Mark Twain and alleging that the dead man of letters sent it from the World Beyond through the medium of the ouija board. Harper & Brothers, publishers of Mark Twain's books of earthly origin and holders of the copyright on his pen name, have appealed to the courts, contending that their copyright has been infringed. *Jap Herron* is the second novel of recent vintage to be attributed to a spirit, the first being *Patience Worth*. But the sponsors of *Patience Worth* did not credit their hodge-podge to any well-known author; so they were denied the widespread advertising which *Jap Herron* has received. The suit of *Harper* vs. *Kennerley* should make an interesting trial. Who knows but that the spirit of Mark Twain will be called from the vasty deep to manipulate the ouija board in the court room? But would spook evidence be admissible? We have our doubts. Our courts are conservative enough, we think, to insist that all testimony come from this side of the tomb. When the dead give evidence in court it is by means of papers drawn up before death and properly attested; the ouija board might not convince the most credulous juror, let alone a learned judge. Nevertheless we are tempted to dally for a moment with the fancy that the authenticity of the ouija board's message is provable. Think of the possibilities! Dickens might be called to the phone and induced to communicate the rest of *Edwin Drood;* Thackeray might be coaxed into giving us the unwritten chapters of *Dennis Duval;* Stevenson, a man of amiable nature, might take the trouble to finish *Weir of Hermiston!* The reader with a literary turn may pursue this train of speculation across the centuries. We find, on second thought, that it doesn't amuse us very much. We cannot forget that the ouija board is the toy of childish minds, the serious concern only of the crassly vulgar.

Little Unborn Children

By Catherine Kirsopp

She walks with little unborn children clinging to her hands;
Her eyes are blue with misty dreams that no man understands.

Upon her cheeks, upon her lips their little mouths are pressed,
They live within her dreaming eyes, they sleep upon her breast.

But on their faces woe is writ, and solemn wondering,
They palely peer on her, and say with mournful murmuring—

"The man she loved went out to war; he fought and bravely died;
And she who is so beautiful will never be a bride."

O, could he have so bravely gone to fight in far-off lands
If he, like her, had seen their eyes and felt their little hands?

Yet they were near him all the while; they clamored round his tomb,
Calling that he must come to them, to save them from their doom.

And weepingly they cried, and beat against Love's fast-locked door
When hope had gone, and they were left and lost for ever more.

Because they beat upon her heart she heard the words they cried,
Then with her grief she wove a dream to draw them to her side:

And so they came, with joyless tread, and clung to her dear hands,
And she is dumb with silent grief that no man understands.

Was Bismarck a Hun?

By Holbrook Jackson

Sidney Whitman, in "Things I Remember," does not put the question quite in that way, but he answers it in the negative. For our present purpose a Hun may be defined as a German who either instigated, approves, or supports the great war in a thoroughly German and frightful manner. Bismarck, of course, could have had no direct connection with the present hostilities, for he died in 1898. It is the opinion of Sidney Whitman, who knew him well, that Prince Mismarck was not only friendly towards Great Britain, but that he consistently opposed the creation of friction between the two countries either by word or deed. His last verbal instructions to German diplomatic representatives abroad, more particularly to the Consuls in India and in Egypt—where, since his day, German intrigue has been rampant—often terminated with the words: "Do all in your power to keep up good relationship with the English. You need not even use a secret cipher in cabling. We have nothing to conceal from the English, for it would be the greatest possible folly to antagonize England." Now it is clear that if those instructions conveyed Bismarck's honest convictions, we must exonerate him from any complicity in the crime perpetrated by his successors, and such an attitude would further involve the present German Emperor in personal complicity with the circumstances which led up to the war. The argument for this belief is supported by the notoriously bad treatment meted out to Bismarck by the Kaiser.

Everybody remembers the historic Punch cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot." There the incident which saw Bismarck, the maker of the German Empire, banished from public life by his young upstart of a master is immortalized forever. But we have forgotten an earlier Punch cartoon equally impressive and suggestive. It is founded on the story of Daedalus and Icarus, and depicts Daedalus Bismarck (political parent of Wilhelm Icarus) warning the bewinged and arrogant young Emperor against rising too near the sun of Caesarism which fills the background of the picture. Beneath the cartoon are the following lines from an old translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses":

> My son, observe the middle path to fly,
> And fear to seek too low, or rise too high.
> Here the sun melts, there vapors damp your force,
> Between the two extremes direct your course.
> Nor on the Bear, nor on Boötes gaze,
> Nor on sword-arm'd Orion's dangerous rays:
> But follow me, thy guide, with watchful sight,
> And, as I steer, direct thy cautious flight.

As we know, Wilhelm Icarus did not take this shrewd and good advice; on the contrary, he scrapped the great statesman who proffered it, and today we see those wings, attached by wax, fluttering, we hope for the last time, perilously near the sun which will be the doom of the pretentious man who wears them.

There is no more reliable guide to contemporary foreign history than Sidney Whitman. For many years he was the correspondent of the New York Herald, and, in the service of that great paper, he had peculiar opportunities of gaining a wide and profound knowledge of the Central Empires. But Mr. Whitman is something more than an astute journalist, he is a scholar and a keen student of contemporary history, and so far as I know he has never been guilty of a wild statement for the sake of making a journalistic scoop. For these reasons his words on Bismarck demand more than passing attention:

> I should like to protest against the supposition that Bismarck had ever been at heart an enemy of England, or that English responsible ministers in his time had ever considered him to be such. Bismarck believed that the interests of Germany and England need never collide. Even today it may not be supererogatory to repeat the assertion that there was never anything in Bismarck's aims which implied a serious menace to British interests. Many passages in his reminiscences and of his recorded conversations support this interpretation, whilst in neither is there anything I am acquainted with which could lend countenance to the contrary view. I have recently seen a statement that Bismarck's diplomacy in connection with the acquisition of Germany's African colonies had a deal to do with creating a strong feeling of antagonism to England in Germany, and I can well believe it to be the case. But this does not imply that he would ever have sanctioned its going to the lengths we have witnessed, and he alone had the power to curb its extravagance.

Mr. Whitman was with Bismarck when he made some apparently strong comments on the Jameson Raid, but he is convinced that they were not based on petty spite or enmity to Great Britain, and he is certain that Bismarck would never have sanctioned the sending of the outrageous Kruger telegram had he been in office. That is quite consistent with what we know of Bismarck's views upon Germany and the necessity of her Colonial expansion. He looked upon Germany as capable of holding her own among the powers as a self-contained nation, and his penetrating mind realized the importance of capturing world trade by peaceful methods, a process which began in his own time and was reaching its triumphant accomplishment when the war broke out. That triumph, now destroyed by his blindly ambitious successors, whether Chancellors or Emperor, was the crowning glory of Bismarck's gift to his nation.

Nor were his efforts without appreciation in England:

> King Edward, I know on unquestionable authority, harbored feelings of friendly admiration for Bismarck, and never, down to the very last, let his birthday pass without sending him a warm congratulatory telegram; and the same applies to the Empress Frederick. When personal dissonances between England and Germany became accentuated after Bismarck's death, King Edward would say to intimate friends: "We didn't mind putting up with this or that from Bismarck, but we will not take it from his successors."

It is pointed out also that both Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery were warm admirers of the Prince; the latter even standing godfather to Herbert Bismarck's son. Finally, Mr. Whitman is careful to draw his moral by stating that no similar personal relationship has existed since between British and German statesmen. It may of course be urged that after all Bismarck may have been no more than a particularly cunning type of Hun, but I prefer to support Mr. Whitman in attributing to him greater vision.

That being so, it is with permissible gratification that we read how the Kaiser was rebuffed by Bismarck's family after the death of the great statesman he had kicked ungraciously out of public life. Mr. Whitman was in Germany at the time, and a favored visitor in the Bismarck household. He had been sent to Friedrichsruh by James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, on reports of Bismarck's serious illness becoming known. The Prince was in his eighty-fourth year, and Mr. Whitman did not arrive until the day after his death. He is, therefore, a first-hand recorder of the circumstances which followed, as recalled in this passage:

> The German Emperor was on his way back from his annual holiday in Norway, and had announced his immediate arrival by telegram, together with an offer of a state funeral. But the family abhorred the notion of state funerals, a subject on which Bismarck had often cracked his jokes, and the sons refused the Emperor William's honor point blank on the plea that their father had decided that his place of interment should be where he had spent the last days of his life. An unpleasant surprise awaited the War Lord on his arrival, of which I was an eye-witness; for Bismarck's sons, as well as his son-in-law, Count Rantzau, received the Emperor in black evening dress, whereas the etiquette of clothes—for which there has never been a more meticulous stickler than His Imperial Majesty—would have required that they should appear in their respective uniforms. But a crowning rebuff was in store for the All-Highest Monarch, who had evidently expected that he would be allowed to take a last look at the man to whom he owed the dazzling position of himself and his family in the world. But no, this was denied him. The coffin was already closed.

It is good to read this solemn rebuke of the arrogant monarch, and Mr. Whitman passes it on to the German nation when he remarks that the fact that it excited so little comment at the time was one of the many ominous signs of the growing worship of worldly glamor, the penalty for which the present generation is now paying in tears and blood.

Ten years after this event, Sidney Whitman published a conversation he had had a month previously with Prince Bülow. This famous interview appeared in the London Standard, and in the course of it Mr. Whitman cited a remark of Bismarck, which he says might fairly have been taken to reflect on the German Emperor as a peace-endangering influence. Here is the passage:

> Only no cock of the walk business (Bismarck used this term in English). Europe as an entity would resent a situation as derogatory, if not intolerable, in which it might come to pass that an individual arrogated to himself the attribute of being supreme arbiter of war and peace, the latter to depend upon his benevolent intentions periodically vouchsafed to the world as a free gift to be received in an attitude of grateful humility.

In the light of more recent happenings this remarkable statement becomes still more remarkable. It is the constant boast of the Kaiser and his official phonographs that Germany has but one idea after the securing of her own safety, namely, to bestow peace upon the world. It is Germany, we must remember, who is to bring this supreme gift—but it is to be bestowed not on Europe's terms or on the world's terms, but on Germany's terms. That is precisely what Bismarck believed Europe would resent, and never has prophecy been so well fulfilled. For generations there will be arguments as to the causes of the great war, but one of them is contained in Bismarck's words. Europe refuses to accept peace at Germany's price. So disturbing was the publication of this opinion of Bismarck's that the German Emperor arranged a counterblast, full of bombast and inconsistencies, which took the form of an interview with His Majesty in the pages of the London Daily Telegraph. It set the whole world talking, laughing and wondering, much after the manner of the similarly astounding interview more recently given to the world by the Crown Prince.

Perspective Impressions

How many of your friends have a clear idea what a Chechoslovak is?

Somehow or other we can't keep Albanian geography in our head.

Do people think as much of Arnold Bennett as they used to?

What a long time it is since we took any interest in the Great American Novel!

We can't get over an uneasy feeling that the word "Ourcq" has lost part of itself.

We congratulate "Black Jack" Pershing on receiving the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Five million more Americans for the army! It would be interesting to know how well the Kaiser sleeps these nights.

Are you saving up for the next Liberty Loan?

Hindenburg is about due to die again.

The war will be won, no matter which candidate becomes Governor of California.

The news from France enthralls everybody but a few hard-boiled politicians.

Mayor Rolph took Soissons a week before our boys got there.

German propagandists in America seem to have been true to the Kaiser as long as the money held out.

To comfort the sorrowing is a work of mercy all of us should perform these sad but inspiring days.

Extra! Supervisor Mulvihill has discovered the four tracks!

We have a sneaking suspicion that the vote will be light this primary.

What do the supervisors do besides fighting among themselves?

Being a brave man, Pershing didn't quail when Poincare kissed him.

Has Rolph forgotten that there's a police commissionership vacant?

The tax on incomes above five million a year has been increased, but as our income is below that figure we are not worried.

If campaign promises were carried out all we'd have to do would be to sit around and wait for the millennium.

Tobacco and Literature

By Penguin

There is a particularly close link between tobacco and literature. If there is no approval of smoking to be found in the Bible or Shakespere or the works of Mr. Shaw, a band of poets and prose writers have celebrated "our holy herb Nicotian, the blessed comforter of all poor bards." From Ralcigh to Rudyard Kipling, from Drayton and Defoe to Dickens, from Ben Jonson and Byron to Baudelaire and Sir James Barrie, there is an uninterrupted succession of men of letters who have smoked with satisfaction and eulogized with enthusiasm. Compared with these, one can afford to disregard grumblers like James I or his flatterer, the "silver-tongued" Sylvester, whose "Tobacco Battered and Pipes Shattered about their Eares that Idely Idolize so Base and Barbarous a Weed" was mere sycophancy. Mr. Shaw and Frederic Harrison stand as almost the only distinguished modern heads of the opposition.

James I's tirades against tobacco were as tedious as his theological disputations. "Smoking," he wrote, "is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs," and, with theological fervor, he went on to compare tobacco and hell:

> Tobacco is the lively image and pattern of hell, for that it hath by allusion in it all the parts and vices of the world, whereby hell may be gained. For, first it is smoke; so are all the vanities of the world. Secondly, it delighteth them that take it; so do all the pleasures of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men drunken and light in the head; so do all the vanities of the world. Fourthly, he that taketh tobacco saith that he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch; even so the pleasures of the world make men loth to leave them.

Contrast this with Carlyle's verdict that "sedative, gently-soothing, gently-clarifying tobacco smoke surely gives human intellect and insight the best chance they can have"; with Barclay's eulogy of "this happy and holy herbe, this profitable plant"; or with Burton's praise of it as a cure for melancholy: "Tobacco—divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco—which goes far beyond all the panaceas, portable gold, and philosopher's stones." The school boy wrote better than he knew when he answered an examination question with the words: "Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, and when he smoked his first pipe, he exclaimed: 'By the grace of God, Master Ridley, we have this day lighted such a fire in England as shall never more be put out.'"

> Me let the sound of great Tobacco's praise
> A pitch above those love-sick poets raise,

wrote Michael Drayton, and it would be easy to compile an anthology in praise of:

> Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
> Extracts superfluous juices and refines
> The blood, distempered, from its noxious salts.

First place should be given to Lamb's "Farewell to Tobacco" for its mixture of love and hate, and its author's willingness to "do anything but die" for "the friendliest of plants." Spenser, too, could be drawn upon, and so could George Lilly, and Ford, and Sir Robert Aytoun, and Cowper, and Crabbe, and Lowell, and Longfellow, and Théophile Gautier, and Paul Verlaine. For tobacco, like art, is international, and it is possible, even in these days, to feel some sympathy with Hans Breitmann's hero who, "when heavenly smoke was round his nose, he veels all Gott-resigned," or with the character in "The Ingoldsby Legends":

> A highly respectable man as a German,
> Who smoked like a chimney and drank like a Merman.

Or, if we would have pathos, surely the French poet's

> On ne casse jamais une pipe brulée,
> Mais la pipe qu'on aimait tant!

is far more poignant than Moore's lament for his gazelle.

Byron's lines, too, come to mind when the smoke of high explosives threatens to curtail the supply of the smoke that Gitche Manito, the Mighty, made the symbol of peace:

> Sublime Tobacco! which from East to West
> Cheers the Tar's labors or the Turkman's rest;
> Which on the Moslem's Ottoman divides
> His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
> Magnificent in Stamboul but less grand,
> Tho' not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand.

Calverley's ode raises the disputed question which is the most enjoyable smoke of the day. "Sweet," he says,

> Sweet when the morn is grey,
> Sweet when they've cleared away
> Lunch; and at close of day
> Possibly sweetest.

Some smokers will dispute this. Even the habit of smoking in bed or in one's bath, which is often condemned as pernicious, is not without defenders. "'Do you always smoke arter you goes to bed, old cock?' inquired Mr. Weller of his landlord, when they had both retired for the night. 'Yes, I does, young bantam,' replied the cobbler."

Tobacco has not only soothed and inspired writers. In one case, at any rate, it has enabled a poet to live and to go on writing. James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," was for some time dependent on the money he made by writing for "Cope's Tobacco Plant." Many of Thomson's essays—among them the articles on Rabelais, Saint-Amant, Ben Johnson, James Hogg, and Professor Wilson, which have been reprinted by Bertram Dobell in the volume of "Biographical and Critical Studies"—made their first appearance in "The Tobacco Plant." The little magazine has now become rather scarce, and it is not easy to get a complete set. But second-hand booksellers know it well, and odd numbers can be picked up from time to time.

In addition to its social and literary history, smoking has had its influence in the high political world. The scene in "Cranford," where Mr. Holbrook asks Miss Matty to fill his pipe—"if it was a shock to her refinement, it was also a gratification to her feelings to be thus selected"—gives us a glimpse of the social life of the time. A still greater occasion was when Bismarck asserted the equality of Prussia with Austria at the Frankfort Diet, by means of "his famous lighted cigar." Here is Bismarck's own description of the incident:

> In the sitting of the Military Commission, when Rochow was Prussian envoy, Austria alone smoked; Rochow, who was a passionate smoker, would also have gladly done so, but did not venture. When I came I did not see any reason against it, and asked for a light from the presiding State. This seemed to be regarded with astonishment and displeasure. . . . The others clearly held it so important that they sent home a report on the matter. . . . It required much attention at the smaller Courts, and for quite half a year only the two great Powers smoked.

One by one the other envoys began to maintain the dignity of their countries by smoking, until only two were left. These disliked tobacco, but, as Bismarck adds, "the honor and importance of their states required it, and so the Wurtemburger bought his cigar. Hesse-Darmstadt alone refrained."

The Garden of Love

By Alexander Pym

The spaces of the desert stretched about me unpeopled save by phantoms. Overhead a ball of fire, blazing in a sky of burnished copper, drew what moisture it could suck from a parched and arid wilderness. Two companions never left me by night or day: sand—sand in hair and mouth and eyes—and silence. There are different kinds of silence, each with its significance: the silence of awe, the silence which presages disaster. But the silence of the desert is unlike any other. It is as though the functions of Nature were suspended, and in the stillness the heart of the world can be heard to beat.

I seemed to have been always in the desert. My eyes were tinged with the wistfulness that the horizon gives; the expression in the gaze of the Arab and the sailor is the same. And I was looking not for something that I had lost, but for something I had yet to find. I did not complain, for the nomad life has enchantment. Here and there, when least expected, an oasis springs into being as though by magic. Every breath of air throbs with the mystery of the unknown, with a sense of immensity and freedom. But I had no home. Though footsore and weary I was compelled to go forward. For the desert is inhospitable, and there is no resting place there.

I had almost abandoned hope of escape when mountains raised themselves in outline before me. Patches of vegetation began to triumph over the barrenness of the land; the heat became less intense. As I advanced I discerned in the distance groves of palms and abundant foliage. Then I believed that my journey was at an end—I had reached the Garden of Love.

It was a spot pleasant to the eye. Around were dotted hamlets nestling among the woods. Within, myriads of flowers nodded in bewildering profusion, scenting the air with their fragrance. One who has little knowledge of such things could never name them. Wild, exotic, fragile, in masses and alone they grew, forming avenues and clumps and borders riotous with color. Green, purple, wine-red, scarlet, orange-red, blood-red, blue, saffron, sulphur-yellow, whites in every variety—all the hues of the rainbow were there, but the reds predominated. Yet every shoot appeared independent of the others, with an individuality of its own.

And in the Garden were maidens of every kind. For some God had put violets in their eyes and rosebuds on their lips, and corn in their hair, and lilies in their breath and skin. Their ears were as shells which are gathered on the shore, and their faces turned to the brightness in the way of children. They were playing the only game in the world—the game of love. Others I saw who cheated as they played. Crimson stained their cheeks, and it was they, not God, who had wound carnations in their hair. Such were the passion-toys of pleasure. Others, again, belonged to neither kind, yet partook of both. Each had a blossom entrusted to her keeping as an emblem of herself.

The men, the partners in the game, were permitted to pluck a flower, and with the flower they took a maiden. It was noticeable how frequently the flowers, when plucked, burst with buds into new life. Many, however, drooped almost at once, the petals crumpled, and the man and woman could remain no longer. That was the only sadness which came into the Garden—the withering of flowers—and it was always the signal of departure. The rejected sometimes settled within sight of the happiness which they had lost; sometimes they obeyed the call of the desert; a few journeyed boldly into the mountains. I observed that the crimson blossom was particularly short-lived (there appeared to be something hostile to it in the atmosphere of the place). Those who tended it invariably departed before long, laughing and wantoning into the great wastes.

Then I wondered if there was room in the Garden for a wanderer like myself. Should I find there that which I had sought so long, which the desert had denied me? I could hardly believe that it was possible. I had seen fair places, but I had never found that. I had watched and waited—once with hope. Love would come to me; it must. But time passed and the desert summoned, and love lingered. Or perhaps it had come and I had not perceived it.

And while I waited I had consoled myself with make-believe. If love was a game then I would play it and be happy. But that was a mistake. Love can only be played with clean hands and a pure heart. It is the pursuit and capture, not, as I had supposed, of every passing fancy, but of the ideal. Yet it is worth a struggle. He who wins it and holds it in his arms has all.

It is this ideal that colors dreams and waking thoughts. But it is hard to find; it is slow in revealing its hiding place. And when it fails to come men grow weary and try to cheat themselves with something base. This is why they become unclean; not because they like uncleanliness, but because their dreams remain unrealized. Hungry and unsatisfied they prefer husks of swine to starvation. So they appear heartless, enticing and coquetting, transfering their favors from one attachment to another, assuming bonds of allegiance in a spirit of jest. Like children who cannot obtain the treasured toy they suppose for a moment that something else will do. But it is just pretense, in order to conceal their disappointment; in their hearts they know that they are beggars.

And if any say that this is not so there will come a day when they will confess that they lied. For in the act of accepting a phantom they bear witness to the power of the ideal and measure the preciousness of what they have lost.

And so it was with me. I was one of those who had gone unsatisfied, who did not know the meaning of love. Was I fit, then, to set foot in that sacred spot? Would not the presence of an outcast bring a blight among the flowers? And yet . . . there might be a place for me. Oh, if only it might be so, if only this might be the beginning of something beautiful and noble in my life! I had endured so much of the sand and silence. If only . . . I pushed open the gate and entered the Garden.

* * * * * *

The first hours of happiness were shadowed by the dread that I might be expelled. But time went on and no one interfered. The number of strange people there surprised me. They were bad as well as good; some inconstant and shallow; others inspired by selfish motives, by love of the ego, by love of that which pleases the eye. Yet all were happy. That seemed to be inherent in the atmosphere of the place. But imperfections of character imposed this restriction. No one could make the Garden his home for long except those who were clean through and through, who had gained the pearl without price. The mingling of selfishness or passion with love sooner or later brought exile. And though some of the exiles I observed won their way back, this was rare. Most of those who left the Garden said good-bye to it forever.

In such a scene of peace and brightness as this, listening in the sunshine to the stirring of the breeze, the hum of insects among the flowers, I was possessed by a feeling of content such as I had not experienced before. And I perceived my whole being quickened with a sense of anticipation. Something would happen to me. What? I could not tell. That it would be transforming, even lovely, I felt sure. But I was still alone. Women such as play unfairly at the game gazed at me, alluring, yet kindly; with look and gesture they invited me to be their comrade. But my eyes were busy searching among the faces for the woman of my dreams. Many lovable and good, who had found what I had not, passed near and spoke with me. But She was not there. . .

Then bitterness took hold of me. If She did not come, there were others. The false loves of men, the fickleness, the make-believe, began to assume an appearance of merit. Were they not the struggles of the desperate to obtain a footing, if not within the sacred shrine, at least in the outer precincts of the temple? The idea fired my brain, and I fell.

It happened at the tempting of one of those witch-daughters. She was lovely to look upon and desirable above others, with the almost baby face of one who knows no evil. She came to comfort me, and I did not refuse her. Her silken arms were cast about my neck. The carnations in her hair wrought a dizziness of the senses. I was intoxicated. The blood pulsed through my veins. I asked: Why

(Continued on Page 13)

1850 1918

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Poems About San Francisco

To collectors of Californiana the rarest Joaquin Miller item is a 16mo of 112 pages, bound in green cloth, with this title page: Joaquin, | et Al., | by | Cincinnatus H. Miller | Portland, Oregon: | S. J. McCormick, Publisher, 105 Front Street, | 1869. It is dedicated "To Maud," that is to say, to Maud Miller. It contains the following poem:

221—TO THE BARDS OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Joaquin Miller

I am as one unlearned, uncouth,
From country come to join the youth
Of some sweet town in quest of truth;
A skilless northern Nazarene—

From whence no good can ever come.
I stand apart as one that's dumb.
I hope—I fear—I hasten home.
I plunge into my wilds again.

I catch your dulcet symphonies,
I drink the low sweet melodies
That stream through these dark feathered trees
Like echoes from some far church bell,

Or music on the water spilled
Beneath the still moon's holy spell,
And life is sweeter—all is well—
The soul is fed. The heart is filled.

I move among these frowning firs,
Black bats wheel by in rippled whirs,
While naught else living breathes or stirs.
I peep—I lift the boughs apart—

I tip-toe up—I try to rise—
I strive to gaze into the eyes
Of charmers charming thus so wise—
I coin your faces on my heart.

I greet you on your brown bent hills
Discoursing with the beaded rills,
While over all the full moon spills
His flood in gorgeous plenilune.

White skillful hands sweep o'er the strings,
I heed as when a seraph sings,
I lean to catch the whisperings,
I list into the night's sweet noon.

I see you by the streaming strand,
A singing sea-shell in each hand,
And silk locks tossing as you stand,
And tangled in the toying breeze.

And lo! the sea with salty tears,
While white hands toss, then disappear,
Doth plead that you for years and years
Will stay and sing unto the seas.

The Spectator

"Prophylactic San Francisco"

Willard Huntington Wright, the enfant terrible of Los Angeles journalism, has attempted to revive the furore he caused when he wrote "Los Angeles, the Chemically Pure." Only this time his victim is our own city. For the Los Angeles Times he has written an article entitled "New San Francisco—the Prophylactic." It is a lamentation for our vanished wickedness. Wright finds that San Francisco has become very good—and very stupid. Here is the way he begins:

Have you heard tales of a gay and festive San Francisco, its corpuscles tripping to the strains of King Jazz, its streets strewn with the wreckage of roseate and romantic revels—a city given over to the joys of the flesh, to wine-bibbing and perfumed deviltries—a city intoxicated with blood-heating syncopations and bristling with Babylonian amours? Has the glad word been poured into your ears that life in this up-State metropolis is a continual Saturnalia of sin, an eternal tournament of mad hilarities? Have you, in short, been led to believe that San Francisco was indeed the "Paris of America?"

If so, you have only gloom and disillusion awaiting you on your arrival in the Golden Gate city. San Francisco has been purified and made prophylactic. Its olden joys are no more. The bubbles have disappeared from its wine. The excesses of merrymaking are nowhere to be found. Gone are the silken ankles and the glittering eyes of poules de luxe, the kisses and the flutes, the beery laughter and the delirious leg-shaking. There is empty desolation where once the light daughters of joy plied their ancient trade. To the stranger within the gates, looking about him anxiously for signs of gaiety, San Francisco presents a dismal picture. To all appearances it is a home of purity, of early retirers, of phlegmatic and virtuous souls. Can this be San Francisco, muses the tourist? Can this be the city once redolent of romance, once bustling with vermilion intrigue, once polluted with hogsheads of perfume?

But do not think that San Francisco is merely moral in the conventional sense, as Council Bluffs, for instance, is moral. The difference between San Francisco's morality and the genuine morality of the Middle West, is the difference between the virtue of a good man, instinctively generous and upright as a result of early training and environment, and the virtue of a reformed souse who yesterday was moored to the brass rail, but who today is playing sour notes on a cornet in a Salvation Army band.

Mint Replaces Champagne

Wright is not particular about his company in San Francisco. From the following we learn that he is easy to get acquainted with:

In one of the famous cafés of the old days, now subdued and Pasteurized, two unhappy ladies of a laxer epoch came and sat dejectedly at our table. I had gone to San Francisco for a visit, and, like Conrad in quest of his youth, I had sought out a few of the once-gay restaurants. The two ladies who came forward and extended their hospitality ordered white mint—a fact in itself which would have given pause to any one who had known the San Francisco of former times. From champagne to white mint! Other times, other customs—other drinks! . . . I changed my own order to white mint—such is the power of example, no matter from what unexpected source it comes!

But the ladies were no happier than I, and only by sheer effort did they keep the conversation from lagging. The zest was gone; the gray ghost of a merrier, freer day sat in at this temperance feast, like the departed Banquo. Even the double entendre was no more—the atmosphere here, as in every other place in San Francisco, was dispirited. Save for the immemorial spangles on the ladies' gowns, with

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their riots of silvered ribbons and they synchromatic gew-gaws, I might hae been talking to a brace of lady embalmers. We discussed the advantages of education, the propriety of clothes, the economic independence of women, the genius of cities, and the advantages of certain types of motor cars. . . . What is more respectable than an aging Lola Montez on her good behavior? There is something aggressively, inexorably decent and pseudo-elegant about a fallen lady under the pressure of propriety.

And herein lies the symbol of the new, the renovated, the purified San Francisco. This city, once a bawdy hussy, with vine leaves in her hair and Coty's l'Origan sprinkled on her bosom, is now on her good behavior; and her respectability is unimpeachable, prodigious, ineffable. A chilly and asphyxiating miasma of decorum has settled upon her, which stifles the heart and freezes the brain. No mere virtuous city like Los Angeles, whose piety is indigenous, could ever be so unmistakably, so positively respectable. In San Francisco there is more than chemical purity; it is psychically pure, as well.

Angelenos Tolerated

I wonder how people in Los Angeles like the curious compliment involved in being told that San Francisco is so dispirited that she no longer objects to Los Angeles? Here is how Wright puts it:

Do I appear to overstate this astonishing process of purification? Do you believe that I am indulging in statements which are merely hopes in the glacial hearts of reformers and which have not yet been materialized? Then let me say that now for the first time in the history of California the sojourner from Los Angeles is treated with consideration and respect in San Francisco. Time was when the inhabitant from this angelic city would begin lying brazenly about his place of residence the moment the ferry pulled in across the bay. He would claim any other city in preference to Los Angeles. I know a man who was born and raised in Los Angeles, but who adopted Brooklyn as his home the moment he set foot in San Francisco; and Brooklyn, according to the latest statistics, has only 388 inhabitants who admit their abode! Yet this man found a greater advantage in claiming Brooklyn than he did in confessing to Los Angeles. Such was the hauteur of the San Franciscan ere the benefits and usufructs of simple living and right thinking invaded the wicked Gomorrah of the North.

But no more! One may openly admit that he comes from Los Angeles, and he will be served briskly in the restaurants, shaved carefully in the barber shops, and given outside rooms in the hotels, just as if he were a Philadelphian or a Baltimorean, or a Camdenite. The one advantage, speaking iniquitously, which San Francisco had over Los Angeles was her pagan revels and her wild night life. Now that these have joined the irretrievable yesterdays San Francisco has naught but ashes of roses in her mouth, and the argument is all in favor of the Angelenos. Consequently we of the homely virtues are no longer ridiculed and ignored. The old jokes at our expense have lost their sting. There is a certain wistful envy in the San Franciscan's eyes as he contemplates us. There is a fellow-feeling, a comradeship, a misery-loves-company bond between the two great Coast cities. For San Francisco is "dead," and everyone woefully admits it; and in that admission there is genuine humility. A few gay dogs in the north, their brains still inflamed by the crimson memories of other days, pretend still to scoff at us; but their heart is not in it; theirs is the chorus girl's smile—a brave attempt at superiority which rings false and in a moment dies out, like the vibrations of a cracked bell.

His Old Haunts

People who only visit San Francisco have strange ideas about it. Thus, Wright seems to think that the "Midnight Folies," of which very few San Franciscans know, and the Odeon, were once typically San Franciscan in gayety. Says Wright:

Let us inspect a few of the old haunts which once upon a time upheld the questionable reputation of San Francisco. First, for the Midnight Folies, which is near our hotel, and whose name holds out a promise to the visiting shock absorber. "Midnight"—a magic hour, filled with ancient associations; "Folies"—a synonym for youthful indulgence, for gay and unrestricted joys, savoring of those semi-fabulous days when satyrs and nymphs were believed in. But what do we find in this establishment? Alas, for the lure of a name! No more disheartening misnomer could be imagined, for at midnight the place was as quiet as a dairy lunchroom on a side street. What few girls were left at this unholy hour had donned their

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hats and coats and were playing with a pair of bedraggled kittens in most commendable maternal fashion, awaiting the cashier's envelope. They appeared lonely and depressed amid the empty chairs and the dozing waiters. The Midnight Folies! The irony of a name! The mockery of once-upon-a-time!

"Where are the folies?" I asked the manager. "I crave excitement and relaxation."

"They begin at 9," he told me.

In the old days the girls had not yet powdered their noses at 9; but on the following evening I returned and beheld the "folies." They consisted of eight no-longer-young ladies—show girls of an elder epoch—who sang patriotic songs in rasping voices and went through steps with Japanese lanterns, which were popular in the honky-tonks of the 90's. True, the ladies' legs were bare from the socktop to the knee; but Dr. John Patrick Wells, a connoisseur who accompanied me, assured me I might look on with impunity. As for there being anything remotely bordering on the risque, I might add that our own family theatres are far advanced over the Midnight Folies of San Francisco.

Back to Market street and down into the Odeon—that once effervescing hostelry. . . . But could this be the Odeon? . . . Yes, there were the stairs and the pillars, and the trimmings. But what a change! The place was quiet—a pall hung over the atmosphere. The tables were occupied with that rough bourgeois element which cannot afford to be anything but respectable. The Odeon was once like our old Palace—now but a romantic memory in the aging minds of our local Baron Chevrials—but it, too, has been purified and sterilized. There was neither laughter nor loud talking, despite the constant flow of steam beer; and the dancing was as sedate as the dancing at a family-apartment house in Cleveland. The old Rathskeller in Boston on Boylston street was twice as fascinating and a hundred times gayer; yet Boston cafés have never presumed to compete with those of San Francisco in point of Heliogabolism.

Other Resorts

"Caesar's, like Caesar's wife, is above suspicion," says Wright, and whether the statement be true or false, the line is a very good one. Wright has this to say of some of our more or less famous places:

The same chill and unnatural atmosphere hovers over the once lively and fashionable Caesar's. One may now get a large meal—a "French and Italian Table d'Hote"—for $1; and, whereas in the past, it was not unusual to wait in line in order to gain admittance, one may now secure a "ringside" table at almost any hour. But there is nothing to intrigue the sinner or flabbergast his hormones even after he has secured his close-up observation post. A stout tenor sang several selections from the indestructible Italian operas, sobbing on the high notes and gesticulating in approved bravura fashion—but what town of over 700 population does not possess a stout tenor with affinities for Verdi and Donizetti? In times gone by there were twinkling toes and rouged cheeks and suggestive ballads; but now—in the benign regime of purity—Caesar's, like Caesar's wife, is above suspicion; and a Baptist deacon could not object to the quiet, decorous manner in which both guests and entertainers deported themselves.

Perhaps you think the beach resorts have lagged behind the moral crusade. Well, go down and visit them. You will find nothing that remotely corresponds to the imaginings of liquorish dreamers. All the deviltries have been muted, and coincidentally the deportmental abandon has disappeared. You will look in vain for loud and boisterous crowds waxing mellow over stingers and cocktails and Brut. As you wait for the guests to arrive at Shorty Robert's, Canary Cottage, the Casino and Claremont you will become convinced that there are affinities between the Iowan and San Franciscan phagocytes. Even at the Cliff House there is nothing recognizable but the prices and the eternal soughing of the sea. And now it has gone dry! A dry Cliff House! Can it still exist? I doubt it.

Nowhere can one gain a better impression of the sepulchral spirit which has settled upon the once frothy heart of the San Franciscan, than in the dancing at the cafés. The waxed floors are nearly deserted and the few participants take their task with seriousness, indulging in little or no abandon—going through the steps like the tyros in dancing schools. They act as if they feared each moment they might be put off the floor and arrested for unbecoming practices. The joy has gone out of it.

Our Deadly Dullness!

From the following it is quite evident that Wright has never heard Art Hickman's jazz orchestra at the St. Francis:

And the music! Can there be an ordinance

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

in San Francisco against jazz? It would seem so, for the musicians have lost their elan and play with a stodgy, workmanlike technic, as if they dared not let go, lest they might inspire the dancers to unseemly conduct. Even the tempo of the orchestras has been retarded in keeping with the retardando of the general civic gaiety. The waltz—that old respectable dance of our moral fathers—is gradually creeping into the programmes, and there are three waltzes now to every one formerly. It is a less primitive dance than the one-step and the fox-trot; and three-four time, free from syncopations and broken rhythms, is less conducive to physical exhilaration. At almost any place in and about Los Angeles where dancing is indulged in, the music, as dance music, is infinitely superior.

The same mourners'-bench spirit is found in the once gilded cafés-chantants. Where once these places ran well abreast of their antitypes in Paris, they now are but quiet and gloomy rooms—grisly wraiths of their former selves. The cabarabian nights have taken on a Chautauquan dolor, and it would not be incongruous to see the eloquent William Jennings Bryan appear at any moment and launch forth into a rhetorical speech on pacifism. In San Francisco the time is now ripe for some Bohemian Club Villon to thrum another ballade des dames du temps jadis.

Falling into Virtue

To read Wright, one would suppose that becoming virtuous was deplorable. He would have us think that our city has fallen into virtue as other places fall into evil courses. Listen:

If you would know the bitter moral truth go to the Barbary Coast, that once fabulous quarter of crime and revelry. Alas for fame, for the mutability of reputations! Pacific street is now lined with shooting galleries, laundry agencies and short-order counters. No liquor, no dancing, no free-for-alls. Rents have dropped from $650 to $100, and many of the old resorts are vacant. It took me half an hour to unearth a police officer in the neighborhood.

In the quarters which once housed resorts of the other extreme, a similar state of purity exists. The private dining-rooms at Tait's have been removed, and flirting—that age-old pastime—is vigorously discouraged by an efficient gendarmerie. Techau's is as conventional as a New England schoolmarm; and for him who has promenaded Peacock Alley in the St. Francis during the Babylonian epoch of San Francisco, the pathos of distance will now haunt him like a bad dream. The continental flavor has gone, the colors have become neutralized. Those ravishing ladies with the twelve-pound look, who once reclined upon the divans, have gone to work, and in their stead are impeccable matrons and innocent children. And so it goes. Like Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody (according to Dr. Huneker) San Francisco started in a brothel and ended in a monastery.

The "French Restaurants?" They, too, have fallen on pious days. The recent Poodle Dog raid (the first of its kind in San Francisco) has put the fear in the hearts of sinners. This famous establishment was not ordered closed, I understand, but the business was ruined and it had to close. Its windows now advertise the advantages of investing in War Savings Stamps.

Compared to Venice

It will be noticed that in order to show how far San Francisco has fallen into virtue, Wright goes to Baron Long's for a comparison. It would not do to compare San Francisco with Los Angeles, for Los Angeles is saloonless while Venice and Vernon are very wet. Here is the way Wright concludes his article:

San Francisco's morality is prominent and conspicuous and insecure. It is in the atmosphere like a strong odor. The spirit of the city has been broken. The present prophylaxis was not the result of a slow reform process. It was not a lingering demise, but a violent death of the kind which leaves the corpse almost unrecognizable. The consequence of this reform is that here in Los Angeles there are cafés which for good, clean fun are genuinely merrier than any in San Francisco. In one night at the Baron's I have seen more gaiety of the right kind and heard better dance music than during all the time I was recently in the north. And San Franciscans speak with envy of the dances at Venice.

Such is the turn of the tide. The pilgrimages of the present are southward. There is no dancing in San Francisco in the afternoons or on Sundays, and there are rigid closing hours and restrictions on the sale of drinks. Bagnios have entirely disappeared, and the chauffeur is now supreme. The little red book of apartment house addresses has supplanted the frank and precise tenderloin blue-book—that most unique of all "Who's Whos." There are moral squads and police women. I was told that nearly 600 liquor licenses have been voluntarily forfeited during the past eight months, and that forty or fifty apartments and hotels have been raided within ninety days. Ah, the horrors of stale beer! The brief life of the virgin of circumstance! The tragedy of an unwilling Parsival! The pity of an enforced pietist, of a thwarted voluptuary!

The Grove Play

"One of the best we've ever had," I have heard several critical Bohemians say of this year's grove play. The compliment is a fine one, for it must be remembered that the Bohemians have seen and appreciated such splendid efforts as Will Irwin's "Hamadryads," Charles Field's "Cave Man" and Henry Morse Stephens' "St. Patrick at Tara." This year's grove drama was not the work of a professional writing man. "Dick" Hotaling may have come perilously near

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14 DEPENDABLE STORES SAN FRANCISCO 14

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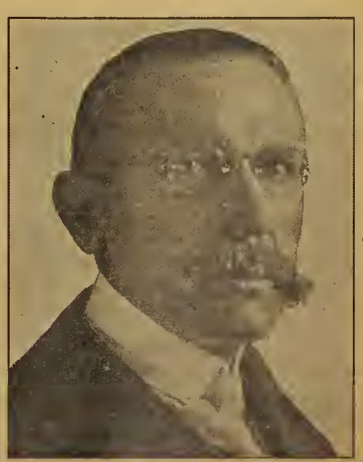
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the bounds of professionalism in acting, but he is a literary amateur. Yet the Bohemians say of his "Twilight of the Kings" that it was "one of the best we've ever had." They are just as enthusiastic in their commendation of the music, a fact which surprises nobody who knows the talents of Wallace Sabin. There was a very large and very merry crowd at Bohemian Grove this year, including quite a number of distinguished guests. The guests were particularly delighted with the play, and with the actors. "Dick" Hotaling, who played the principal role in his own drama, surrounded himself with an all-star cast.

"The Twilight of the Kings"

"An allegory of the horrible blood drama of reality that for four years has been enacting upon the world's red stage"—thus Hotaling describes his grove drama which has the fine title, "The Twilight of the Kings." There are four kings in the story Hotaling has imagined, and they have not only pledged themselves to maintain universal peace but have given their sons as hostages. The four sons are in the keeping of a warden, and if a king makes war his son must die. One king does make war. This is King Ferox, the father of Prince Alford. Ferox may be taken to represent the Kaiser; but Alford is not like the Crown Prince. He is a gentle youth who abhors all violence, and he has succeeded in inventing gunpowder and bombs, the only use he intends them for being the blasting of rocks and stumps to clear more ground for husbandry. But when King Ferox breaks his oath and tries to destroy his brother kings by treachery and superior force, Alford throws his first bombs, routs the army of Ferox and mortally wounds the king. Ferox ends his life with a dagger. The other three kings immediately begin a quarrel over the division of his kingdom. As part of their old compact, the death of Alford is demanded, but it develops that he was not the son of Alford, though of royal blood on his mother's side. He quells the quarrel of the kings and brings them together in a new compact of democracy. It is "the twilight of the kings."

Not a Literary Drama

In his preface to the book of the play, Hotaling admits his lack of literary quality. The play was written to be acted and seen, not to be read. Perhaps that is why it was so effective. It is written in blank verse of a sort, but Hotaling cares nothing for prosody; he aims only at expressing his thought and using words to hurry along the action. Here is a sample, from the opening speech by Prince Alford:

> The night's hushed eloquence repeats
> The message that so oft the stars
> Have flashed adown their silvern beams,
> And now my heart o'erswells in prophecy.
> From out the eternal fellowship
> Of years, there stands upon the brink
> Of time the greatest day of man.
> The day wherein the souls of men,
> Made conscious by a quickening sense,
> Shall see with vision clear. Then shall
> It be revealed that life is but
> A prelude of the heaven to come
> And not a causeway to the gates
> Of hell. The music of the spheres
> A strain divine shall be, relieved
> Of all that crashes out of tune.
> United in a common cause, humanity shall find
> The strength of one the bond of all.

Ferox, Otherwise Wilhelm

It is made quite plain that Ferox is Hotaling's dramatic interpretation of the character of the Kaiser. "Our All Highest King," he is called, "our King who is the essence of Almighty God, a war-lord greater than great Mars of old." Here is the way King Ferox talks:

> My noble lord, why cradle into sleep thy better sense with thoughts like anodyne that war is dead? It only lies in watch, and waits its chance to fall upon the world and shake humanity at will. If other nations fatten and grow dull while feeding on this Corpse of Time called Peace, there surely is arising somewhere on this earth a race of supermen to grasp a firmer grip on life in deeper dyed virility. The destiny of man will ne'er be writ in other ink than blood. Thy songs, thy dance, thy arts, thy love but punctuate the years that lie 'twixt one war and another; the years wherein a nation quarrels with itself and smugly says it is at peace. Why? What is peace? What are its fruits? They flourish for a while until all thought of war is gone and then they rot to weeds. The men decay to women and the women thus made bold grow rank in the belief they equal men. Out of these flaccid and degenerate days of peace there springs the triumphs of incompetence where dolts anoint themselves in self-conceit, and thus abetted by the stupid crowd, they find themselves in seats of might to which their minus talents ne'er can measure up. And so it goes from bad to worse, until war's trumpets sound alarm and call to service those who still are men among this mass of stinking vanity and jumbled sex. The world would fall apart were it not for war's compelling force or fear (if so you will) that makes men mindful that they still are men and not a jelly substance pressed into a human form.

It will be noted that Hotaling's prose is sometimes more rhythmical than his blank verse. Here is another utterance by Ferox:

> I have delayed too long in trifling with these stupid kings. They are in my way, but now I'm well prepared to crush them under foot. Almighty God, Thou art my pal. Through all Thy centuries this earth was but Thy plaything—only waiting for my birth. Now give it me and go amuse Thyself elsewhere.

When his supposed son Alford reproaches him for the treachery he is about to commit, Ferox addresses the boy thus:

> It had been better that my seed had scattered to the winds and not have fertilized a womb to bear a mental castrate such as thou. Go get within, and let this poultry lord slit wide thy chicken throat. I'd twist thy neck myself, save that I'd lower my estate by such an act. I'll ask Lord Selwyn for thy head and give it thy halved blood brothers for a toy.

The Paternity of Alford

Hotaling knows the value of contrast in drama, so into the midst of ferocity and bloodshed he brings the recital of the paternity of Alford, the gentle prince:

> 'Tis for my love of Alford that I open now my heart, wherein for many years a secret has been locked. Prince Alford is no son of thine, and yet no bastard he. Long, long ago, God breathed a poem in a flower's heart, and from the union came the beauteous maid Godesha. From station far beneath I saw and worshipped her, for like a star she seemed not of this earth but far beyond. By miracle of love she gave her heart and hand to me, and we were wed. She of royal blood and I a humble bard. Our nuptial moon was in its second phase when thy hot lust made her thy queen, and sealed my lips, lest, speaking, I should cause her death and mine. Then nature kept account and in due time her baby was born. The product of our loves—no child of thine. She tarried only long enough to give her infant to the world, and as the mother's prayer grew faint upon her petalled lips, her gentle soul went back again into some flower's heart. Prince Alford is my son—not thine.

The Colloquial Element

Hotaling takes a practical view of his peasant characters. He evidently thinks that in all ages and all countries the talk of peasants has been much alike in slanginess. But the effect is startling as well as comic, when we find dialogue like this:

> First Peasant: God's life! This meeting of the kings lays heavy draft upon all husbandry.
> Second Peasant: They sure feed fat upon the best there is.
> First Peasant: They keep us working with but little holiday.
> Fourth Peasant: I wonder what it's like to be a king. Sometimes I think it must be good, and then again I'm glad I'm what I am.
> Fifth Peasant: What matters it? Content is all there is, no better gift has life for kings or proletariat.
> First Peasant: 'Fore God, where got thee such a word as that? Dost call us names or art thou speaking fair?
> Second Peasant: I'll bust your crust for lesser word than that and if you call it me.

Lyrics by Sterling

All the lyrics but one are by George Sterling, and fine lyrics they are. Bohemians say that the drinking song in this play was the most effective ever sung in the Grove. Here it is (it is Sterling's):

> When Bacchus in the glowing South
> Ordained the use of wine,
> Man drank it with enraptured mouth,
> And bailed the god divine.
> Now if you'll make a draught as good,
> We'll crown you ruler of our wood.
>
> When fairies in the northern parts
> The heather-ale revealed,
> The people drank with merry hearts,
> And half their woes were healed.
> Now if you'll make a brew as good,
> We'll crown you ruler of our wood.

(Continued on Page 13)

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Slight Error

Louis Ford, Symphony Orchestra violinist, was introduced, in the Bohemian Grove, during the recent Midsummer Jinks, to Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist.

"Mr. Ford," exclaimed Godowsky, "I am delighted to meet you. I have heard of you so often!"

Ford brightened visibly at this.

"You flatter me," he said.

"Indeed, no," replied Godowsky. "Who has not heard of you? And yet it is true that I have never ridden in one of your cars."

Poor Louis Ford felt like a busted flivver.

Last Minute Successes

In "Dick" Hotaling's play, George J. Mayerle, Jr., was cast for the part of King Hagen, and Charles F. Bulotti, the sweet singer, for the part of Prince Harold. When "The Twilight of the Kings" was in its final rehearsals, Mayerle received a message concerning the fatal illness of his mother, and left at once for San Francisco and her bedside. Reginald Travers, director of the Players' Club, was sent for, hurried to the Grove, gave the part of King Hagen intensive study, and on Saturday night gave a splendid performance. At the last moment, Bulotti was taken ill and could not appear. David Eisenbach was selected from the chorus to learn his lines and sing his song of peace, which he did splendidly. Two such incidents might have ruined the production, but fortunately Bohemia always has a wealth of substitute talent at its command.

The Sunday Concert

The Sunday Morning Concert was unusually fine this year. According to custom, the programme consisted largely of an orchestral rendition of the music of the night before, with the composer, Wallace A. Sabin, conducting. One of the features of this music is an intermezzo, "The Passing of the Hours," which includes, Bohemians will tell you, one of the loveliest waltzes they have ever heard. Joseph D. Redding wielded the baton over the orchestra when they rendered music he wrote for Templeton Crocker's Chinese grove play of 1917, "The Land of Happiness." Domenico Brescia conducted for his "Three Symphonic Sketches." And Edgar Stillman Kelley, one of the most distinguished of this year's guests, conducted for the second movement of his great "New England Symphony."

The Sonnet

As often in some grand and ancient fane
A devotee will kneel him down to pray
At one familiar shrine day after day,
And to his guardian saint his woes complain;
There, while his fingers tell the beaded chain,
His soul in ecstasy drifts far away,
Till back returning with the vesper strain,
It enters once again its home of clay.
So, in the cloistered corridors of Song
There is one altar where I love to kneel,
Though humblest of the worshipers who throng
Its narrow space, yet there I often steal,
And in the Sonnet's sacred chalice pour
My tears and sighs until I weep no more.

—Louis A. Robertson.

Some years ago the late Louis Robertson spent an evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Bonnet, and as was sure to be the case when that true poet was present, the conversation was almost exclusively of poetry. In particular, Robertson expatiated on the sonnet, his favorite medium of poetical expression. He scanned Shakespeare's sonnets and examined their mechanical construction, going into ecstacies over their flawless architecture.

"In the sonnet," he said, "the thought does not fly unless the mechanism is perfect."

Next day Robertson sent to his hostess a leather wall panel with his sonnet on The Sonnet burned upon it. Carrying out the idea of this sonnet, there was also on the panel the head of a woman with a face of rapt devotion and a rosary between her fingers. Some of my readers may remember those souvenirs of the poet. The idea was suggested by Jack London as a means of bringing money into poor Robertson's empty pockets, and the poet's publisher, A. M. Robertson, had it carried out. A considerable number of the panels were sold.

The Flying Thought

The first time Mrs. Bonnet saw an airship, Robertson's remark about the sonnet flashed into her mind:

"The thought does not fly unless the mechanism is perfect."

Neither, she thought, does the airplane fly unless the mechanism is perfect. These thoughts came back to Mrs. Bonnet when she attended the first meeting of the Stage Women's War Relief, and it was proposed that the members make leather aviators' jackets. Most of these jackets are made from old gloves, but sometimes leather cushion covers are employed. This suggested the use of the Robertson panel. How appropriate that a piece of leather enriched with the sonnet of a poet whose malady pinned him to earth should form part of an American aviator's equipment! The jacket has been completed, the leather with the sonnet upon it has been made part of it, and to show the sort of work the ladies of the Stage War Relief have been devoting their time to, it will be exhibited in Robertson's book shop before being sent to France.

Generous Workers

Under the brilliant management of Mrs. Camille D'Arville Crellin the work of the Stage Women's War Relief is proceeding splendidly, and much more is being accomplished than the most optimistic expected. The headquarters is on the top floor of the Alcazar Building, placed at the disposal of the stage women by Lieutenant Emory Winship. All the furniture and equipment, including twelve sewing machines, has been donated, not a cent having been spent on anything but the actual material used in making garments for soldiers. The stage women have been inspired by the generosity of all to whom they appeal for assistance. Visiting stage women find time, busy as they are, to take part in the work.

Dr. Axson to Speak

The San Francisco Council of Catholic Women have the honor to present to their friends Dr. Stockton Axson of Princeton, who will speak on a subject of the hour at the Colonial room of the St. Francis, Friday evening, August 16, at 8:30. Hon. James D. Phelan will present the speaker and make a short address. A large and fashionable audience will greet the speaker, who has a national reputation.

Sadakichi Hartmann on War Books

Next Saturday afternoon in the Paul Elder Gallery Sadakichi Hartmann is to give a complimentary lecture on "Some Great Books of the War." This is one of a series of "Half Hours with Prominent Speakers" that has been inaugurated by the Paul Elder Company, to which the public is invited without admission charge. Hartmann is to discuss such books as Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," "Le Feu" of Barbusse, Holmes' "A Yankee in the Trenches," Conan Doyle's "New Revelation," etc. The lecture will begin promptly at two-thirty o'clock.

At the Cecil

Lieutenant and Mrs. J. N. Blood of Camp Fremont are visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Merrill at the Cecil. A delightful dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle Thursday evening. Accompanied by Mrs. M. E. Large, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Bushe and son of New York arrived Monday. Mrs. Pollak was the hostess at an impromptu luncheon Wednesday. Miss Margaret Hurley of Phoenix will spend a fortnight as the guest of Miss Helen Armstrong and her father, T. G. Armstrong. Miss A. L. Bartlett is receiving a cordial welcome from San Francisco friends. Mrs. Stewart was hostess at dinner Thursday. David Neal Berry of Manila is visiting his mother, Mrs. F. R. Berry. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. French of Los Angeles are having a delightful sojourn. A dinner of ten covers was given by Mrs. Dudley Sunday.

Techau Tavern Connoisseurs

The best compliment that a café man can have is the continued patronage of a clientele that is too critical to go twice to a place of entertainment which fails to "deliver the goods." That is a compliment which the Tavern has well earned and it is emphasized every day, when one looks about the café and sees so many familiar faces among the regular habitues and knows that these are people of discrimination. The music rendered by the Jazz Orchestra long ago made that organization famous. Lovers of good singing are attracted by the work of the Show Girl Revue Corps, which compares favorably with the singing of principals in many a well-known musical company. The richness of the favors distributed to the ladies at the Merchandise Dances is fully appreciated and those who are favored with some dainty bit of silken wearing apparel are indeed fortunate. In addition, a five-dollar War Saving Stamp is presented each evening.

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The Stage

The Puzzle of Margaret Anglin

The presence of Margaret Anglin at the Columbia in the English comedy "Billeted" reminds me that she is one of the puzzles of the American stage. Perhaps it is not too much to say that she is the greatest puzzle of our theatre. The puzzle she presents is this: How explain the extremes of criticism which her acting calls forth? In the opinion of many capable critics, Margaret Anglin is the greatest actress in this country. They have been saying so for years. They declare themselves strengthened in their opinion by every new role she attempts. They say she never touches a role which she does not adorn. They give her the laurels of tragedy and comedy. They acclaim her Electra in the Greek tragedy equally with her Shrew Katharine in the Shakespeare comedy. A few seasons ago they praised her Helena Ritchie as today they are saluting her Betty Taradine. She is for them the perfect flower of acting. On the other hand, there are some critics who will have none of Margaret Anglin. They will tell you that she is not a great tragedienne; that her production of "Electra" was magnificent, but that her interpretation of the leading role was marred by defects of voice and action. They aver that she missed the soul of the Shrew altogether, and made her a vulgar termagant. They see nothing in her acting of modern roles to grow enthusiastic about. They insist that she commits technical mistakes, that she lacks esprit, that her pathos is false, that her vivacity is small; in a word, that she is not to be numbered among our great players. Is it not remarkable that there should be such contradictions of opinion? Some are inclined to argue her greatness from this very divergence of critical expression. To which body of opinion does the reader belong? I should like to see a symposium on the subject, the opinions contributed by those who go to the playhouse solely for amusement, not by professional critics—these already have had their say. I may as well be frank about my own opinion in this matter. Years ago when Margaret Anglin was leading lady to Henry Miller, I formed a high opinion of her abilities. In particular I was impressed by the strength of her acting in the role of Sophy Fulgarney, the manicurist in Pinero's "Gay Lord Quex." At that time I was convinced that her future would be a series of mounting triumphs. Alas! I have found myself disappointed. It has always seemed to me that Margaret Anglin's career took the wrong turn when she ceased to support Henry Miller, just as I have always believed that Mrs. Leslie Carter suffered a diminution of her powers when she passed from the management of David Belasco, that Margaret Illington deteriorated when she lost the benefit of Daniel Frohman's experience and wisdom, and that Billie Burke declined in artistry when she left John Drew. All of these have become stars, and have shown the star's independence of stage directors. Is a premature stardom to blame for Margaret Anglin's failure to reach the heights of histrionic art? But there you are! So many deny that she has failed. There are innumerabel admirers of Miss Anglin—her following is of phenomenal size—who will rest quite satisfied that your humble servant, in common with the other critics who take the same stand, has convicted himself of hopeless ignorance by challenging the premiership of their idol. So we must leave the puzzle as we found it.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Great Illusionist at Orpheum

Horace Goldin, world's greatest illusionist, will appear at the Orpheum next week after an absence of five years in Great Britain, the Antipodes, South Africa and the Orient. Goldin promises a number of novel and startling illusions which eclipse anything in the way of black art ever presented in this city. He brings his own company which includes Barbara Babington, an English pantomimist of considerable renown. One would not think it possible for a person to walk through a plate glass window without even damaging the window or the performer, still Goldin seemingly accomplishes this feat. Tina Lerner, brilliant Russian pianist, who some little time back created one of the greatest musical furores in the history of the Orpheum, is one of the few women piano virtuosi to acquire international fame. Her technique is extraordinary. Miss Lerner's engagement is for



MARYON VADIE,
America's Peerless Danseuse, at the Orpheum.

next week only. Harris and Manion, who present the enjoyable skit, "Uncle Jerry at the Opera," are excellent comedians. Both men are vocalists. Ernestine Gordon and Eleonore Kern are two fascinating girls who entertain delightfully. One is an excellent violinist, the other a skilled pianist. They both sing well. Maryon Vadie, famous American danseuse, and Ota Gygi, violinist to the King of Spain, will present a new programme. Dooley and Nelson, the six-cylinder comedians; Valyda and her Brazilian Nuts; and Ralph Herz, the famous musical comedy and vaudeville star, are also in this fine bill. Mr. Herz, who is repeating his former triumph, will vary his performance. A new series of the Allied Nations' Official War Films will be presented.

A Musical Premiere at the Cort

A California production of Gotham smartness is promised when the curtain goes up on the premiere of the effervescent musical farce, "Up in the Air," scheduled for Sunday night, August 18, at the Cort. The stars are Flanagan and Edwards, recent vaudeville headliners and the emphatic hits of "What Next," and the charming Eleanor Henry, a prima donna of appealing personality and glorious voice. Spontaneity, life and the sparkle that spells success for this type of entertainment are the ingredients which will be in evidence, according to Producers Dana Hayes and Ben M. Giroux. A lively plot, with a hint of timeliness, has been provided by Librettists Michael Corper and Waldo C. Twitchell, and Arthur Fournier's score abounds in song numbers of the kind that make for popularity. Alonzo Price, the eminent producing director, is in charge of the enterprise. Not a little stress is laid by the producers on the part that will be taken in "Up in the Air" by their all-girl chorus, which is composed of unusually pretty girls whose charms will be happily set forth by the artistic conceptions of Madame Keeler, who came here from New York to design the costumes for the production. Madame Keeler's inventive faculty will be finely displayed in the "What Became of Solomon's Wives?" number, with the chorus in futurist bathing suits; in "The Silver Strand" ensemble, when the maids will be aviators and roguish Blue Devils, and in "Yokohama," which calls for gorgeous Japanese effects. The height of the bizarre in costumery will be divulged in "The Rinkum Ditty Rag," a rollicking ensemble far removed from the conventional.

Margaret Anglin Continues

Margaret Anglin will begin the second week of her limited engagement at the Columbia in her comedy "Billeted," with no diminuation in the box-office activity. The Jesse-Harwood comedy has registered an emphatic success. Since the opening performance on Monday night there has been a constant demand at the Columbia box office and there is every indication that the theatre will be crowded at every performance for the remainder of Miss Anglin's limited season. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Miss Anglin does not play in Oakland.

Inexpert

The accused had been struggling hard for some time at the old and forbidding task of being his own attorney. He was making a poor job of it. "You are lying so clumsily," said the judge finally, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

Columbia Theatre
The Leading Playhouse—Geary and Mason.
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Monday, August 12
SECOND WEEK
MARGARET ANGLIN
In the Merry Military Love Comedy
"BILLETED"
Evgs., 50c to $2; Wed. and Sat. Matinees, 50c to $1.50

The Garden of Love

(Continued from Page 5)

should I be desolate? Why should I alone miss that which makes for pleasure? Let me snatch enjoyment with this woman, and reflections of the Divine will reach me even in the mire. Because I have tasted the food of God I shall live. It is better to eat with a devil than go hungry (for I did not realize then the price that is demanded for such a feast). Her eyes held mine. Her warm, wet lips drew closer to me, provocative. I abandoned myself to her caresses in a delirium, and upon the altar of passion I sacrificed my ideal.

Those were mad days that followed, and I did not regret them. Ours was a comradeship of the flesh. I could not give her all that was in my heart; there was a room she could not enter, but with my body I served her. And in our manner we were happy with a happiness which even the thought of approaching exile could not destroy. And then She came.

She was tall and walked like a queen. A tangled web of amber hair framed a face pale and serene, in which were set eyes of a magical blue. She was beautiful, but it was not her beauty which thrilled me. In what lay the secret of her power I did not ask; it was enough that She was the living picture of my dream. In a moment of time it was revealed that She existed, and that became my one conception of eternity. In a flash everything was changed. With a glance I understood that this, and this alone, was love. Of whatever unholy thing the other was born, it suddenly died. I may have earned the name unfaithful; it may be that I was callous. But the first was sin, and the second—destiny. And the winds of fate bore me far out to sea on the waveless waters of love.

And then it was that I learnt how much I had lost. A twin soul had come to me—that which I had been sent into the world to cherish; but it had come too late; I was unclean. An idol had been entrusted to my keeping, and I had pulled it down to the dust and rolled it in the mire. Now that the idol had become a goddess how should I dare to insult her with my worship, to offer lips still tingling with those scorching kisses? I could only hold my peace and yearn.

She was unlike any one else and moved in an atmosphere apart. No flower had marked her for its own, but in her hand She carried bitter herbs. Perhaps it was because of this that others shunned her. As months went by She grew more and more a stranger. As for me, She seemed hardly conscious of my presence. And yet I think She must have known.

At the close of a day I was standing near the entrance of the Garden when She came towards me. It was the hour of sunset, when earth smells warm and fragrant and birds chatter noisily in the shrubbery. With one look She passed through the gate and set her face towards the mountains. I watched her figure grow small as She ascended the winding road. A spear of gold fell across her path, and then She disappeared into the valley. The shadows were creeping fast before She reappeared on the opposite side, and, as I waited, a voice told me that I, too, must go forward.

My time has come. I cannot stay in a Garden always; I must resume my journey. And as the desert is impossible, I will follow her; perhaps She has been sent to guide me. The sun is dipping behind the hills, and I am starting. Shall I overtake her? Shall I overtake her before the darkness closes in? Will She speak to me when I am by her side? Dare I tell her what I am? . . .

Who knows?

The Spectator

(Continued from Page 10)

'Tis westward now the vine is grown
That has so fair a fame,
But tho' it bless another zone
It finds our thirst the same.
We lift the cup to Bacchus good,
And crown him ruler of our wood.

CHORUS

Drink, drink, drink!
We'll drink old Care away!
Let the ringing glasses clink,
And let the night be gay!
Drink, drink, drink!
Here's all the joy of earth!
So drink, drink, drink
To all the stars of mirth!

John P. Irish on the War-Blinded

I am in receipt of a communication from John P. Irish, called forth by Miss Rebecca Godchaux' appeal, published in this paper, on behalf of the work for the blinded soldiers of France supervised by the celebrated dramatist, Eugene Brieux. Mr. Irish is president of the board of directors of the Berkeley institution of which he writes. His letter:

Editor of Town Talk:

Miss Godchaux' appeal for the war blinded men of France makes "Pity's sweet fountains" affluent. It is a satisfaction to Californians to know that this state is well equipped to care for, restore and instruct our own war-blinded soldiers. The State Industrial Home of Mechanical Trades for the Adult Blind at Thirty-sixth street and Telegraph avenue, Oakland, in the official report for 1915 dealt with the question of the war-blinded soldiers of Great Britain and France, and that report was in demand in both countries. This California institution long ago became the model of its kind in this country and in Europe. It is now equipped with shops, buildings and teachers to take care of our own sight-stricken soldiers, and those who are aiding our allies in Europe in the same behalf will do well to visit it, study its methods and send their observations abroad with their money, to be a guide in its wise expenditure.

Very truly,
Jno. P. Irish.

Bohemian Concert at Cort

The annual concert given by the Bohemian Club will take place at the Cort next Thursday afternoon, when selections from "The Twilight of the Kings" will be the principal feature of the programme. The Symphony Orchestra which will interpret the selections will number seventy picked musicians and the Bohemian chorus of sixty voices will be heard in several numbers. The ballet from "The Land of Happiness," the grove play of last year, will be played under the baton of the composer, and a number of particular interest will be a movement from the New England Symphony of Edgar Stillman Kelley, who has just been made an honorary member of the Bohemian Club and who will conduct. The vocal soloists will all sing selections from "The Twilight of the Kings," Easton Kent giving the "Song of Love," Jerome P. Uhl singing the "Drinking Song," Winfield Blake giving the "Song of the Wanderer" and Charles Bulotti being heard in the "Song of Peace." Hotaling will read a synopsis of the play. Seats will be ready at the box office of the Cort Monday morning.

Just One

"Did you see any statesmen while you were in Washington?"

"Well," replied the old-fashioned citizen, "I saw a lot of tired, hot and angry men whom I was told were members of Congress, but I can't say that any of them measured up to my idea of a statesman. In fact, the only person I saw who had the grand manner and didn't seem the least perturbed by the heat, the war in Europe or the fear of a call down from the White House was a hotel doorman."

CORT THEATRE—SPECIAL
Thursday Afternoon, August 15, at 2:45
Midsummer Music of Bohemia
Selections from
"THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS"
Music by Wallace A. Sabin, Book by Richard M. Hotaling
Ballet Music from "The Land of Happiness," "New England Symphony," by Edgar Stillman Kelley, and Other Works.
Symphony Orchestra of 70
Prominent Soloists and Chorus of 60
Reserved Seats, $2, $1.50 and $1, on sale at the Cort Theatre, Monday morning.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The action of the stock market the past week was rather disappointing to those friendly to the constructive side of the market. The majority of the stocks declined in face of the most bullish war news the street has received in a number of years, whereas it was assumed in view of the enthusiastic early response to the change in the war situation that the market would march continuously upward. However, they were able to abstract comfort from the fact that the United States Steel, which has regained its premier position as leader in the movement, has improved its market position, and that the specialties in which bull cliques are operating have developed real strength. The leaders in the specialties have been the Tobaccos, Corn Products and Linseed Oil. There was no evidence of any large interests being active in the market, as transactions were very small. Large financial problems which are looming large on the horizon of the Street tend to obscure the war issue as stock market influences, and to repress the natural buoyancy of spirits created by the victory of the Allies. The tax question is uppermost at the moment. Later on the Fourth Liberty Loan will absorb interest, while the financial task of moving the huge crops of the country promises to complicate the monetary situation in the fall, so that Wall Street will have much to think about during the next few weeks. While the proposed tax legislation is still in its formative stage, enough has already been accomplished to enable financial interests to infer that Congress will not enact such drastic tax laws as they had been led to expect from that body. There is nothing new in the railroad situation. Several of the smaller roads have deferred their dividends until it is known just what kind of a contract the Government will sign with them. This has had a tendency to ease prices off a bit, but the standard rails have not felt the effect, although trading in railroad stocks has been very small, and, in fact, neglected. The oil issues have shown some activity at higher levels, notably Mexican Petroleum. More favorable news from the Mexican Government regarding taxation has been a help to this stock. The market has been dull so long that a good many people have become tired and either sold out their securities or have gone short. This has put the market technically in a stronger position, and when the market does turn higher, as it will, the advance will be rapid.

Cotton—The Government figures showing a condition of 73.6 as of July 25, was the big surprise in the cotton trade, and brought about a covering movement that put cotton up $20 a bale before any setback took place. Another factor was the continued dry weather in the Southwest, as well as the wet weather in the Eastern section of the belt. The extreme heat in Oklahoma and Texas is becoming more serious every day, and what was a promising outlook a few weeks ago is now said to be bordering on a complete failure. The wet weather east will bring about numerous complaints of boll weevil, as the pest seems to thrive in wet weather, and the plant is just ripe for an attack. The market was short when the report made its appearance, and sentiment was extremely bearish owing to several private reports showing a much better condition. Spot cotton in the South had shown a further decline, and new cotton was being offered rather freely, with only a small demand from the mills. Export demand, too, was practically at a standstill. A little buying started the market upward, and as the market advanced, shorts found themselves in a bad way and bid against each other for cotton. Another factor that helped the advance along was the big allied victories. The market has now eliminated the short interest and it will require considerable support to keep prices around this level. We will go into next season with a carry-over of three million bales, and even at present this crop looks much larger than we can use and export. Still the bulls feel that the war has taken a more favorable turn, and shipbuilding has increased so that we are now building 100,000 tons more than is sunk, and export prospects seem brighter. It will be a weather market for the present, but we believe with new cotton being pressed for sale, it will require constant support to keep the market up, and should the weather change for the better, a fair sized setback would be in order.

Germans Seeking Ships

A new symptom of the ceaseless efforts of German business men to find some way out of the nearly hopeless situation which, as they are constantly seeing more plainly, will confront their shipping and overseas trade after the war, is reported from Norway by Norman L. Anderson, United States Commercial Agent at Copenhagen, Denmark. Mr. Anderson quotes from the Norwegian Trade and Shipping Journal the story of a proposition made to certain Norwegian ship owners by a German firm.

"For some special friends who are absolutely first class," was the German's ingratiating proposal, "I want some neutral boats of any size on time charter for long periods, as much as four years after the war, the charterers being willing to pay for prompt steamers 22s per ton per month. The owner will be free from all expenses and insurance premiums, a German captain and the crew to be hired by the charterer. Several neutral boats have already been chartered on these conditions."

The rate offered, even today, would be considered high for what amounts to a "bare-boat" charter for such a long period, but The Journal reports that Norwegian shipowners are not at all friendly to it, from the viewpoint either of business or of sentiment, while there is even some question of the legality of such an arrangement. Such a boat, of course, would be in precisely the position of a German steamer flying the Norwegian flag, and the offer at such tempting terms is consequently one more instance of the anxiety of German trade to avoid the odium attaching to the German name.

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NOTICE OF SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION

The Hotel Henry, 106 Sixth Street, San Francisco, will sell at Gallick Auction Rooms, 821 Mission Street, at Public Auction on August 15, 1918, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder the following baggage to satisfy the indebtedness of the following named persons to the Hotel Henry:

Pearl Albert	1 Trunk	J. Morgan	1 Suitcase
Miss Smith	2 Trunks	Wreeht	1 Suitcase
A. J. Nelsen	1 Trunk	Hartman	1 Suitcase
A. Faidey	1 Trunk	Were	1 Suitcase
S. Espanzos	2 Trunks	Elmer Gould	1 Suitcase
W. H. Roth	1 Trunk	Letzstein	1 Suitcase
Henbulman	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Numbey	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
Veitehil	1 Trunk	Unknown	1 Suitcase
McDougall	1 Trunk	Weiss	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	A. Smith	1 Basket
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Miss Black	1 Box
Owner Unknown	1 Trunk	Mrs. Alusiny	1 Box
A. J. Scott	3 Trunks	Hall	1 Box
Wehr	2 Trunks	Ella Hayes	1 Box
A. Smith	1 Suitcase	Walten	1 Box
C. Pearl	2 Suitcases	Mrs. Bernnett	1 Box
Hogelned	1 Suitease	Mr. Crane	1 Box
Lume	1 Suitcase	Saujhelen	1 Box
Fred Persens	1 Suitcase	Wehr	2 Boxes
Carter	1 Suitcase	Woods	1 Grip
Tulley	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Fiber Case
Shelinges	1 Suitcase	Masten	1 Basket
Jewell	1 Suitcase	Wrigth	1 Basket
Reyech	1 Suitcase	Runkle	1 Box
H. Young	1 Suitcase	Unknown	1 Grip
Mw. Boyd	1 Suitcase	Low	2 Cot Beds
Wrigth	1 Suitcase	Louis Wisleyer	1 Basket

7-13-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Supcrior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY NOTE AND MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17747. Department No. 13.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS MACRANDRIAS, an Insane Person.

There having been filed herein the petition of George Macrandrias, guardian of the estate of the above named incompetent, for an order of the above named Court authorizing and directing said guardian to execute and deliver to Hibernia Savings & Loan Society a mortgage on the lot belonging to said incompetent situate on the Southerly line of Twenty-Sixth Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Mission Street, with a frontage of forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches on Twenty-Sixth Street, and a depth of one hundred (100) feet, said lot being a portion of Mission Block No. 199, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said mortgage to secure a note to said Hibernia Savings & Loan Society for Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), payable one year from date and bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent are hereby required to appear before the above named Court, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said above described property, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the above mentioned amount of Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), or such lesser amount as to said Court, or the Judge thereof, shall seem meet.

For further particulars, all persons interested in said Estate are hereby referred to said petition on file herein.

Dated: July 10, 1918.

GEO. A. STURTEVANT,
Judge of the Superior Court.

O'CONNOR & SCHWARTZ, Attorneys for Guardian,
414 Kohl Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-20-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of JOHN E. BENNETT, 246 Russ Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased.

JAMES B. HOWELL,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1918.

JOHN E. BENNETT,
Attorney for Administrator,
246 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of MESSRS. GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE AND ORRICK, room No. 823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., situate at No. 433 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

ETHEL E. SHERWOOD,
Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1918.

GOODFELLOW, EELS, MOORE AND ORRICK,
Attorneys for Executrix,
823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., 433 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased. No. 24762, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will Annexed at the office of McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD, 908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased.

GEORGE B. SPERRY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD,
Attorneys for Administrator with the Will Annexed.
908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased. No. 24790, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of HARTLEY F. PEART, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased.

NANCY GERTRUDE BLETHEN, also called Nancy G. Blethen, also called Gertrude Blethen,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

HARTLEY F. PEART, Attorney for Executrix.
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK
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CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

FOR

GOVERNOR of CALIFORNIA

Francis J.

HENEY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1356 | San Francisco-Oakland, August 17, 1918 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Comparative Values

"He is doing his bit." We hear the words on all sides these days, for, thanks be to God, every one is trying to contribute something to the winning of the war. This man is serving on a committee, that man is trying to drive a few more rivets than he drove yesterday; this woman is making an aviator's jacket, that woman is writing cheery letters to soldier boys; and all, according to their means, are buying war and thrift stamps, paying for Liberty bonds, writing checks for this fund or that *oeuvre*. Yes, we are all doing our bit and proud of it, though, we trust, not vaingloriously so. Let us, nevertheless, preserve our sense of comparative values. Let us not fall into a rather human error. Safe at home in these blessed United States, let us remember that all we do is as nothing compared to what our boys are doing in France. We are giving our time, our money, our brain and muscle. They are giving their limbs, their eyesight, their lives. There can be no comparison. When this war is over, we shall remember pleasantly how we strove; we shall be entitled to think that we helped. But again, when this war is over, thousands of those boys over there will be no more, and other thousands will carry the honorable mutilations of their sacrifice. First and foremost it is the youth of America which is winning this war for America and the world. We at home come a long way after those fighting and dying youngsters. We are doing our bit. They are doing their all.

* * *

American Fighting Spirit

Our inimitable and beloved Lawrence W. Harris is back in San Francisco after some strenuous Red Cross work in France. He brings with him a story illustrative of the American fighting spirit. It was after that glorious fight when the Americans went over the top and over the Marne. Prisoners were beginning to flow back to the cages. Among others came a German officer with a breast full of medals. He was walking to captivity just one inch ahead of a bayonet held by an American colored soldier. The negro fighter was grinning broadly, for in one eye he wore the German officer's monocle. It is a delicious picture, and we thank "Larry" Harris for giving it to us. War is grim business. None know that better than the Americans who have been in the front line during the past few weeks, for while they have been winning fights they have been losing beloved comrades. But grim as it is, war cannot kill the animal spirits of the American fighter. That negro soldier had to have his Boche, but he had to have his joke, too. That is the American fighting spirit—a blow and a laugh. The blow is struck for civilization; the laugh is laughed for sanity. Can you imagine a Hun having that kind of harmless fun with a prisoner?

* * *

An Appeal to Our Girls

Wounded men are streaming back from the firing lines by thousands, and there are not sufficient nurses to care for them.

Dr. Thomas W. Huntington brings this message from the war zone to San Francisco. The condition is one to which too much attention cannot be called; its remedy, insofar as San Francisco is concerned, lies with our young women. Trained nurses are wanted immediately in France. Untrained young women who are willing to undertake the work, are being given every facility to fit themselves for the service of mercy. Surely we have many young women whose families can spare them for this high cause. Not long since, the nurse who went from America, went to nurse strangers — Englishmen, Frenchmen, Belgians and Italians. The nurse who goes today, goes to nurse her own kith and kin. In the name of Clara Barton, that great American heroine, we appeal to our girls to heed Dr. Huntington's words. And we know they will heed them, for there are no braver, no higher-souled, no more tender-hearted girls in the United States than the girls of San Francisco.

* * *

The Blanket Ballot

We are told that the November ballot will be about the size of a bedspread. In addition to the names of the State, county and district candidates who are yearning for an opportunity to sacrifice their private affairs to the responsibilities (and emoluments) of public office, there will be on the November ballot a total of twenty-five measures—eighteen legislative enactments which need the O. K. of the electorate before they can become operative, six initiative matters and one referendum. These twenty-five measures are not all of equal importance. To learn their comparative importance, to master the merits of some and the demerits of others—this requires a good deal of the voter's time. In due course a bulky pamphlet will be issued from Sacramento, presenting in print that is none too easy to read the pros and cons of every measure. Not many voters will wade through this pamphlet. Various State and county boards, chambers of commerce and so forth will place themselves on record for or against this, that and the other of the twenty-five measures. Only a small percentage of the electorate will familiarize itself with these findings. And when election day comes, some voters will try to vote intelligently on these twenty-five measures by scanning the titles in the election booth and stamping their crosses accordingly, while other voters will either ignore these measures altogether or vote on one or two in which they happen to take a particular interest. Will the result of this sort of voting exhibit the collective will of our enfranchised citizens? Yet this is the way our fundamental law is amended; this is the way we acquire new statutes. As the ballot approaches the size of a blanket, voting becomes more and more haphazard.

* * *

Enjoying a Joke

The sense of humor which enjoys a joke only when it is perpetrated at the expense of somebody else is so defective that it hardly deserves to be called a sense of humor. Only that man may be said truly to possess a sense of humor who knows how to laugh when a good joke is pointed against himself. And

as it is with men, so it is with communities. Not all San Franciscans are able to stomach humor personally applied, but the city as a whole is endowed with this large tolerance. We are a laughing city, and can laugh easily and naturally at ourselves. So when Willard Huntington Wright nicknamed us "San Francisco the Prophylactic" we were just as much amused as when he nicknamed Los Angeles "the Chemically Pure." San Francisco is neither thick-skinned nor thin-skinned, just normally sensitive. San Francisco is reasonably jealous of her own good name, and it is part of her good name—part of that character for which she is loved around the world—that she doesn't take herself too seriously. To become indignant at Willard Huntington Wright's attempt to prove that San Francisco has had a lapse into virtue, that San Francisco has put off vivacity and vice for dullness and piety, would be ridiculous. San Francisco is not indignant, but one of our daily papers is. *The Chronicle* permits itself to become quite irritated about the matter. It does not defend San Francisco, but it attacks Willard Huntington Wright. Contrast the attitude of *The Chronicle* with the attitude of *Town Talk*. This paper quoted copiously last week from Wright's *tour de force*, the sole purpose being to give currency to the jest. And as *Town Talk* keeps in pretty close touch with the sentiments of its readers, we know that the joke has been thoroughly enjoyed.

* * *

The Influence of a King

It is the fashion just now to decry kings, with all their works and pomps. And indeed, there is much in the kingly system which revolts not republicans alone but many of those born with a traditional respect for monarchy. Yet the denunciation of kings may be too sweeping. It is so easy to generalize on such a theme. It is so easy to forget what the history of all the past teaches no less than the history of our own times, that kings may be very good as well as very bad. Consider the King of the Belgians who is the father of his stricken people. Consider, too, the King of England. It is to King George that we would call attention just now. We learn from the London *Times* that the clothing manufacturers of England have standardized men's suits; that is to say, that they have begun turning out standard suits at fixed prices. The idea is that by making mufti uniform, cloth will be husbanded and the consumer will be saved money. The prices for these standard suits range from about $14.25 to $21. To commend this novel idea to the men of England, an exhibition of the standard suits was held in London. There was one exhibit of particular interest. It was a standard suit bought by King George, price $14.25. The effect of this is easily understood. The King of England is the first gentleman of the kingdom. If he is content to wear a $14.25 suit, who is there is England too high or mighty to follow his example? Shall My Lord Thingumbob go to Poole's for his suit when His Majesty buys one "off the pile"? It is thus that royal influence may be exerted; it is thus that King George's influence has been exerted many times during this war. Englishmen do not believe that the king can do no wrong, but they know that they cannot go far wrong in imitating the king when he sets the example of economy, of plain living, of rational simplicity. Whether the elected executive of a republic can exercise this sort of influence in anything like the same degree that a king can, is a question we should like to see discussed.

In Honor of America

In antithesis to Rossetti's "On the Refusal of Aid Between Nations."

By Alice Meynell

Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
Not that her brave democracies take heart
To share, to rule her treasure, to impart
The wine to those who long the wine-press trod;
Not therefore trust we that beneath Thy nod,
Thy silent benediction, even now
In gratitude so many nations bow,
So many poor: not therefore, O my God!
But because living men for dying man
Go to a million deaths, to deal one blow;
And justice speaks one great compassionate tongue;
And nation unto nation calls "One clan
We succourers are, one tribe!" By this we know
Our earth holds confident, stedfast, being young.

Perspective Impressions

What has become of the wiseacre who insisted that this war would end in a stalemate?

Our idea of Henry Ford is that he makes many a flivver outside his shop.

"The end of the tunnel is nearer," says Lloyd George. Is not this figure of speech as new as it is picturesque?

That big, new issue Rolph was to inject into the campaign didn't infuse much "jazz" after all.

Foch, we are told, aimed to squeeze both sides of the salient. Doubtless, the Huns are singing, "Stop your ticklin', Foch."

Will the prohibitionists pardon a confession? Every time we think of Field Marshal Haig we visualize something very good to drink.

A San Mateo judge rules that lecturing is "real work." All the Mr. Caudles we know call it harsher names.

Hindenburg didn't get to Paris, did he?

The All-Highest Kaiser hasn't returned thanks to the All-High Gott for several weeks.

Have you heard our city fathers called "stupervisors"?

A straw vote may show which way the wind blows, but, cynics to the contrary, politics is not all wind.

Notwithstanding what the comic papers say, a song more frequently sung is "My wife's back from the country, hurray! hurray!"

We now have a State Council of Defense that does things. And there are things to be done.

Lieutenant-Commander Schweiger of the German Navy is dead. Who was Schweiger? The miserable tool von Tirpitz used in sinking the Lusitania.

So far Rolph has not found Health Insurance a very healthy subject.

The only trouble is we can't pronounce those French towns as fast as the boys take them.

It's awfully dark in Russia, but we almost think we see pale streaks of light breaking through.

In order to accommodate more loops at the foot of Market street it may yet be necessary to move the Ferry Building, but what's the difference?

Won't somebody please tell those Washington suffragettes to go home and knit socks for soldiers.

President Wilson says that the re-election of Senator Vardaman of Mississippi will be tantamount to a condemnation of the Administration. Just the same, every prohibitionist in Mississippi will vote for this fanatic.

Varied Types

383--ANNA HELD

By Edward F. O'Day

(This article appeared December 25, 1915, and is republished in memory of the brave little woman whose stubborn fight for life was lost on August 12, 1918.)

Men admire her; women love her. The oftener men see her the greater their admiration; the more intimately women get to know her the stronger their affection. Men admire her for her beauty, especially the bewitching beauty of those great brown liquid eyes that know not how to behave; for her dash, her esprit, her vivacity, her endless good humor. Women are not as interested as men are in the Anna Held of the stage, although this Anna Held enjoys a good measure of their esteem. It is the woman Anna Held, not the actress, that appeals irresistibly to them. This Anna Held possesses qualities women value highly in their sex: sympathy, sincerity, kindness, a good heart, a considerate mind. I do not know of any actress who has as many women friends in and out of her profession as Anna Held has. She wins the difficult members of her sex without effort. If you wish to hear Anna Held extolled in the highest terms, do not ask her press agent about her, do not ask her men friends; ask the women who know her.

During the past year Anna Held was one of the idols of Paris. She was the idol of the wounded soldiers and of the Belgian refugees because she was good to them. She was the idol of the women of Paris for the same excellent reason. There are not many hale men in Paris nowadays, but of course Anna Held was their idol, too. Paris will not soon forget what Anna Held did for its war sufferers. And along the Normandy coast the peasants speak of Anna Held as the singing angel of mercy.

In times of stress and misery we must render service after our kind. Our talents must be adapted to the needs of the crisis, otherwise we are shirkers and misfits. Anna Held might have joined the large army of nurses, but she was not trained for nursing and perhaps she would have proved a willing but indifferent nurse. What Anna Held was trained for by the work of a lifetime was entertaining, so she put her talent for entertaining at the service of the French government. Her offer was accepted gratefully. There was plenty of work for entertainers. Anna Held joined the distinguished ranks of the French actresses who gave their days and nights to the work of cheering the poor wounded soldiers in the hospitals. With song and dance and smile Anna Held helped the victims of war to forget the horrors of the trenches. She supplemented the work of the surgeons and the nurses who were healing the hurts of battle. While these tended the bodies of the wounded soldiers she cheered their minds. This work was done for the French government; it had official recognition. In Paris and throughout all France it is regarded as a great work. Those who performed it or are still engaged in it are popular idols. And Anna Held is not the least of these idols.

Anna Held worked night and day in this voluntary service. She received, of course, no material recompense. The only reward she has, the only reward she desired is the consciousness of duty done. Her beloved France had need of her and she responded gladly. It is a circumstance interesting and important enough to mention that she has returned to America more beautiful than ever before. Good deeds bring happiness, and happiness is always reflected externally. Anna Held was never so happy as during the past year when she was serving France.

Not content with her duties as an official entertainer for the hospitals, Anna Held engaged in benefactions of a private nature. Last Christmas she bought great quantities of warm clothes, more especially sweaters, mittens and caps, and distributed them among the poor little Belgian children who have found asylum in Paris, and their case is pitiable. On Christmas Day Anna Held went to one of the great homes of fashionable Paris where several hundred of them are lodged and distributed her gifts. She must have made a charming Santa Claus!

"Christmas in Paris was very sad last year," Anna Held says. "So different from the Noel of other years! Paris cannot be gay now, even at Christmas time, for Paris thinks of nothing but the war, of the poor boys in the trenches and the hospitals. It is only in the churches that you find crowds of people. The churches are always crowded in Paris now. Very often the crowds are so large that all cannot get into the churches, and then the priests come out on the street and preach to them. The war has turned people's thoughts to religion as never before. It is a good thing, of course."

With other singers, Anna Held made the rounds of the hospitals regularly night and day. She sang only gay songs, songs to make the soldiers laugh, or smile at least if they were too badly shattered to laugh. One of these gay songs was a laughing song which she composed herself. This was particularly popular with the wounded fighters. She sang patriotic songs, too, but even these were selected for the gayety, the cheerfulness of their sentiments. Such songs may sometimes excite tears, but they are not necessarily tears of sorrow.

I wish I could tell as Anna Held tells it, the story of her visit to the great hospital where the blind soldiers are gathered together. These men were blinded by shrapnel and by poisoned gases. Some of them are terribly wounded; some have lost an arm or a leg; some are in perfect health otherwise, only they are never to see again. There are a great many of these.

"They were all seated in a great room with a stage at one end," says Anna Held. "We entered at the opposite end of the room and as we walked down the aisle to the stage we saw only their backs. When I came out on the stage to sing to them I had my first view of their faces. They were seated there with their mothers, their sisters, their fathers, their brothers beside them and holding their hands. They sat erect, but their faces were mostly turned toward the floor. These faces were like masks, quite impassive, with no sign of emotion upon them. Some of these men were very handsome fellows. They were of all ages and of all ranks. There were boys there, and there were great officers. Some of them were distinguished looking men with beards. Some were terribly mutilated. Some were quite well, and only the black glasses told what had happened to them. In the front row was a very great general who wore many decorations including the Legion of Honor. He sat beside a handsome boy, and held this boy's hand. The boy, too, had the Legion of Honor. I was told that this was the general's blind son. I tried very hard to be gay, but it was impossible. I started to sing but I could not go on. I wept instead. And yet the expressions on the faces of these brave blind soldiers did not change. I shall never forget their exit from that room. They stood up and went out in file, each soldier's hand upon the shoulder of the man before him. They groped a little and did not walk with ease, for you see they are not yet accustomed to blindness. It was my saddest experience."

Madame Held came to know many of the wounded. Returning at regular intervals to the same hospitals she watched their progress toward recovery. And she was privileged to feel that she had assisted nature and the doctors and nurses in their healing. Doctors and nurses all testified to the value of the good cheer and gayety which she and other actresses brought to the wounded. Of course, there was a darker side. Sometimes when she returned to a hospital this or that patient had disappeared. Jacques, who had wrung her hand and thanked her for her song, or Pierre, whom she had kissed upon the brow, had departed on a greater adventure than war.

"That brave lad from Brittany, who begged that his operation be postponed until after he had heard me sing, where is he?"

"Alas," the surgeon would answer, "he died on the table. You see, he had been shot through the stomach, and there was little chance for him."

Anna Held went also to the depots where the wounded were received on their arrival in Paris from the front. She saw them taken from the cars, hundreds of them, one after the other, "like bread taken from the oven," as she expresses it. And she went to the barracks where the soldiers waited to entrain for the fighting line. She sang there, too, mounting the mess tables and dancing and singing up and down among the dishes. But always there were the hospitals to be visited day after day, night after night, the hospitals where terrible pain gripped

(Continued on Page 13)

1850 1918

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46 GEARY STREET

Behind the Billing Case

By Horatio Bottomley

In the issue of July 6 Town Talk published the complete evidence in the libel suit brought by Maud Allan against Pemberton Billing, who had charged her with pandering to degeneracy in her London performance in Oscar Wilde's play of "Salome." During the trial it was testified that the names of some of England's foremost men and women were listed in a Black Book of degenerates compiled by German spies for blackmailing purposes. Billing was found not guilty. The following comment on the case appeared in Bottomley's London weekly, "John Bull."

In dealing with "Vice in High Places," I wrote under circumstances of considerable difficulty. The Billing case was still on, and it was essential that no word should be said which could by any possibility prejudice the proceedings. Now, thank Heaven, the unsavory business is over; and in returning to the sordid Thing behind it all, my one aim is to "put the lid," once and for all, upon the sexual cesspool whose foul odors are poisoning the atmosphere of our social life, and threatening to undermine the virility and cleanliness of our race—as, indeed, they were intended to do by the agents of German bestiality and depravity, who during the last ten years have been busy, like the Mormons, proselytizing their filthy gospel of moral perversion and degeneracy. Now let us consider the significance which lurked behind it all. The general press may denounce or deplore this or that aspect of the case; witnesses may be condemned, and conduct may be censured—but the big and outstanding fact remains that the prisoner (for that was his position) was acquitted triumphantly. Do not let us either exaggerate or underestimate that verdict, or the scene which accompanied it. But rather let us look behind to the influences which operated to bring it about. Why was Old Bailey Court turned into a bear garden; why did the public alternately hiss and applaud; and why, when Mr. Billing left the court a free man, was there a spectacle of wild enthusiasm and cheers from a thousand throats? It will not do to ascribe conventional reasons and to throw up our hands in horrified deprecation that such things should be. We must look closer into the facts, and when we do so we find deep public suspicion, profound public unrest, based on a firmly seated belief that at last one aspect of the meaning of "The Hidden Hand" had been discovered, and that the man who sought to expose it was battling against forces designed to crush him. Now it is not necessary to believe all the fantastic volume of mystery and wild improbability which was built up in the course of the trial. Much of it was camouflage—and much of it was hysteria; but much of it was only too true. In connection with my journalistic work I am made the repository of secrets which hold often the liberty and sometimes the lives of men in jeopardy. I learn much that touches public people at many points. And I say this, deliberately: that since we have been at war with the Hun, the evidence of some grave and hidden —some deep and sinister—influence at work, which has been against this country and in favor of the enemy, has accumulated with appalling strength.

Nearly four years' growing suspicion—that is the meaning of the public interest and excitement which made pandemonium in Justice Darling's court, and unnerved the temper and imperiled the dignity of the judicial bench. That is also the reason why thousands in Great Britain today believe every word that was uttered, and regard Mr. Pemberton-Billing, M. P., as a national hero. What did he allege? That the Germans possess a "Black Book" which was called the "Book of the 47,000"—that in that book were to be found the names of the men and women in society, in our governing classes, in finance, in art, in every walk of life, who were addicted to low and debasing vices, to practices which shame the human body, make a mockery of sex distinction, break the nerve, undermine the physique, deprave the mind, and blacken the soul. Twelve jurymen—ordinary plain, honest men of London, who heard all the evidence and sat calm and contained, an example and a reproof alike to the levity and license of the crowd—believed the prisoner's witnesses' story. They believed that ever since the beginning of war the enemy had taken advantage of this knowledge of the moral perversion and the sexual degeneracy of men and women whose names are in that Black Book, to blackmail the offenders—to force them by fear of exposure to work the will of the foe, or, alternatively, that those recorded degenerates were afraid to act with honest energy and patriotic strength in the task of defeating Germany. That such a book exists there is no doubt. Counsel may sneer and journalists may jibe—but before long its contents may be known. It will then, however, be seen that certain names which were branded in court are there for a very different reason from that suggested. Only one section of the book deals with sexual perverts—and that is where the witnesses were wrong. There are sections for those in German pay—for political sympathizers, for British spies and "naturalized" friends, and all kinds of other people—but, above all, there is a section for politicans and journalists who are the enemies of Germany—and I should not be surprised to find that my own name is included in that list! There are also the names of judges who have sentenced spies and traitors. So now you see how it is possible that anybody may be there; and in common fairness these facts should be borne in mind in regard to any of the names of public men and others which were mentioned in the case. Do not, however, let us waste further words about this book. The Secret Service of almost every country possesses a similar volume.

Just think of some of the things for which there seems to be only one explanation—the Hidden Hand. At the very first flush and onset of war there was that grossly criminal order to the Fleet not to interfere with German reservists, who returned in their thousands from America, to swell the army of butchers against whom our sons were fighting. Then there was the weak blockade. That appeared a deliberate act in favor of Germany, just as the persistency of the Foreign Office in making the King responsible for putting into force an instrument his Parliament had rejected—I mean the Declaration of London—looked like a wanton and wicked attempt to load the dice of war against us. Again, there were those months and months during which, supported notably by Lord Haldane, the Government refused to make cotton contraband—cotton, the basis of all high explosives. Recall, too, the cruel indifference of the authorities to the danger from the enemy in our midst, the long delay in interning the Hun—even today thousands are at large among us and a wealthy German baron, naturalized since the war—"for financial reasons"—is allowed to store hundreds of tons of coal and maintain hothouses for orchids! That scandalous story is just one of the things that makes for social revolt. Neither bluster nor explanation availed the Home Secretary of the time; the nation was angry and suspicious, and nearly four years of war have increased the anger and deepened the suspicion. Today the Hun is squealing in his towns and cities because at last we are bombing him in his home. But how long did the nation demand, and demand in vain, that there should be reprisals? Think, too, of those enemy banks, and of the enemy businesses in London and the country. Only by threats was the Government forced to stop the blackguardly game of bolstering up Hun enterprises, or seeking to preserve good will so that after the war he could return here and renew his trading.

How can it be wondered that ordinary citizens—what the superior folk call the "common people"—believe that German influence has been at work? One mistake—two mistakes—of policy; one blunder—ten blunders—favoring Germany, might be put down to ignorance. No Government is fool-proof, but deliberate acts, defended often with venom, justified with heat, the critics either derided or denounced—which have all helped the enemy and crippled us in the war—need some other explanation than stupidity—and God knows we have seen enough of that since, August, 1914! The crowds that seethed about the Old Bailey the other day believed that one secret of much of this cruel incompetence and wicked weakness and inaction which until recently clogged the wheels of war is to be found in that Black Book, and the jury —despite every rule of law—accepted fully the story told them. Their verdict, however, did denounce a foul and decadent play—which gives dramatic expression to some of the vices recorded in the Black Book; vices which, to quote the language of Father Bernard Vaughan, mean "constructive treason against the majesty and sanctity of God"—and which the judge declared is so offensive to public morals as to be unfit for performance. Yet but for the libel and the trial that filthy production of a perverted mind would have been taken to neutral countries by a naturalized alien, on the pretense that it was typical of English drama and English thought. It was to be propaganda work! It is not possible to imagine any more outrageous scheme, and if this Dutchman, who enjoys the security of our laws and the amenities of our social life, had had his way, that "melodrama of disease," that "impure and degenerate thing," as honest English dramatic critics described it, would have gone abroad as our gift from the English theatre to the neutral! Really, we are an amaz-

(Continued on Page 13)

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Hearst et Al Smith

By William Marion Reedy

Marion Reedy, the brilliant editor of the St. Louis Mirror, has been in New York, looking things over. Reedy is never carried far by hysteria, so he can do justice to Hearst. It would seem that Reedy believes Tammany "double-crossed" Hearst in the recent advisory convention; but then Tammany has always said Hearst "double-crossed" the Wigwam a few years ago, and revenge is a strong motive in politics. This article shows how much stronger anti-Hearst sentiment is in the East than in the West.

Once upon a time Mr. William Randolph Hearst printed in one of his papers a drawing of Charles F. Murphy in convict stripes. Last week Mr. Murphy was reported as smiling blandly while the Democrats in advisory convention named a gubernatorial candidate without any one so much as mentioning Mr. Hearst's name. And Mr. Hearst thinking all the time he was a candidate. Mr. William Church Osborn, too, thought he was a candidate against Hearst and Tammany. He received one-half a vote, beating Hearst by just that much. The half vote was that of Judge Samuel Seabury, who had it in for both Tammany and Hearst for beating him for office. The convention named Alfred Smith as the party choice, thus notifying the people for their information in the primary. "Al" Smith, Judge Seabury said, was "the best of a bad lot." The phrase will stick. Smith is a Tammany man with a good record. He comes from the old Fourth ward, away down town, was born and grew up and was married and has raised a big family there. Smith, always with the machine, has always been clean. He was a newsboy, a supporter of Tom Foley against Justice Paddy Divver. As Foley went up he carried young Smith along with him. "Al" went to the legislature, serving eleven straight terms, with the accent on the straight, by the way. He became speaker, then minority and later majority leader. Then he was a member of that constitutional convention in which Elihu Root and George W. Wickersham figured so conspicuously. Smith was on the other side from those men, and fairly held his own in tactics. He had legislative history at his fingers' ends. He reeled off on one occasion a relation of all the public service legislation, dates, details of the slightest kind, covering a period of sixteen years. The thing amazed the Republican highbrows. "Al" Smith could carry a whole appropriation bill in his head. Once he defeated an obnoxious bill with one sentence. It was a cannery bill "in the interest of the poor," to permit the poor to work nights and Sundays. A lot of clergymen appeared in support of it. Smith routed them with a paraphrase of one of the commandments: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy—except in the canneries." He's a Tammanyite friend of the poor, though he hasn't robbed the public to help them—not any more than some of the "best" legislation does at times. The New York papers play him up as the typical Tammany hero, wedded to old, lower New York. "Al" Smith is well spoken of everywhere. He's rather a more intellectual hero than was "Big Tim" Sullivan. He isn't a sporting man. But he's a Tammany patron, "no night too cold or too dark for him to go to the front for a friend"—all that sort of thing. He lives now only three blocks from where he was born. He was born in 1873. That was the New York of the glorious days. Gould, Fisk, Tweed, "Brains" Connolly and the rest. It was the New York we used to read about in The Boys' Own and The Boys of New York. "An old-time New York boy," he was, when all lower New York was Irish where it is now polyglot. Smith has been sheriff. He is president of the board of aldermen. Many thought he should have been nominated and would have been elected mayor. He is classed as a higher type than Mayor Hylan. Now he wasn't chosen by the Tammany crowd in the advisory convention at Saratoga. The demand for him came from up-state. Maybe Tammany fixed it that way to get out of giving Mr. Hearst the approval he sought in consideration of all he had done to elect Hylan over Mitchel. Such a thing is not improbable. However that may be, every paper in the metropolis has a good word to say for "Al" Smith.

When Smith was chosen, it was announced that Mr. Hearst was going to California. He isn't. Mrs. Hearst goes. Willie stays home. I saw where he dined with Hylan the other day, probably to ask where was Hylan's gratitude. The Hearst paper came out with kind words for Whitman, the leading Republican candidate for governor, denouncing another candidate, Attorney-General Merton Lewis, for alliance with Roosevelt. Whitman's campaign manager repudiated Hearst's approval at once. Arthur Brisbane had called on Whitman to offer aid but was turned down. Later Brisbane, Hearst's highest paid editorial writer in the world, tried to make up to Governor Edge, who is running for the Republican nomination for senator from New Jersey, and Edge set up a howl as if some one with the smallpox were getting too close to him. Everybody seems to shun Hearst. All newspapers but his own, all candidates cry at him, "Unclean!" The thing is quite amazing. Hearst's own henchmen are quitting him. There was no such desertion of him when he was accused of nerving the arm of Czolgosz who slew McKinley. Hearst always commanded a host of retainers. He may have them yet, but they "lay low." The people in the streets tear a Hearst paper out of your hand sometimes. Why? There are two reasons. First, he has been accused of being pro-German. I don't think he is. He's simply against all the Americans in public life whom he can't boss around. I think the Tribune has distorted a lot of Hearst's utterances to make its case against him. But the pro-German accusation sticks. Every politician and paper has a brick to throw at him. You'd think Hearst was different from all other New York editors. He isn't. They all play for their own hand. They are as ruthless as Hearst when they go after any one who stands in their way. Hearst is simply franker than they. He does a lot of things like Jim Fisk used to do. If he likes a stage lady he helps her and if he wants to ride out with her he rides. And if a man doesn't please him, Hearst sends word he'll break him. That's what Hearst did. He can't do it today. The tide of opinion is against him. He threatens to run in the Democratic primaries again Al Smith. I doubt if he will. He may pick a "mark" to run for him, as the infinitesimal Hisgen—if that was his name?—ran for president on a Hearst platform away back in—oh, I've forgotten. Anyway, Hearst ran some oil man for president once.

But he is up against a real storm now. Not alone has he to combat the charge of pro-Germanism. Repentant Gotham blames him not only for the defeat of John Purroy Mitchel for re-election as mayor, but for Mitchel's death in an airplane accident. This has added to the feeling against Hearst. And a lot of people who voted against Mitchel blame Hearst for leading them astray. New York takes queer sentimental shoots at times. Its psychology is very pathological on occasion. Hearst has played with that psychology for his own ends. Now it seems likely to blow him up. My own opinion is that any man who owns a paper is a fool to go into politics for office. It injures his paper and draws fire upon himself. Few journalists succeed in practical politics. Many have come to grief. There was Horace Greeley. There was Whitelaw Reid. Pulitzer served a brief term in congress but got out in a hurry, by resigning his seat. Hearst has sought the presidency, the mayoralty, the governorship, in each case disastrously. At present he is in a tight place. All his and his mother's millions are of little avail against the war feeling towards which he is supposed to be antagonistic. With all the publicity power he controls no candidate for office wants his support. His two papers and a dozen magazines and weeklies don't scare anybody or allure any one. He's pro-German and he murdered Major Mitchel—that is the indictment against him. I imagine that he read with much feeling President Wilson's appeal to the country to do away with the mob spirit, for Hearst cannot but think that he is the victim of that spirit at this time. How he will come out, who can say? He's game. He stays at his post to see the fight through. He's in one of those plights in which, in the words of Cartoonist Briggs, "a feller needs a friend," and he hasn't any but Arthur Brisbane, who isn't very tactful and moves about in intrigue making a noise like a truck-load of boiler iron on a rough street pavement.

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Poems About San Francisco

A business man of the highest integrity, a citizen who does his bit for every worthy cause, J. Frank Moroney is also a poet, as the following shows. Not a major poet, of course, but one of the lesser choir which sings to the heart in simple strains. These verses appeared in the Chronicle two or three years ago.

222—THE SPIRIT OF "PAUPER ALLEY"

By J. Frank Moroney

I've hovered round this alley now for over sixty years,
I've seen men come, I've seen them go, 'mid laughing smiles, or tears,
I've seen them rise, and watched them fall, as fate would so decree,
And all the while I'd smile and wait for them to follow me.
Why, this old place means more to me than you can ever know—
My life was spent around this spot until I had to go;
And when they buried me afar off in a potter's field,
I rose one night and came down here and quietly concealed

Myself beneath the walls of that great building over there
And every night when shadows fall I waft out in the air,
And visit all those sacred haunts that in my life were dear;
And when the dawn begins to break, I, silent, come back here.
Oh, "Pauper Alley," how I love to hover here at nights
And look in doors and windows after you've put out the lights!
My wanderings are sweet to me; they bring back mem'ries dear
Of days of old and days of gold, days of the Pioneer—

The days when Emperor Norton was in his erstwhile prime,
And picturesque John Perry, immaculate, sublime;
O'Brien, Mackey, Flood and Fair, and Ralston, too, you bet;
Those were the men whose figures and whose names you can't forget.
They all were "Pauper Alley" men, knew "Pauper Alley" ways;
They made their fortunes or went broke in "Pauper Alley" days;
They trifled not with little things, men big of brawn and brain,
And pity 'tis they can't be here to live with you again.

I've had my ups and downs in life, I've owned my coach and four,
And driven to the stock exchange right to my office door;
I've also been so hungry, didn't eat for nights and days,
But this was in the game, you see, of "Pauper Alley" ways.
When these big buildings were put up I had to look around
And seek another resting-place where I could not be found;
I figured out that underneath this Alley none would peer—
So just imagine my chagrin when ousted out of here!

But I don't care, I'll stick around, I'll find another spot;
My spirit will be hovering around some vacant lot;
And when you've filled up all these holes in this old neighborhood,
I might drop in on your new room and settle down for good.
So here's a toast to Pine Street, and California, too,
And Sansome and Montgomery, and the alleys running through;
But the toast I want you all to drink with spirit strong and bold,
Is a toast to "Pauper Alley" and the bully days of old!

The Spectator

Mrs. Carrie Sterling

What a shock we all had when we read that Mrs. Carrie Sterling had ended her life! She was a cultivated, charming and beautiful woman; and only a very few of her most intimate friends could have known that the "taedium vitae" oppressed her, so sweet and kindly and good-humored was her outlook upon the world. What the differences were which caused her to separate from her poet-husband, she never told, but kept her private sorrow in her heart. During the five years of separation, George Sterling and his former wife showed each other a respect which convinced their friends that their differences were temperamental: as friends they were able to avoid whatever obstacles had made their union impossible. Seldom has poet paid his wife such tributes as George Sterling paid to his helpmate of eighteen years. In his first book, "The Testimony of the Suns," we find this exquisite poem:

TO MY WIFE

Not beauty of the marble set
To Art's intensest line,
Nor depth of light and color met,
Tho' all indeed are thine—

Not these thy loveliness impart,
For, wrought by wiser Hands,
The charm that makes thee all thou art
Beyond transition stands;

And surer fealty to thee,
O fairest! I confess,
For that beyond all fair I see
The grace of tenderness,

Past Art's endeavor to portray
Or poet's word to reach;
For all that Beauty seems to say
Is told in feebler speech.

And in his second volume, "A Wine of Wizardry," we find this, which is lighter and a bit more conventional, as suited the occasion of its composition:

TO MY WIFE AS MAY QUEEN

Goddess of hearts by beauty's right divine,
If yet in any isle of ancient seas
Or garden of the lost Hesperides
An altar to the Cytherean shine,
Go thou not thither, tho' the gods repine;
But grant us, we that love thy dear decrees,
To know thy sway—solicitous to please
With coronals and sacrificial wine.

Permit us that the dove-voiced flutes extol
Thy grace, and ours be garlands that enthrall
Of sacred myrtle to thy service grown.
Beauty hath many pathways to the soul,
And thou, O gentle queen, hast found them all,
Making each heart thou enterest thy throne.

His third volume, "The House of Orchids," was dedicated simply, sincerely "To My Wife." I cannot refrain from quoting another of Sterling's poems here. It is a sonnet published in "Beyond the Breakers," and it takes a poignant interest from the tragedy of last week:

TO ONE SELF-SLAIN

The door thou chosest, gave it on the night?
Ever we ask of whoso openeth
If day or darkness hold the seats of Death;
But if the heavy-lidded dead have sight
Their mouths are loyal to that alien light:
Amid the Innumerable no one saith
What waited on the passing of the breath—
Spend not your own: the grave will not requite.

Phantoms and whispers reach us from the dark—
Mirages vain, mendacities august
That are but of the living, not the dead.
Nay! tho I hunger, I in nowise hark
The fleeting music scattered with thy dust,
Nor call thy shadow from the House of Dread.

Prohibition and Divorce

I met a man just down from his home State of Washington, and of course we talked of the effect of the bone-dry laws.

"For one thing," he said, "prohibition has greatly increased the number of divorces."

"How do you account for that?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I suppose one man's theory is as good as another's. Here's the way I explain it. In the old wet days, when a man had a spat with his wife—and that has been known to happen—he went down town, took a few drinks, cooled off, went home and effected a reconciliation. Now he doesn't go down town for a few drinks. He stays home, the spat continues until it becomes a quarrel. And the first thing you know, the couple are in the divorce courts. I think some of our divorce lawyers would bear me out."

Prohibitionists will scout this, but isn't there a good deal of human nature in the explanation?

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Rolph, Stephens and the Mare's Nest

"It's a great how-dy-do we have in politics this year," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock when Tiv Kreling called upon him the other day. "Here are Stephens and Rolph getting their necks bowed, and every vote for either of them helping to put F. J. Heney up at Sacramento for a four-year stretch with pay. Sure, it has never been so slow in any election for Governor within the memory of the oldest whitehall man on the front. And the awakening is now at hand. The game is going to be just as much faster at the finish, for the weeks of dragging along. The war has been keeping all the front pages to itself and with the election a week and a half away, it's complaining now of having to give up the ghost temporarily while we elect the man to lead us to victory in this glorious State."

"How do you feel about the situation?" asked Tiv.

"Well," said the Clockwinder, "take Jim Rolph, who is trying to keep Bill Stephens from succeeding himself. He is in dutch with the solid boys who run all the big stores of the town and make up the rank and file of the Chamber of Commerce, mostly. They paid out their good coin to get Jim the seat up at the City Hall, and then he went and found out what to do in the carmen's strike from the Bolsheviki element of our laboring classes, put four tracks on Market street and got himself linked with the labor politicians as their pick for State Executive.

"And that waves the red flag at the fruit grower and tiller of the soil who is more than half of the State when it comes to voting. It put Jim out of the running without figuring how the boys south of the Tehachapi would like to have two United States Senators and a Governor all from San Francisco. Not to say, have Heney elected."

"Don't you think Rolph stands a chance?" asked Tiv.

"Well, Gavin McNab told Jim to stay out. And Gavin is some leadsman when it comes to sounding the political stream. He's a canny Scot, and Jim would have done well if he had tied to his advice. So it's pretty well stowed away that Jim, losing out in his own home town and in the country and in the South, is out of the fight. He may make a bad third."

Afraid of Heney

"What else do you hear?" asked Tiv.

"Well, the fellows who go through the Ferry gates every day are all talking about the Heney menace, just like they used to talk about the yellow peril. And it's pretty well decided that Max Kuhl isn't earning his pay as political advisor for the Chamber of Commerce. Because if Kuhl's dope was followed Governor Stephens would get all the pretty ballots to beat Rolph, little reckoning what Heney would do to Stephens if he got him alone in a nice quiet voting booth along next November. And do they want Heney? Well, just about as much as a helmsman wants a rudder amidships. But they have their little ray of hope to brighten the morning hours, because most of them say their chief is going to scratch the Kuhl C. of C. slate and pick on a dark horse, one of the safe kind that knows how to run his own business and has got pep enough to give the State a regular he-American government while this war lasts and make it a decent place for the boys to live in when they get back from Berlin. I hear a lot of them talking about J. O. Hayes of San Jose.

The Strength of Hayes

"There is one thing about Hayes, they all say," continued the Clockwinder. "He has got a regular record for being a Republican and he could beat Heney because he would get the Republican vote solid. Stephens is considered dangerous as a champion of the G. O. P. because the only vital issue of the campaign in the minds of many is whether we are going to drink boot-leg whiskey for two years or get Rominger rations of wine and beer with our meals. Heney can whip the bone-dry Stephens crowd. But J. O. Hayes, with the forty fat commissions on the run and for the Rominger bill strong, is a dark horse of another color, in the money big. By and large neither Rolph nor Stephens is taking any prizes for being popular with the solid business man of San Francisco or across the Bay," the Clockwinder went on.

Kuhl's Blundering

"Heney is slated to get the reactionary wet and Anti-Mooney vote," the Clockwinder went on, "while Max Kuhl seems to be trying to get the Chamber of Commerce in a muddle by putting bone-dry Stephens up to beat him. Kuhl is on Stephens' campaign committee, too, which looks as if he got pay from more than one check book for giving political advice. But the boys all say that he can't get all the C. of C. votes in the ballot box by whispering into the ear of some of its directing members, even if, as has been intimated, he did get the C. of C. not to declare for a boycott on German goods. Bill Hearst is also dragged into the political chatter as wanting either Rolph or Heney, while Mike De Young, Old General Opinion says, is willing to pick Stephens for his political bedfellow. Of course there are some who will have it otherwise but they don't last to the end of an argument. And once in a while there is a bit of scandal creeping in. There's a whisper about $10,000 a brewer gave a dry candidate. 'Tis also said there are very prominent Democrats who were not particular which one of Rolph's sacks they put their contribution in, and it befell them that their hard-earned silver dollars fell among the gold of the G. O. P. campaign chest. Yes, mate, there's a great how-dy-do in politics this year."



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He Earned His Furlough

Larry Harris, compelled much against his will to give up Red Cross work in Paris because of an infected eye, brings back stories of the most thrilling interest. If he could be induced to lecture on Paris in wartime, San Francisco would hear a most inspiring recital. Larry says that there are very few army and navy officers in Paris these days. If soldiers come to Paris on business, they transact it without delay and hurry back to the front. So Larry and Julian Thorne (with whom he lived and worked in Paris) were surprised to observe an American naval officer who not only tarried in Paris day after day but devoted himself assiduously and exclusively to enjoyment. Every afternoon, every night, found him in the cafés. Harris and Thorne were both curious and uneasy. They felt that something was wrong. They decided to ask a few questions of the merrymaker.

"Going to stay in Paris long?" they asked.

"I'm afraid not," was the surprising answer. "It isn't the good old Paris I used to know. Things are rather dull here. I think I'll run over to London and see if there's any fun there."

"Going back to work eventually, I suppose?" was the next question, asked rather sarcastically.

"Oh, yes," was the smiling rejoinder. "I'll go back to work eventually."

"If eventually, why not now?" Harris burst forth.

The naval officer smiled again.

"Well," he said, "you see, on its last trip my boat got three submarines, and they gave me a month's leave to do as I pleased."

The Long-Range Gun

One day shortly before noon Larry, returning to his office in the Place de la Concorde, passed through the Gardens of the Tuilleries. He came to a grove of poplars, a beautiful spot where three or four hundred children were playing. Larry has children of his own, so he stopped to admire these fine-looking, happy French youngsters. Shortly after he arrived at his office he heard a sound that has become only too familiar to Parisian ears—the sound of the explosion of a shell fired by the German long-range gun. Immediately afterwards came the word that the shell had struck in the middle of the poplar grove in the Garden of the Tuilleries.

"My God!" cried Harris, "there are three or four hundred children playing there."

The Garden is not far from the Place de la Concorde, and Larry and other American Red Cross workers ran to the poplar grove. There was the shell, sure enough, but the grove was deserted. They learned that the children had all gone home to luncheon just before it exploded.

"Had the shell come ten minutes earlier," says Harris, "there would have been a slaughter of the innocents."

Willis Polk's Latest

Willis Polk, like the Ancient Mariner, held me with his glittering eye, and lest I get away in spite of that, he hooked my arm with his cane.

"Just had a wire from Hurley of the Shipping Board," he explained. "He has authorized me to put glass bottoms in all American ships, so the sailors can see the submarine coming."

Saying which, the only architect who ever built a building with a peekaboo facade, went his way rejoicing.

Alcohol, Drugs and Inspiration

A certain Jeannette Marks has contributed to the Yale Review an article on the worn-out subject of the connection between alcohol, drugs and genius. Jeannette has nothing new to say on the subject, but she makes her article seem original by picking out certain masterpieces of literature and assigning to them a boozy or narcotic origin. Thus she tells us that "the jerk of light and color and flex of motion, the sudden terrible sounds" in Coleridge's "Christabel" were due to laudanum. That opium and alcohol caused Poe to write "Ulalume." That some of "the words unnatural, tortured" in Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" were due to laudanum, and so forth. This sort of thing may impress those who know nothing about literary composition, but it does not "go down" with authors, nor even with students capable of appreciating a work of art. There is as much laudanum in "Christabel" and "The Hound of Heaven"—will the reader pardon me for saying so?—as there is in my right eye. There is as much alcohol in "Ulalume" as there is in near-beer. Coleridge and Thompson used drugs, and Poe sometimes got drunk, but none of these masters of prose and poetry wrote under the influence of dope or booze—or if they did, they tore up what they wrote. You can't produce a literary masterpiece unless you're a genius, and your genius doesn't function unless you're in possession of your intellectual faculties. Jeannette Marks is writing nonsense.

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Petticoat Theorizers

The chances are that Jeannette Marks knows nothing about the action of drugs, of too much alcohol. A drugged or drunken man may think he has a wonderful idea for a poem or a story, but so may a man who is asleep: when he comes to, his brilliant idea proves to be some meaningless absurdity. "Ulalume" is not an absurdity; it is a tour de force of verse-music. Certain words in "The Hound of Heaven" may seem "unnatural, tortured" to Jeannette Marks, but they would not seem so to a person capable of understanding them, that is, to a person with as much erudition as Francis Thompson. The "jerk," the "flex" and "the terrible sounds" are in "Christabel" because Coleridge, one of our most perfect masters of the technique of verse, put them there to achieve the effects he was striving for. The trouble with Jeannette is that she is theorizing on insufficient facts. She is like a great many other petticoat critics: she becomes too enamored of an idea to test its value. That is why so much of the literary criticism in the United States makes one tear one's hair. It is written by women who become so excited when they arrest what they think is an original idea that they lose sight of all the common sense nature endowed them with.

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Wanted, Virile Critics

Jeannette causes me to ask a question: Have you noticed what a lot of literary criticism is written these days by women? Glance through the pages of reviews, and you will find them given over largely to the distaff side of mankind. Virile literary criticism is rare; there are only a few George Douglasses. More's the pity. It has long been charged that American writers write for a female audience, and what chance is there to stop them when the reviews are written by women? Not that we haven't some strong, fine women critics: some of the best reviews published through the years in Town Talk come from a woman's pen. But for the most part, the woman critic of literature, the woman book reviewer, is a pale Pallas who lives on oolong and brioche and dissipates occasionally on pink lemonade. The result is that books sloppily written are sloppily praised; the Harold Bell Wrights and the Robert W. Chambers are exalted, while originality, virility or beauty too subtle for common minds is ignored or explained on some such theory as that worn-out one which Jeannette Marks has tried to revive.

The Kaiser Praises Hearst

If we may believe Dr. Davis, the Kaiser's American dentist, Wilhelm thinks highly of William Randolph Hearst. Dr. Davis represents the Kaiser as saying of American newspaper publishers:

"Mr. Hearst is the only one, as far as I can find, who has revealed the real conditions and told the truth about them."

And again he said:

"Mr. Hearst has helped our cause very much in your country."

Praise from the Kaiser, these days, is not exactly like praise from Sir Hubert, and Hearst probably wishes that Wilhelm would keep his panegyrics to himself. Hearst is having a pretty hard time of it, and these imperial encomiums only complicate matters for him. I can imagine Hearst reading Dr. Davis, grinding his teeth in rage, stamping the paper under foot and exclaiming: "Potsdamnation!"

Here's a Chance!

All the way from Indo-China comes a letter in French addressed to "le journal Town Talk," of which the following is a translation:

"A Frenchman, living in Indo-China for many years and knowing fully the resources of the country, seeks a partner having at his disposal the necessary capital to engage in the export business.

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I commend this opportunity to the attention of Fred Burnham, who may want to combine business with some big game hunting.

Boosting a Candidate

The last time I saw Major Scott Hendricks of the Judge Advocate's department, he said:

"I hear my friend Al Rosenshine is going to run for the Assmebly. Do what you can for him."

A little later the telephone rang. It was Phil Carey of Oakland, who used to be assistant district attorney over there.

"Say a good word for Al Rosenshine," said Phil. "He's running for the Assembly on your side of the Bay."

A few days later I met Dr. Sterling Bunnell, who handed me an election card with the remarks:

"Al's the right sort. Give him a boost."

Then I ran into Dick O'Connor, who was on his way to his law office in the Hobart Building with an armful of law books.

"Don't forget that Al Rosenshine is making the race for the Assembly," said Dick.

"Stay," I said, "weren't Al and you graduated from the U. C. in the same class?"

"Yes," said Dick. "Class of 1904. And from Hastings together, class of '06."

"And weren't Scott Hendricks and Phil Carey and Sterling Bunnell in the class of Naught Four, too?"

"They were," said Dick.

It struck me then that Al Rosenshine has friends who don't forget. And no wonder, for besides being one of the cleanest and most intellectual of our young lawyers, Al Rosenshine has fine gifts of personality. To flout so many requests would be wrong, so here goes: Albert A. Rosenshine is a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Assembly in the thirty-first district, which runs from Pine street to the Bay and from Van Ness to Maple. The county committeemen of his district—Albert Castle, Ralph Hathorn, Walter H. Levy and Oscar Greenebaum—are for him. Men like former Harbor Commissioner Tom Williams, Allan Van Fleet, Thomas E. Haven, Charles Dumbrell and Joe Cutten, and women like Mrs. Augusta Jones,

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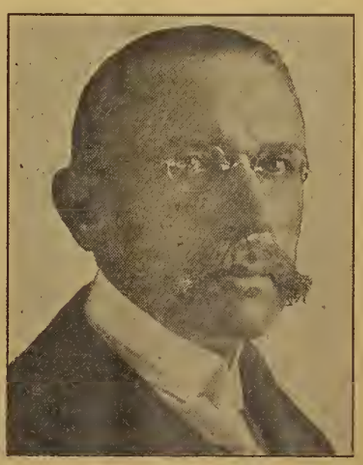
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McAdoo Discovers Duffy

United States Railroad Administrator McAdoo has known where to look in the Santa Fe organization for exceptional talent. The case of Edward Chambers proved that. And now we have the case of James B. Duffy. "Jim" Duffy, general agent of the Santa Fe in this city, has been selected to take charge here of the combined ticket offices of the Southern Pacific, the Santa Fe and the Western Pacific. When work is centralized it takes men of vision as well as experience to handle it efficiently. "Jim" Duffy is preeminently such a man. He stood high in the estimation of the chiefs of the Santa Fe system, and it surprised nobody familiar with his abilities when McAdoo designated him for a big job.

The Author of "Jean-Christophe"

When Romain Rolland, at the outbreak of the war, withdrew to Switzerland and continued to advocate that extreme pacificism which all other Frenchmen abandoned in the hour of their country's need, there were many who said that he was merely obeying the dictates of his conscience. There are many who say so still, but they are not Frenchmen acquainted with Rolland's recent activities. No matter how sympathetic the French may be with Rolland and his conscientious scruples, they cannot quite swallow some of the things he has done recently. There is a periodical in Geneva called Les Tablettes, edited and published by a French deserter, one Le Maguet. To a special number of this periodical entitled "Enough!" in allusion to the prolongation of the war, Rolland contributed an article. There is another periodical in Geneva called Demain. It is edited by Henri Guilbeaux, who is at present indicted by the French Government for "intelligence with the enemy." Since May, 1917, Rolland's name has appeared on the cover of Demain as a permanent contributor together with the names of Lenine and Trotsky. Furthermore, one of Rolland's articles appeared in this periodical side by side with articles by Trotsky and another French deserter, one Samson. Knowing these things, the French are not as tender in their judgment of Rolland as they were at first.

Refined Programme at Tavern

Who was it paraphrased Byron's famous line to read, "On with the dance, let joy be unrefined"? Whoever it was, it is certain that he did not have Techau Tavern in mind, for it is a marked feature of this café that there is always an atmosphere of refinement about the place and everything that goes on there. If it were otherwise the Tavern would not be the resort of families, who furnish a large part of the clientele. So while there is dancing all the evening through, it never goes beyond the bounds of decorum. The merchandise dances are a great delight to the ladies, some of whom receive elegant favors of silk, or a five-dollar War Saving Stamp, without competition, at dinner and after the theatre. The singing of the Show Girl Revue is another pleasing feature.

Judge Sargent's Record

Judge Bradley V. Sargent, candidate for the Superior bench, is a native Californian, both his parents being pioneers. He graduated from Santa Clara and Yale universities. He has been assistant district attorney, district attorney and judge of the Superior Court twelve years. He was never reversed in a criminal, and only once in a probate matter. He was one of the first judges in the State to establish a juvenile branch in the Superior Court. He presided over extra sessions court in this city for nearly three years, and held court in every department in San Francisco, civil, criminal, probate and juvenile. Among some of his decisions important to San Francisco are: The French laundry case, where he upheld as valid an obsolete city ordinance which limited the hours of labor in all laundries and prohibited night work, whereby he prohibited Asiatics from compelling white women to labor at night in competition with them. He upheld the constitutionality of the present Banking Law, and his decision was sustained by the United States Supreme Court. He was selected to try the Civic Center condemnation suit, involving $8,500,000 worth of property. In the case of Berton vs. All Persons he decided that the city of San Francisco could not be deprived of its alleys or streets by a McEnerney act judgment. This case was bitterly fought by many leading lawyers in this city, but Judge Sargent's decision was affirmed by the entire Supreme Court in December, 1917. He has presided over courts in many of the counties of the State, giving him a wide range of experience and broad understanding of the law.

TO A SPECKLED TROUT

Dappled by the sunlight,
Twinkling in the burn;
Tinted by the moonlight;
Freckled by the fern.

Like some jeweled scimitar's
Leaping, flashing blade,
Shot with sheen of crusted gold,
Ruby, sard and jade!

Born beneath the rainbow,
Where the sun has kissed
Sleepy stars of morning,
Veiled in bridal mist,

Never art can imitate,
Never artist fix
Hues that change as mood and light,
Touched with water, mix!

Princess of the brook linn,
Whose lure, more than mine,
Binds me to your sweet will
With a silken line:

What is Love but Cruelty?—
Love, which cannot die,
Slaying love for Love's sake
In perversity!

—Stephen Chalmers.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Letter to Mrs. A. B. Spreckels

Dear Mrs. Spreckels: I have seen the report to the French Government of your work for France and Belgium, both my beloved countries. It is wonderful, and will live when wars are forgotten, because art and love are everlasting.

It has been suggested to me that you would like for your museum an emblem of my sympathy in your great work, and I have been asked to allow a cast of my hand to be taken as an eternal symbol of a desire to help in such work, which is not only for one country, but for all countries.

Will you feel that in having my hand thus it is really given you in spirit and in fact as a token of sincerest affection!

How can I find words to thank you for all you are doing for my two countries!

(Signed) HENRIETTE,
Duchess of Vendome,
Princess of Belgium.

Neuilly, April 28, 1918.

The foregoing letter is from a very remarkable woman. The Duchess of Vendome is the sister of King Albert of Belgium, and her husband is the grandson of Louis-Philippe, the last King of France. So much to identify her, since the Almanach de Gotha is no longer a best-seller! She is a remarkable woman because she has done so much and such remarkable work during this war. She has given her entire fortune and all her efforts to organized and individual war charities. No less than thirty-three war charities are under her patronage and personal care! That shows what one woman can do. Her tireless efforts are divided between France and Belgium, so it was natural that Mrs. Spreckels' work for the Aid Civil and Military, France and Belgium, which is under the patronage of Madame Poincare and the Queen of Belgium, should come to her attention.

What Is Being Done

Every time you send goods to a Superfluity Shop, every time you drop a penny in one of those bowls you see displayed in so many places, you help this Aid Civil and Military of which Jesse W. Lilienthal is president and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels treasurer. During the past seven months this organization has sent to Madame Poincare and the Queen of Belgium the tidy sum of $30,000 from the State of California alone, a fine record. None of the money raised is spent in expenses; it all goes across the ocean. A great deal of it goes to save poor little Belgian babies like "Joe." Let me explain about "Joe" by quoting from a letter written in May, this year, from Poperinghe, in free Belgium, by the Countess van den Steen, who is directress of the work:

Our medical officer told me he had seen the most terrible sight it was given him to witness all the time he had been in this part of our country. A car was coming along the shelled road led by a man bareheaded and hurrying. He stopped before the hospital and the doctor went to see what he wanted. To his horror in the car, leaning against each other, were the corpses of two women—his wife and his sister—one of them had her head blown away, while the other was absolutely riddled with splinters of shell. The bottom of the car was filled with blood and in it was lying a little girl, entirely unhurt. The car had been struck by shell splinters a few hundred yards from the hospital and the poor man had come to see what could be done for his people. We took the baby, and it is now looked after and we hope it will bear no traces of the awful shock it received.

During these horrible days, our nurses had the most strenuous time in evacuating the bombarded villages, bringing in abandoned children. One of them, whom we christened "Joe," was found under the wreckage of his house, awfully dirty and plastered with mud and debris. His parents and four more people had been killed and, the house being absolutely blown to smithereens, we thought there was nothing left in it—but he raised his voice, and is now the most cheerful little mite of our Creche.

The Beginnings of Authorship

Do those interesting enthusiasts who collect first editions, first printings and the like, pay any attention to high school, college and university year books? It would seem that here is a delightful field for the riding of their hobby. No doubt one formally "commences author" when an editor remits the first check instead of sending a rejection slip, or when a publisher writes that entrancing letter which informs the aspirant to literary honors that proofs are on the way for final correction. But there have been literary strivings before this. The budding poet has seen his verses in print in the "home-town paper" or at least in some school publication. The candidate for the laurels that once decked the brow of a Lamb or a Matthew Arnold has contributed an essay, the eager imitator of Kipling or O. Henry has dashed off a short story, for the pages of the college year book. Here are the true beginnings of authorship. If our collectors of Californiana would but search the pages of old school publications of San Francisco, Berkeley and Stanford, who knows what treasures from the pens of Californians now celebrated they might bring to light?

A College Year Book

The thought is suggested by a perusal of the beautiful pages of the year book of the Dominican College of San Rafael. Beautiful pages indeed! Not in typography and illustration alone, but in literary quality. The gentle nuns of the Marin County seat of learning love literature with that pure intensity which always results in the making of literature. And so we find in this book evidences of writing talent which are quite unmistakeable. Here are poems, essays and stories by young girls who are leaving college with a knowledge of literary form, of the technique of writing, which many authors only acquire in their mature years. But then, many of our American authors were not blessed in youth by the contact of an ancient culture; many of our authors know little and care less about the traditions of a reasoned educational system; many of our authors left no traces in school publications, because the blessings of education were withheld from them, as may be inferred too often from their writings!

A Girl of Promise

Perhaps in the eyes of the good nuns it will seem indiscreet for an outsider to single out for special mention one of the girls who contributed to the pages of this Dominican College Year Book. Yet I must speak of Miss Nancy Pattison. Let my excuse be that she was editor-in-chief of this charming book. She has contributed both verse and prose. Her "World Prayer" is a remarkably well sustained effort in verse for a college girl, and her "California" is a sweet and tender tribute. Her little story "In the Shadow" has a war motif; it is fine, it is poignant. Let us keep the name of Miss Nancy Pattison in mind. Kathleen Norris, who is a Dominican girl, wrote a story for this book; and Miss Ina Coolbrith, beloved of the nuns in San Francisco and San Rafael, contributed a poem, "God's Temples." There is a place on my shelves for this and future numbers of the Dominican College Year Book, for I am something of a collector myself!

Reception to Godowsky

This Saturday evening the Music Teachers' Association of San Francisco will give a reception and banquet to Leopold Godowsky, the great pianist, at the Whitcomb Hotel. Mr. George Kruger, the president of the association, is making extensive arrangements for the success of the event. Henry B. Pasmore will be toastmaster and will introduce prominent speakers. Miss Estelle Carpenter will direct the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mr. Kruger has appointed Florence Smart as the chairman of the committee of arrangements, and Madame Tojetti as the chairman of the reception committee. A number of prominent musicians will be in the receiving line. A large number of the members of the association will be present and will bring guests.

French Comtesse to Lecture

Comtesse Madeleine de Bryas, who is touring the United States under the auspices of the Committee on Public Information, is to lecture next Saturday afternoon, August 24, in the Paul Elder Gallery on "Experience in Devastated France." The lecture will begin promptly at two-thirty and will last for a half-hour. It is the third in the series of "Half Hours with Prominent Speakers" started by Paul Elder. Comtesse de Bryas is a Frenchwoman with an American mother—young, attractive, and an able speaker. At the beginning of the war she worked in France as a Red Cross nurse, and in 1915 took up the work of relief in the destroyed villages, founding "Le Bon Gite," the largest French organization for this kind of work. In 1916 she was sent to Spain by the French Government to aid in French propaganda. She has been in the United States since April of this year, and has been lecturing continually—for the Liberty Loan, Red Cross and other patriotic institutions.

At the Cecil

Miss Helen Brown, a niece of Barbour Lathrop, has returned to her home in Southern California after a six weeks' sojourn at the Cecil. Mrs. M. Trautman and son Richard arrived from Portland Monday. Accompanied by her daughter, Miss Sybil, Mrs. A. Hocking arrived on the last steamer from Honolulu. They are planning to make an indefinite stay. Mrs. A. W. Coleman and Miss Marianne Coleman have returned from a two weeks' outing in Mill Valley. They will be at the hotel until the latter part of September, when they will return to their home in Toronto, via New York. Mrs. F. P. Swindler and Miss Swindler motored up from Los Angeles the first part of the week. After a delightful visit with friends in St. Helena, Miss Maude Mooney has returned to the Cecil. Among the recent arrivals are Mrs. Edward Roberts, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Bertha Barker, Miss B. Mouffe and Mrs. G. Frederick.

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The Stage

Margaret Anglin's Success

Margaret Anglin's success in the merry military love comedy, "Billeted," at the Columbia has been so great that the star has cancelled some of her Middle West bookings and will remain here for a third and last week commencing Monday. Were it not that she was booked for appearance in New York on September 2, she could remain here longer with this brilliant comedy, but it is impossible to cancel the Atlantic coast engagements. She will not play at any of the nearby cities, for she will leave San Francisco after the performance on Saturday night, August 17, and will make but two stops between here and New York. In "Billeted" the star is surrounded by a company of players who make the very most of the lines of the authors. "Billeted" was written for laughing purposes only and it fulfills its mission to a nicety. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Cecil Cunningham at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as its principal headline attraction Cecil Cunningham, "the comedienne extraordinary," who is well remembered by Orpheum patrons. She will present four descriptive numbers. Jean Havez, who specializes in good songs, has provided her with her repertoire. The lyrics are all clever and there is a pleasing swing to the music. Miss Cunningham, prior to her appearance in vaudeville, was prima donna of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera company. Billie Burke will present his latest novelty, "Levitation," with Professor J. Edmund Magee. Like his previous effort, "Tango Shoes," "Levitation" is a travesty with scientific possibilities but delightfully ridiculous. Ray Fern and Marion Davis are two clever dancers who possess a delightful sense of humor and sing pleasingly. Their "Nightmare Revue" is a sort of futuristic offering. J. Warren Keane and Grace White are entertainers of quality. Miss White is a delightful pianist, and Keane performs a number of new and clever card tricks. Silvermoon, the canine contortionist, will be presented by Mr. Brodean. Harris and Manion in "Uncle Jerry at the Opery," and Ernestine Gordon and Eleonore Kern, the California Duo, are also included in the bill. Horace Goldin, whose illusions excite perplexity and admiration, promises several novelties. The performance will conclude with a new series of the Official War Revue.

Premiere of "Up in the Air"

The much-discussed premiere of the musical farce, "Up in the Air" is scheduled for Sunday night at the Cort. It will be a "first night" in the real sense of the term and the house will be packed for the occasion. The producers, Dana Hayes and Ben M. Giroux, could not have selected a more popular trio of stars to head their cast than the comedy team, Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwards, and the delightful prima donna, Eleanor Henry. Flanagan and Edwards have most of the funmaking to do, and they are said to be uproariously bestowed. They will use their ukulele and harmonica, of course. Miss Henry will have some charming song numbers. The theme song of the piece, "There's a Big Soft Spot in My Heart," as sung by her, is certain to win everybody. "Up in the Air" boasts a real plot. The scenes are laid at the Hotel Coronado, allowing for beautiful scenic effects. The second act shows the annual Oriental ball, permitting the introduction of much bizzare costumery, the work of Madame Keeler. The book of "Up in the Air" is by Michael Corper and Captain Waldo C. Twitchell, and the melodic score is by Arthur M. Fournier. A sprightly chorus of twenty unusually pretty girls is regarded by the producers as a pronounced feature. An orchestra of twenty musicians will be conducted by Leon Rosebrook. Supporting the three stars will be the following: Julia Blanc, Myrtle Dingwall, Francis Young, Marion Gilbert, George Ebener, Robert Sandberg, Thomas Miller, George Stanley and Charles Barton.



NEELY EDWARDS, ELEANOR HENRY AND ED FLANAGAN,

The Brilliant Stars of "Up in the Air," the New Musical Farce, Which Will Have Its Premiere at the Cort Sunday, August 18.

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Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, but guests ordering porterhouse steak with potatoes are required to make a deposit in advance.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MARGARET ANGLIN

In the Merry Military Love Comedy

"BILLETED"

This attraction does not play Oakland.

Behind the Billing Case

(Continued from Page 4)

ing people and I wonder sometime whether we are quite right in our minds.

There is something more behind all this than the allegation against an American dancer and a Dutch journalist. And I solemnly warn the Government of the danger of increasing public distrust or feeding the flame of unrest. The war is in a most critical phase. Behind the Billing case are the long and weary months of war, with their ever-growing catalogue of ministerial mistakes and departmental acts, colored it has seemed with pro-German intrigue. I beg Mr. Lloyd George to make an example, where the evidence is sufficient, of some of the men—yes, and women—whose names are in that Black Book. We are at war. We intern on suspicion of enemy associations. Then let us intern on proof of enemy vices. In the words of the late W. S. Gilbert, they "never would be missed."

Without pandering to the morbid and the prurient-minded, but realizing the grim and terrible reality of the evil which we are up against, I intend to give some of its devotees a very plain hint that they are under observation. It is, of course, difficult to get direct evidence, but it is an adage that "there is no smoke without fire"; and when you have such dense and voluminous fumes of rumor regarding the wives and even the daughters of certain public men, and in association with them the lady members of certain noble families and also eminent actresses, you cannot be surprised that the cult of Lesbianism is the theme of conversation in many West End circles. And here let me echo the hope of Mr. Justice Darling that the newly-enfranchised women will look carefuly into those matters. Now is their opportunity. Let them take Her Majesty the Queen and the wife of the present Prime Minister as examples of that domestic purity—in the true sense of the word—which, when all is said, is the best security for the good name of our race. Again, when certain prominent persons are notoriously "woman-haters," you cannot wonder that they, too, are suspected of another vice. When you have a play like "The Picture of Dorian Grey," staged at a London theatre—with its filthy and revolting dialogue, and an audience of painted men, again you cannot wonder if Germany chuckles and thinks that her campaign of vice has not been in vain. And when almost every week you may read in various Sunday newspapers cases of abominable indecency, again you are entitled to ask yourselves whether the virus of sexual degeneracy has not polluted our blood. Many who read these words—words which must be written—will be able to fill in names and details which for the moment I omit, but I want our degenerates to understand clearly that, in sporting parlance, their "number is up"—and that unless they take warning from this Billing case and amend their ways, there is at least one journal, of wide circulation and some influence, which will not hesitate to tear aside the veil of hypocrisy and convention which at present protects them from public exposure and obloquy. As I have already indicated, there would not be much difficulty in compiling a British Black Book. Indeed, I have long had such a publication in contemplation, although I confess it had never been part of my intention to include a section for moral and sexual degenerates. Pro-Germans, suspect aliens, Pacifists, and Little Englanders were to be its contents—and I hope it may never be necessary to add such a section as that which forms part of the German volume. After all, the farce and the tragedy of the Billing case—for it was characterized by both—will have served some good purpose by enabling us, whilst yet there was time, to apply successfully the surgery of healthy public opinion to a malignant growth upon the body politic. Heaven knows I am no purist. I am instinctively opposed to all forms of convention—common decency being the only test which I apply to conduct.

I do not want to see the vigor and fiber of the British race sapped and undermined by the vices of Berlin—whose peculiar kultur, as we all know now, has produced the most bestial and depraved type of being—a satire upon Humanity and a blasphemy on the name of God!

VARIED TYPES

(Continued from Page 3)

the soldiers and it was a work of mercy to divert their minds for a few minutes from the torture that racked them. Madame Held, in talking of this, returns again and again to their bravery. If they cry out it is because nature is too powerful to be resisted. All of them wish to return to the fighting line. They think only of the day of recovery when they may resume their places in the trenches. Those only are downcast who have learned that they may not return. Madame Held carried on her work of mercy not only in Paris, but also in Deauville, Trouville, Havre and other towns of the Normandy coast, for all France is full of hospitals today. At Havre she and the actresses who accompanied her were received with great public honor and were lodged in a great chateau, a chateau which had been prepared for the King of the Belgians when it was thought he might have to quit his native soil. They dined there on plates of gold.

"And that hurt me," says Anna Held, "for I could not eat from golden plates when I thought of the poor wounded soldiers."

The ordinary theatregoer thinks of Anna Held as a frivolous artist who has cultivated frivolity and made it pay. And indeed there is a great deal of frivolity to the Anna Held we see behind the footlights. Off the stage she is different. Vivacious, sparkling and all that she may be, but there is also a deep seriousness in her. This has been revealed by the war, revealed and accentuated. That greatest experience of modern times has touched her closely. She has had a share in it, a share in the nobility of it. She has been tried and not found wanting. No wonder she is more beautiful today than ever before—good deeds have made her happier than ever before.

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Letters

A Stimulating Study of Woman

Florence Leftwich Ravenel has collected into a volume with the title "Women and the French Tradition" eight essays on the great women of France, and it is decidedly one of the most worth-while books dealing with feminism that we have yet had. Mrs. Ravenel is no blind admirer of her sex simply as a sex, but she is sympathetic and judicial, and the summing up of her studies and observations seems to be that "great" women lose as much on one side as they gain on the other, and no one can have everything. The various chapters bear the titles: "The Eternal Feminine," in which the general relations of women with men are taken up; "A Woman Critic of Women (Arvide Barin)"; "A Law Unto Herself, (George Sand)"; "The Great Saloniere (Mme. De Stael)"; "The Great Tradition (Mme. de Lafayette)"; "Great Women's Daughters" and "Women of France." Mrs. Ravenel thinks the question of the future will not be how much women will be permitted to do, for she may do as she choses. But what will she choose? As to the matter of "rights" as understood elsewhere, she regards it as unimportant, at least in France, where women already have, without parading it, every right they care to exercise. It was long ago said that in Germany the father is the head of the house; in England the eldest son; in America the daughter, but in France it is the mother. From the Macmillan Company.

Soldier Letters

"The Good Soldier" is a small volume the contents of which are made up of soldier-letters, with brief biographical accounts of the writers, and an introductory comment by N. P. Dawson. These are genuine letters, some of which have already appeared in previous volumes, as they extend over the period from 1914 to 1917. Here are boys, all sorts of boys: French, English, Italian, American; young artists, budding novelists and poets; musicians; drab and spectacled London office clerks just off a stool; an auctioneer from Brixton; elderly married men as old as thirty-five, and "little nephews" of sixteen; Catholics, Protestants, Christians, Jews; grave young students in arms; Crusaders of France; Oxford and Cambridge men and French school boys; American college men and American rich men's sons from New York and California; a ball player from Kentucky; those splendid Canadians; favorites of fortune and widows' sons; French prisoners in Germany, and German prisoners in France, and little Antonio in Austria looking longingly out across the sea to Italy; aviators, ambulance drivers, truck drivers, stretcher bearers, gunners, plucky British officers, willing to "bear the brunt"; and dashing young Saint-Cyriens going into battle in white gloves and plume—the "elite of the world," the new aristocracy, not waiting to see or to be summoned, but, as Kipling writes, "jostling for honor." Each soldier is represented by a single letter, and the pity of it is that so many should be their last earthly communications. There are about sixty letters reproduced, and as they represent every branch of the service and have been written from every front, they give a comprehensive and at the same time a compact picture of the war from the viewpoint of the men in the trenches and on the roads. From the Macmillan Company.

Pat—Well, no wan can prevint what's pasht an' gone.

Mike—Ye could if ye acted quick enough.

Pat—G'wan now! How could ye?

Mike—Shtop it before it happens.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—With New York and the eastern section of the country experiencing one of the most intense heat waves in history, driving brokers and traders away from the cities to recreation resorts, the stock market during the early part of last week was extremely dull and very narrow. For two or three days the total sales of securities did not exceed 150,000 a day, and the price list registered neither an advance nor a decline. That no decline was registered in the absence of buying power is indicative of the underlying strength of the market, and of the effect of the measures adopted by the exchange to prohibit short selling of stocks. Ordinarily a time like early in last week is seized upon by bears to drive down the market, but the payment of large taxes on borrowed securities makes short selling unattractive and when buying stops the market just naturally finds its 'dead level" and remains until something further of a bullish nature is developed to give it impetus. There was much of a bullish nature during the week. Reports of Allied successes on the western front, coming persistently, finally could not be ignored longer, and the market began on Wednesday an upward movement which is maintained throughout the week closing on Saturday with U. S. Steel and the principal active issues about five points up from Monday's opening prices. General Motors stock, however, felt pressure from holders who became frightened at the statement that "not an ounce of steel" was to be distributed to the automobile manufacturers. However, the sober second thought, realizing that no machinery is to stand idle these days, and that if automobile concerns are not to make pleasure cars they are to be supplied with governmental orders for war necessities, had a counter effect and a recovery of eight of the ten points lost during the week was noted. Another factor that helped the general list was an easing tendency in the money market. Apparently the Federal Reserve Bank has taken steps to remove the heavy strain on the banks. Firmness and narrowness have characterized the money market for some time. Although all legitimate demands of borrowers are being taken care of, there is little inclination among banks to extend operations outside the ranks of regular customers and the general tendency is to conserve resources both in relation to the present equation between supply and demand and any future possibilities. Operations of the United States Treasury remain the overshadowing factor in the money market, as they are likely to be so long as the war continues. An idea of the scale on which the Government is compelled to resort to the reservoirs of cash and credit is grasped when it is known that in the first twenty-four months of the war total appropriations will have reached $50,000,000,000, or approximately the "gross income" of the nation in peace times.

The contemplated new draft law will make changes in the labor situation. Industries not essential to the winning of the war will, one by one, be eliminated. Investors should be cautious and buy the better class of securities. The Steel stocks are cheap at present quotations. Orders booked ahead assure remarkable earnings whether at war or at peace, and governmental control of the steel plants (as well as of labor under the new draft) will affect favorably these stocks. Soon, too, there will begin a movement in the market discounting an early peace. Already possibility of a German success in arms has been discounted. Now comes the Allied successes, and along with news of a change of front on the western battle line, is seen the taking of the first step toward a clearing up of the Russian situation. Recently the French, British and Americans have landed troops in the vicinity of Archangel, and large numbers on the Murman coast. Now our Philippine contingent is moving into Siberia and Japan is making ready to take her initial quota. The Czecho-Slovak faction is gaining numbers and it seems to me that it would not be a hard matter to patrol the eastern front, if we did not actually establish a fighting line there. Germany has no able-bodied man-power in Russia. The only soldiers she has there are those who have been shot to pieces on the other battle fronts and are unfit for duty elsewhere. She could not spare men from the west to fight in the east, for recently Germany called upon von Mackensen in Rumania to release certain of his troops for duty in the west and he replied, "If I do Rumania will be back in the war." So, I believe, soon the market will discount an early peace and I would not delay buying the better class of securities.

Cotton—Cotton advanced three cents during the week just closed. The principal reason for the advance was the Government report of August 1 showing a 12 per cent deterioration in the growing crop. Continued drought in Texas and in Mississippi, the principal cotton states, was responsible for the deterioration. Reports of this character always come in August. Every year crop scares are flung back and forth, then pretty soon a good rain falls and, like all other weeds, cotton absorbs the rain, looks up, and soon the larger part of the deterioration is overcome, and finally a good-sized crop is grown. We would be extremely cautious about taking the long side of cotton at thirty cents a pound. The spot demand falls off when cotton soars too high, and at thirty cents for October cotton is pretty high, especially when it is remembered that the actual cost for growing in the United States last year was 11½ cents a pound. Rumors of peace will affect cotton favorably, but rain will affect it adversely, from a standpoint of price, and droughts cannot last forever. Would rather sell at these prices, though would be cautious on either side, picking my time on the turns. On a considerable reaction would buy, and on a bulge would sell.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY NOTE AND MORTGAGE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17747. Department No. 13.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIAS MACRANDRIAS, an Insane Person.

There having been filed herein the petition of George Macrandrias, guardian of the estate of the above named incompetent, for an order of the above named Court authorizing and directing said guardian to execute and deliver to Hibernia Savings & Loan Society a mortgage on the lot belonging to said incompetent situate on the Southerly line of Twenty-Sixth Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Mission Street, with a frontage of forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches on Twenty-Sixth Street, and a depth of one hundred (100) feet, said lot being a portion of Mission Block No. 199, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said mortgage to secure a note to said Hibernia Savings & Loan Society for Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), payable one year from date and bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Now, therefore, all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent are hereby required to appear before the above named Court, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in said City and County of San Francisco, on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said above described property, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the above mentioned amount of Twenty-seven Hundred Dollars ($2700), or such lesser amount as to said Court, or the Judge thereof, shall seem meet.

For further particulars, all persons interested in said Estate are hereby referred to said petition on file hercin.

Dated: July 10, 1918.

GEO. A. STURTEVANT,
Judge of the Superior Court.

O'CONNOR & SCHWARTZ, Attorneys for Guardian,
414 Kohl Building.
San Francisco, Cal. 7-20-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of JOHN E. BENNETT, 246 Russ Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased.

JAMES B. HOWELL,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1918.

JOHN E. BENNETT,
Attorney for Administrator,
246 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARIA GAGLIARDI, Plaintiff, vs. HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant. No. 89657. Dept. 10.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HENRI GAGLIARDI, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion of the plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Cal. 5-25-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and Cnunty of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of MESSRS. GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE AND ORRICK, room No. 823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., situate at No. 433 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

ETHEL E. SHERWOOD,
Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1918.

GOODFELLOW, EELS, MOORE AND ORRICK,
Attorneys for Executrix,
823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., 433 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased. No. 24762, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will Annexed at the office of McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD, 908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased.

GEORGE B. SPERRY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD,
Attorneys for Administrator with the Will Annexed.
908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased. No. 24790, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of HARTLEY F. PEART, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased.

NANCY GERTRUDE BLETHEN, also called Nancy G. Blethen, also called Gertrude Blethen,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

HARTLEY F. PEART, Attorney for Executrix,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 89,873; Dept. 10.

JULIA SETTLES, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: E. L. SETTLES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
H. I. PARKER, Deputy Clerk.

W. H. CLAY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
527 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-8-10

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1356 San Francisco-Oakland, August 24, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

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SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Date of Victory

Our war for civilization will be won this year, according to Premier Clemenceau as reported by Senator Lewis of Illinois who had a talk with "The Tiger" recently. We all hope so, and there is a good deal of reason for our hope. To many expert observers it seems that the winning battles are being waged right now. But while there is reason for the opinion that our war will be won during 1918, there are very few signs pointing to a 1918 peace. Decisive victories are not known to be decisive immediately. Who realized at the time the tremendous significance of the Battle of the Marne? The troops of civilization may win a decisive victory tomorrow; yet the war may go on a long time afterwards. Let us not think impatiently of peace just yet. The more victories we win, the oftener we crush German armies, the more satisfactory the final peace will be. Let us win the war this year and next year, and make peace only when the fighting spirit has been thoroughly beaten out of the Germans and they are forced to choose between surrender and annihilation.

* * *

Pershing Speaks Out

General Pershing has uttered a warning to his troops on the subject of sexual indulgence. He urges them to greater continence for their own sakes and for the sake of their country. General Pershing is the father of all his soldiers, and as such he is profoundly interested in their morals and in their health. Of course he stresses both the moral motive and the health motive when he appeals to his soldiers to avoid all immorality. There is a great deal of levity in the treatment of this subject of incontinence, and yet it is one of the gravest subjects of all. This is not the first time that General Pershing has spoken plainly and solemnly about it, and we may infer from his reiteration of warning that the evil is hard to control. Happily, we know that the American Army in France and the American contingents in the camps of the United States have a surprisingly high record for moral cleanliness. Nevertheless, General Pershing insists on an improvement of that record. Could the utilitarian necessity of continence be more strikingly demonstrated? It would be too bad if parents were unnecessarily alarmed by General Pershing's words. We say unnecessarily; a certain measure of alarm is unavoidable. Some will feel more alarm than others. Shall we indicate which mothers and fathers we think will continue to have the most trust in the moral health of their boys over there? Those mothers and fathers who gave their boys a sound religious training. For you cannot get away from this: The determination to keep morally clean is strongest when it is bulwarked, not merely by fear of disease, but by reverence for chastity as a religious virtue.

* * *

Studying German

O that mine adversary had written a book! But what advantage would it have been to me if I were unable to understand my adversary's language? Men are known by their spoken words, nations through their authors. It is true, books may be translated, but they may also be bowdlerized, expurgated, toned down. Has the English reader always received all of Nietzsche? Certainly he received, before the war, very little of Treitschke, for that apologist of Prussian militarism was translated into English only in fragments. Since 1914 he has been much more fully placed at the disposal of the student who knows no German. But if more had known German and had read some of these German propagandists of Prussian force, how much more fully might we not have been prepared for the unheaval! It is all very well to detest German ideas, but let us understand them first—then we can detest them intelligently. And to understand them we must read the books in which they are set forth. As a coldly calculated measure of self-preservation, the study of German by Americans is to be encouraged.

* * *

Our Newspaper Feuds

In connection with the most recent of our periodical newspaper upheavals we have heard much about the necessity of eliminating bitterness from editorial sancta, of putting an end to newspaper feuds. It is possible that henceforth we shall be spared many of those expressions of mutual hatred to which our editors have, in the past, devoted so large a part of their valuable space. It is possible, but is it very probable? We confess that we are a little dubious. The traditions of frontier journalism are dying hard in San Francisco. It is true that our editors no longer tote guns, but they are experts in the use of poison gas, and habit is very strong with them. The accumulation of years makes newspapers conservative, dignified and impersonal; our papers are still pretty young. They like to call names, they like especially to call one another names. Their attitude toward one another is that of Kilkenny cats. *Live and let live* they regard as a too quixotic principle of action. Maybe we shall see this state of things disappear. Certainly, if readers had much influence with editors these journalistic antagonisms would pass rapidly away. What readers want is news and informing comment on news. One editor's opinion as to another editor's paternity or morals or future abode is of no consequence to the ordinary reader of a paper. The papers which have the best circulation in the homes of the community are those which indulge least in this sort of discussion. If optimism will improve the tone of our papers in this regard, we promise to make a mighty effort to believe that editorial quarrels are distinctly on the wane.

* * *

Randall Goes Abroad

Congressman Randall of California is abroad with a party of "ideal tourists," and will have an opportunity to satisfy himself that Foch, Pershing, Haig and the rest are conducting the war properly. An "ideal tourist" in the phraseology of the front, is a man whose official position at home is such that he cannot very well be balked when he insists on poking his nose into the fighting

zone. If reports be true, the "ideal tourist" does not get anywhere near the danger points, but is taken on a sort of "rubberneck wagon" tour through regions which have known the shock of war and which the untrained eye of the civilian easily mistakes for the very front of the front. We can imagine what Ideal Tourist Randall will be most interested in when he follows his guide over one of these routes. For we know what Congressman Randall is interested in at home, and we cannot believe that his preoccupations have suffered a sea-change. He is a prohibitionist who has been busy winning victories for the drys while the rest of us have been trying in our small but sincere way to help win the war. Over in France Congressman Randall will keep up his interest in the liquor question. He will be on the lookout for the trail of the demon. He will be shocked when he sees French soldiers drinking wine, and he will make it his business to find out whether American soldiers occasionally warm their insides with something stronger than coffee. If he happens on an English soldier drinking a Scotch highball, the Lord help the British Army, for it will descend abysmally in Congressman Randall's estimation. Travel is sometimes educational, and some may think that we do Congressman Randall an injustice by taking it for granted that a foreign tour during one of the most inspiring periods of the world's history will leave him as narrow as he was before. But we know Congressman Randall. Prohibition permeates the marrow of his bones as well as the tissues of his brain, and such a man cannot learn.

Beer for the Ironworkers

We congratulate the Police Commissioners on the liberality and good sense they showed in modifying the bone-dry order they had made for the Union Iron Works district. Saloonkeepers near the huge plant will not be permitted to sell hard liquor, but they may dispense beer and wine. This is as it should be. True, our workingmen are not wine-drinkers, but they do like a schooner of beer, and they are entitled to have it. Shipbuilding is thirsty work, and there is a point beyond which these workers will not be content with water or even with ginger pop, sarsaparilla and other drinks which prohibitionists find satisfying. These workers want their beer, even if it is only beer with two and three-quarters per cent of alcohol. Anybody who has even seen a boilermaker or an iron moulder drink a long draught of steam beer realizes that the process is an aid not a bar to working efficiency. The Police Commissioners by their modification of the bone-dry order have undoubtedly offended our prohibition cranks, but they have shown the shipbuilders that there is still such a thing as official fairness, and this is a very important consideration. You can't expect a man to do his best work if you keep "picking on" him for his confirmed but harmless habits. Beer drinking comes under that head.

* * *

The Patriotism of a Supervisor

Supervisor James E. Power expects to enter the Army with a commission, and hopes to go to France and do his part in winning the war. We congratulate "Jim" Power on his active patriotism. A husband and father, he is making a real sacrifice for his country. But so many thousands of others have done the same thing that we shall not dwell on that aspect of the matter. What we would call attention to is the apparent reluctance of officeholders to let the country go to the dogs at home while they are saving it abroad. Supervisor Power is an exception to a rule. The vast majority of politicians have no stomach for war. Our National Congress, our State Legislatures, our municipal councils and boards of supervisors have not yielded many warriors. There seems to be a general feeling that the army of taxeaters should not be drafted into the army of fighters. That is to say, there is such a general feeling among taxeaters; taxpayers do not share it. Taxpayers cannot get it out of their foolish heads that even if Uncle Sam took a third of the officeholders for the Army, the business of government would go on much the same as before. Supervisor Power represents a higher level of thought than that to which most of our politicians have attained. He is not afraid that his absence on more important duty will open the door for the ruin of the city. It would be interesting to know what some of the other supervisors think of his determination to go to war. The supervisorial mentality is of a peculiar type. Can it quite grasp the psychology of an officeholder who is more enthusiastic about drawing his sword than his salary? We doubt it.

Perspective Impressions

Our primary hope is that the best men will win.

Has anybody ever thought of a law abolishing political campaigns?

If politicians knew what most people think of them, they wouldn't sleep nights.

The jury which found "Bill" Haywood guilty did a very good job.

The United States lost a true poet when Joyce Kilmer fell on the field of battle.

Do political press agents always tell the exact truth?

Now our street cars are going to use the "skip-stop." Meanwhile, in boarding cars and crossing the tracks we shall continue to use the hop-skip.

What Japan needs is a Herbert Hoover.

At last Spain is convinced that we are going to win.

Isn't it time for the cable to kill Hindenburg again?

Old Man Crothers is still wondering what hit him.

Deputy Nolens is not willing to form a Dutch ministry. In other words, he is true to his name.

The American Federation of Labor is very sensitive on the subject of Work or Fight. In voicing this sensitiveness Sam Gompers seems to promise that if the workingmen are not compelled to fight they will work hard when they feel like it.

We think that daily column of Arthur Brisbane's is awful piffle.

When have we entertained a more welcome guest than gallant General Pau?

If our vineyardists were not good Americans they would be driven to Bolshevikism by the prohibition fanatics.

Wool has been taken over by the Government. In this sense alone Uncle Sam is wool-gathering.

The bonds which have always united Paris and San Francisco are drawn closer by our common sorrow over the death of Albert Metin.

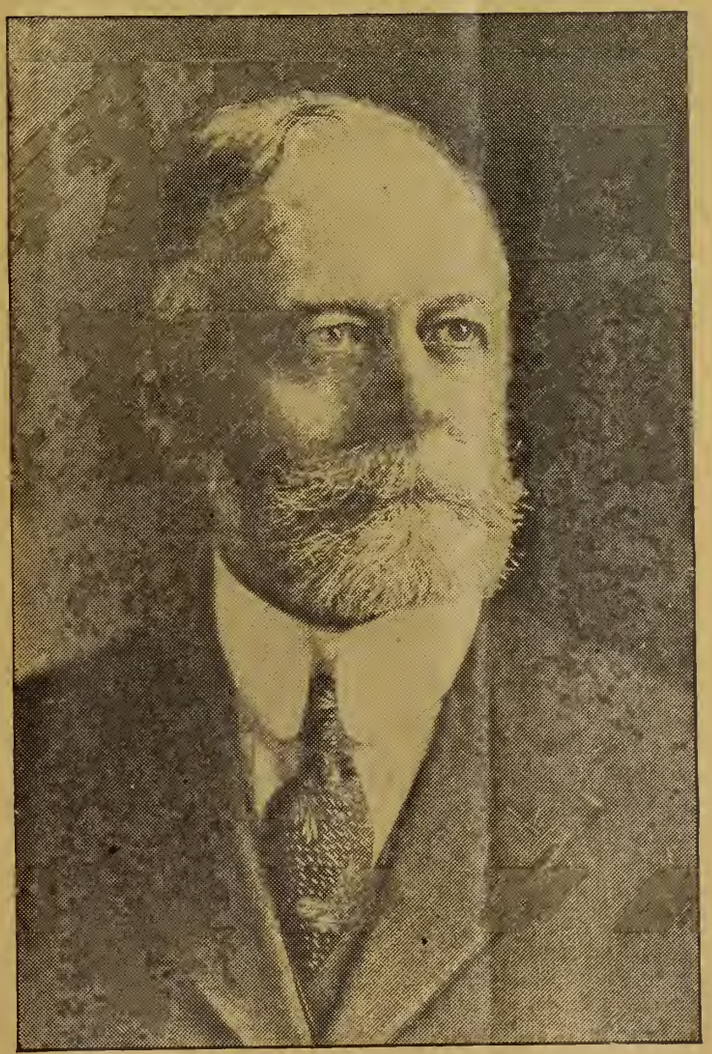
The country has no more illustrious exponent of patriotism above partisanship than Julius Kahn.

HAYES FOR GOVERNOR

TO THE MEN AND WOMEN VOTERS OF SAN FRANCISCO:

J. O. HAYES of San Jose, newspaper publisher, miner, fruit grower, farmer, successful man of large business affairs in many parts of California, is a candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket and seeks the nomination at the hands of his fellow Republicans on Tuesday, August 27, 1918.

Mr. HAYES has been four months campaigning throughout the State demanding retrenchment in State expenditures, the elimination of useless commissions and the consolidation of commissions and offices duplicating work. He has received a tremendous support for these principles from the farmer, the fruit grower, the irrigationist and the interior business men.



The report of the Taxpayers' Association of California for June, 1918; shows that the expense of the California State Government for 1902 was $8,207,594.00 and for 1917 was $23,266,858.00. This report shows also that the population of California in 1902 was 1,673,343 and in 1917 was 3,029,032. Thus, while the population has doubled, the cost of government has trebled.

The per capita tax rate today is $7.68; in 1902 it was $4.90. These figures speak for themselves.

Retrenchment and economy in State expenditures, particularly in these war times, become the paramount issue before the people of California.

A REAL REPUBLICAN

HAYES engages in no personalities; he indulges in no tawdry tricks of spectacular publicity; nor does he wrap the flag of our country around himself on a political platform.

Retrenchment in State expense is a major issue. He stands squarely for that. The liquor question is a major issue. He stands squarely and unequivocally for the Rominger bill, because he believes that bill will best promote temperance and because he believes that it is un-American and unjust to confiscate the $150,000,000 investment of the grape growers after that industry has been fostered by State aid through the State Viticultural Commission.

Mr. HAYES believes that the grape growers must be given time to protect themselves by changing their vineyards into orchards, or by putting their lands to other profitable uses.

HAYES talks retrenchment and economy in State expenditures and he pledges the judgment and experience of a successful business man of large affairs toward remedying conditions of extravagance in California that advertise this State as the most wastefully managed of ANY large State in the United States—the costliest to conduct of any State in the Nation with the exception of Nevada.

J. O. HAYES CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

302-4-6 CLAUS SPRECKELS BUILDING

Life in a German Gun Factory

By an English Prisoner

The following story of life in a munition factory at Cassel is reprinted from the London Times, to whose Amsterdam correspondent it was furnished by a prisoner of war. The story is given in the latter's own words:

Henschel's steel factory before the war was a steel-producing (Siemens' process and crucible furnace) and tool and machinery works. Since the outbreak of war it has naturally turned its whole resources to the production of munitions. Approximately 20,000 people were employed in this factory in the latter part of 1915, among these being 2000 prisoners of war, who had been sent there not knowing until they arrived the nature of the work they were to perform. The majority of the prisoners of war, immediately they realize they are at a munition factory, refuse to work, but either by force, persuasion, or guile they subsequently remained there.

This factory has different departments—i. e., melting furnaces, electric powerhouses, steam plant, gas-producing plant, fitters' and turners' shops, steam-hammer forges, smiths' forges, sheet mills, wire mills, an import and export department, and its own rolling stock.

The method—or different methods—of finally compelling a prisoner of war to work in one of these factories is rather peculiar. On arrival at the works prisoners are given a very good meal with a few bottles of beer and things to smoke. They are then interviewed by the firm's interpreter, a very, very clever linguist, and it is this gentleman's duty to impress upon prisoners of war that it is not a munition factory. No, they only make bicycles, pen-nibs, pocket knives, razors, etc. The field and siege guns, machine guns and thousands of shells that you see stacked in every spare foot of the yard—well, they paint those.

Of course, whether you are British, French, Russian, or Belgian, and though you were employed in your pre-war days as a barber or bacon curer, you realize that this fellow is pulling your leg. Because, surely (you think to yourself) it does not require furnaces, boilers, electric cranes, and turning lathes to paint guns and shells, or to produce pen-nibs; and, besides, you cannot see any paint at all.

Well, you flatly refuse to start work, and our before-mentioned linguist, who is quite a gentleman, leaves you with your sentries for a time. He reappears shortly, accompanied by a German officer of high rank, who, he informs you, is in charge of the works and also of prisoners of war, and that he is invested with supreme power over every employee. He can, if he wishes, sentence you to death and to various other things. Well, you again refuse to work, and immediately you are surrounded by about twenty sentries, who playfully tickle you under the ear with the butt of their rifles or the end of a bayonet, and you regain consciousness to find yourself in an underground cell, quite close to the exhaust pipes of various machines, and you soon realize you are neither in Kew Gardens nor the Crystal Palace.

You stick this for what seems to you a lifetime (it is usually three, four, or five days); then suddenly your smooth-tongued interpreter pops up like the devil out of hell, and asks, "Will you work now?" Should you answer in the negative the devil disappears and you are left to your own reflections for another three to five days. Should you tell him you are thirsty and would like a drink of water, or hungry, having had nothing to eat for from three to five days, he informs you that if you will consent to work you will have anything in reason that you desire. Well, you are beat, and realize that it is better to await an opportunity of enabling you to get back to your lager, which, in the circumstances, seems heaven compared with the shop where they paint guns and shells and make pen-nibs. So you accompany the slave-driver on a tour of the works.

First he takes you to the employee's dining hall, and as you have not had food, water, light, or recreatoion for from three to five days you do justice to the really good food given to you. Then when you are given a few bottles of lager beer and a cigar you begin to regard this devil opposite you not as a devil but as your guardian angel. Then over the drinks he unfolds to you a wonderful tale. I will give you the conversation which actually took place between the interpreter and myself.

He said: "If you will work for us at your trade (crucible steel smelting) we will pay you 25 marks (25s) a day, out of which you must pay 10 marks for food and lodging. You shall live in a house in town with civilians and be allowed to wear civilian clothes. When your work is finished you may go anywhere you wish, provided you are accompanied by the German in whose house you are lodging. You can have any girl you wish, provided she is willing, and there is no reason why you should not be very comfortable and have a lot of money saved by the time the war is over. You will only be required to work six days a week, but if at any time you work on Sundays you will receive double pay."

"A very alluring prospect," I remarked, and then asked if I could have the remainder of the week to myself (two days), and also go into the furnace to become accustomed to the German method of work, which I thought might be different from ours. The interpreter readily complied with the request, and asked me to sign a paper. This I received rather diplomatically, saying I'd sign it on completion of the first week's work.

Well, my next two days were spent in looking around the shops. The only peculiarity I noticed was the truth of the interpreter's remarks concerning women. In every branch of the works where a prisoner was employed he had women and girls as neighbors. The drilling, boring, slotting, and turning machines had, without exception, if operated by a prisoner, a machine on the immediate right and left operated by a woman or a girl. I questioned different Frenchmen concerning what I'd been told about the women, and learned that it was quite true. As many as 500 prisoners of war were living with women, and were allowed as much freedom of movement after working hours as the Germans themselves.

Mark you, don't censure these men; they didn't voluntarily go to this work of painting guns; they were forced, and are not to be blamed, but pitied. And I do hope that some day they will receive recognition for the hopeless and futile resistance they put up before they finally succumbed to the gentle persuasive methods employed by those blasted German slave traders.

The food at these works is generally very good during the first month. Then you are dieted as follows:

Breakfast—Coffee and 300 grammes (about ten and a half ounces) of bread.

Dinner—Soup, very watery.

Tea time—Coffee, potatoes.

Supper—Soup or coffee and potatoes.

The living accommodation is exactly as in the lager—one large room, holding 200 or 300 persons. You have a bed sack filled with straw, and two blankets. Your straw sack is quite close up to your right and left neighbors. You eat, sleep and drink in these barracks. The latrines are also inside, as you are only allowed out under escort. But if you have succumbed to the charms of a Fräulein and are a skilled workman and willing, then, as I've pointed out, you may live together.

YOUR EFFICIENCY DEPENDS UPON YOUR EYESIGHT

You should immediately investigate Punktal Lenses for with these new lenses you can rotate your eyes as Nature intended and obtain perfectly accurate vision through the very margins. You are not compelled to turn your head constantly as with ordinary lenses, which give truly clear images through the central portions only. Ask us to explain the many advantages of Punktals.



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Progressive Whist

By Alec Waugh

Private Walker of the 305th Machine Gun Company overslept himself. It was not the first time he had done it, nor will it be the last. Reveille had gone at 6:30, and it was now nearly 7 o'clock, only just time to shave and wash before breakfast. He had meant to clean the barrel of the gun during that time; it was in an awful state; he had dropped it in the mud the night before; it must be cleaned before the next parade. One never knew when it might be inspected. You could never trust officers, they always did things at such funny times. That barrel had to be cleaned, and yet the mess orderlies were just going for the food. If he cleaned it now, he would miss his meal, and Private Walker could not remember a single occasion on which he had done that. No, the barrel would have to wait; breakfast was much more important.

But the morning of Private Walker's well-earned rest also happened to be the morning Captain Evans had chosen for one of his surprise visits to the gun teams. No one ever knew when he was coming, usually he never knew himself till five minutes before. Nothing was ready for him. His visits were a daily menace to the Subaltern.

And so half way through the morning parade a whisper ran round No. 2 section, "Cap's coming round." Private Walker's heart sank within him. He pictured himself in irons bound to a wheel undergoing ten weeks F. P. No. 1. He had visions of court-martials and a crime sheet miles long. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Captain Evans inspecting the gun, he saw him take out the barrel, and hold it up to the light.

"Mr. Ferguson," thundered the Captain.

"Sir," answered the section officer rushing up.

"This barrel is filthy, Mr. Ferguson, filthy, a disgrace to the company."

"Yes, sir. Sergeant Simpson"——

"I don't want to hear anything about Sergeant Simpson, Mr. Ferguson," shouted the Captain, "this gun is under your charge and I expect it to be clean. That's what section officers are for. You don't know your duty. If you can't keep your guns clean when you are out of the line, what are you going to do in action. Very bad, Mr. Ferguson, very bad. I can see that you've got no hold over your section. Your leave will be stopped for three months."

Mr. Ferguson was left overwhelmed; he had been counting on that leave, and after all it wasn't his fault that the rotten gun was dirty; that wasn't his job, it was the Sergeant's job, and he wasn't going to take this sort of thing lying down. Instantly he dispatched an orderly for the section sergeants.

"Look here, you two," he began, "this barrel is absolutely filthy."

"Yes, Sir, Lance-Corporal"——

"I don't want to hear anything about any Lance-Corporal. You two are directly responsible for that gun being clean. That's what you are sergeants for. If you don't keep your guns clean you are not fit to be sergeants. You are both under open arrest."

As soon as he had gone the two sergeants looked at each other.

"'Twern't our bloomin' fault, Bill."

"Naw, Joe, 'twas that blasted fool of a Lance Jack. 'Er you," he bawled at one of the men, "yer run off and fetch me Lance-Corporal Wilkinson and hustle yerself too."

"Look 'ere, me lad," said Sergeant Simpson to the perspiring one-stripe, "that there barrel of yours is awful dirty, can't see down it."

"Is it now?"

"Not 'arf it bloomin' well ain't."

"Well Sergeant, Private Walker"——

"I don't want to hear about your Private Walker, it's your fault if 'e don't clean his gun, that's what you're there for. Don't think yer there for your looks, do yer? You can go under close arrest you can; off yer get to the guard-room and bloomin' quick, too."

Lance-Corporal Wilkinson went to the guard-room, but on the way he had five minutes' vituperative conversation with Private Walker.

"See 'ere, you bloomin' fool, that gun o' yours is dirty, got that? It's your job to see it's clean, got that? And termorrer morning you'll be up before the Cap'n, got that? Twenty-six days number one, that's what you're in for, got that? Now then don't answer me back; you're in for it. See?"

And so at last the long arm of justice was on the collar of the real culprit.

* * * * * *

Next morning there was a string of prisoners for company orders. The two Sergeants were marched in first.

"Dirty barrel, Sir," explained Mr. Ferguson, "it was in a most filthy condition, and it's the sergeants' job to see that it's clean, Sir."

"H'm," said the Captain, "is this the gun I spoke to you about, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Yes, Sir."

"H'm, well-er-yes," said the Captain dubiously. It was obviously the section officer's fault that the barrel was dirty, and yet he had to back up his officers. "Look here," he blazed out, "You're sergeants and are supposed to look after your section. You've got no excuse"——

"Please, Sir"——

"Don't answer me back, you've got no excuse whatever. It's through sergeants like you that the company will be losing their good name, do you see?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well-er, let me see, there's a twenty-mile route march tomorrow, isn't there, Sergeant-Major? I though so. You'll conduct it, Sergeant Simpson, and Sergeant Henry, you'll attend. March out."

Then Lance-Corporal Wilkinson was marched in.

"A dirty barrel, Sir," explained the two sergeants in unison. "It's the Lance-Corporal's job to see that the gun is cleaned, Sir. We can't do it all, Sir; we expect him to do that, Sir. We have a lot to do, Sir. What with guards, Sir, and"——

"Yes, yes," said the Captain; this was getting beyond a joke, still he supposed he had to back up his sergeants. It was the only way to maintain discipline; if he didn't punish the men his N. C. O.'s brought up, they would cease to take interest in their work. "It's the Corporal's job to see after his gun," he said, "if the gun's dirty, it's your fault."

"But, Sir"——

"Don't answer me back. It's your fault, see? Sergeant-Major, put Lance-Sorporal Wilkinson down for Cook House Guard. March out."

And then, trembling and without an excuse, Private Walker, No. 1532 of the 305th M. G. Company, fons et origo mali, was brought into the presence of Justice.

"A dirty barrel, Sir," said Lance-Corporal Wilkinson.

"It's his fault. I allus says to my No. 1: 'It's you as 'as got to fire that there gun, an' it's up ter you ter see that it's clean.' That's what I says, Sir, to my No. 1, Sir, I says, No. 1"——

"Yes, thank you, Corporal, quite enough. Now is this the same gun?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I am sick of it"; the Captain's endurance was at an end. "I've heard enough about this beastly gun, and I am not going to hear any more. It's wasted enough of my time already. Case dismissed. March out."

And so Justice was robbed of its prey; and yet not wholly so. For, between "First Post" and "Lights Out" two irate Sergeants and an outraged Lance-Corporal had a good deal to say to Private Walker.

1850 1918

"The Store Beautiful"

A. ANDREWS

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□ FOR □

ASSEMBLYMAN

(REPUBLICAN)

31st Assembly District

Poems About San Francisco

During his 'assignment" to the World's Fair as special writer for the Chronicle, "Wallie" Young made the Exposition plaques famous. To the "two-gallon hats," as he irreverently called the "toppers" worn by Fair officials, he called the amused attention of all San Francisco, so that the functionaries almost became touchy about their head gear. These light lines were written on the anniversary of the Fair Opening.

223—I WONDER

By Waldemar Young

I wonder what becomes of the fog
  When radiant sunshine filters the sky?
I wonder whence the smell of the bog
  Departs when low tide's gone and the high
Covers the mud-flats over the bay?
  I wonder what's become of the hacks
That used to joggle us home to the hay?
These things I wonder and more—but, say,
  What has become of the expo plaques?

Where are they now? To what far climes
  Have all of them gone on the wings of words,
Spoken by orators thousands of times?
  All of the orators, fancy old birds,
Wearing silk hats of the shiningest black,
  Prince Willie coats and white canvas spats,
Each in his gloved mitt holding a plaque,
Where are they now—and, answer me, Jack,
  What has become of the black silk hats?

The Spectator

Consulting the Oracle

Willis Polk, the renowned architect, entered the pendulum room of the Ferry tower, deposited his hat, gloves and cane on the table, sat down in the Morris chair and laughed.

"Why the Dan O'Callaghan stuff, Willis?" queried the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"I was laughing at the sign on your door," replied Willis. "Those words, 'Enter without knocking,' sort of tickled my funny bone, considering that all who enter here seem to do nothing but knock, if you can believe The Spectator in Town Talk."

"A pretty accurate reporter, that same Spectator," said the Ferry philosopher. "And how he gets hold of all that is said in here I don't know. Maybe he's got a dictagraph installed. Did you come down to do a little knocking?"

"The only knocking I ever do is when I talk architecture," responded Willis, "and I only talk architecture with my inferiors—meaning the other architects of San Francisco," and Willis lit a thirty-cent cigar.

The Clockwinder acknowledged the compliment with a grunt.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"I come here today," said Willis, "as Croesus and Themistocles went to Delphi."

"Didn't know they had went," said the Clockwinder. "And if you'll pardon my ignorance, who in Helena-Montana are those guys you just mentioned, and where in Hail-Columbia is Delphi? You don't mean Philadelphia?"

"I don't," said Willis. "I mean the far-famed city of ancient Greece whither the Greeks went to consult the oracle."

"Who was the oracle?" asked the Clockwinder. "Was he a lawyer or a doctor?"

"The oracle was a priestess who foretold the future," explained Willis.

"I get you, one of them bum fortune-tellers," said the Clockwinder. "Do you compare me to Madame Ellis or Leona La Mar? What's the idear?"

"I come," said Willis impressively, "to find out who's going to be the next Governor."

"O, that's easy," said the Clockwinder, as he whittled the coke out of his favorite pipe.

Stephens and the Bunk

"Is it?" asked Willis. "Then I came to the right place. I have here," and the architect took a folded newspaper from his breast pocket, "I have here something which set me thinking. It is an interview with Governor Stephens, written by Miss Pauline Jacobson, a woman I esteem. May I read a little of it to you?"

"Shoot," said the Clockwinder, and Willis shot this:

"What signal thing as Governor do you think you have accomplished for the State, over and above any other man?"

"I think," said Governor Stephens earnestly, "that I have done more than any other one man to cement the feeling throughout the State for the winning of the war."

"And if you thought any other candidate could fill your chair better than you, would you gladly step out?"

"I would."

"Why?"

"You would not believe me. It would sound like bunk."

"Go on."

"I would do anything to win this war. If I thought some other man could help better by being in the chair I would gladly step down."

"And why do you feel so strongly?"

"Again it sounds like bunk."

"Go on."

"To protect the women and the children in this country."

"I don't quite understand."

"Because," he said, "if we don't win this war we will have a German invasion, and we will have some of the things happen to our women and children that happened in Belgium."

Willis Polk looked at the Clockwinder in silence.

"The Governor has a sensitive feeling for bunk," said the Clockwinder.

Naftzger's Friend

"As I said," Willis went on, paying no heed to the Clockwinder's last remark, "this set me thinking. And I thought to myself that if the winning of the war is the issue in this campaign, maybe Stephens will succeed himself. What do you think?"

"There is no question," said the Clockwinder, "that Stephens is helping to win the war. I happen to know that Pershing consults him before hand every time the doughboys go over the top. I happen to know that the Battle of Chateau Thierry was planned in Sacramento, and that the Governor issued the orders which resulted in the fall of Soissons. I hear on excellent authority that Foch asked the Governor's advice before he started the offensive in Picardy. And that Haig"——

"I wanted serious talk and you hand me spoof," said the Prince of Architects, with a hurt look.

"I am handing you what the Governor calls bunk," said the Clockwinder. "And that was what he handed to Miss Jacobson."

"But she published it," Willis objected.

"Sure she did," said the Clockwinder. "Because the Bulletin was against the Governor. He put his foot in it, and the Bulletin snapped the camera."

"Then you don't think the Governor is helping to win the war?" asked Willis.

"I suppose he's been buying Liberty Bonds and War Stamps and contributing to the Red Cross," said the Clockwinder. "But so are we all. Aside from that, I only know of one thing he did that was remotely connected with winning the war."

"What was that?" asked Willis.

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"He accepted Naftzger's resignation from the Council of Defense," said the Clockwinder.

"Surely that was a good thing," argued Willis. "That opened the way for Charley Moore to take hold."

"Granted," said the Clockwinder. "But it should never have been necessary. Imagine a War Governor appointing Nobody-Home-Naftzger to such a position! And have you heard how he hemmed and hawed about appointing Moore?"

"No, I haven't," said Willis.

"Well," said the Clockwinder, "the story is that Charley said he absopositively wouldn't take the job unless he was absodamlutely free to do what he saw fit without regard to politics. And the story continues that it took Stephens a long time to digest that condition."

Willis mused for a few moments.

"I guess Hiram was right about the Governor's entrails," he said finally.

"Guts was the word," said the Clockwinder.

Mayor Rolph's Cigar

"We are making progress, O Oracle," said Willis. "I am glad I came to Delphi. Have a cigar."

"What is it?" asked the Clockwinder, without removing his dudheen from the right corner of his mouth.

"A Partagas," said Willis. "I just bought it in Mose Gunst's new place."

"It ain't a Lord of England?" asked the Clockwinder. "Then I'll take it."

"What's your objection to the Lord of England?" asked Willis. "It's an expensive and a good cigar. Mayor Rolph smokes it. In fact, he has a box in his desk at the City Hall, and gives 'em to distinguished callers."

The Clockwinder smiled a quiet little smile of amusement.

"I was out to see a friend of mine the other night," he said, "a man who collects curios. He showed me an interesting thing that had been given him by a United Railroads platform man. It was a sheet of paper with two slits in it. Through the slits had been slipped a nice long Lord of England, unsmoked, with the band on, just as it came from the box. And above and below the Lord of England cigar was this, written in ink:

"'The answer made by Mayor Rolph to a committee of platform men of the United Railroads who called upon him in October, 1917, during the street car strike, asking him for protection in their daily work.'"

"They asked for protection, and the Mayor gave them cigars," said Willis.

"Exactly," said the Clockwinder. "Lord of England cigars. And one of them saved his carefully as a curio. The Mayor may go up and down the State bulling the farmer, trimming on Health Insurance and trying to make a hit with the mothers and fathers of our boys over there, but he can't get away from that street car strike. The man who saved the Lord of England cigar is not the only man in California who is onto Mission Jim's conduct during that bloody strike. Thousands are onto it."

The Two Aitches

Willis Polk blew out a series of smoke rings and gazed meditatively at the writhing wreaths.

"You've disposed of Stephens and Rolph," he said. "Then who's a Republican going to vote for?"

"Have you ever heard anything against J. O. Hayes?" asked the Clockwinder.

"Can't say I have," said Willis, "always excepting the architecture of his home at Edenvale."

"He's pretty much of a man," said the Clockwinder. "A college man, yet he made his own way in the world. His vote may surprise a lot of people."

"How about the Democratic candidates?" asked Willis.

"I rather like the aitches this year," said the Clockwinder oracularly. "Hayes and Heney."

"I see my friend Senator Phelan is out for Heney," said Polk.

"As a matter of course," replied the Clockwinder. "Heney is the Administration candidate. There's one thing you mustn't forget about Francis J."

"What's that?"

"That while those other big features in the Graft Prosecution, Johnson, Matt Sullivan, and Judge Lawlor, got a political reward from the people of California—Johnson got the governorship and the senatorship, while Matt Sullivan and Judge Lawlor went on the Supreme bench—all Frank Heney got was a bullet."

"Would you argue from that that republics are ungrateful?" asked Willis with a smile.

"I'm not arguing; I'm just telling you," said the Clockwinder. "Just remember this about Heney: He doesn't hand out Lord of England cigars, and he hasn't got a single Naftzger on his list of friends."

Older and Kellogg

Nothing dies in all creation
But a paper's circulation,
And that expires when Alice takes a hand.
As times passes we get colder;
We are surely "getting" Older!
(Too bad we must grow Older in this land.)

These lines were read at a jollification dinner held in this city at the beginning of September, 1913. The circulation mentioned in the second line was the circulation of the Bulletin; the Alice of the third line was Alice Smith, heroine of the brothel series then running in the Bulletin; and of course the pun on "getting" Older was pointed at Fremont Older, managing editor of the Bulletin. The verses were read at the dinner given by F. W. Kellogg to celebrate the coup by which the Morning Call became an evening paper. They represented Kellogg's state of mind with regard to Fremont Older at that time. They make interesting reading now because Kellogg has reversed himself on the subject of Older. According to the revised opinion of Kellogg, Older is a superman of journalism. And therefore, in an article a page long, Kellogg congratulates himself on getting Older away from the Bulletin and placing him in charge of the Call. It would seem that we know what Kellogg now thinks of Older. But what does Older think of Kellogg? In his broadside of explanation Kellogg mentions Older by name about twenty times. In his article explaining "Why I left the Bulletin and have come to the Call," Older does not mention, does not even once refer to, Kellogg.

A Curious Situation

Here is a situation calculated to excite the curiosity of San Francisco. And indeed, San Francisco has been buzzing with comment on this matter since last Saturday when Older's statement was laid before newspaper readers for comparison with Kellogg's statement of the night before. It seemed to be the particular object of Kellogg to impress upon the public that he and he alone won Fremont Older from the Bulletin to the Call. Rumor had been saying for some time that Older was "going to Hearst." Kellogg wanted it understood that

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Older was going to Kellogg, and in his determination to make this very plain, Kellogg gave us some rather remarkable statements about the connection which exists between the Call and Hearst. He also treated us to a eulogy of Older couched in most flattering superlatives. Older had made the Bulletin what it was. Older is the friend of the downtrodden, the outcast and the unfortunate. Older is the best loved and worst hated man in San Francisco. Older is one of the ablest newspaper men in America. This being so, Kellogg just simply had to have Older, couldn't be happy till he got him. And Kellogg finally succeeded. Such is the outline of what Kellogg told us. Newspaper readers naturally looked to Older's statement for confirmation of this. They were disappointed. Apparently Older does not attach much importance to the personal equation. He has no compliment for Kellogg. In his lengthy explanation of the change he has made there is no single mention, not even obliquely, of Kellogg. Now if Kellogg is Older's boss, this seems pretty cavalier treatment.

Who Owns the Call?

Perhaps, though, Fremont Older does not regard F. W. Kellogg as his boss. Perhaps he is not convinced that Kellogg is the owner of the Call. Certainly the general public is not convinced as to Kellogg's ownership. The general public believes that Hearst bought the Call in order to have an evening paper in San Francisco, and that he promised F. W. Kellogg a liberal bonus provided he put it on a paying basis. Many believe that Kellogg was given five years to do this, and they point out that Kellogg took charge of the Call at the end of August, 1913, and that Older is taking charge at the end of August, 1918, while Kellogg is leaving to make a tour of Red Cross depots in Europe. In other words, the general public believes that Older has gone to work for Hearst, and nothing that Kellogg or anybody else says will remove that idea from their heads. And the public is wondering how long Kellogg's name will remain on the editorial page as publisher of the Call.

A Bulletin Exodus

Quite a number of Bulletin men have gone to the Call with Older, and others are expected to follow. Jacob L. Adler, formerly advertising manager of the Bulletin, becomes business manager of the Call. Carl Hoffman, former city editor of the Bulletin, becomes city editor of the Call. Robert L. Duffus, former editorial writer of the Bulletin, assumes the same position on the Call. John D. Barry is writing his daily essays for the Call just as he wrote them for the Bulletin. Edgar Gleason, sporting editor of the Bulletin, one of Older's brightest men, goes with the boss. In parting with R. A. Crothers and Loring Pickering, owners of the Bulletin, Older published the opinion that they were reactionaries and had practically forced him to resign by trying to hamper his work. It looks as though the Bulletin will have a mighty struggle to maintain its place, but the Bulletin is a good property, and there is no question that it will breast the storm.

American Pictures on View

The American section of the Palace of Fine Arts has been rehung by Director Laurvik so as to bring pictures kindred in character together. This collection of paintings by early and contemporary American artists now fills several galleries immediately off the left of the rotunda. Several new canvases have been added to this section, which now comprises a fine portrait by Gilbert Stuart of David Cadwalader Golden, a young lieutenant in the American Navy under Captain Paul Jones. This is one of Gilbert Stuart's most characteristic portraits, strongly and vigorously painted and beautifully characterized. Among these earlier Colonial portraits, the quaint portrait of Cadwalader Golden by John Singleton Copely is especially worthy of mention as a fine example of this great painter who flourished in Boston during Revolutionary times. These, as well as the two fine family portraits by John Wesley Jarvis and Jean Babtiste Gilbert, were lent by the family of the late Samuel Southard Hoffman. Of especial interest to San Franciscans is the portrait of Dr. E. Corbett by Clara McChesney, which is pronounced an excellent likeness by all the friends of this well-known San Franciscan. Dominating the room is the full-length portrait of Stewart Edward White by Robert Wagner. This is an excellent example of convincing portraiture painted by one of the most talented American artists. Vis-a-vis from this is the very fascinating group of vaudeville artists painted by Alice Mumford Roberts, who also has a vivacious portrait of a laughing girl which furnishes a striking contrast to the sombre sobriety of the early American portraits in this section. There is a rather severe and prim "Portrait of a Lady in Black" by T. Casi-

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

lear Cole, and the "Portrait of a Lady" by Dunbar hanging on the same wall supplies a welcome relief of subject matter, as well as color, from the various landscapes with which the collection is interspersed. The most important of these is perhaps the very fine landscape by William Keith showing a glade of oaks in sunlight. That accomplished, poetic early California painter, R. D. Yelland, is represented by several of his finest canvases which reveal him as one of the truest and most sincere interpreters of nature who has painted out here. Somewhat in the same mood of poetic revery are the several romantic landscapes with figures by F. C. Warren.

Two Raphaels, and Others

The piece de resistance of the next gallery is that very fine early portrait group entitled "Le Fete du Burgomaster, Captain Van der Brock," by Joseph Raphael, which is perhaps one of the most ambitious attempts made by any of our younger California artists. Thoroughly modern in spirit and treatment, as well as color, it reveals the very solid basis of knowledge and training upon which this gifted Californian has built his art. An opportunity for an interesting comparison is afforded by the presence of one of his most recent landscapes which was awarded the Four Hundred Dollar Purchase Prize by the San Francisco Art Association in its Annual Exhibition of 1916. This has a lightness and delicacy of touch, luminosity of color, and feeling for air and atmosphere that places him among the foremost exponents of impressionism in America. Only a canvas of such sterling merits could stand comparison with the very fine landscape by Childe Hassam which hangs next to it. In this landscape, entitled "The Yachts, Gloucester Harbor," the Palace of Fine Arts possesses one of the very finest examples of the virile and very personal art of Childe Hassam, who has long been accepted as the foremost representative of impressionism in America. More bruitally frank, more insistently realistic, are the very bright, forcefully painted marines by E. F. Hudson, which recall Winslow Homer more than anything else. Representing quite another point of view in treatment is the hillside painted by Hobart Nichols, and the "Morning in Venice" by Alex. Fournier, while in the colorful "Still Life" by Hugh H. Breckenridge, presented to the Museum by Mrs. E. H. Harriman, we have an example of the work of one of the foremost American colorists, who has become a devotee of the modern palette. The recently painted portraits of children by Martha Walter are what is commonly called "sweet and cunning," and add a welcome popular note to the collection. That brilliant portraitist, William M. Chase, is represented by a most engaging portrait of Miss Pearl Hendrie, while the flat poster-like treatment, now coming into vogue in certain quarters, is brilliantly represented by the "Girl and Macaw" by H. Ledyard Towle; and the precise Bostonian school of genre painters finds an echo in the "Portrait of a Girl Enameling" by Marion Boyd Allen. In the small gallery between the two foregoing, we find two more excellent examples of Martha Walter, a fine flower piece by Florence Lundborg, and three very beautifully painted pictures by the late Betty de Jong, a poignant reminder of the great loss to art incurred by her untimely death. These canvases are among the most personally distinguished of all the contemporary work in the collection, not surpassed even by the work of that brilliant young master, Arthur B. Carles, who is represented here by one of his fine nudes, entitled "Torso," presented to the Museum by Mrs. E. H. Harriman.

The Incumbent Judges

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who sit down to mark their sample ballots ask: "Which are the incumbent judges?" The incumbents are entrenched, and hard to dislodge. Their names are known, and their records. The incumbent judges who seek re-election to the Superior bench this year are men who have proved themselves worthy of the positions they occupy. Coffey, the dean of the Court; Graham, the specialist in marital troubles; Griffin and Mogan—these are the four incumbents who seek to continue their good work on the bench.

Judge Wilbur's Record

Curtis D. Wilbur, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, announces his candidacy to succeed himself at the coming election. He has been in public service nearly twenty years, four year as chief deputy District Attorney of Los Angeles County, and fifteen years as Judge of the Superior Court of that county. On January 1 of this year he assumed the duties of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, succeeding Justice Henshaw, resigned. Justice Wilbur not only performed the ordinary duties of a Superior Court Judge, but for ten years and a half, in addition to his other judicial duties, was Judge of the Juvenile Court. In an endeavor to solve the problems thus presented Judge Wilbur in 1907 prepared and secured the passage of a law authorizing the payment to a destitute mother of an allowance for the care of her own children. Thus California paved the way for that type of legislation subsequently known as Mothers' Pension Laws, and adopted by other states, following California's lead. The Juvenile Court Laws of 1909 and 1915 were framed by a committee of which Justice Wilbur was chairman, and these model laws owe their present form in no small degree to his labor. The plan for a woman referee to hear girls' cases in the Juvenile Court was proposed by Judge Wilbur, adopted for Los Angeles County, and has been so great a success that it will no doubt be adopted throughout the state and nation. More than five thousand boys' and a thousand girls' cases came before Judge Wilbur, most of whom were saved to useful citizenship by the ministrations of the Juvenile Court workers. For three years Judge Wilbur had exclusive charge of the insane cases in Los Angeles County, during that time hearing over two thousand such cases. Becoming interested in this problem, Judge Wilbur assisted in the organization of the California Psychopathic Association, of which he has been president since its formation. With the hearty co-operation of the legislature, the judges and the county officials, this body was instrumental in securing much helpful legislation in the interests of the insane, the inebriate and the feeble minded. Los Angeles County built a new psychopathic hospital and the State built a new insane asylum. A system of parole, and of probation for the insane was instituted, and appropriations for a new asylum for the epileptic and the feeble minded secured. The association helpfully co-operated in these movements, and the reports show the unparalleled fact that forty per cent of those brought before the lunacy commission are saved from commitment by reason of the scheme of dealing with such cases. In addition to these humanitarian activities, Judge Wilbur has had a wide experience in all lines of litigation. Two years in the probate department, four years in a jury department, and two years in the criminal department, where Judge Wilbur organized the work of adult probation, have given him a wealth of experience peculiarly fitting him for the position he now occupies. The small number of reversals of Judge Wilbur's decisions by the appellate courts, and his tireless industry as a trial judge, justified the prediction that he would be a valued addition to the Supreme Court. That prediction has been fully realized by his opinions, which have been distinguished by clarity and brevity, and the number of opinions already written by him gives further evidence of his industry. Southern California has only one other Justice on the Supreme Bench, and the fact that the work of the Supreme Court is a year and a half further behind than in the North, emphasizes the importance and the justice of a more adequate representation on the Supreme Court from the South, and as Judge Wilbur is the only candidate from the South, the desirability of his election is recognized throughout the State. If he is defeated there will be five members of the Supreme Court from the Bay district, one from San Jose, and one from Hermosa Beach.—Advt.

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How Some of Our Girls Do Their Bit

By Helen M. Bonnet

The unhappy necessity of visiting two or three times daily a patient in the St. Francis Hospital during the past three weeks has brought me in contact with the nurses of that institution. Now, to me, all people with youth, health and intelligence are good looking; but never, except in a high class musical revue in New York have I seen together so many fine looking girls of distinguished, graceful carriage as those nurses. Night and day they go about their duties so quietly, cheerfully, directly and with enthusiasm. I wondered if it was the war which influenced them to adopt the calling of Florence Nightingale. And then, the day upon which I read the appeal of Surgeon-General Gorgas to the women of America to become nurses, his announcement of the imperative need of thousands of nurses before the first of the year, not only of graduate nurses to go to France but of others to take their places at home and to be ready to help when our boys come home, I decided to find out if patriotic motives had inspired these girls in the St. Francis and if many are our own California girls. I am proud to say "yes" to both queries, and I am glad to tell other girls about them in the hope that others will join them or similar nurses' communities to fulfill their glorious mission.

I happened to know that Miss Anita Gleason, who is in charge of the St. Francis office, is the sister of Father Gleason, vicar-general of the Catholic chaplains from the Pacific to the Dakotas and of our insular possessions. She graduated last year, and knowing of her learned brother's patriotic services to our country not only now but in the Spanish-American War and during the Boxer rebellion, at the close of which he was made an honorary member of the Order of the Golden Dragon, I inquired if she wished to go to France and if her brother desired her to do so. She replied in the affirmative, that she is being urged to become a nurse in the Navy, but that she sees her duty to remain in San Francisco with her father, who is seventy-five years old. She is the youngest of ten children; one sister keeps house for him, the others are all married and scattered, so Anita feels that she can perform faithful service in the home guard of nurses. And I think we all concur. Girls with such loving home ties are the kind to make successful nurses, for they do not deteriorate into that inadmirable type, the non-sympathetic nurse.

Mrs. Olga Sandell, superintendent of nurses, whom the doctors pronounce one hundred per cent efficient in her profession, gladly told me a great deal about the personnel of her staff and sent for some of them to tell me at first hand of their enthusiasm for the work. "I am grateful to God if these splendid girls love me," she said. Then she told me that the student has to have a high school diploma and many at the St. Francis are graduates or former students of universities or normal colleges. Several have taken courses at art schools, some are proficient musicians, and a few abandoned successful stage careers for the work of nursing and have won distinction for their devotion and efficiency. Miss Virginia Neal, for instance, who is now going in for intensive training and whose every energy is concentrated upon being the nineteenth graduate to enter the service. There is Miss Fennell, daughter of James Fennell, the well-known contractor and builder. Also Miss Mary Judge, of the wealthy Judge family of Hollister; she is a graduate of the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart and her brother recently married the wealthy Miss Fatjo. Two of the most charming and typically American girls in the hospital are Miss Fitzgerald of Palo Alto and Miss Cecily Stanton of Palo Alto; they were chums in childhood and remained so as students at Stanford. I asked Miss Fitzgerald to tell me why she took up nursing and she laughingly said, "I did not want to be a nurse at all; I was coaxed in here by Cecily, but now that I'm here I wouldn't give it up for anything. I went home for a month's vacation and was quite wretched most of the time." Miss Stanton is a niece of the late Dr. Stanton, cousin of Dr. Gallwey; her father (of the Bohemian Club) was at one time dean of the Hopkins' Art School. She, too, is a girl who loves the family hearth. In speaking of her father lovely blushes mantled her round cheeks as she said, "He is the finest artist in the world, in the whole world, Mrs. Sandell!" She says she took up nursing because her brother enlisted in the Navy and she wanted to do something to help, too.

Who does not remember Mrs. Dan O. Lively, whose husband so cleverly handled the live stock section in our Exposition? The Livelys became socially popular here where they have since remained. Mr. Lively has undertaken a Red Cross mission and is at present in Washington on government business. His charming wife has been a student nurse at the St. Francis Hospital for a month and her enthusiasm is at the boiling point. Wherever Dan Lively goes, his activities are pretty certain to be constructive, and his clever wife plans to be able to aid him along the most useful lines of endeavor in the wide field of Red Cross nursing. Mrs. Lively is a graduate of Teachers' College of Bernard College, New York. "If you could send a message to girls and women about this work," she said, "say that it is glorious, that it is the woman's profession upon which the eyes of the world are directed today; that the possibilities are limitless. Ask women of leisure to take it up. Say that it casts into shadow social gaieties and tell them about the nurses' here. They are exalted women and exquisite personalities." She has already won a recruit. Miss Margaret Sheehy, society girl of Portland. Miss Sheehy it seems was a spoiled darling at home, who could be roused from lethargy only by seeing her picture in the society columns. It happened often, so she was saved from collapse. Now Margaret, after one month's training, is so eager that she has almost to be restrained from staying on twenty-four hours out of twenty four.

I saw a petite girl with alabaster complexion, with faintest pink in her cheeks, ruby lips, chocolate-colored hair and soft brown eyes. I asked to meet her and found her to be one of the most striking personalities I have ever met. She is Miss Matilde Rios, born in the City of Mexico, where her father is a prominent merchant. She is highly educated and from what she told me of her musical pursuits, a fine pianiste. "I do not care for the world," she said, "and I wished to become a nun, but my parents did not wish me to be a nun." Seven months ago they sent her to San Francisco to visit a married sister. She plunged into the study of English, of which she knew not one word, but which now she speaks with simple directness. She thinks very quickly and is pained because her English vocabulary is too limited to enable her to express her thoughts, which I fancy are very picturesque ones clothed in the Spanish language. One day she visited a friend who was a patient in the St. Francis. She said to her sister who accompanied her, "I will become a nurse in this hospital!" She has been there two months and nineteen days—and has already won her first nurse's cap. Her parents do not know yet of her new departure "because in Mexico girls in my station of life do not become nurses." But Miss Matilde (I regret that she is not called Dolores) is going to change all that. She has written to several of her friends and has been at great pains to elucidate the fact that in America girls of the best families study nursing in hospitals. She has begged them to join her. Very soon she will write to President Carranza, whom she knows well, and ask him to send eight or ten girls of the best families to this country for the same purpose. "When I graduate in three years, I shall not be needed in France, but I can do much good in my own country among the poor and ignorant. I love the poor people and here I have much happiness taking care of them in the wards." Another time I hope to write of her analysis of the difference in social conditions between the United States and Mexico. She has great respect for the educational forces in Mexico, but I could perceive that already she has imbibed American broadening ideas about social strata in this country and the sphere of woman's usefulness. At the same time she will always maintain certain ideals of Spanish dignity at the back of her well-poised little head. A few more of the Mexican girls of the Matilde Rios type to live among us and friendly relations between Mexico and the United States would be on a sure footing. Brilliant women who live in countries which believe in the social seclusion of the sex, sometimes startle by the expression of their opinions when they behold a new vista.

Mrs. Sandell told me that the curriculum is hard and that the students have many lectures and classes to attend besides their eight hours' practical experience. The modern hospital has long since eliminated all menial work so that students devote their entire time to the science of nursing. They begin their practical work in wards where there is constant supervision; male orderlies assist in caring for men patients and the girls are protected in every way, certain surgical operations even being screened from their view. There is a commodious nurses' home where there is every comfort, including a study hall and library, and opposite in the new and handsome Medical Building, they have a social hall with piano, etc. The well nourished appearance of the girls tells its own tale of the food they receive and their well-groomed appearance, both in street costume and uniform, is proof that they have hours of leisure for adornment so dear to the feminine heart. Mrs. Sandell declares that the work improves the health of some of the girls, and cited one instance of a pretty girl (who looks remarkably like Margaret Anglin when she was svelte), who gained in weight from 115

to 135 pounds. Mrs. Sandell gives watchful, motherly care to the girls. Only twice a month, except by special permission, may they remain out until twelve at night. Ten o'clock is their home-coming hour all other nights. The gate of the nurses' home is always locked at 5 p. m. and departures and arrivals of the girls must be after that time through the main entrance of the hospital as it would be in their own homes. Escorts who call to take them out evenings must inquire for them at the office desk. It is a tribute to the carefulness in selecting the girls from among the applicants that it is almost an unheard-of occurrence that a student has to be dismissed for inefficiency or indiscretion.

I have not intended to give the impression that the Saint Francis Training School for Nurses is composed of girls who have entered only to be qualified for service to their country. A large number, besides that noble duty, are there to prepare themselves to be self-supporting. Did I forget to speak of the inevitable young lady "of the Lillian Russell type?" There is one, really—Miss Leveau, daughter of a San Jose clergyman, and they say she grows prettier every day. I saw her only one day, but she was very pretty indeed that day.

How has the St. Francis done its bit? From sixty-five student nurses they have increased the number to one hundred and ten. The eighteen graduates in the service are making their mark. Recent letters have been received from Miss Josphine Gennochio, on duty in the south of France, and from Miss Alta Ireland, assistant in the surgery in the first dressing-station off the firing line.

I believe it to be true that some of the finest men who walk the earth are in the medical profession everywhere, and I know it to hold true for Dr. Coffey and Dr. Gallwey, the organizers of the St. Francis Hospital, and their confrères. These men arrange the course of study, practical and theoretical, of the school, and dictate the conditons of the environment of the students, whom, though they often do not know personally, they equip for the grand career of nurse in time of war, in time of peace.

Hosiery and Skirts, Etc.

By William Marion Reedy

Somebody in authority should get busy and jack up the manufacturers of stockings—ladies' stockings. They are making the war harder to bear for the stay-at-homes. They are spoiling the spectacle of Fifth Avenue. You note that as the ladies enter or depart from bus or auto, or step from street to sidewalk, their hosiery, whether of silk or lisle or plain cotton, wrinkles above the ankles. It is unpretty, very. It is slovenly looking. I thought it was a new style at first, and then I thought maybe the supporters were not properly made, or that the new order against the use of steel in corsets had something to do with it. The neat ankle is no more. I made an investigation—by inquiry. I learn that the hose makers are at fault. They have caused the ladies much grief. Something is wrong with the stocking-making machinery. It doesn't work well when it comes to turning the ankle. It always makes the hose bulge there instead of snuggling in. Result—wrinkles. Now wrinkles are bad enough on faces, except where age has rewritten in wrinkles the smiles of youth, but in stockings they are a distress to the discerning and discriminating. They are especially obvious in the case of a girl who is dancing. They inject a discord into the poetry of motion. The thing becomes unbearable to the beholder when the heel gathers up and hangs over the back of the slipper, all fuzzy like. Clearly, if this is to continue, skirts should be made longer. Something has to be done to the skirts anyhow. The way they cling about the limbs of ladies when the dear ones face a stiff breeze is disconcerting. They are as revelatory as some of the costumeless costumes in the "Follies" or the "Passing Show." One can stand such revelation when the Greeks barely suggest it, as in the drapery of "Nike," but nowadays on the avenue there is no drapery at all in the skirts. They might as well be trousers of tight fit. When you "get" that spectacle, you wonder what has become of that old-fashioned garment, the petticoat. Just when it is needed, in the days of organdie, crepe and gingham and tissue-like fabrics, it disappears to the disconcertment of mere man. A fellow is very likely to be jostled by a walker or bumped by a machine when he pauses fascinatedly to gaze upon the line of the feminine form concealed only for a greater or more effective disclosure by the skirt that clings with the clingfulness of a clingstone peach. The avenue is no place for an impressionable Westerner, who looks around for a blanket every time some darling comes bearing down upon him against a zephyr. And the way the necks of waists are cut these times! You wonder how soon they will be cut as low as a full dress evening gown is cut behind. Honestly this sort of thing is become too mammalian altogether. Indeed there's nothing much of "the altogether" left to the imagination, what with skirts that skirt the skirtless and waists that waste no material whatever. But the wrinkled stockings are a shriek in the sensuous symphony of the Fifth Avenue show. I don't wonder that the Pekingese dogs who follow some of the wearers of the wrinkled stockings wear expressions that indicate a curious offense to their olfactories. We want a Hoover to regulate skirts and waists and stockings—yes and the cosmetics of the ladies. The paint one beholds! And the ladies are all post impressionists. Their faces rival the works of Matisse or Nevinson or Picabia. They are as barbaric as Gaguin, as cubist of vorticist as Gaudier Brzeska. Some of them look like the camouflaged ships on the river or in the bay. I saw a mummy with a gold-plated face up in the museum the other day and wondered when American girls would begin plating their features with gold foil. It is repellant, the way face painting produces an effect of deadness. Surely the ladies in following fashion don't care what they do to themselves, or to the beholders. They should be regulated.

Social Prattle

A Young Woman's Big Job

The Young Women's Christian Association is about to start a big educational campaign, the biggest this national organization has ever attempted. Publicity is the hinge on which such a campaign swings, so one may imagine with what care publicity directors must be chosen. For the eight States of the western district the publicity director in this big campaign will be a young woman. Mrs. Anita Day Downing will direct the publicity for California, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and Idaho. Mrs. Downing is a young woman of San Francisco who has won her spurs in one of the most brilliant and successful campaigns ever conducted here. She has been executive secretary for the Food Administration for California. In other words, she has stood at the right hand of Ralph Merritt in the delicate work of applying the Hoover principles of conservation in our State. A bewildering variety of demands was made upon her resourcefulness in that work, and she met every demand with amazing success. She has proved tactful, wise, discriminating, quick yet accurate of judgment: she has been an unqualified success. Ralph Merritt will hate to lose Mrs. Downing, but it is the law of success that it means promotion to greater responsibilities. So Mrs. Downing transfers her fine feminine activities to the Y. W. C. A., enlarges her field of work by seven additonal States, and tackles the big new job with the confidence inspired by the hearty good wishes of numerous admirers.

Tait a Week-end Host

John Tait gave one of his delightful week-end parties at his wonderful "Whoop-ee Ranch" near Ben Lomond in the Santa Cruz Mountains from last Thursday to Monday. His guests motored down Thursday morning to find an al fresco luncheon awaiting them under the plum trees in the orchard, to say nothing of a tray of cocktails balanced on the arm of Sam, the steward, who had preceded the party and who comes nearer than any other man to embodying all the qualities of John Tait's hospitality. From that time forward the party was a fast and furious succession of pleasurable events. John Tait's guests included: Willard Bachelder, Harry Blohme, Nat Boas, Harry Cosgriff, Tiv Kreling, William A. Lange, William H. McCarthy, Edward F. O'Day, Samuel N. Rucker, William B. Sanborn, Doctor E N. Short, John H. Skinner, Harry I. Stafford, A. C. Thornton, W. Elgin Travis, Joseph Watts, Clarence Ward and Alexander Young.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peter Weeks will make their home in an attractive suite at the Cecil. Claude Ferris gave a dinner Monday prior to his departure for Chicago. Mr. F. F. McCarthy of Lincoln, Neb., was among this week's arrivals. Miss Louise Watson was hostess at an impromptu luncheon Tuesday. On the following day this attractive girl left for Portland, Ore. After an enjoyable trip to Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Klamp have returned to their apartments. Miss A. J. Munro and Miss Alvah Prouty, two pretty girls from Seattle, will be at the hotel for a fortnight or longer. Among the well-known San Francisco people who are making their home at the Cecil are Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Cameron. D. S. Tremaine and J. B. Hathaway, members of the United States Shipping Board, are guests. Mr. and Mrs. L. Tuxton of Copenhagen will be at the hotel for the remainder of the autumn. Miss Vivian Rogers of Dallas, Texas, is enjoying her first visit to San Francisco.

Increasing Patronage at Tavern

The vacation season seems to have no effect on the crowds at Techau Tavern. Every evening the place is filled to overflowing with a merry throng of diners and dancers. Both of these pleasurable features start the evening's entertainment, for while the dinner is in progress the merchandise dances are staged. These are unique in that the favors presented to the ladies are beautiful and costly. They consist of silk finery, also a five-dollar War Saving Stamp. The famous Jazz Orchestra is at its best this summer and has added all the latest jazz music to its repertoire. The Show Girl Revue has many new songs.

The Stage

The New Musical Farce

"How's the new show?" I asked the First Nighter when I met him coming out of the Cort after the premiere of "Up in the Air."

"Homer Curran is a nice fellow," he answered.

"I'm asking about the show, not the theatre," I replied.

"And Barnett Franklin is a nice fellow," he went on.

"I'm curious about the play, not the press agent," I insisted.

"And I always liked Ben Giroux," he continued.

"Is 'Up in the Air' good?" I cut in.

"Wait and read the papers," said the First Nighter.

"But I want your opinion," I told him.

"Maybe I wasn't in just the proper mood tonight," he said evasively.

"In other words"—— I insisted.

"The costumes were very pretty."

"But the music?"

"There were lots of soldiers and sailors in the house."

"But the lines of the piece?"

"There was a very large audience."

"But the comedians?"

"There were some mighty nice floral pieces in the lobby."

"But how about the singing?"

"Some of the chorus girls are very pretty."

"You're not very enthusiastic, are you?"

"What's the war news tonight?" asked the First Nighter, so I knew it was no use to quizz him any further.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Rose of Queretaro" at Columbia

The clever boys of the Mare Island Naval Hospital Corps who made a big hit here two weeks ago with their single performance of the two-act musical comedy, "The Rose of Queretaro," are coming back with the piece. They will be at the Columbia for seven nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, opening this Sunday evening. The coming engagement is to be in aid of the Naval Reserve Society, an organization with headquarters in Washington looking after the dependents of the boys who see action on the merchantment and other arms of the Navy. The nine performances should net the society a splendid fund, as the show is more than well worth the prices to be charged, $1.00 and 50 cents. The two acts of the piece are crowded with comedy, song and dance and the "camouflaged chorus" will be a scream. The Naval Training Camp orchestra of soloists, many well known to theatregoers, will be in the pit, and between acts will give a forty-five minute solo concert. "The Rose of Queretaro," book, music and lyrics, is from the pen of E. G. Dickinson, who is at Mare Island. J. L. Palmer sings the "prima donna role."

Constance Crawley at Orpheum

Constance Crawley, the celebrated English actress who several years ago scored a great hit in this city in the title role of Ben Greet's production of "Everyman," and Arthur Maude, a sterling actor, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a dramatic playlet by Thomas Shelly Sutton entitled "The Actress and the Critic." Miss Crawley's part is to convince the critic, the editor and the audience that a woman can act without having suffered, and this makes the charm of the excellent play. Prominent in Miss Crawley's support is Joseph Manning, who is well known to Orpheum patrons, having endeared himself to vaudeville audiences in "The Little Emigrant." Toto, the world's greatest clown, has the distinction of having made the whole world laugh. He leads in the art of pantomime. The big New York revues have claimed him as well as the Christmas shows in London. The act which he will present requires some half dozen people. Milt Collins, whose humorous political monologues have won for him the title of "The Speaker of the House," will present an entirely new act entitled "The Patriot." In consequence of the success achieved by the 319th Engineers Band, arrangements have been concluded to retain them for another week. Their gifted band leader, Lieutenant Jean C. Shanis, promises an entirely new programme. Billie Burke's "Levitation," with Professor J. Edmund Magee; Ray Fern and Marion Davis in "A Nightmare Revue," and Keane and White in "Cards, Laughs and Music," are included in the bill. Cecil Cunningham, the comedienne extraordinary, whose popularity is greater than ever, will present new and exclusive songs. A new series of the Official War Revue will be shown.

"Up in the Air" Continues

With tomorrow night's performance, "Up in the Air," newest of musical farces, enters upon the second week of its engagement at the Cort. Ever since its first performance the audiences have been growing in size. There is a trio of stars, Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwards, comedians, and Eleanor Henry, the beautiful prima donna. Miss Henry's charm of personality is conspicuously in evidence, and her soprano voice is heard in such numbers as "There's a Big Soft Spot in My Heart," "Yokohama," and "I'd Love to Have Love Come to Me." The chorus has come in for much comment, for the girls are very pretty.

Letters

How the War Found Tredick

Though it is much too soon to look for a "great American war novel," "Khaki," by Freeman Tilden, is, as far as it goes, quite as good as anything we may expect, now or later, for "Khaki" deals only with the preparatory period and the awakening of the war spirit. The subtitle, "How Tredick got into the war" is explanatory. Tredick is described as a sleepy, self-satisfied, complacent little New England town of some two thousand inhabitants. As it "lies between the seventieth and the one hundred and twenty-fifth degree of longitude west, and, in a general way, is south of Canada and north of Mexico," it represents fairly well almost any town of its approximate size in the United States. Tredick enjoyed peace and prosperity. Any boy with enough red blood in him to get into mischief was driven away, and it was a proud boast that "nothing ever happens." Political offices were handed out without any opposition and no one wanted any sort of disturbance. The town constable was chosen because he looked the part and needed the salary, but he admitted his cowardice and was thought none the worse for his frankness. Tredick was pacifist to the last man, and making money. Little boys were not given boxes of soldiers for playthings nor encouraged to noisy sports of any kind, and patriotic holidays were celebrated by long-winded orations from the principal of the local high school. When a recruiting station was opened the responses were precisely none at all, and liberty bonds found no takers when other investments paid a larger return. On the day that America formally declared war Tredick was holding a pacifist meeting. But after all, Tredick was not so bad as it looked. It was really in the condition of a chemical mixture which needs only a drop of something else or a good shaking to be transformed from a mere mixture into a new compound, and when the right stimulus was applied Tredick found itself just one hundred per cent pure American. The constable who had accepted the theory of his cowardice, discovered that his courage had never been put to a test. The woman whose heart was supposed to be only a money bag was the first to give everything, and from behind the line where they had been holding back there was a genuine stampede for a chance to be of some service. "And we know now that khaki is no mere color or weave, but a living, precious thing. It is the symbol of service, which is life itself. Whoever shall wear khaki, in mind or on the body, cannot die, for he is wedded to that which cannot die. It is the very spirit of that selflessness which 'conquers death, strips it of fear, and makes it almost beloved.'" The action is confined to a single locality and the characters are all recognizable types. Almost any small community, and a good many large ones, may, if they will, recognize themselves as Tredicks. From the Macmillan Company.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Had the market not eased off quotationally during the week just closed, it might have been said that it was "marking time." After having begun the week under favorable auspices and with an air of optimism pervading the Street, soon an era of dullness set in, and everyone seemed to be waiting for "something to turn up." Perhaps what they were waiting for was governmental action on the railroad-contract matter, and there was keen disappointment when the meeting at Washington with Director-General McAdoo was adjourned without definite promises as to early action. However, I believe a settlement of this question is to be had in the very near future, and when it is announced will be characterized by the same degree of fairness and sagacity that has stood out prominently in other matters handled by the Administration. The market effect, I believe, will be a stimulating one, and the railroad stocks will renew the activity begun a couple of weeks ago, with the trend of prices upward, not spectacularly but gradually. Any of the good railroad issues is a gilt-edged investment at present market quotations. At 87 for Southern Pacific one would have to look far for a safer depository for one's money and at the same time get a good return on the investment. One of the specialty stocks to move up during the last week, while the general list was going down, was General Motors. A reason given for this was that the stock is not widely distributed and has been worked into something of a corner. The clearing house, during the week, announced that it would not longer clear the stock because it was so tightly held, and the effect was to run the shorts to cover, and as a result of this covering prices moved up some ten points, closing on Saturday at 156, with only a small volume of trading in the issue. Steel lost three points on the week's movement, due more to a waiting attitude than to aught else. When the revenue tax law is fixed, I look to see United States Steel sell considerably higher, and would avail myself of this setback to take on a line. Mexican Petroleum, having eased off a trifling point or two on fears of confiscatory decrees by Carranza, will brighten up with assurances of just dealings all around. On any setback I would buy Mexican, or any other oil stock. It is fortunate that in the framing of the new revenue bill we have Secretary McAdoo's plain common-sense views on how to raise the most money with the least disturbance to business. His views will offset the prejudices of some others, who are against any kind of industrial success that is above the average. The new tax bill when it is passed will take large amounts from all the profits of the country. There has not been one single protest against this from any individual or corporation in business. All are ready to do their part. The only hope is that the bill shall be fair to all parties and clear in its meanings and methods of calculations and collection. Business interests have in Secretary McAdoo a powerful advocate of all these things. Under the new bill, in my opinion, prosperity will not be interfered with for prosperity is necessary to a continuance of the country's ability to easily and smoothly respond to future demands for financing the war. I would buy stocks at present market quotations, giving preference to the steel issues.

Cotton—Although cotton reacted more than a full cent a pound on Monday and presented appearances of even a further decline, no relief came from the drought-ridden southwestern section, and added to this came reports of a droughty condition developing in the southeast, so that on Tuesday an about-face was noted, and throughout the week there was an ascending scale, until on Saturday the highest quotation of the season was posted when the October delivery changed hands at 32.63 a pound. As the market began to soar, traders who had gone short around thirty cents began to cover, and at the close of the week it was evident that the entire short interest had been driven to cover. This covering has weakend the technical position of the market and should any considerable volume of hedge selling make its appearance at this time, I believe a sharp reaction would result. At prevailing figures the short side is my preference. Following is a comparative cotton statement:

	1918	1917	1916
Into sight for week	66,490	54,810	71,245
Into sight to date	126,826	123,209	163,589
Spinners' takings for week	116,549	170,076	160,226
Spinners' takings to date	227,189	377,367	453,807
Exports to date	152,012	157,094	213,782
Visible supply	1,854,591	1,275,658	1,965,411

Business Chances in China

With China rapidly becoming modernized and its inhabitants adopting Western methods and Western goods, the possibilities of trade development in that country loom up larger, it is said, than anything else on the industrial horizon. Exporters and manufacturers who are seeking a foreign outlet for their products after the war is ended realize more clearly than ever before the vast opportunity for business in this comparatively virgin field, and are establishing now the machinery for introducing their goods in China and for working up that market.

"Statistics of Chinese imports show," said the head of a large export commission house in this city, "that since 1914 China's purchases of foreign products have increased by more than 1000 per cent. And, even at this great increase, the per capita expenditure on imports in China is now only about 65 cents, figured on a basis of 400,000,000 population, as compared with over $8 per capita in South America. Thus it is seen that, though the Chinese Republic is already rapidly developing as a market for foreign goods, there is still bound to come an even greater increase in imports than has already taken place. There is every reason to believe that the $2,000,000,000 mark will be passed in Chinese imports in the not very far distant future, and everything favors this country's getting the great bulk of this business.

"Not only are Chinamen generally better disposed toward the United States than to any other country, but no other nation will be in a position to make large investments such as are necessary to the development of new foreign markets. It is not unlikely also that this country will have after the war the largest merchant marine of any country in the world. And, more important than its aggregate total tonnage, it will be a completely rounded out merchant marine having all the various types of ships necessary for the different requirements of a great industrial nation."

—New York Times.

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Assets	$59,397,625.20
Deposits	55,775,507.86
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ELIZABETH HUTCHINGS, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: THOMAS R. HUTCHINGS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff,
901-8 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-22-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the cstate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of JOHN E. BENNETT, 246 Russ Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased.

JAMES B. HOWELL,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1918.

JOHN E. BENNETT,
Attorney for Administrator,
246 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of MESSRS. GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE AND ORRICK, room No. 823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., situate at No. 433 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

ETHEL E. SHERWOOD,
Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1918.

GOODFELLOW, EELS, MOORE AND ORRICK,
Attorneys for Executrix,
823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., 433 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased. No. 24762, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will Annexed at the office of McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD, 908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, deceased.

GEORGE B. SPERRY,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of GEORGEA MARY SPERRY, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

McWILLIAMS & HATFIELD,
Attorneys for Administrator with the Will Annexed,
908 Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased. No. 24790, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of HARTLEY F. PEART, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY A. KAUFMAN, deceased.

NANCY GERTRUDE BLETHEN, also called Nancy G. Blethen, also called Gertrude Blethen,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of MARY A. KAUFMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 27, 1918.

HARTLEY F. PEART, Attorney for Executrix,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

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FOR

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TOWN TALK PRESS, 88 FIRST ST.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1358 | San Francisco-Oakland, August 31, 1918 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Quiet Canvass

It was the most soothing eampaign vouehsafed us sinee the Direet Primary ushered in the politieal millennium. Eight eandidates for Governor—more than we ever had before—made less noise than one Hiram Johnson let loose on similar oeeasions. Less noise, do we say? Compared to Hiram, dinning our unoffending ears with strepitant vociferations, this octet was dumb. They did not stump, they pussyfooted on rubber soles, with Maxim sileneers on their guns of oratory. Emitting the usual cubage of hot air, nevertheless they hooverized on inveetive and spared the rod of chastisement as we spare sugar. You might have thought they were campaigning in No Man's Land, fearful of Huns in nearby listening posts. It is true, there was an *enfant terrible* in the lot—the McGee from San Diego—but every time he raised his voiee above dinner table pitch he was punished, not by spanking, whieh would have disturbed the calm of the canvass, but by severe looks and an ignoring silenee. No editors were ealled names, except the editor of the Los Angeles Times, and Mayor Rolph took that fling, we imagine, less in deference to the Johnsonian preeedent than through sheer nervousness at the strange quiet of the campaign. Why was it so? We faney it was because all took so little interest—alike the voters and the vote-seekers. Even a eandidate for the governorship eannot keep his mind fixed on a selfish ambition when the first page of every morning's paper chronicles the sueeessive steps in the salvation of our world, and the seeond page holds a ehapter of that sad serial entitled *Casualties*. It would be niee to think that we had learned to take our polities noiselessly, as we take our soup; but no, that is not the ease. The noise is subdued, not abolished. Meanwhile, for this temporary relief, mueh thanks.

* * *

"Embusqué"

For the soft-job soldier or war-worker the Freneh have eoined the word *embusqué* or "bush-hider." This word was very popnlar in the first months of the war, but we have not seen it since, perhaps because the "bush-hiders" were routed out and put into aetive serviee. It would be a pity if this word had to be revived and applied to Americans. Although we hear some eomplaints from Over There about the able-bodied male American war-workers who give themselves the airs of fighting men, we do not think that the Ameriean *embusqué* is anything but a rare exeeption to the rule. Reviewing mentally a fairly long list of San Franeiscans who are engaged in foreign war work other than fighting and whom we know personally, we do not remember one to whom we would apply the offensive niekname. On the other hand, we know of many who reluetantly undertook non-combatant war work after failing in their prime desire, whieh was to wear a tin hat, a gas mask and a rifle. Some of these eherish the secret hope that they may eventually find themseleves in the combatant braneh of Ameriean serviee. We have called attention to the matter because we have heard eomplaints about the American *embusqué,* and it is always well to deal with sueh complaints before exaggeration increases their bulk and seeming importanee.

* * *

Labor Day

A good way for eertain employers to spend part of Labor Day would be to praetice thinking kindly of the organized workingman. We are suggesting this more espeeially to those thoughtless employers who see red whenever unionism is mentioned. There are a good many of these. They do not think about the problems of the workingman, though they think they do. Thought is apt to bring understanding, and there is a kind of employer who does not at all understand his employees because he never really sets his mind to the eonsideration of what is passing in their minds, or to the study of the eonditions in which they live. To this sort of employer a workingman is an item in the pay roll; he is a "hand"; to all intents and purposes he vanishes into thin air when he leaves the shop at night and only begins to exist again when he reappears in the morning. If this employer would devote a little time on Labor Day to thinking of his "hands" as human beings who are fallible but well meaning, who are trying to be good sons to aged parents, good husbands to hard-working wives and good fathers to growing ehildren—he might suddenly realize that the workingman is very much like himself in all the essentials of manhood. From that thought he might work gradually up to the thought that unionism is the expression of some very human aspirations, and that on the whole it doesn't work badly. The result of this thinking might be better relations with his employees, and Labor Day would not have been spent in vain.

* * *

War-Time Prohibition

It seems reasonable to admit that we shall have "bone-dry" prohibition on July 1, 1919, to eontinue for the period of the war at least. What is ealled "a gentlemen's agreement" to that effeet is expeeted of Congress at this writing. The first of April next was the date favored by the drys, but we are told that they eonsented under pressure to have it postponed three months. That gives the manufaeturers of distilled, fermented and vinous liquors ten months in which to dispose of their stoeks on hand. Can they do it in that time? The authoritative statement is made that they eannot. But this authoritative statement eomes from men interested in the liquor business, so it will doubtless be disregarded, although these men are honest business men with the same jealousy about their reputation as truth-tellers whieh eharaeterizes other honest men. The prohibitionists, however, are in the saddle, and their statements go. Bone-dry prohibition for the period of the war is not neeessary, is not wanted by the majority of the people in the United States. Then why must we have it? Simply because the politieians are more afraid of the prohibitionists than they are of committing injustice.

The Czecho-Slovaks

The dispatches told us the other day that an army of Czecho-Slovaks was fighting against an army of Magyars and Bolsheviki in Siberia. We read some time before that France, Italy and Great Britain had recognized the Czecho-Slovaks as an allied nation. Not a day passes but the war news contains some reference to them. Who are they? Why should they be recognized as a nation? Where are we to look for that nation on the map? Briefly stated, a Czech is a Bohemian, and a Slovak is a member of a race found in northern Hungary. The Czechs and the Slovaks are joined together by affinities of aspiration, language and age-long oppression. The Czechs inhabit not only Bohemia, but also Moravia and Silesia. The Slovaks are preponderant in that part of Hungary which touches Moravia and Silesia. During the middle ages the Czechs or Bohemians were a powerful people, and their beautiful city of Prague with its great university was famed from London to Constantinople. In the sixteenth century the crown of Bohemia which was elective, was conferred on the Archduke of Austria. That was the beginning of the end of Bohemian independence. The country was gradually Germanized. During the French Revolution there was a revival of national consciousness. In 1848 when subject peoples thought they saw the dawn of freedom, the Bohemians or Czechs found their rising hopes crushed by the Magyars who were taken into partnership by Francis Joseph. That is one reason why we find the Czechs fighting the Magyars today. The story of the Slovaks is similar. They have been in subjection for ages, but the fire of racial consciousness has never been extinguished. It flamed up in the eighties of the last century at the same time that the Czechs began to cultivate anew their old language and to rattle their chains. Bohemians, Moravians, Silesians and Slovaks were in the Austro-Hungarian armies on the eastern front at the outset of the war. But they were fighting under duress, and surrendered in large numbers to the Russians at every opportunity. Many of them were incorporated into the Russian army: they asked nothing better than to fight against Austria-Hungary. When the Russian front collapsed the Czecho-Slovaks organized an army of their own to withstand the Bolsheviki They knew that their only hope of achieving their national aspirations lay with the Allies, and they pleaded long for recognition. Finally they were rewarded, and when France, Italy and Great Britain recognized their claims to nationhood they outdid their previous efforts on behalf of the allied cause. The end of the war will probably see the Czecho-Slovaks free, for the first time since 1620. They will form a compact nation encircled by Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia. On the north the free Poles will be their allies, and to the south the free Jugo-Slavs. That at least is what they are looking forward to. And the Allies will be in duty bound to see the programme through.

* * *

George C. Perkins

We congratulate former Governor and former United States Senator George C. Perkins on tagging the seventy-ninth base in the good game of life. For many years after he attained the grand climacteric which, if we remember correctly, the Greeks placed at the sixty-third year, George C. Perkins was a living and hearty exemplification of what Lorand would call "old age deferred." It would be wrong to pretend that Alameda County's premier statesman is still a young man; but at least we shall refrain from calling him an old man until another twelvemonth brings him full octogenarian honors. We hope he may be spared to celebrate many more birthdays in the bosom of his charming family, including those members of it who this year had to send their congratulations from various points along the fighting front of civilization. George C. Perkins has left his impress upon the laws of his State and country. His career was honorable, as all will admit now that he has withdrawn from the fevered circle of partisan politics. May George C. Perkins live to a grand old age, enjoying all the advantages Cicero set forth in that fascinating essay *De Senectute*. We think he will, for as he himself said on a memorable occasion, "There's still a good deal of fire in the old man."

Joyce Kilmer

France, England and Italy have lost poets in this war, and now it is America's turn. The name of young Allan Seeger stands first on our roll of singers fallen in action, but the author of "A Rendezvous with Death" was fighting in the British Army. Joyce Kilmer is the first young man with a national reputation as a poet to die under Pershing. He was only thirty-one, this New Yorker, yet he had done fine big things, as those will agree who have read *Main Street and Other Poems*. A husband, father of four little children, he enlisted as a private seventeen days after the Congress declared war. He was in the thick of the Marne fighting from the day the great Allied offensive began, and was mortally wounded at Coles Wood on the first of August. Those who know his poetry know also that a soldier's death meant a happy death for Joyce Kilmer. He was a young man of very high ideals, saw those ideals endangered by Kultur and gave his life for them. His blood, like the blood of many another young American of high ideals, has fallen on French soil, yet it will fructify the soil of our own republic. Can we spare young men like Joyce Kilmer? Read these lines from his great poem on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and answer the question as he would answer it:

I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet,
And heaven hid its face;
The world that God created,
Became a shameful place.

My wrong cries out for vengeance;
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver
But one—shall be like blood.

The Bugler

By F. W. Harvey

God dreamed a man;
Then, having firmly shut
Life like a precious metal in His fist
Withdrew, His labor done. Thus did begin
Our varying divinity and sin.
For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,
And others—dreaming empires—straightway cut
Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others beat
Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet
Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dare to boast
That he is guiltless?) Others coined it: most
Did with it—simply nothing. (Here again
Who cries his innocence?) Yet doth remain
Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,
Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.

For me, I do but wear within my hand
(For sake of Him our Lord, now long forsaken)
A simple bugle such as may awaken
With one high morning note a drowsing man:
That wheresoe'er within my motherland
The sound may come, 'twill echo far and wide
Like pipes of battle calling up a clan,
Trumpeting men through beauty to God's side.

Varied Types

384—FRANK BAILEY MILLARD

By Edward F. O'Day

"Frank Bailey Millard, a name well known in literature," writes John P. Young in his valuable book "Journalism in California, "had his literary beginnings in the Chronicle composing room, from which he was graduated into the corps of special writers."

That was a good long time ago. In the years since Bailey Millard has shuttled back and forth across our continent, always earning his living with his pen, and always cherishing the hope that abides with every San Francisco reporter—the hope that some day he may run a newspaper in the old home town. For Millard the hope has had fruition; he has been called to the editorial sanctum of the Bulletin vacated by Fremont Older.

"I had spent a year in Los Angeles—it seemed like ten," says Bailey Millard, "and when my friend Mr. Crothers whom I have known for twenty-five years, asked me to come to the Bulletin, I came with delight."

The new editor of the Bulletin has had an all-round newspaper experience. At one time he was city editor of the Call, in the Fitch and Pickering days; later he was city editor of the Examiner, succeeding "Andy" Lawrence in the position and being followed by "Jake" Dressler.

"I was the youngest city editor the Examiner had," he says, "thirty-one years of age when I took hold. I lasted for two years," he adds with a smile, "a reasonably long tenure in those days."

Some few years ago Bailey Millard wrote for The Bookman an article entitled "How Kipling Discovered America." That was based on an interesting experience of Bailey Millard's first days on the local papers: he was the first newspaperman to meet Kipling when the young journalist from India set foot on Market street.

"There is a story," says Millard, "and I believe it is true, that Kipling tried to sell some of his Mulvaney stories to the Examiner, but Cosey Noble turned them down. Mr. Hearst paid high prices for those stories later on. Kipling went away and made fun of San Francisco in his 'American Notes,' though I think most of the ridicule was deleted from the later editions. He said San Francisco was a city of mad people; he made fun of the Bohemian Club which had entertained him; and he made fun of me, describing me as 'the open-mouthed fellow who asked ridiculous questions'."

In those days Bailey Millard wrote many short stories and poems. His "Chumming with an Apache" is not entirely forgotten. It was a gripping yarn which caught the fancy of the East and was reprinted in many papers. His "Songs of the Press" were gathered into a book shortly before the fire of 1906. The book is scarce now. Millard speaks rather slightingly of it. He has no literary vanities—indeed, in this matter of literature, he bluntly calls himself a mediocrity.

In the years immediately preceding his departure for New York Bailey Millard was Sunday editor of the Examiner. Those were the days when the Sunday supplement was a local product—before the syndicate supplement deprived our special writers of a profitable field. The outstanding feature of that work for Bailey Millard was his discovery of Edwin Markham's famous poem "The Man with the Hoe." Millard published the poem in the Sunday supplement of the Examiner, and proclaimed Markham a new American singing voice with a vital message. There ensued a controversy whose echoes have rung in Markham's ears ever since, a controversy in which Bailey Millard held his own.

"I was darned literary in those days," he says with a grin. Besides starting Markham on the road to celebrity, Millard has had considerable influence on his work.

"I pointed out to him one day," he says, "that he had never written a love poem, and that he should try his hand at one. The result was 'Vergilia.' Another time I asked him why he didn't write a ballad.

"'What is a ballad?' he asked me.

"'A ballad,' I told him, 'is a story in verse.'

"Markham thought he could write a story in verse provided he had a story. I suggested the story of the Sultan who was told he would find happiness provided he borrowed the shirt of a contented man. So Markham wrote 'The Shoes of Happiness.' He changed the shirt to shoes because, he said, a shirt was not poetical. I pointed out that Tom Hood had written the 'Song of the Shirt,' but he said that that was not poetry of a high order."

As the "Song of the Shirt" may be described as the poetical grandfather of "The Man with the Hoe," it is interesting to get Markham's opinion of it.

Millard went East in 1905 to be editor of the Cosmopolitan which had just been bought by Hearst.

"He told me to run the magazine," says Millard, "and immediately left for Europe. It was pleasant work until Brisbane and Carvalho interfered, and then I cabled my resignation to Mr. Hearst. He cabled back:

"'Don't be cranky. Stick till I return.'

"I stuck, but he didn't return for six months, and they were not pleasant months, what with Brisbane and Carvalho. Finally I resigned to become a special writer for the Cosmopolitan. That was pleasanter work.

"The trouble about working for Mr. Hearst is that you never know what you'll be doing overnight. You may be editor today and office boy tomorrow. I've had six different jobs with Mr. Hearst in the space of three weeks.

"But Mr. Hearst is easy to get along with compared with some other owners. Take Frank Munsey, for instance. He's a maniac. I was editor of Munsey's for a year, and I know. He insisted on keeping all the doors of all the Munsey offices in the Flatiron Building wide open. This was so he could see that everybody was working. He had a secretary who kept tab on the exact time you came to work. He summoned his editors with buzzers. He was quite angry when I refused to stand for that. He has no sympathy for the underdog. A live topic is 'controversial' and taboo; anything pertaining to the problems of labor is 'socialistic' or 'anarchistic.' I don't see how Bob Davis stands it."

After eleven years in New York during which time he wrote a novel "The Lure of Gold" which was a best seller, and another novel "The Sea Hawk" which did not sell so well but which its author says was a better story, to say nothing of articles for papers like the Saturday Evening Post and a series of biographies for the International Correspondence School publications, Bailey Millard returned to San Francisco to do special work for the Examiner. Some years before he had written for Everybody's "The West Coast Land Grafters." Land is a special study with Bailey Millard, and he returned to the subject now. He deserves part of the credit for that Land Settlement project which our State is now working out, and he helped bring about sadly needed improvement in the methods of the Federal Land Bank at Berkeley. Then the late Dent H. Robert asked him to take charge of Orchard and Farm.

"What's Orchard and Farm?" Millard asked.

"A farmers' paper Mr. Hearst has bought," answered Robert.

"But I know nothing of farming," said Millard.

"The trouble with the paper," said Robert, "is that it's been run by farmers instead of by a newspaperman."

"So I took charge," says Millard, "and at first I devoted myself to land questions. By close study I gradually familiarized myself with farming conditions. Then one day Mr. Hearst told me to take Orchard and Farm to Los Angeles, and publish it there. The ostensible reason was that we could get better printing there. As a matter of fact, we got worse printing.

"During the first year I had charge of the paper I could have had it from Mr. Hearst for the asking, but when I began to build up its circulation and advertising he wouldn't part with it. It now has a paid circulation of fifty thousand.

"But my audience was comparatively small, and it was a class audience. I have always wanted to reach all the people. And now my opportunity has come. The policy of the Bulletin as I shall run it is expressed in the words I have placed at the head of the editorial page:

While the Bulletin is primarily a newspaper and aims to give its readers first-hand information as to all events of public importance, it is also as it has been from its inception a watchful guardian of the interests of the whole people and an ardent supporter of the ideals of the republic. Its paramount objects as the people's friend and militant champion are to throw light upon and to aid in solving the pressing problems of the day; to put down pessimism and other destructive forces; to be independent in politics; to invite wholesome discussion; to be the persistent and uncompromising enemy of injustice, of special privilege, of oppression and corruption; and, above all, to aid in building up and maintaining a valiant faith in the best there is in our religious, civil and social life.

"In many ways its policy will be what it was under Mr. Older who edited it brilliantly. But of course no two editors have exactly the same ideas.

"It is interesting work I have undertaken. Work is the word. Never in my life have I worked so hard as during the past month."

INVESTMENT SECURITIES
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Perspective Impressions

Kings used to dub a great many knights; now they knight a great many dubs.

No wonder candidates claim so much; one day after the election, all their claims are forgotten.

Ye gods! here are Eddie Grant and the Rev. Bill Stidger making pests of themselves once more.

A lot of Americans with Irish names are awfully tired of hearing about "Ireland's ancient wrongs."

Eddie Grant, the redlight abater, got a punch in the nose in Vallejo, and a rotten egg in Gilroy. It would almost seem that some people don't like him.

We salute the members of the Italian journalistic party. Their stay in our midst has resulted in our conceiving a very high opinion of Latin journalism.

The higher the price of a drink ascends, the less thirsty we feel.

Why don't cyclones, earthquakes, etc., declare a moratorium for the period of the war?

The walk-out of the underground railroad workers of London is a low-down strike.

Ham Lewis is becoming prominent: Clemenceau has swatted him, as one would swat a fly.

A lot of beaus who claimed to be under forty-five are sheepishly admitting their deception.

Almost without realizing it, Americans have come to take a profound interest in world-politics.

Those French generals certainly know how to write addresses to their troops. Obviously they have studied Napoleon.

In New York they call it the "directed" primary.

Let's not make the world safe for people who think democracy means bolshevikism.

Roosevelt calling upon the country to speed up the war sounds just the least bit behind the times.

Montana refuses to promote Jeannette Rankin to the Senate. Montana can't forget that when it came to war, Jeannette cried instead of voting.

Henry Ford ran like a rheumatic flivver. He was Newberried three to one. Hank's faith in the common people must have received an awful setback.

United States Senator Vardaman of Mississippi, fanatic, obstructionist and long-haired holier-than-thou, has been defeated for re-election. A mighty good riddance.

The Hun Appeal to Pity: A Warning

By Gertrude Atherton

The United States has progressed so far in unity, patriotism, and general knowledge of internal enemies that much of the earlier German propaganda has been abandoned. It is probably the private ambition of every good American, no matter what his antecedents, to catch a spy, and in consequence many perfectly good citizens of German blood suffer a cruel injustice. But as we do nothing by halves that is inevitable, and they must take their medicine, trusting to time and a more equable frame of mind.

But a great danger lurks in this very belief that we are now "on" to Germany and all her tricks; in the belief that the Government has the situation so well in hand it is not necessary for the individual to bother; in that pride (which oft goeth before a fall) that scare stories, disseminated by German agents, are easily recognized, and are but to laugh.

Once in a while one reads a warning against the new "Peace Move," against accepting on its face value the last desperate bid of the Germans for peace. As even the most casual reader of any newspaper, not in German pay, can guess, this will be an offer to restore Belgium, the occupied parts of France—or, if they are driven across the Rhine, Alsace-Lorraine, and to pay indemnities in exchange for Russia. They also know that the possession of Russia would make Germany in another generation the most powerful nation on earth, for with the colossal wealth of that vast empire and the millions of strong and docile men drummed into line the Balkans would become German dependencies and the greatest of Prussia's ambitions, a German railroad to Bagdad and control of Asia Minor, would be accomplished. After that the deluge for the rest of the world. Let any one who doubts this read Professor Morris Jastrow's "The War and the Bagdad Railway."

Now, we may be prepared to reject this offer with scorn, for it is a case of mind dealing with mind; and when it comes to brains the Germans are outclassed, even in this young nation. Moreover, we have now had four years' illuminating experience with the Germans, and we know that they are liars. The more they protest the less we believe them, the more keenly we search for the nigger in the woodpile.

But while we have brains to match the best, we also are a very soft and sentimental people. Ruthless while we have a great war to win, we are liable to violent reaction the moment we are positive that Germany is broken and can do no more than put up a long and stubborn defense. Then look out for the danger signals.

It is not necessary to fear the effect of the glaring signals that Germany herself will shoot up. They will be red and blue, green and yellow—all the violent primary colors, yellow predominating. We may be trusted to regard them with equanimity and contempt. But what we are not at all likely to classify will be the signals compounded of virtue and sentiment that will play lambently in our midst; in other words, an appeal to our "highest instincts," our "humanity," and a few other qualities we are proud to possess—the prouder as they have been extinct in Germany for forty years, if they ever existed at all.

For the pacifists are still with us. And by the pacifists I do not mean societies existing under that name. They shot their bolt and are frightened into quiescence besides. I mean thousands of secret pro-Germans who are waiting their moment to work upon our sympathies and insure the ultimate triumph of their otherwise doomed fatherland.

In the city of New York there is a powerful group of women of German extraction who are now—to use a sadly overworked word—camouflaging themselves magnificently, and it may safely be said that there are corresponding groups in every city of any size in the union. These women contribute heavily (and with the utmost publicity) to war relief organizations. Before we went into the war they were equally blatant pro-Germans, or, seeing that didn't work, gave thousands to the "cause" of pacificism—in other words to keep the United States from settling the fate of Germany. Now their new pose wins them high encomiums, the average citizen not realizing that any one who remained a pro-German after the sinking of the Lusitania (charitably assuming that they did not know all the circumstances during the early months of the war), is hopelessly defective or crooked. Pro-Germans they must remain until the end of their days. They have inherited all the vilest mental attitudes of Prussianism, and God himself would not take the trouble to change them. However, He permits us to match our wits with theirs.

Now, the moment the Prussian hierarchy realizes that it is in its last precarious hole, and makes the Allies a "reasonable offer," these women not only will make a passionate sobbing protest against any more "useless slaughter of our boys in Europe," but, what will be even more difficult for the soft-hearted Americans to resist, a plea in their sweet, reasonable voices (it is a curious fact that the German woman's voice is often as sweet as her eyes are small and crafty) for the "poor little children of suffering Germany." Listen, O you mothers, to the wails of those starving little ones, dying by inches; when peace with a conquered country could save millions of them! Oh, if you only knew what hundreds of thousands of them have suffered already? Tens of thousands have died of malnutrition. They are walking shadows. They are tubercular. They lie, living skeletons, gasping for a drop of milk. O ye mothers of

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TECHAU TAVERN

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Costly art boxes containing a bottle of Le Lilas de Rigaud (pronounced "Ree-go") perfume, a bottle of Le Lilas de Rigaud sachet, and a box of Le Lilas de Rigaud face powder, distributed among the lady patrons every afternoon at 4, 4:30 and 5.

Dancing for Guests *Salon Concert*

The Early Days of the Academy

By Charles B. Turrill

Extracts from an address read at the meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Wednesday evening, August 21, 1918.

The Academy is sixty-five years old. I have known it for nearly half a century.

We are going back to the time when California as a State of the Union, was less than three years old. Gold had been discovered at Coloma but five years earlier. The great Civil War was still seven years away. Riddle had but just devised the bi-nocular miscoscope. The spectroscope was little more than a scientific toy. The use of electricity was but crudely employed in the telegraph while its broader applications to the needs of man were not even dreams. Charles Lyell was busy solving geological theories. Louis Agassiz had but recently arrived in America to lecture and investigate. The great development of archeological research had scarcely commenced. The science of meteorology was but beginning to attract attention. John Torrey, with his pupil Asa Gray, had but just given scientific classification to the flora of North America. Asa Gray had not written his text books on botany. John Tyndall was doing his first original work in physical science. Thomas H. Huxley had but recently been made a Fellow of the Royal Society and was trying to live on the honor assisted by occasional odd jobs, with all his great life-work and reputation in the cold uncompromising future. Charles Darwin was a delving student fitting together scraps of knowledge with which to stagger the thoughtful world six years later.

There was not a mile of railroad in California when our Academy was born. Something like five hundred miles of poorly constructed telegraph lines linked scattered communities, but no messages could be sent across the continent or beneath the seas. All mail came by steamer, via the Isthmus of Panama, across which no railroad had been built. The celebrated "Pony Express," bringing important letters from "St. Jo" to Sacramento, in the wonderful time of ten days, was a convenience seven years in the future. Petroleum had not begun to furnish an illuminating fluid. San Francisco was without gas. People were content with candles, whale-oil and camphene. Water was peddled through our streets in carts at two bits a bucket.

By 1853 the wild gold rush had quieted. Other systems of mining than placer washing were being developed. Agriculture was claiming attention. Fruit and vine growing were in an experimental stage. Business houses had been founded. Banks had been opened. Commerce was occupying the attention of adventurous ones. Churches, schools and libraries had been established. Benevolent societies were caring for the needy. Fraternal organizations had recruited members. Wives and sweethearts had come from the "States" and happy homes welcomed the stranger. The complex machinery of social, industrial and political life was working smoothly where but a few years before had been waste places.

The Yerba Buena of earlier days had been re-christened in 1847. There had been rapid growth in the ambitious little San Francicsco since '49. Five great fires, within three years, had swept it. Ere the ashes were cold new homes and stores had arisen. Long wharves had been extended from the principal streets into Yerba Buena Cove that deep water might be reached and excessive lighterage charges avoided. Many of the hundreds of ships that had been abandoned in the stream by their crews had been hauled into shallow water to be used as store houses. As the bay was "filled in" from the sand hills back of the town, these became foundations for stores and hotels. Larkin street was the city's western boundary, beyond which the sand wastes were mapped in irregular and ofttimes overlapping tracts, to become important sources of revenue for ambitious lawyers. Stockton street was the prototype of a later Van Ness avenue. Montgomery was the chief street and possessed a pavement covering the mud holes in one of which tradition said a mule had been drowned in the wet winter of '49. Kearny street was a narrow thoroughfare and proud of its pavement of two-inch plank.

The old Plaza, relic of Spanish times, by which had stood the adobe Custom House, was the Civic Center of the time. On it Captain Montgomery had hoisted the Stars and Stripes in '47. Facing it Tom Maguire had built the Jenny Lind Theatre, which but recently had been sold to the public for a City Hall. Across was the engine house of Monumental 6. A block nearer the bay stood the Montgomery Block, the acme of architectural magnificence. All the business of the community was conducted within the area of a dozen squares. If you took your girl for a drive, in those '53 days, you hired a team at one of the livery stables on Kearny street. Your route was usually along that paved street to Market and through Third to Mission, which was made passable by its plank road. You followed that across bridges, past marsh land, between hills of drifting sand, away out into the country, and finally reached Mission Dolores with its hamlet of adobe houses. Thence you wound over the Mission Hills, down past Laguna de la Merced to the beach. Hard ocean sands afforded a race track until you reached a bluff on which a Cliff House would stand years later. There you turned back over the same route with that girl who had just promised to help you make an attractive home amid the sand hills where now stands the Mechanics' Institute Building, or in the more fashionable section of Happy Valley, or perchance on the slope of aristocratic Rincon Hill.

Let me read an extract from a precious volume, providentially preserved:

The following gentlemen friendly to the organization of an association for the development of the Natural Sciences met by agreement at the office of L. W. Sloat, in the City of San Francisco, on the 4th day of April, 1853: Dr. Andrew Randall, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Dr. Albert Kellogg, T. J. Nevins, Prof. J. B. Trask, Dr. Charles Farris, Lewis W. Sloat. After a free consultation and the interchange of views and sentiments bearing upon the object contemplated, Dr. Andrew Randall was called to the chair and L. W. Sloat was appointed Secretary. On motion of Mr. Sloat it was, after discussion and remarks, unanimously, Resolved that it is expedient and desirable that an association be organized for the promotion of Natural Science and that the name and style of such organization be The California Academy of Natural Sciences.

Who were those seven men? What were they doing in the bustle of San Francisco in 1853?

Lewis W. Sloat, in whose office they met, was a Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds. He was a member of a real estate firm which also carried on the business of stock and money brokers. His office was in a two-story brick building on the west side of Montgomery street, two doors south of Commercial. Mr. Sloat was a son of Commodore Sloat who raised our flag at Monterey, and was his father's secretary when he entered Monterey Bay in July, 1846, on his first visit.

Dr. Andrew Randall came to California as a gunner on the U. S. S. "Portsmouth" in 1847. He was here when our flag was rased. His office, when he met with his friends in Sloat's, was at 134 Clay street, and he lived at the Niantic Hotel, then the Palace Hotel. We learn from Bancroft that he was a claimant to several Spanish grants.

Dr. Albert Kellogg, born in Connecticut, was 40 years old in '53. Not only did he serve as President, but was one of the Academy's most earnest workers. He was a delightful gentleman, kindly and sympathetic. As an enthusiastic botanist he has left his record in that science. We owe him a great debt for his studies of the trees of our State.

Thomas J. Nevins was agent for the American Sunday School Union. He was 58 years old at the time of that April meeting, the eldest member. At that time he was also School Superintendent, which office he held from January, 1852, to October, 1854. He was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, June 5, 1795, and died in Silver City, Nevada Territory, January 14, 1861. He was interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery (now called Laurel Hill). On the shaft above his grave is this inscription: "The Board of Education and citizens of San Francisco unite in erecting this monument to his memory as the founder of Common Schools in the City and State and as the first Superintendent of Common Schools in San Francisco."

Professor J. B. Trask was the noted geologist of the period.

Dr. Henry Gibbons, a native of Delaware, was 46 years old in '53. He was a prominent physician and the profession has remained in the family for three generations. Dr. Gibbons was the first scientifically to preserve records of local temperature and rainfall.

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1850 1918

"The Store Beautiful"

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Where the name is the synonym of quality and honest value.

INDIVIDUALITY AND GOOD TASTE are expressed in all designs shown at this shop.

The season's latest triumphs in artistic Rings, Brooches, Wrist Watches, Bags, Silver Novelties.

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46 GEARY STREET

Poems About San Francisco

Surely a poem about the "Casco" belongs in this series! The "Casco's" history is largely a San Francisco story. Years after taking R. L. S. from our Bay to the South Seas, the "Casco" was remodeled for the fishing trade of the Pacific Coast. This poem was published in the Poetry Review.

224—TO THE SCHOONER "CASCO"
By Grace Hazard Conkling

Has he forsaken heaven quite,
Where is no sail nor any sea,
And for the sake of lost delight
Evaded immortality,
To feel the wind that sets you free,
And tempt you to a wide blue flight
Where any trailing dawn may be
Deep-fringed with breakers bursting white?

Would he exchange all Paradise
For islands arabesqued with morn,
In your slim shape the magic lies,
And to such honor were you born.
For him shall peace grow less forlorn,
Who has the sea-light in his eyes,
And hears Orion's hunting-horn
Cry challenge down the blazing skies?

Now men forget what dawns you knew,
What painted sunsets flaring far:
For these calm coasts they destine you,
Nor think whose Silver Ship you are.
Oh leaping bow and thrilling spar
And canvas bright against the blue,
Your Skipper steers you for a star!
Obey him as you used to do.

So shall you tread again the floor
Uncharted you were wont to roam,
And flee in ecstasy before
The squalls that fail to drive you home:
Shall hear his laughter as of yore,
When the cloud breaks, the green waves comb,
And make his spirit glad once more
With flagons of enchanted foam!

But when the ocean's azure swoon
Glasses some isle of memories,
Steal thither softly, to maroon
Your wilful master, if he please!
Slip in by night behind the trees
Of its star-paven deep lagoon,
And drift across the Pleiades
To anchor in the floating moon.

The Spectator

Artificial and Genuine Issues

At the present writing the spectators are still waiting for the numbers to be hung up in the gubernatorial race. But certain conclusions may be drawn. It is plain that the voters did not see any war issue in this election. Had they recognized such an issue, we should not have found the voters dividing on sectional lines. The South voted for Stephens because he is a Southern man; the North voted for Rolph because he is a Northern man. The war had nothing to do with that. In the interior, too, there is no evidence that the war issue was taken seriously. Stephens seems to have run well in dry communities, Rolph in wet. The wine-grape country seems to have gone for Rolph. The war issue was an artificial one. Everybody knew that all the candidates were patriotic, and that no matter who was elected, California would continue to do her share to win the war. That is one reason why the voters refused to get excited over the election. Another issue which may be described as artificial (for lack of a better word) was that set forth by Fickert—the extermination of the I. W. W.'s. The voters felt that no matter which candidate was successful, he might be depended on to set his face against the I. W. W.'s. For there isn't a decent, honest man in the State who doesn't abhor the whole system of which "Bill" Haywood is the convicted head. On the other hand, the wet and dry controversy was a real issue in this fight. That is a question on which people differ not calmly but violently, and they voted their convictions or their prejudices—whichever you prefer to call them. How much the warfare waged on "the forty fat commissions" affected the voting it is difficult to judge just yet. Unquestionably the people are in no mood for extravagance. But what candidate was bold enough, or sufficiently well informed to put his hand on the commissions which have been extravagant? Generalities were all we got on this subject.

Self-Deceived Campaigners

Now that the primary campaign is over, it is amusing to recall the claims made by the unsuccessful gubernatorial candidates. Did these claims deceive anybody? I think not. Did the candidates deceive themselves? I think they did. The psychology of a candidate is peculiar. He invariably hypnotizes himself into believing that he is going to win. And the people who meet him in his travels help to keep him in this auto-hypnotic state. How many people tell the truth to an office-seeker? Alas, we are all of the family of Ananias when it comes to that. Yet we are not altogether to blame. Candidates have been told, on rare occasions, that they hadn't a chance to win, and they have never forgiven their blunt informers. It is like telling a poetaster that his verses are awful—he's insulted, and conceives a low opinion of your intelligence.

Those Tremendous Claims

Let us take a look at some of the pre-election claims made by the unsuccessful aspirants. At this writing Stephens, Rolph and Heney are still fighting it out.

Said Hayes:

I am confident that I shall win the Republican nomination for Governor because the Republican voters of California want this State restored to the Republican column in national affairs, and have assured me that I am the one consistent party man who can defeat the Democratic nominee.

How they lied to him when they told him that!

I find a tremendous following among the thinking people, the so-called silent vote.

The trouble is, the thinking people did what actors call a "thinking part"—no action—and that the silent vote remained too darned silent.

The intelligent stay-at-home men and women voters have decided that they want a change.

But they stayed at home on election day, and in consequence Hayes has to stay at home, too.

There is a significant undercurrent to give the party nomination to a consistent party man.

But the underrurrent failed to emerge.

I have not conducted a "brass band" campaign.

Quite the contrary. He leaned on "reeds" and they broke.

Said McGee:

I believe I should be nominated for Governor.

No doubt he still believes it. But the voters believed his name was not Charlie but Joe.

Said Bordwell:

Am I the man for the job? The assurance of those who best know my life, my motives and my work gives me confidence to believe that I am.

O Lord, deliver me from my friends!

Said Fickert:

California needs a real war governor.

And now, in Charlie's opinion, it will get a what-Sherman-said-war-was of a Governor.

Said Woolwine:

I am confident that I will be nominated by the Democrats because I am the only Democrat seeking the nomination.

His name shouldn't be Woolwine but Woolgatherer.

Spoofing the Home Industry League

Curent Opinion has been having a little fun at the expense of our very active and very original Home Industry League. This popular periodical saw its chance when the Home Industry League gave a Poets' Luncheon as part of a movement to boost home industry in authorship. Says the editor of Current Opinion:

Who says Art is not looking up in this country? Consider the action of the Home Industry League of California. It is a body of factory-owners and it has issued a plea to the people of that State to "purchase poetry-books written and printed in California." The reasons are edifying. "If a poet lives in California," we are told, "he or she spend his or her living-money right at home, which keeps just so much more money in circulation in the State." And if the "poetry-books" are printed in the State as well as written there, just so many more wage-earners are kept at work, and enabled to buy "food, clothing houses, automobiles," etc.

By emphasizing that homely, hyphenate and unprofessional word "poetry-books," Current

Opinion, doubtless, would have us infer that the Home Industry scheme of fostering home-grown poets sprang from the brain of one who knew not poetry and its phraseology, from the brain of a "factory-owner." The inference would be incorrect. On the contrary, the scheme was conceived by one who claims intimate acquaintance with Apollo. I refer to Chauncey McGovern, the publicity director for the League. I have before me the prospectus of a "poetry-book" shortly to be published by McGovern. Chauncey McGovern tells us therein that his book of verses will be called "The Hours in Wooing Gained, & Other Distinctive Poetry—Perhaps." And he quotes a testimonial given him by the late Elbert Hubbard. Fra Elbertus corresponded with McGovern whom he called, either critically or facetiously, "my fellow partner in Crime," and paid him this not unqualified tribute:

> It's lots of fun to write, when one writes well, as you and I do, occasionally at least.

So you see, the "factory-owners" of the Home Industry League are sticking to their lasts and letting a poet attend to the poets.

McGovern Ready for Fight

Current Opinion goes on to notice obstacles the Home Industry League will have to face in its propaganda on behalf of our poets. Let me quote again:

> There are difficulties that are recognized by this remarkable League. It costs "much more cash" to publish a work of poetry locally than it would cost to publish it in the East. This is admitted, but the poet is expected to make the necessary sacrifices in the interests of the State. Also it is admitted that now "by far the greatest sales of books of California poetry are to people who live east of the Rockies." Suppose these people began a course of reprisals by patronizing their own poets only.

This is indeed a fearsome difficulty. But the Home Industry Leaguers are men who have a high opinion of Californian products, and I suppose they would get over the difficulty by replying that California poetry is so good that other regions simply can't do without it. That is the situation in regard to our wines, our prunes, our oranges, our electric irons—why not with our poetry? I am sure that if they get him aroused, Chauncey McGovern, who used to be one of Uncle Sam's fighting men, will go over the top armed with some such weapon of argument. When a poet-press agent can succeed in interesting "factory-owners" in poetry, he is not going to be daunted by spoofonious difficulties conjured up in the effete East. McGovern is armed cap-a-pie, and eastern jesters better look out.

A House Divided

But alas! it would seem that oppositon to the scheme of home industry in poetry is not confined to the East. There is some being voiced right here in California which thus gives the world the sad spectacle of a house divided against itself on this large subject. Listen to the harsh language of our old townsman, Hyland Baggerley, now editor of the San Jose News:

> The Home Industry League of this State has thrown itself wide open to ridicule by urging people to "purchase poetry-books written and printed in California." The poetry editor of Current Opinion was not slow to accept the challenge to all lovers of literature contained in this dunderheaded proposal, and in the current number of that magazine there is unmerciful fun poked at the Home Industry League of California. Imagine cutting ourselves off from the world's great literature, just to please the Home Industry League! The "buy at home" movement is all right, hut let's preserve our sanity and sense of proportion.

Knowing Chauncey McGovern to be a fighter, one would expect him to retort to this that perhaps the San Jose News would sing a different tune if the commodity in question was prunes instead of poetry. But McGovern is a master of strategy; he knows when to nibble at the enemy a la Joffre as well as when to start a grand offensive a la Foch. Here is his soft answer turning away San Jose wrath. He wrote it to me when the rear attack from the prune belt came to his attention. Says McGovern:

> Did you see the article itself in Current Opinion? A personal letter to me from its editor—whom I've known socially for twenty years—would indicate that the "roast" is intended as a nifty "boost."

So you see, it takes two to make a quarrel, and the author of "The Hours in Wooing Gained" is not yet in the mood to have at 'em with his seventy-mile gun.

Death of Mother Maryanne

> To see the infinite pity of this place,
> The mangled limb, the devastated face,
> The innocent sufferer smiling at the rod—
> A fool were tempted to deny his God.
> He sees, he shrinks. But if he gaze again,
> Lo, beauty springing from the breast of pain!
> He marks the sisters on the mournful shores;
> And even a fool is silent and adores.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote this little poem on the Island of Molokai, and dedicated it to Mother Maryanne. And now, after thirty years of heroic labor among the lepers of Molokai, Mother Maryanne is dead. She has gone to Heaven, to join her co-worker, Father Damien. Her life on the lonely island, as a dispatch from Honolulu has reminded us, was devoted to rendering comfort, solace and assistance to the unfortunates on whom the terrible scourge had fallen. Under her guidance the leper children were given schooling, while she herself looked after the welfare of their parents, rendering medical aid and encouraging the forlorn to meet the long, weary, hopeless hours of pain. Mother Maryanne, we are told, was the head of the Franciscan sisters in the United States, and went to the Hawaiian Islands at the request of

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King Kalakaua to start a branch of her religious order. Later she became interested in leper welfare work, and subsequently solicited and obtained permission to join the leper settlement on Molokai.

An Intimate Glimpse

Katharine Fullerton Gerould in her "Hawaii: Scenes and Impressions" (published by Scribner's in 1916) has a most impressive chapter on Molokai, and therein she gives us an intimate glimpse of Mother Maryanne. For those who have not this fine book I must quote:

The Bishop Home for women and girls at Kalaupapa corresponds to the Baldwin Home for men and boys at Kalawao; and here, even in the sisters' tiny cottage facing out on their green compound, was the authentic convent atmosphere. Mother Maryanne, in her little parlor, was the blood-kin of all superiors I have ever known: the same soft, yellowed skin, with something both tender and sexless in the features; the same hint of latent authority in the quiet manner; the same gentle aristocratic gayety; the same tacit endeavor to make human pity co-terminous with God's. Like other superiors I have known, from childhood up, she seemed an old, old woman who had seen many things. It was only when one stopped to think of the precise nature of those things which, in thirty years on Molokai, Mother Maryanne has seen, that the breath failed for an instant. The parlor was half filled with garments ready to be given out to lepers, and if one but glanced through the window, one saw the pitiful figures on the cottage porches across the compound. Yet those eyes of hers might have been looking out on a Gothic cloister this half-century. She confessed apologetically that the night had been hot and sleep difficult. And once again the malihinis felt sheer impotent rage that they could not, with their own hands, wrench the federal dynamo from its magnificent foundations and give Mother Maryanne an electric fan. Rage, however, is the distinguishing mark of the malihini—no such emotion stalks abroad in heroic Kalaupapa. "You wouldn't think we'd be busy here," Mother Maryanne ventured, smiling, "but there is a good deal to do." So natural has it come to them, to five sisters, to manage life for some eighty-odd lepers. The youngest inmate of the Bishop Home is five, the oldest eighty. It was not hard to imagine the sisters busy. As we walked out across the compound, set round with cottages, a sister—pink-and-white and blooming—waved her free hand at us from a porch. The other hand held the bandaged stump of a leper. Beside the two a woman squatted on the lanai; a creature of no age or race, her head a mere featureless lump.

Changing Street Names

We hear more and more about the proposition to get rid of German street names. By all means, and at the same time let's not forget that we haven't yet rid ourselves of Eschscholtzia, the Teutonic name of our State flower, the golden poppy. I notice in the list of street names it is proposed to change one which doesn't belong there. I refer to Leidesdorff street, alias Pauper Alley. I wonder who it was that discovered that old Leidesdorff was a German? He was not a German; he was born in the Danish West Indies, now part of the United States and known as the Virgin Islands. Leidesdorff came to San Francisco at a very early date, died here in 1846, and was buried, I believe, in the Mission Dolores Cemetery, if not in Mission Dolores Church. To change the name of Leidesdorff street on the ground that Leidesdorff was a German would be nothing short of a historical crime.

A Bulletin Recruit

Lem Parton, one of the best newspapermen in town, a reporter with brains and literary style, has been appointed assistant to managing editor Bailey Millard of the Bulletin. Parton was one of Fremont Older's favorite men on the Bulletin, but he did not follow his old boss to the Call, doubtless because he didn't want to. The first thing Parton did in his new position was to secure Colin Spangler as city editor, to take the place of Carl Hoffman who went with Older. Spangler entered the local newspaper field as the representative of the Oakland Tribune. He was so energetic, so thorough and had so keen a "nose for news" that he kept local reporters on the jump and fearful of being scooped. Then Spangler went to the International News Service and proved his worth all over again. In his new position he will undoubtedly "play up" local news, which the Bulletin has rather neglected recently.

Local War Verse

Do you keep a scrap book? And are you clipping local war verse to be pasted in it? Our singers are making a very respectable showing. If you missed this by "Larry" Harris in the Examiner, here is your chance to preserve it:

TO THE RED CROSS STRETCHER BEARER

Lend me your hand—
It is good to feel
The flesh that knew the sting of steel
And bled as life unwound its reel.
Lend me your hand.

Look in my eyes—
As you have peered
Across the hell that brave men feared,
Yet held the course that courage steered.
Look in my eyes.

Give me your heart—
That knew no beat
Of wavering pulse as thru Death's street
You cooled the burn of suffering's heat.
Give me your heart.

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Grant me your soul—
That I may go
Unarmed as you have gone and know
To save the harvest is to sow.
Grant me your soul.

From grave to gay. Here is a clever "bit for breakfast" which I saved from George Douglas's department in the Chronicle:

RHEIMS

Spare us the auditory pangs
Of those who try to call it Rangs;
Likewise preserve us from the plans
Of those who try to make it Rans.
If twixt the two they can't devise
The necessary compromise
Far better, or at least it seems,
Far better they should call it Rheims.
There was a jackdaw once who tried
His native homeliness to hide
By strutting forth in peacock plumes,
And in our mind that vision looms
Whene'er we hear a human jay
Pronouncing names a foreign way.
Unless the tongue can turn the trick
To simple Saxon let us stick.
Besides, another jackdaw, he
We learnt to love in "Ingoldsby,"
The bird of many youthful dreams
Still calls to us to call it Rheims.

Uncle Joe Explained

Here is a new Joe Cannon story brought to me from Washington:

Several congressmen were talking together when an army officer with spurs ascended the steps of the War Office. One congressman said he wondered why those fellows, who were only on clerical duty, swanked around in spurs.

"It's to keep their heels from slipping off the polished desks," cut in Uncle Joe.

"Penne Ante"

A vote was taken recently on the merits of the newspaper comics, and Jean Knott came out first. Considering how popular Bud Fisher, Rube Goldberg, Maurice Ketten and George McManus are, that is quite a tribute to the young humorist who draws the "Penny Ante" pictures. I know lots of people who turn to "Penny Ante" every day but who never look at "Mutt and Jeff" or "Bringing Up Father" or "Can You Beat It" or Goldberg's broadsides. Jean Knott used to draw his "Penny Ante" pictures for the Post-Dispatch of St. Louis. He got $60 a week. Now, it is said, Hearst pays him $10,000 a year. Quite a difference!

"Ich Dien"

"Ich Dien" meaning "I serve" is the motto of the Prince of Wales, has been his motto since the time of the Black Prince. It is a German phrase, and therefore has become galling to Englishmen. But now comes a very learned man, Israel Gollancz, the editor of the Temple classics, with the assertion that the German form of the motto is incorrect. It shouldn't be "Ich Dien," he says, but "Ich Dene" which means the same thing but has the advantage of being Dutch instead of German. Professor Gollancz recently communicated this discovery to the London Times, with much learned proof drawn from deeds signed by the Black Prince himself. He thinks the Black Prince acquired the motto in Flanders. It won't take an awful lot of proof to convince Englishmen that Professor Gollancz is right. The royal family of Great Britain has deteutonized its name: it is now the House of Windsor. We may look to see the form of the motto on the escutcheon of the Prince of Wales changed without delay.

Bon Voyage Party at Techau's

He was going "over there" very soon and they were giving him a farewell party. His father and mother were there and his sister and "the girl." It was a merry little party, for they were all good Americans with plenty of grit. It began with a regular feast, but the dancing was not neglected. Of course he danced oftenest with "the girl," but every now and then he would whirl away with his mother while dad took his place with the young lady. Sister was not forgotten and it was she who received one of the prettiest favors at the Merchandise Dance. The Show Girl Revue Corps sang their best, as if they, too, were in the secret of the

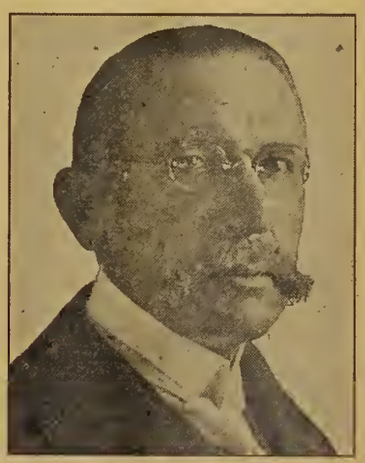
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A Judge of Wine

"All other wines are as nothing compared with this supreme effort of the iron-ore formation in the upper reaches of the Douro."

My friend who said this is nearly 90, and has preserved unimpaired the most instructed palate in Western Europe. Not a nuance can elude him. He has as fine an eye for the color of a claret, as fine a nose for the perfume, as Disraeli himself, but his peculiar subtlety lies in the direction of the splendid wine that the Alto-Douro has given us in abundance for more than two centuries. As he sat at the head of his mahogany table on a fine evening last week, and held his glass against the light, revolving delicately its antique pattern, he looked very like his stately ancestor hanging on the wall, who laid down the exquisite wine that he was drinking. It was his penultimate bottle of the wondrous wine of 1820.

"I have been," he continued, "in the Quinta where this wine was grown; a wonderful wild spot where one hardly meets a man for miles. From there I walked on, and at last looked down into poor distracted Spain. But the Quinta of the 1820 wine was the very home of peace and quietude. A miraculous wine! I am keeping the last bottle to celebrate the return of peace and to welcome in the new age that I shall not see. But this bottle we are drinking to the men of Portugal who are in the field."

"My father," he went on, after refilling the two glasses, "was with Wellington, and learnt to love Portugal and its wines, even the mighty black green wine that the peasants drink in great coarse tumblers. So he laid down enough and to spare of the great vintages. The 'Thirty-four' was a fine, an admirable, wine, delicate and worthy, but it was not, and certainly today is not, comparable with the rare virtues of the wine of 1820. There is only one wine comparable with that, of which, if you will be so very good as to bear with an old man, I will tell you directly. The later wines, in my judgment, are all inferior. You will hear much said about the vintage of 1847. In my view that was a wine lacking in all the greater aspects of a superb year. It was a powerful wine, with a curious and almost pungent flavor. It took many years to reach its prime, and never attained to any rare perfection. It still retains the defects of its youth. Now, the chief virtue of age is that it should drop the dross of youth in developing fundamental qualities as the result of experience. That should be the case with man, and is the test of man and wine alike. In my humble judgment the vintage of 1847 never grew up. And what is true of that wine is probably true of most of the later wines, though I am bound to say that the wine of 1851 has still some possibilities if it is carefully recorked.

"And talking of corks," he went on as he took a final half-glass of the sacred wine of 1820, "has it ever occurred to you how greatly indebted the world has been to that old priest of the Abbey of Haut Villers who introduced about the year 1700 the use of corks? It is true that he applied his discovery to what an old writer called 'good, old, dry, orthodox claret,' but he made the preservation of port possible. Blessed be his memory. I have often wondered that the late Mr. Browning, who noticed that eminent Roman ecclesiastics drink excellent wine, never wrote about Dom Perignon. But that is by the way.

"I promised to tell you of an old wine which perhaps equals, perhaps excells, this wine. I do not refere to the rare eighteenth-century wines of Madeira, wines that will not recur. The wine which is in my mind is a blended port of the rarest quality. The basis is the not inconsiderable vintage of 1815, the Waterloo port. To this wine was added, in a noble vat, wine from each famous vintage that succeeded. A great deal of the wine of 1820 was mingled with that of 1815. By 1834 there was ample room for a substantial addition of that delicate, noble wine. In 1847, again, there was room, and again in 1851, 1854, and 1870. This rare blend combines the virtues of the famous years, and has succeeded in neutralizing their defects. It is a wine in which Nature achieved a great purpose, for, believe me, the master of my college stated in my hearing that no such port had ever been known before. He, you will admit," said the old gentleman as he rose from the table, "ought to have known. He was the greatest judge of port in Europe. Great as was his reputation as a scholar, immortal his worth as a theologian, profound as he was as a mathematician, acute as he was as a moralist, these qualities were entirely forgotten at his death in the general regret for the dissolution of so supreme a critic of old wine.

"But you must remember," he went on as he put on his pince-nez, straightened himself, and looked at the portrait of his father, who had served under Wellington, "that a man cannot be a good judge of old wine unless he is a good man. The qualities which are required are not only good qualities, but are qualities which exhibit a delicacy of mind and a balance of judgment which must react in other ways on an expectant world. I have never been able to achieve my own standard of judgment, but there is, I am convinced, a philosophy of old wine better than that of Omar."

—London Times.

The Soul's Companion

Though floods shall fail, and empty holes
Gape for the great bright eyes of seas,
And fires devour stone walls and trees—
Thou, soul of mine, dost think to live
Safe in thy light, and laugh at these?

Thy bravery outwears all heat
And cold, all steel, all brass and stone;
When Time has mixed my flesh and bone
With rocks, and roots of common plants—
Thy shining life will not be done.

Thou hast two children: one called Hope,
The other Doubt, who will not play,
And drives that brighter child away:
How sweet this life, if Hope alone
Would walk with me from day to day!

—W. H. Davies.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

At Carolands

The event of the week was Mrs. Carolan's "au revoir" party to the members of her particular set. The mistress of Carolands is leaving for New York, and gathered her smart neighbors about her for bridge, dancing and farewells on Tuesday evening. There were sixty or seventy guests in mufti and many officers from Camp Fremont. It was one of the biggest parties we've had in some time, quite reminiscent of pre-war days when we had nothing to do except devise new ways "pour passer le temps."

The Hostess Was Absent

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was unable to attend the big luncheon she gave at the St. Francis Tuesday. The Dowager Queen of Society is still suffering from her recent accident, so she deputed Mrs. Downey Harvey to play hostess in her stead, for of course Queen Eleanor would not deprive her guests of a party merely because she herself was confined within four walls and couldn't go.

Mrs. Harriman Coming

Those who have more than a bowing acquaintance with the widow of the great railroad king are wondering how far they may count on going in the way of entertainment in her honor. Mrs. Harriman is expected today with a party of relatives and friends. As she never splurges, it may be set down here that whatever parties she consents to grace will be of a quiet nature.

A Centenary

On the twenty-ninth of next month Mrs. L. P. Rixford will celebrate her hundredth birthday, and you may be sure that her family intend to make the day memorable. How many such celebrations have we had? Very few indeed. When one stops to think that this splendid woman was born in 1818 and tries to reconstruct the world as it was then—well, unless one is an advanced student of history, one fails completely.

El Cerrito Reopened

We have all been delighted to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, who arrived Monday after having made their home in New York for more than a year. Mr. and Mrs. de Sabla have reopened their country home, "El Cerrito," in San Mateo, where they anticipate remaining until the winter season. They were accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle, whose marriage was a fashionable event of June. The charming young bride has a host of friends in San Francisco and on the peninsula, where as Miss Leontine de Sabla she passed the greater part of her girlhood, and a number of social affairs are already being planned in honor of the bridal couple.

Comtesse de Bryas

In Gertrude Atherton's very strong and living picture of the work the French women are doing in their country during this war ("The Living Present," Stokes, publisher, 1917) there is mention of the Comtesse de Bryas who is visiting us this week in the course of a lecturing tour. The special reason of Mrs. Atherton's mention is the "oeuvre" of Madame Goujon, called "Le Bon Gite." "The gardens of the Tuilleries when regarded from the quay present an odd appearance these days," writes Mrs. Atherton, on page 87 of her book. "One sees row after row of little huts, models of the huts the English Society of Friends have built in the devastated valley of the Marne. Where hundreds of families were formerly living in damp cellars or in the ruins of large buildings, wherever they could find a sheltering wall, the children dying of exposure, there are now a great number of these portable huts where families may be dry and protected from the elements, albeit



MRS. WINNIFRED L. ROSS,
Who is working with energy and enthusiasm to swell the "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund."

somewhat crowded. The object of Le Bon Gite is to furnish these little temporary homes—for real houses cannot be built until the men come back from the war—and these models in the Tuilleries Gardens show to the visitor what they can do in the way of furnishing a home that will accommodate a woman and two children, for three hundred francs (sixty dollars). It seems incredible, but I saw the equipment of several of these little shelters (which contain several rooms) and I saw the bills. They contained a bed, two chairs, a table, a buffet, a stove, kitchen furnishings, blankets, linen and crockery. There were even window curtains. The Marquise de Ganay and the Comtesse de Bryas, two of the most active members, are on duty in the offices of their neat little exhibition for several hours every day, and it was becoming one of the cheerful sights of Paris."

For the Tobacco Fund

One of the most active workers for the "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund," which is to benefit by the three days' roundup on Ewing Field, is Mrs. Winnifred L. Ross, who has accepted the command of the Twelfth Division in this big drive. Mrs. Ross has placed two automobiles at the disposal of the workers for this fund, and also her steam launch "Iolanthe." Mrs. Ross is full of energy and enthusiasm in her work, and the drive has taken added momentum since her participation.

Charles A. Murdock on "San Francisco"

Next in the series of Paul Elder's Saturday afternoon "Half Hours with Prominent Speakers," on September 7, will be a lecture by Charles A. Murdock, one of the city's pioneers, on "San Francisco in the Sixties," which will include reminiscences of Bret Harte and the "Overland," Starr King and the Civil War, and the Comstock. This week, August 31, George Douglas is lecturing on "American Women Writers in the War"—Edith Wharton, Gertrude Atherton, Mildred Aldrich. The Half Hours begin at two-thirty. There is no admission charge.

At the Cecil

Mrs. John Charles Doyle dispensed her charming hospitality at luncheon Thursday. She has been giving a series of entertainments during the past four months. Lieutenant and Mrs. J. M. Blood are sojourning. Lieutenant and Mrs. Everson were hosts at dinner Sunday. Among the Los Angeles society folk who are staying at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Durham, Mrs. I. M. Kell, Mrs. R. S. Field and Miss Hazel Henderson. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Murchison of Vernon, Texas, are being extensively entertained. Captain Edwin Gill came down from Seattle this week and will make an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. Wyche entertained at dinner Sunday in honor of their son, Philip Wyche. Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt gave a bridge party Tuesday evening. About a score of friends were entertained. The recent arrivals include Mr. Franklin Moon, Misses Canlidge, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Riddel, Mr. A. H. Wilson, Mr. Roy Curry, Mr. Howard Mayers, Mrs. M. B. Clapp, Mr. St. Gordon of New York. A dozen friends partook of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley Sunday.

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The Stage

Honoring Godowsky

At the Hotel Whitcomb on Saturday evening, August 17, a banquet was given in honor of Leopold Godowsky, the world renowned pianist, and his charming wife, by the San Francisco Music Teachers' Association. Mr. George Kruger, president, spoke in his usual brilliant manner, and paid a high tribute to the genius who honored the Association with his presence. He said few pianists were toasted, but the majority were roasted, and called for a toast to the honored guest. Mr. Kruger, by the way, has demonstrated his business ability in the upbuilding of the association during his succeeding terms. He then called on Mr. Henry Pasmore, toastmaster of the evening. Mr. Godowsky then spoke in his most genial manner, and expressed his great appreciation to all the members. The other speakers were: Mr. Alfred Hertz, Mr. Ray Brown, Miss Marie Withrow, Mr. Edwin Lemare, Portanova, the Italian sculptor, and Thomas Nunan. Many witticisms fell from the lips of the talented speakers. Mr. Godowsky then favored the guests by playing from his compositions "Miniatures," which are duetts and in two sections. Mr. Kruger played the first section and Mr. Seligman the second section with the great pianist. Before the banquet the "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung under the leadership of Miss Estelle Carpenter, Director of Music of Public Schools.

—The Music Lover.

Amazing Clowning

Toto tops the Orpheum bill this week. Toto is a clown. Toto undoubtedly has bones, but he has reduced them to complete subjection, so that they do not interfere in the least with any of his amazing contortions. He is without question the limpest faller in the ranks of the knockabouts. And he owns a laugh that he need not patent, for nobody could possibly imitate it. The 319th Engineers' Band, "all Californians, mostly San Franciscans," came from Camp Fremont to the Orpheum. If there is any criticism to be made of their playing—and there seems to be none—it would not be safe to make it in the hearing of Orpheumites, for all Orpheumites are vociferous champions of this aggregation of brasses and reeds. Under the leadership of Lieutenant Jean C. Shanis the band plays a rousing programme ending with Meachan's "American Patrol," of which no American ever grows tired. The Orpheum audience can't get enough of these engineering musicians. Constance Crawley has a very elaborately furnished playlet wherein as an actress she fools a dramatic critic who puts on airs of omniscience and infallibility. This sketch should please members of the theatrical profession who regard dramatic critics as their natural enemies. Milt Collins, known as "The Speaker of the House," is a scream, as usual, in his monologue. Milt is a satirist and a shrewd philosopher. There is a great deal of sense in his broken English. Cecil Cunningham has a repertoire of very clever songs in which she makes some patriotic points that are loudly applauded. The other acts are amusing, but these are the best.

—The Second Nighter.

Carter the Magician Coming

The boys from the Hospital Corps at Mare Island have made a big hit with their presentation of the two-act musical comedy, "The Rose of Queretaro," at the Columbia, where it will be seen for the last time this Saturday afternoon and night. There is a great deal of splendid talent in the cast and the "camouflaged chorus" is a scream. They will show the ladies at the Saturday matinee how they "camouflage" and transform themselves from Navy "huskies" into Julian Eltinges. This thirty minutes of added fun will be offered at the Saturday matinee only, preceding the regular performance. This week's attraction at the Columbia is being given in aid of the Naval Relief Society. The Columbia will be dark for one week, and on Monday, September 9, Carter, the Great Magician, will come here for a limited engagement. Carter recently played a Broadway, New York, engagement, the first by any performer of his kind in recent years. He made a great impression with old tricks that he makes new by the deftness and uncanniness of his work.

Last Week of "Up in the Air"

"Up in the Air," the merry musical farce, enters upon the third and final week of its successful Cort engagement Sunday night. There will be a special holiday matinee Monday (Labor Day) in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees. "Up in the Air" has more than lived up to its advance announcements and proved as delightful an entertainment as San Francisco has known in a long time. The comedians, Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwrds, and the charming prima donna, Eleanor Henry, who are the stars of "Up in the Air," were never seen to better advantage and furnish most of the fun and melody. Julia Blanc, Myrtle Dingwall, Robert Sandberg, George Stanley, George Ebner, Frank Darien and the other clever members of the supporting company are excellently cast, and the chorus is one of the prettiest seen here in seasons. The book is by Michael Corper and Waldo C. Twitchell. Arthur M. Fournier's score abounds in song hits of the popular variety.

"Why Marry?" Coming to Cort

"Why Marry?", the brilliant New York comedy success, by Jesse Lynch Williams, is due at the Cort beginning Monday, September 9. The cast embraces Nat C. Goodwin, Edmund Breese, Ernest Lawford, Leonard Mudie, Lotus Robb, Louis Randolph, Anne Morrison and the other distinguished players of the original New York cast. From all accounts this is the most pretentious dramatic offering of many seasons.

Mlle. Dazie at the Orpheum

Mlle. Dazie, who holds foremost rank in the small coterie of American premiere danseuses, will be seen at the Orpheum next week. She is a pantomimist and actress as well. She is the only American danseuse who has ever been premiere with a great grand opera company—Oscar Hammerstein's company. Her achievements in vaudeville have been notable, the greatest having been the presentation of Sir James Matthew Barrie's "Pantaloon." In her present suite of dances Mlle. Dazie is assisted by an exceedingly capable company and her programme is a classical and popular dance revue. Ariadna Romanov, famous Russian pianist whose arrival in this city caused excitement because her last name was identical with that of the late Czar and she was mistaken for the Princess Tatiana, his daughter, will make her first appearance in America, playing principally her own compositions. L. Wolfe Gilbert and Anatole Friedland, writers of "My Little Dream Girl," "My Own Ioana," "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," "My Little Persian Rose," "Hitchy Koo," "Sweet Adair," "Lily of the Valley," and a host of other popular ditties, will be heard in their latest successes. Their engagement is limited to one week only. "The Girl from Milwaukee," whose identity is veiled in mystery, has a powerful contralto, and her repertoire is beautifully rendered. Willie Solar is entitled to call himself "the international musical comedy star," for he has appeared in every country containing an English speaking theatre. When not dancing Solar is whistling, singing, playing comedy or doing what he calls throat manipulation. Eddie Mack and Dot Williams, described as "vaudeville's novelty dancers," have an original programme. Constance Crawley and Arthur Maude will appear in another one-act play entitled "The Actress." Milt Collins, "The Speaker of the House," and Toto, the greatest of clowns, will contribute, and there will be new Official War Films.

THE DUST HOPES
By George Sterling

What Power is this in which we place our trust?—
The Force inexorable, ruthless, blind,
To which ere birth the body is assigned,
From which till death the mind has fear or lust.
Nature, supreme, eternal and unjust,
What faith in thee thou dost forever find
In human hearts, altho the desert wind
Plays with forgotten armies that are dust!

Blind tho thou art, are we not blinder still?
Pawns of thy vast betrayals, yet our will
Tracks not thy poisoned river to its source.
O deathless, sad fatuity of man,
Attributing unto the monstrous Force
Honor and mercy, ministry and plan!

"Too bad about Tom and the girl he's engaged to. Neither one of them is good enough for the other." "Where did you get that idea?" "I've been talking the matter over with both families."

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

The Hun Appeal to Pity: A Warning

(Continued from Page 4)

America, think of your own children in a similar plight and have mercy!

Well, our children would be in a similar plight if Germany had her way. Such was the plight of the children of invaded France from August, 1914, until the battle of the Somme in 1916 rescued a few of these animated little skeletons, living like gnomes underground, and few with either lungs or mental facilities unimpaired. Such would have been the fate of the children of all France and of the British Isles if the U-boats had not been the ridiculous failure they were—in other words, if our wits had not been better than Germany's.

If the children of the Teutonic Empires are starving today—and it is quite true that many thousands have died of malnutrition—the crime lies entirely with the Kaiser and his crew, who have sacrificed them mercilessly. They will go on sacrificing them rather than lose throne and power. No matter what happens, the crime will be theirs, not ours. Moreover, it is the fault of the German people themselves. When they have the spirit to throw off the yoke, declare a republic, surrender the German Navy as a guarantee of good faith, then we shall be delighted to pour food and money into Germany to save the starving babies. Meanwhile, under command of their conscienceless Government, they are producing more thousands of nameless babies, who starve in their turn.

It is not to be forgotten, when this insidious appeal is made to our sympathies, that German babies grow up into German men and women, who, if the present system of government persists, will be taught, as their millions of dead and maimed brothers were taught, that their only object in life is to follow the Kaiser into a war for conquest of the world. Better extirpate the whole breed root and branch. And this, unless the German people come to their senses, is what we propose to do.

Only beware the sob-sister appeal to save at any cost the lives of German babies that they may grow to manhood, and compel our male babies of today to shed their blood in the death struggle of the United States of America.

The Early Days of the Academy

(Continued from Page 5)

I have thus far been unable to obtain information of the seventh founder, Dr. Charles Ferris. His name does not occur in the directories of the period. Those records are, however, not always complete.

The Constitution was adopted at the second meeting, April 11, 1853. At that time a committee on by-laws was appointed. Let us read from the preamble to the Constitution which was engrossed in the minutes:

We have on this Coast a virgin soil with new characteristics and attributes which have not been subjected to a critical scientific examination. Sufficient, however, meets the eye of the Naturalist to assure him that this is a field of richer promise in the department of Natural History in all its variety than has been previously discovered.

It is due to Science, it is due to California, to her Sister States, and to the Scientific World that early measures be adopted for a thorough survey of every portion of the State and the collection of a cabinet of her rare and rich productions.

Bold, brave, noble words. The glorious growth and achievements of sixty-five years, its influence appreciated the world around, proves that little band of founders did not plan or build in vain.

Injustice done its members through depriving them of the honor due their discoverics spurred the little Academy to action. There had been no funds for the publication of proceedings. The world had been astonished by the discovery of the giant trees of our Calaveras Grove. Good, earnest Dr. Kellogg had helped to make them known to men of science and with his accustomed thoroughness awaited data not at his disposal. Another received the plaudits of the scientific world and named the genera. It was years before the wrong was righted. Another member had discovered fish giving birth to living young and the honor of the discovery seemed about to be snatched from him. Too poor to print the accounts of the discoveries of its members, far remote from collections for comparison, inadequately equipped to assert its claims, the little Academy plaintively demanded justice. Its members had to depend for publicity on the local newspapers. "The Pacific" was induced to print the proceedings some six months later. At that time all newspapers were printed directly from type. The publishers consented to set the type of the several articles aside and, when enough accumulated to make four pages of about octavo size, signatures were run off the press and distributed to the libraries of scientific societies. Poor struggling Academy! How precious are those original signatures, many of them splitting a word in two parts and compelling the reader to wait weeks to continue the description of a new plant or fish. Even those leaflets were not issued till the Academy was seventeen months old and had done much important work. Let us skip long years of earnest and most important work. Dr. Kellogg and Professor Bolander had furnished many descriptions of botanical treasures. Dr. W. O. Ayres had described and portrayed the fishes of our State. Whitney had frequently spoken on geological topics and the Academy had gone on record as opposed to the sudden stopping of the Survey under his management. Dall had recounted his Alaskan discoveries. George Davidson had talked on geodesy. Hanks, Dr. James Blake, Behr, Cooper, Stearns and scores of others had told of discoveries. Noted visitors had spoken of travel in strange lands and presented priceless specimens. The Academy was nearly twenty years old. It had changed locations with its growth. It had broadened its scope and droped "Natural" from its name. It had been in debt and gotten out. It had received accessions in membership, especially during 1867 and '68. It had arranged courses of popular lectures. It had been solicited to become an adjunct of the University of California. It had succeeded in publishing three volumes of proceedings and two monographs.

Come with me, for it was my privilege to be present that night of September 2, 1872. We ascend the narrow stairs on Clay street below Kearny; one flight is steep and straight, the second steep and circular. Tonight the gas is lit in the halls. The candle which had been frequently placed on the upper landing to guide our steps up the winding way is discarded. Passing along the upper hall we glance into the library room, some ten feet square, well stocked with important reports and scientific books. We enter the assembly room, about fifteen feet by forty. Along the sides are cases containing specimens. Across the front end stands a table. Behind it sits the President, Professor George Davidson. All chairs are occupied. The room is packed. Near the President sit strangers in our midst. We are surprised at the great attendance, especially of San Francisco's most noted people.

Professor Davidson calls for order. In a few well chosen words he voices the Academy's welcome to an honored guest, an honorary member almost from its founding, and introduces America's most noted scientist, Professor Louis Agassiz.

I shall never forget that night. Good Dr. Kellogg and rugged Dr. Henry Gibbons, who were near me, were the only survivors of the seven founders. They had seen their pet grow from nothing. They had bid a last farewell to many a co-worker. They had welcomed hundreds of new recruits. They only could grasp the full import of the words Agassiz uttered. From the published account of that speech let us quote but these words:

It gives me very great pleasure to be among you this evening, and I can assure you, that as long as I live I shall be proud to have met such a reception at your hands as has been tendered me this evening. Twenty years ago, when your Academy was founded, I longed to come across the continent, and perhaps to stimulate and encourage those who were struggling in their efforts to organize a scientific body in a community which was then entirely engaged in gathering gold. My reverence for the Academy of Sciences of California has been growing since I have seen, in your published proceedings, that in a city which is so entirely absorbed in business, you have raised the standard of intellectual culture; and as I have devoted my entire life, without regard to anything else, to the promotion of Knowledge, I have felt that you were doing a good thing, not only for the city of San Francisco, not only for the State of California, but for the United States, as a great Empire, as a power among nations; for you showed by your zeal, among the difficulties which surrounded you, that you meant, even if you did not succeed to the full extent that you desired, to keep up the spirit which leads forward in intellectual growth. Now, I hold that it is your mission to show to the western part of this continent that without intelligent growth there is no greatness for a State.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—War news was decidedly favorable from all sections of the fighting zone, and prospects of easier money conditions created a bullish sentiment that put the market in a strong and higher position, although outside business was rather quiet. The news of a final conference on the Railroad Contract question in the near future, served to remind the trade that a final adjustment of the question is near consummation, and there was further accumulation of the rails in such volume as served to lift the average price of representative shares to a new high level for the year. Gains in the railroad list were impressive. There appeared to be no particular discrimination between standard shares and low priced stocks whose dividends have been in doubt, or which have not paid any in several years. Optimism was felt regarding the future in all classes of rails. The movement in rails finally exhausted itself, although there was little or no setback from the top prices. Speculative attention was then attracted to the Industrials, of which the Steel stocks were the leaders. It was said that the buying came from the Western houses, and the price went as high as 115, which is a new high level on this movement. There seemed to be very little stock for sale except that which came in the way of profit taking, or by the bears whose attempt to depress the stock has been helpful to the bull party. All the specialties came in for an upward turn, and some of those which have been long neglected finally came to life. The Motor stocks were the only class of stocks that were really under pressure. All manufacturers of pleasure cars will cease after the end of the year until the war is over, and this fact encourages bears to hammer this group. The trade is beginning to see signs of the end of the war in 1919. It is the first time that the financial district has permitted itself to hazard a definite opinion regarding the duration of the war, for even so recently as last spring, few sober-minded men would so much as discuss the question, excepting in the most general terms. This growing feeling that peace may come in 1919 has been reflected strongly in the rising trend of the stock market, which admittedly is beginning to discount peace. That the character of the stock will change much is doubted. It can be described as a creeping bull market, of the kind that keeps the shorts nervous. The market has a strong undertone to it, and if money conditions become easier, as no doubt they will, stocks are in a position to score a substantial advance all around, as sentiment is quite bullish, and the market could develop into a broad bull market. We would buy good stocks at the present market price, and not wait for a reaction, as the tendency seems to be for higher prices immediately.

Cotton—The Cotton market fairly boiled the past week, and the advance bordered on the sensational order, with advances in one day as much as 250 points. Liverpool and Wall Street led in the buying, and prices jumped as much as a dollar per bale between sales. The principal factor in the advance was the low estimate of the condition of the crop, given out by a local statistician who made the condition 59. This condition was quite a surprise to the trade, which, while it was expecting a low condition, was not prepared for a condition below 60. This condition would mean a yield of slightly below ten million bales or less than last year's yield. At the time this report came out, there had been no rain of consequence anywhere, and bad crop reports were numerous. On the extreme advance there seemed to be plenty of cotton for sale by the South, as the futures had finally advanced above the prices paid for spots in the South, and when hedge selling made its appearance and the bulk of the shorts had covered, a quick reaction was in order that wiped out some of the big advance that had been scored early in the week, although prices held well above the 30-cent level. General rains throughout Texas and Oklahoma, with lower temperatures have given the crop a new lease of life, and the general opinion now seems to be that we have about seen the worst of the crop news, and with favorable weather from now on, a much larger yield can be expected, although of course a large crop is out of the question. The mills have dropped out of the market, owing to the extreme advance in prices, and are now only buying what they must actually have to keep their plants running, and as this is the season that the crop comes to market in volume, we can expect further hedge selling that may take the edge off the market and bring about lower prices. On the other hand, the cotton speculator is beginning to discount peace. A strong feeling that the war may end before another crop is picked, with the corollary argument that the outlet for the staple would then be so largely increased as readily to absorb accumulation in the interim.

Getting On

Two Irishmen, who had been boys together in the same village, did not see each other for several years. "You remember my brother, Michael?" said Pat. "He's turned out a fine athlete and has just won a gold medal for a 100-yard sprint." "Good for him," replied Dennis, "but do you mind my uncle Maguire at Ballybently?" Pat was not quite sure that he had ever heard of him. "Well," resumed Dennis, "he got gold medals for half a mile, five miles, and ten miles; three silver cups for swimming, a marble clock for wrestling, two silver belts for boxing, and a heap of prizes for cycling." "Shure, he's the champion athlete, indeed," said Pat, with enthusiasm. "Not at all; not at all," exclaimed Dennis, "he keeps the local pawnshop."

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Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is herchy made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of JOHN E. BENNETT, 246 Russ Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased.

JAMES B. HOWELL,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1918.

JOHN E. BENNETT,
Attorney for Administrator,
246 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of MESSRS. GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE AND ORRICK, room No. 823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., situate at No. 433 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

ETHEL E. SHERWOOD,
Executrix of the estate of WILLIAM ROBERT SHERWOOD, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1918.

GOODFELLOW, EELS, MOORE AND ORRICK,
Attorneys for Executrix,
823 Insurance Exchange Bldg., 433 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167. N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

In the above entitled matter it appearing to said Superior Court from the verified petition of George Wolters, administrator of the estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, deceased, that a sale of all of the real property of the estate of said deceased is necessary to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be to the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and of those interested therein to sell all of the real property belonging to said estate;

It is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, be, and they are hereby directed and required to appear before the said Superior Court, in the court room of Department No. 10 of said court, in the City Hall, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1918, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administrator to sell all of the property of which said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, died seised, or in which she had any interest, at private sale; and also authorizing said administrator to enter into a contract for the payment of a commission to a real estate agent for securing a purchaser; and

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and puhlished in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Given in open court this 22nd day of August, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed August 22, 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-31-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

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TOWN TALK

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1359 | San Francisco-Oakland, September 7, 1918 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Victory Draft

On Thursday, the twelfth of September, the Victory Draft will begin. Into General Crowder's big net will be gathered all our potential soldiers between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. Out of the millions of new registrants will be formed an immense new army to supplement our fifteen hundred thousand men already over seas, and when the fresh legions reach the fighting lines we may expect the march to Berlin. Who doubts that our boys are going to cross the Rhine? It's a long push from Flanders and Picardy to the little River Spree, but we are all confident that the French, the English, the Belgians and their new comrades-in-arms the Americans are going to achieve it. The present successes are the beginning of the end. We can await the rest with patience because we are armed in confidence and the strength of a just cause. Winter weather, no doubt, will slow up the present advance; but winter weather will not break General Pershing's "bridge of ships," and by spring the Germans will be outnumbered, and their morale will probably be lower than ever. The glorious sun of peace—peace with victory—will soon be rising; its first faint rays will be glimpsed on September 12 when the Victory Draft commences.

* * *

We Hope He'll Come

Efforts are being made to coax our President to visit California during his speaking tour for the Fourth Liberty Loan. With all our heart we hope that these efforts will be successful. We want to meet President Wilson face to face, to grasp his hand, to tell him *viva voce* how much we think of him. We want the President to know from our own lips that he is the president of all the people, Republicans, Democrats, Progressives, what not; that insofar as he is concerned politics has been adjourned for the duration of the war; that we are behind him to a man for the working out of his war policies; and that we do not yield to any other Americans, to the citizens of any nation on earth in our admiration for the course he has pursued with steadfastness, with courage, with wisdom and with vision ever since the United States entered upon the biggest job of its history. We want to acclaim the man Woodrow Wilson, we want to do honor to the Chief Executive. May President Wilson incline a favorable ear to the coaxings of those who in inviting him to test the quality of our hospitality, are voicing an invitation from every man, woman and child in California!

* * *

The Nomination of Stephens

It is not necessary to tell constant readers of Town Talk that this paper did not support Governor Stephens in his campaign for the Republican nomination. There have been Stephens policies and Stephens official acts of which Town Talk did not approve, of which it disapproves now as much as ever. Nevertheless, we must say that, taking him by and large, Governor Stephens made a man's fight for the nomination. On the subject of prohibition we differ from him totally (or shall we say that he differs from us teetotally?). It is an honest difference. He thought—for we give him all credit for sincerity—that it would be bad policy for California to select another man for Governor at this time; to swap horses in the middle of the stream, as he put it in the picturesque phrase of Lincoln. So he emphasized that argument wherever he appeared before the voters. His speeches were appeals to patriotism. We do not think that was a strong argument in favor of his nomination, for we are sure that no matter who is Governor, patriotic devotion to the President's war policies will continue to be the rule at Sacramento. This again is an honest difference. It is evident that Governor Stephens made the kind of fight the people like, equally evident that his arguments had validity in the minds of the voters. He was nominated decisively. We congratulate him on his success thus far. He is entitled to be jubilant about it. And while congratulating him, we add, though it is scarcely necessary to do so, that whenever we differ from him again (as we are pretty sure to) we shall express our views just as forcibly as we know how. Politics doesn't make bad blood except when it is mixed with personalities or illegitimate accusations concerning motives. We respect Governor Stephens, and shall continue to deserve his respect (we hope) by opposing him stoutly whenever we honestly think that our responsibilities call upon us to do so.

* * *

What of the Kings?

Is it not brave to be a King, Techelles,
Usumcusanè and Theridames,
Is it not passing brave to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
To be a King is half to be a god;
A god is not so glorious as a King.
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven
Cannot compare with Kingly joys on earth:
To wear a crown enchased with pearl and gold
Whose virtues carry with it life and death,
To ask and have command and be obeyed;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,
Such power attractive shines in Princes' eyes.

When Christopher Marlowe put these words into the mouth of Tamburlaine, there were great sovereigns in Europe. Elizabeth on the throne of England, Philip II on the throne of Spain—these magnificent monarchs might well cause the admirers of pomp and circumstance to think that "a god is not so glorious as a King." That way of thinking seems to have gone out of fashion. Has it gone forever, or will the fashion of thinking highly of kings return in cycle like other fashions? We suspect it will never come back. The world has a poor opinion of kings—has had a poor opinion since 1914. Of course, we do not contemn all kings. The constitutional monarchs of England and Spain and The Netherlands command general respect. The modern Tamburlaines are the kings we no longer fancy—German Kaiser, Austrian Emperor, Turkish Sultan, Bulgarian Czar. These are in the antique tradition of kinghood. These wave a sceptre, and their subjects are supposed to tremble. These are the bosses, not the fathers of their people. These have lost their vogue. Their su-

premacy, long threatened, was shaken to its base when Nicky was pushed from his throne. It looks bad for the kind of monarchy these rulers represent. Blood and death and hunger seem to spell their doom. If we could see them, perhaps we should not find a "power attractive" shining in their eyes, but a look of terror.

* * *

The Kyffhauser

In the interior of the Kyffhäuser, a Thuringian mountain which looks down upon the valley of the Golden Aue, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa sits asleep beside a marble table, surrounded by his knights, awaiting the destined day when he shall awaken and lead the people of Germany against her enemies, thus inaugurating an era of unexampled glory. That is the old legend of the Kyffhäuser, and it has been a very popular legend in Germany. We wonder whether the Germans have it in mind these days. Would they not gladly exchange the Hohenzollern for the Hohenstauffen? Barbarossa, says Carlyle, was "a magnificent, magnanimous man . . . a terror to evil-doers and a praise to well-doers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since." Germany needs such a man. Whether he comes in the form of a Barbarossa waking from his sleep beside the marble table in the Kyffhäuser, or in some more prosaic shape, he cannot come too soon. History often makes legends come true, though not in their literal sense. Perhaps the old Germany of knightly faith will rouse itself one of these days from its protracted sleep, and inaugurate a new era of virtue and peace by banishing the Hohenzollerns (its worst enemies) as one routs from memory the remains of a terrible nightmare. Are there any signs of disturbance on the brow of the Kyffhäuser?

* * *

The Vindication of America

You proved that our altruism, our pacific spirit and our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage.

Thus General Pershing in an order praising the First and Third Corps for their splendid fighting at what he calls "a crucial hour for the allied cause." General Pershing expresses a thought which has been in many minds since we began to make the weight of our numbers felt in France. But he expresses it in muffled words. Many people feared that American virility, American courage had been blunted, not by altruism but by mollycoddleism, not by our pacific pacifism, not by our sense of justice but by spirit but by our dangerous propaganda of our tendency to feel too proud to fight. We think that General Pershing expressed the thought to himself in the blunter terms, translating it into more discreet phrases only to avoid hurting our feelings. Our military and naval leaders, more than most other people in this country, were worried by the mental and moral flabbiness that resulted from the teachings of such men as William Jennings Bryan and David Starr Jordan. They were apprehensive that a nation which did not seem to resent the singing of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" might prove unfit for fighting when the crisis came. Their apprehension, most happily, proved to be unfounded. Despite certain appearances, this nation was sound. That being the case, General Pershing refrained from referring to the unpleasant past except in carefully camouflaged words. General Pershing believes that America has vindicated herself, but he is too much the diplomat to say so in terms which would leave a sting. At least, that is how we interpret his statement.

Perspective Impressions

Meanwhile, is Governor Stephens studying the Mooney case?

No candidate e'er lost but bore
A grudge against th' election law.

In taking your allotted spoonful of sugar, no fair using a tablespoon.

One of the unions has raised the wages of its walking delegates. Is a walking delegate engaged in an essential industry?

Do the supervisors think a reduction of the tax rate from $2.46 to $2.41 will convince us that we have an economical administration?

That "See America First" slogan doesn't go for our million-odd young Americans who are touring toward Berlin.

A very interesting book to read these days is Dr. Doran's "Monarchs Retired from Business."

So the Republicans refused to nominate Bone-Dry Randall of Los Angeles. Can it be that they don't appreciate this superserviceable servant of the Anti-Saloon League?

California's quota in War Savings Stamps is sixty millions for 1918. Only one-fourth of this amount has been purchased to date. Buy your share.

Will the new nation be called Czecho-Slovakia? It isn't much of name in our ears, but it will probably sound sweet enough to the free Bohemians et al.

The argument in favor of Rolph is: To h—— with the law! Let the Rolph voters rule!

It took a great war to rob the word "liaison" of its naughty meaning.

The Hun was never strong in morals; now he's getting weak in morale as well.

Twenty years for "Bill" Haywood to medidate on the disadvantages of disloyalty.

We are reminded by present political conditions that once upon a time John D. Works stole a senatorship from Al. G. Spalding.

A saloonkeeper killed a customer the other day. Does this come under the head of decreasing the drink evil?

Sam Gompers' visit to England should do America good, and should do Sam Gompers good.

Have you heard the slogan of our fighters: "Hell, Heaven or Hoboken by Christmas"! Wonder what the Kaiser makes of that?

Many Germans are learning in bitterness of heart that Sir Edward Grey was honest and the Kaiser dishonest in the pre-war negotiations.

California should be grateful to Senator Phelan for trying to save its magnificent vineyards.

Is Hiram Johnson helping or hurting his reputation by his speeches in the Senate? We have our own opinion, but we are so often wrong!

Don't get out of the Thrift Stamp habit.

How many San Franciscans know what sort of timber they are sending to the Legislature?

Repress your extravagant inclinations. There's a Liberty Loan drive on the horizon.

When you see two men laughing together it's a good guess that they're discussing Rolph's predicament.

A large part of politics consists in using a good mouth-filling phrase before your opponent thinks of it.

Bone-dry Portland christens her ships with milk. Pasteurized baptism in a chemically pure town.

The bricklayers want $9 for eight hours with five working days a week. Who wouldn't be a bricklayer?

The State loses one of its best servants in the retirement of Commissioner of Corporations Carnahan.

When the Germans are back on the Hindenburg line they will launch an offensive—a peace offensive, but it won't succeed.

Let us not underestimate the length of the road to Berlin. We'll get there, but there's a lot of ground to cover.

Let us store up some of our enthusiasm. Winter is approaching, and we must not feel disheartened if there is a lull in our victorious fighting.

Varied Types

385—SIGMUND BEEL

By Edward F. O'Day

Fortunate is he who enjoys the friendship of Sigmund Beel and is invited to while away an afternoon in his music studio on Post street. A grand piano dominates the big room, yet for all its size the piano is not half as important as the violin that lies modestly alongside. The walls are hung with pictures—autographed photos, memorials of affectionate regard that take Sigmund Beel's thoughts to many distant regions, rare etchings picked up here and there in years of travel, cartoons by well-known artists, an early Keith, and any number of storied souvenirs. Let one of these souvenirs indicate the interest that attaches to all. It is the framed programme of an entertainment given in mid-Atlantic—there were three entertainers, and their names: Hans von Bulow, P. T. Barnum and Sigmund Beel. Curious brasses testify to the assiduity with which Sigmund Beel has ridden one of his hobbies. That is an old lamp from Flanders; this is the vessel of some forgotten pagan rite, picked up in the Ghetto of Rome. That knife with the handle of silver filigree was wielded by one of the Mahdi's men at Omdurman; Sigmund Beel was at Wada Halfa just after the battle, and the blood had scarcely dried on the blade when he got the knife from one of Kitchener's men. And books! The cases are crammed with books to delight the bibliophile. There are old, copper-engraved books of music that cannot be found in the British Museum; rare editions of English classics; presentation copies from authors. I pick up one of these. It is a slim volume of poetry, "Violin Verses," by Marion Scott.

"She was a pupil of mine in London," says Sigmund Beel.

Glancing through its pages I find a poem dedicated to Sigmund Beel. It was inspired by his Guadagnini fiddle, a precious instrument that had not been played for a century when Sigmund Beel acquired it and waked its sleeping music. "The Sleeping Beauty," Marion Scott calls this poem dedicated to her teacher:

Once on a time,
So runs the old-world rhyme,
A lovely princess in a castle lay,
Enchanted in a sleep
Too soft, too deep
For her to dream or weep,
As the blanched hours creep
Through linked years of lingering night and day.

Dusty and dim,
The motes in sunbeams swim
Athwart still portals and becalmed rooms;
Light sentinels of air
To watch the fair
Princess who slumbers there,
Enmeshed in golden hair,
Silken and light as work of fairy looms.

Old legends tell
That none might break the spell
And wake her, till her rightful lover came—
A prince of knightly race
Who found the place,
And, marvelling at her grace,
Kissed her upon the face,
And straight she woke to life and joy and fame.

Quaint fairy tales,
Their glamour still prevails,
For here in music is a real princess,
One who lay prison-bound,
In sleep profound,
Shut from all song and sound
While slow years glided round—
This gentle violin in its charmed recess.

But now at last
The magic spell is past—
She has been wakened, has received a soul;
And sings in golden tone,
So lovely grown
It seems an angel's own,
Singing before that throne
Whence first all music as a benediction stole.

It is not easy to interview Sigmund Beel. This master-fiddler who has played all over Europe from Dublin to Constantinople, meeting and knowing the great of every degree, is modestly reticent about himself. He'd rather show you his Piranesi etchings than tell you about his recitals in London and Rome. He'd rather talk about Fraser's "Golden Bough" than discuss his work as an adjudicator at the Ceiol Feis, the national music festival of Ireland, or as an examiner for the Royal Academy of Dublin. You have to coax personal anecdotes out of Sigmund Beel.

Here is one I extracted. He was the week-end guest of Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, at his country place. Alverstone was a musical amateur, and very proud of his performance on an organ in the great hall of the big old house in Surrey. He played for Beel, and asked for a professional opinion. Beel pointed out certain defects in execution.

"Please come and show me," said Lord Alverstone.

So Beel sat beside him on the bench and gave him "pointers" on organ-playing.

"I feel that I have been greatly honored," Beel told him afterwards.

"Why so?" asked Alverstone.

"It is not every fiddler," said Beel with a smile and a bow, "who is privileged to sit on the bench with the Lord Chief Justice."

Sigmund Beel was born in "my city Oakland." He was a member of the famous class of '81 in the University of California, the class which included Louis Sloss, Seth Mann, "Ned" Hamilton, Walter Mansfield, Ed Garthwaite and other well-known men, the class which was fired en masse for a glorious prank during its sophomore year.

At the age of twenty Sigmund Beel went to Berlin to study violin with the great Joachim. He was there five years. One of his most interesting memories of that period concerns the occasion when he had a close-up view of the Kaiser. King Humbert of Italy and his prime minister Crispi had come to Berlin on a visit. There was a great public fete in their honor. Pupils of Joachim acted as a guard of honor to the carriages in which Humbert rode with the Kaiser and Bismarck with Crispi. At the proper time the young violinists shouted "Viva l'Humberto!"

"Joachim had asked me," says Beel, "whether it would be inconsistent with my republican principles to participate in this ceremony. I had told him it would not. My true reason for accepting was that it would gain for me a pass to all the ceremonies, and I wanted to flourish that pass as often as possible in the faces of the brutal Berlin police."

During his stay in Berlin Beel played in the Philharmonic Orchestra, and formed strong friendships with some of the other young players. In 1902 Beel was giving recitals at The Hague, and the Berlin Philharmonic was playing at Scheveningen. Eager to see the friends from whom he had been separated so long, Beel went to the seaside resort and sure enough, a number of his old pals were there. Beel counted on a session devoted to the revival of the memories of student days in Berlin. But his old friends had changed. They could talk of nothing but England, and their talk about England was bitter talk. Beel, who was living in England, who loves England, protested. The talk went on.

"I'll give you fellows five minutes to get through with England," he told them.

But five minutes was not enough time for all they had to say on the subject, so Beel left his old friends abruptly and went back to The Hague.

After five years with Joachim, Beel went to Liege where he studied with Cesar Thomson, whom he calls "the greatest executant since Paganini, an inspiring teacher who plumbed the depths of modern technique." When Thomson succeeded Ysaye at the Brussels Conservatory, he wanted Beel as his assistant, but Beel had made important connections in London.

I wish I could recount here some of Sigmund Beel's wanderings in out-of-the-way parts of Europe. For instance, his tour of the Dickens country; or his exploration of the River Dove (sacred to the memory of Izaak Walton and Wordsworth) in company with a butcher whose name was Shakespeare and whose eternal friendship Beel won by playing for him the "Chaconne" of Bach; or his journey up the Nile; or his travels through Greece; or his interesting sojourn in Constantinople.

Of his local achievements I do not feel called upon to speak; all music lovers know about them. The Hinrichs-Beel Symphony Orchestra belongs to the annals of the old Tivoli; the "Carr-Beel Pops" given fortnightly for five years at Golden Gate Hall by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Sigmund Beel, enriched our musical history; and the Beel Quartet which gave two seasons at the St. Francis is still spoken of in superlatives which are entirely justified.

But I must find room for one statement of Sigmund Beel's before concluding:

"We hear much condemnation of German music these days. In this sweeping condemnations the names of Bach, Beethoven and Mozart are included. This is wrong. Bach, Beethoven and Mozart belong to the whole world, not to Germany. By all means, let us ban all the modern German composers, including Strauss, but not Bach, Beethoven and Mozart, whose Germany was totally different from the Prussianized Germany of today.

"The modern Germans have had a bad effect on music. Their teaching stifled individuality. Most of the Americans who studied music in Germany accomplished nothing because the academic teachings of the Germans killed their originality. But, thank heaven, none need go to Germany to study now; none need go to Europe. We have good teachers in America, teachers quite equal to the development of native talent. We are going to have an American school of players and composers."

An Old Woman

By Mary Webb

They bring her flowers—red roses heavily sweet,
White pinks and Mary-lilies and a haze
Of fresh green ferns; around her head and feet
They heap more flowers than she in all her days
Possessed. She sighed once—"Posies aren't for me;
They cost too much."
Yet now she sleeps in them, and cannot see
Or smell or touch.
Now in a new and ample gown she lies—
White as a daisy-bud, as soft and warm
As those she often saw with longing eyes,
Passing some bright shop window in a storm.
Then, when her flesh could feel, how harsh her wear!—
Not warm nor white.
This would have pleased her once. She does not care
At all tonight.
They give her tears—affection's frailest flowers—
And fold her close in praise and tenderness:
She does not heed. Yet in those empty hours
If there had come, to cheer her loneliness,
But one red rose in youth's rose-loving day,
A smile, a tear,
It had been good. But now she goes her way
And does not hear.

Buckwheat Bloom

By Harry B. Kennon

"Never'll fight a worse battle than that!" exclaimed a khaki clad boy, flinging himself down beside me on the car seat.

I thought I understood, for I had witnessed the boy's parting from his folks at the station of the village of C—, Iowa. His people, very evidently farmer folk—a man, two women and a couple of half-grown girls—hung on him until he had to run for the moving train. The women were weeping. One clung to the boy as if she could never let him go. "That," I thought, "is his mother; the man with the set jaw is his father." Yes, I thought I understood. "Saying good-bye is pretty tough," I ventured.

"Yes," the boy replied, "it's been tough the whole furlough. Where you from? Chicago? I had a job as shipping clerk in Chicago when I enlisted . . . went right to camp from there . . . they say we're going across . . . I got ten days to see the folks. Been times I wish I hadn't come. It's been hard for all of us, except mother. She kept feeding and feeding me up and jollying me about how I was going to see the world, and she wouldn't let any of them say a word against my going. I don't mean they wanted to—only, you know . . . they couldn't hide it. And then, this morning when I started, we couldn't find mother anywhere. I wish—But I had to make this train."

"I though the lady at the station was your mother," I said, "the older one."

"No, that's my oldest sister; she part raised me." He leaned towards the window, pointed: "That's our house over there in the trees," he said. "Our farm runs down to the track about here—Why, Mother! Mother!"

The boy lurched across me, his body half out of the open window. Under his arm, I caught a glimpse of a small bareheaded woman standing in a field of blooming buckwheat. She was waving a white sunbonnet. It was only a glimpse; the train rolled on. Presently the boy sank back into his seat again. I thought I understood his silence. Yes, I thought I understood.

Later, for we traveled some distance together, the soldier told me that his name was Ray Ellis. I entered the name in my note book and that night, in a Cedar Rapids hotel, I jotted down what I have written here—the little mother bidding her boy good-bye, alone, from a distance, had beguiled my interest. . . . The date of that notation was August 10, 1917. . . . This morning I read in the oversea casualty list the name of Private Ray Ellis, C—, Iowa.

The buckwheat is blooming again under August skies; an orchestra of a thousand bees makes the air all music. Somehow, somehow, I am sure that Ray Ellis closed his eyes to that music. Somehow I believe that his last waving banner was a white sunbonnet.

A Lady With Her Hat Off

"Just to talk to a woman"—that becomes a privilege when a man has been shut up in a camp for months.

And after he has gone across, it is a double privilege to talk to a woman who speaks his own language. An anonymous writer in "The London Daily Mail" tells of a doughboy who had that aspiration:

"Where are you from, Bud?" I asked him as I slid into a seat next him in the Underground.

"Me?" he said, surprised from his reveries. "I'm from Texas, sah."

He had been on this side three months, he told me, and was stationed at a flying camp, and he was the only American there at the moment.

"Do you know any one here?" I asked.

"Not a soul."

"Don't you go out at all—on Sundays, for instance?"

"Well, I've been invited to several sort o' formal functions, teas and things, but I feel they are kind o' perfunctory invitations; and the two that I went to I felt like as if I was just invited 'cause I had to be. So I just sit around on Sundays now . . . and write home . . . and tinker with the old engine."

When I asked him if he would spend next Sunday at my home the slits under his sunburned brows became twinkling oases, and he inquired solemnly, "Are you married?" I admitted I was, half apologetically, for I failed to understand his motive.

"Gee!" he retorted eagerly, "then I'll come! I'd just love to talk to a woman. I haven't talked to a woman for so long that ——" He broke off suddenly and contemplated the braid of his sleeve for a moment; then, pulling himself together, he continued: "The nearest I get is when I write to my mother. I never knew a fellow could get that way. Did you ever swear off smoking . . . and there comes a day when you itch to do something and you can't think what it is? . . . To see her drop a lump of sugar into a teacup . . . and pass the jam. And, believe me, it isn't the tea or the jam; it's just . . . well, you know . . . a lady—with her hat off! You know . . . in her own house!"

How Joyce Kilmer Died

By Alexander Woolcott

This letter was written to a friend in New York by the former dramatic editor of the New York Times, for which paper Joyce Kilmer also wrote.

I want to report to you and to other friends of his on the ninth floor that, three days after the tide of battle had moved on toward the Vesle, I made my way across the sloping meadow just above the Ourcq and, in the name of all of us of The Times family, placed a spray of cypress on Joyce Kilmer's grave. Grantland Rice and I searched till we found it. He lies buried beside Lieutenant Oliver Ames at the edge of a little copse that is known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, so close to the purling Ourcq that, standing by the graveside, you could throw a pebble into its waters. Straight to the north, perhaps ten minutes' walk up the unforgettable hill, lies what is left of Seringes, the tragic, half-obliterated village that Yankee troops captured the night before Kilmer was killed.

He was killed at the height of the great battle, killed in the climax of what I suppose was the mightiest week his regiment had ever known. Two days before, at the dawn of a misty Sunday, they had made a most gallant and irresistible charge across the river and up the hill, charging in the face of machine-gun fire that was withering, charging to all the wild battle cries they knew, from "Guts and bayonets, boys!" to "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken before Christmas!" Then followed the five-day fight for the mastery of the heights, and it was in that fight that Kilmer fell.

He was at the very front and he was there not because he had to be but because he wanted to be. He had been working as a Sergeant in the regimental intelligence section, working under the regimental intelligence officer, who thought the world of him. It was work that gave his excellent mind plenty to do and he loved it. He had relished so much the chance for service it gave him during the first days of the offensive in Champagne that, later, when his regiment was crouching for the attack across the Ourcq and he found his own battalion would not be in the lead, he asked and received permission to offer his services to the battalion that would be in the lead.

So it happened that he was close to the Major's elbow when the battalion adjutant was killed and, in the emergency of the battle, without commission or appointment, he was serving as a sort of aid to the battalion commander, when a machine gun bullet dropped him. That commander is one of those who feel that there are times when the temper of the line and the pitch of the battle call for the Major's presence at the very front; that, no matter what the books and the orthodox tacticians may say, there are times when the old man must be seen in front of his troops. Where the Major went, Kilmer went, too, and it was thus he was killed.

I wish I could find words adequate enough to tell you how deep and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The Captain under whom he had been serving for several months, the Major at whose side he fell, stray cooks, doughboys, runners—all shook their heads sorrowfully and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had to single him out. And in such days as these, there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in the regiment has come out of the fight the poorer for the loss of not one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. So the glowing praise and admiration I heard for Joyce was real—every word of it. I should be proud if any one ever talked of me as I heard dozens talk of him.

I gathered that his stock among men of all ranks had been climbing steadily from the first days when many of them, including myself, felt that he was out of his own element in a rip-roaring regiment. As the regiment's laureate, they all knew him and they knew, too, that he was at work on a history of the regiment. He had become quite an institution, with his arms always full of maps as they used to be full of minor poetry, and his mouth always full of that imperishable pipe.

They all knew his verse. I never get over my surprise at finding that all soldiers read verse, and most of them write it. Most of them carry a little notebook in which they set down their own couplets and also copy off any poem that has touched or amused them.

I found any number of men who had only to fish about in their tattered blouses to bring out the copy of a poem Kilmer wrote in memory of some of their number who were killed by a shell in March. I made my own copy from the grimy pages of one proffered diary, and I put it in for you to see, though it occurs to me it may have been published in the States long since. You will see that there is a refrain which calls for bugle notes, and I am told that at the funeral services, where the lines were first read, the desperately sad notes of "Taps" sounded faintly from a distant grove when the refrain invoked them. The lines were read by Joyce's own beloved Father Duffy, and those who were there told me the tears streamed down the face of every boy in the regiment. They just blubbered.

I have put aside among my papers a detailed, small-scale map which shows the Ourcq battlefield and has Kilmer's grave marked on it. Some day, when I may forward such a document, I will send it to you and you can send it to Mrs. Kilmer, if you think it would please her to have it.

I wish I could reconstruct for you that rain-swept battlefield as I saw it. After we had turned our backs on the pitiful ruins of Seringes, there was nothing to remind us of war save the boom of the cannon heard faintly from the direction of the Vesle and there on the horizon the sentinel balloons swaying ever so slightly in the wind. You must remember that all this countryside has been quite outside the blasting path of the armies only ten weeks before, so that only its village and the forests that have received a concentration from the big guns are really deeply scarred. This is not the bleak, blasted heath of such a veteran front as the Chemin des Dames, but rather such a fair, rolling country as our own Berkshires, with fields still golden with unharvested wheat. For Kilmer's grave, I might have gathered poppies from the field or an armful of Queen Anne's Lace, but as I picked my way through the unspeakably foul and battered streets of Seringes, it occurred to me to crawl over the shell-wrecked church yard wall and get a branch from the cypress there.

Then, when I found the grave, I saw I need not have brought anything, so eloquent was the grave itself of affection in the making of it. The sod was so trim, the green cross of sod across its surface shaped and patted with such painstaking care. It was marked, of course, by a wooden cross, and on this was written "Sergeant Joyce Kilmer." Then, after his company and regiment were inscribed, there was just the line, "Killed in Action—July 30, 1918."

That's all there is to my story, and I have sat up late to write it because, while I myself did not know Kilmer well, I know there were many in the shop who knew him well and that they will want to know.

* * * * * *

The poem mentioned by Mr. Woolcott is in the September Scribner's, and is as follows:

ROUGE BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
  And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons:
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

Poems About San Francisco

225—SAN FRANCISCO

By Eliza Jarvis Nagle

Enthroned above a sapphire sea—
  Watcher beside the Golden Gate,
New-born from dust and misery,
  Triumphant over fire and fate—
Fairer than ancient Rome she sits
  Upon her many-times "seven hills,"
The strength of youth is in her heart,
  Her blood with Western vigor thrills.

Perpetual roses in her hair,
  Jewels of light upon her breast,—
Queen of the ocean and the air,
  Her destiny is manifest.

Her shimmering robes of sunset hues
  Fall in soft tints from hill to shore;
White ships crowd up about her feet,
  Her music is the ocean's roar.
Symbols of power are in her hand—
  The gleam of gold from hidden mines;
The purple splendor of her fruits,
  The fragrant chalice of her wines.

The Spectator

Natural History

Walking down Market street a few mornings since, I saw a crowd of newsboys engaged in animated discussion. Within the outer car tracks was a strange bird about the size of an English sparrow. The boys were debating its species. One newsy exclaimed:

"Say, fellers, it looks jest like a Republican on this side."

"What ye'r givin' us? It looks like a Democrat on this side."

"You fellers don't know what ye'r talkin' about. That ain't no Republican an' it ain't no Democrat."

"Well, Skinney, what is it then?"

"Why, yer boobs, that's a Gimrof."

The Primary Muddle

"Well, old scout, what do you think of the scrap now?"

The speaker was Gus Hartman, and his question was addressed to the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"Glorious!" exclaimed the clockwinder with unwonted enthusiasm. "Why, Haig took Lens from the Germans like candy from a baby. And Foch ——"

"I mean the political scrap," explained Gus, a little sheepishly.

"Oh, that minor affair," said the clockwinder with sudden coolness. "It's a good joke, nothing more. What do you think of it?"

"As to its legal aspects," said Gus, "I decline to speak just yet. I am preparing a statement of my views concerning the constitutionality of the law."

"The Hades you are!" exclaimed the clockwinder.

"Why not?" asked Gus. "All the other lawyers have had their say. I guess a man who learned law by talking with Henry Ach ought to know something about it. But why do you call it a good joke?"

"Isn't it?" asked the clockwinder. "Everybody I meet is laughing at Rolph. He was hoist with his own petard.

"He was which?" inquired Hartman.

"Hoist with his own petard. Shakespeare, you know."

"I'm not much on them technical expressions," said Gus. "Give it to me in English."

"He put one over on himself," the clockwinder interpreted.

"Now I get you," said Gus. "Just the same, Jim would have beaten Stephens if ——"

"If," interrupted the clockwinder. "It's always 'if.' It was bad judgment, that's all. There's such a thing as being too clever, even in politics. There was a lot of bad judgment in Jim's campaign. Think of sending Teddy Roche down to Los Angeles. Roche got a lot of unfavorable publicity down there during the Bopp case. The Angelenos are very particular about the behavior of other people, and they don't think a San Francisco police commissioner should have defended Bopp. Mind you, I don't agree with them. Roche had a perfect right to take that case. He knows the proprieties as well as anybody, and he observes them better than most lawyers. But the condition is that he was not persona grata in Los Angeles, and he shouldn't have been sent there to start the Mayor's fight. That wasn't the only blunder Jim made. But the worst was splitting his vote in two by trying for that Bourbon nomination."

"Well, he got it anyway," commented Gus.

"Got what? The axe?" asked the clockwinder.

"No, the Democratic nomination," said Gus.

"Yes, and now that's he's got it what's he gonna do with it? He's all dressed up and no place to go."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Gus. "I ain't written my brief yet."

An Expression of Chagrin

"I see Jim took a fall out of the Chronicle in his Labor Day speech," said Gus Hartman, after permitting the clockwinder to digest his last remark.

"I noticed that," said the clockwinder, "and I noticed that the Examiner was careful to publish the remark. That seems to show that the era of peace and good will hasn't come for our newspapers, in spite of what F. W. Kellogg said in his celebrated Older editorial."

"It's kind of interesting, the way the Examiner and the Chronicle treated that smash of Jim's," said Gus. "Have you compared the two papers?"

"No. Have you?"

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"I have the clippings," said Gus. "The Examiner quoted the Mayor as saying: 'I've got my eye on those arch enemies of labor, those who preach industrial strife—the Los Angeles Times and the San Francisco Chronicle.' And this is how the Chronicle referred to the remark: 'Mayor Rolph spoke briefly, alluding to the disappointment of his recent political defeat.' "

"Not bad," commented the clockwinder. "As much as to say, Rolph took a swat at the Chronicle because the Chronicle helped to beat him."

"Exactly," said Gus.

"Well," said the clockwinder, "all I have to say is that the shrewdest politicians are always the best losers. I wonder if Jim is slipping? All the political luck used to be on his side. Does he see the turning of the tide?"

"Can't say," replied Gus. "I'll have to ask Matt Sullivan."

The Mystery of Bierce

The strange disappearance of Ambrose Bierce continues to be a topic of discussion in literary circles. Here is the answer to a query on the subject in an Eastern paper:

Nothing definitely of Ambrose Bierce is known since he went to Mexico in 1914. Two reasons were given for his going, one that he wished to gather material for new stories, the other that his love of adventure prompted him to join the forces of Villa. He was an old man, having been born in 1842. Boni & Liveright, publishers of his works, say that they do not know whether he is living or dead. There have been rumors that he was in France at the front, giving aid to the Allies, or fighting in the ranks. Mr. Bierce's daughter, who is married and living in Illinois, is convinced, it is said, that her father is dead. It does seem strange that so little is known of his last days.

The first report connecting Bierce with the Great War ran to the effect that he had been seen drilling recruits for Kitchener's army on Salisbury Plains. Then came the rumor that Dr. F. B. Mason of San Leandro had had word from a cousin, Captain Charles W. Mason, to the effect that Bierce had been transferred to the front in France. Dr. Mason failed to substantiate this rumor, but supplied the address of Captain Charles W. Mason, care of Mr. Adam Noel, 149 Balham Hill, Balham, O. W. London. Frank Mulgrew, the well known newspaperman of this city, who devoted considerable time and trouble to the solution of this mystery, tried to communicate with Captain Mason at that address, but unsuccessfully. Then Ben Allen of San Francisco, now right hand man to Hoover in the Food Administration, but at that time head of the Associated Press Bureau in London, tried to locate Captain Mason for Mulgrew, but with no better success. Finally Mulgrew wrote to the British War Department. He received the following unsatisfactory reply:

The Director of Recruiting begs to inform Mr. F. L. Mulgrew in reply to his letter concerning the whereabouts, etc., of Mr. Ambrose Bierce, that as the personal records of individual soldiers are not kept at the War Office, it is regretted no information can be furnished regarding this man, unless it can be ascertained in what Regiment or Corps he is serving. The enclosed pamphlet will be found to contain the addresses of the various Record Offices, where information regarding serving soldiers can be obtained, provided the regiment is known.

There, perforce, Mulgrew abandoned the quest, with the mystery as dark as ever.

Bone-Dry Launching

Bottles of milk have been substituted for bottles of wine in christening ships at Portland, Or.

We've substituted lots of things—
  Like rye and corn for wheat.
We've done away with many sweets
  We used to love to eat.

We've gone slow on the sugar bowl,
  Cut out all cakes and pies;
In fact, when all is said and done,
  We've tried to Hooverize.

But some fools carry things too far,
  If this be any sign:
They're christening ships in Portland yards
  With milk instead of wine.

A launching used to have some "pep,"
  The champagne was the reason.
Now Prohibition's butted in
  And milk is vogue this season.

But in this age of substitutes—
  (Excuse a sordid thought)
This baptism with milk comes high—
  It's fourteen cents a quart.

Suppose the price should higher go?
  Well, then there's Coca Cola,
With ginger pop and other drinks,
  To suit a Holy Roller.

But let's not worry over this,
  For here—at any rate
In San Francisco we'll still use
  The vintage Golden State.

So break the bottle filled with wine
  And launch our one ambition,
To float the ship safe on the brine
  And submerge Prohibition.

—E. M. O.

A Professor of the Humanities

From a valued correspondent sojourning in Los Angeles I have just received a volume of poems and some interesting information about the author. The book is called "Children of Fancy," and the author is Ian Bernard Stoughton Holborn. I am informed that Holborn is a professor at Oxford, that he has made six lecture tours in this country, and that he has just left for England after lecturing at the summer school of the University of California in Los Angeles. My correspondent goes on to say:

There is a special bit of news about Professor Holborn.

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He has been approached unofficially about joining the faculty of the University of California, where he has been for several seasons a lecturer in the summer courses. It would be a good thing if he accepted, as he might be able to give a little general culture to specializer in "advanced" economics, psychology and sociology (which I regard as the Higher Piffle), as well as to students of such frankly utilitarian courses as drafting, assaying and cheese-making. Our colleges have wandered too far from the humanities. They have been trying to turn out trained money-makers. Ability to get a job on graduation is the test. The result is, most graduates use the English of the comic supplement and regard the fine arts and belles lettres with boorish contempt. Professor Holborn and his kind are needed to put some leaven in this heavy utilitarian mass.

There is a great deal in what my correspondent says, is there not? That many of our so-called "educated" people are hungry for the humane culture they missed at college there can be no doubt. I understand that Professor Holborn caused quite a flutter in the cotes of intellectualism down Los Angeles way.

An Apostle of Beauty

Professor Holborn is an apostle of beauty, but I judge from his book of poems that he is not of the barren hedonistic school which sprang up about Walter Pater. He has a heart as well as a brain; his worship of beauty is not pushed to pagan extremes; he reverences and seeks the beauty of moral truth more than mere physical loveliness. That he is a classicist the titles of some of his poems will indicate: "Narkissos," "Menalkas," "Atalanta" and "Philistos and Neaira" for instance. A survivor of the "Lusitania" (he is still crippled from his long struggle in the water), Professor Holborn wrote a poem on that tragedy. That he called it "Lusitaniae Naufragium" instead of simply "The Wreck of the Lusitania" shows the classical bent of his mind. Yet he can be very human. There are many poems about children in this book, and they are beautiful, tender poems, though not to be compared with the child-inspired poems of Francis Thompson. Wherever Professor Holborn has traveled he has found poetical inspiration. The following was written during his stay at Berkeley:

How peacefully the Western airs are sighing
In the cool hush o'er San Francisco Bay.
Lo, where the city in the dusk is lying,
A single light illumes the deepening grey!

The sea grows still, no more the white steeds, flying,
Speed o'er the water as the winds abate;
The darkened tideway, ere the day is dying,
Bolts fast, with purple bars, the Golden Gate.

Beyond the bay the warm brown hills are changing
And white carnelians blend with azurite,
While amethystine clouds are Eastward ranging,
In deeper tones, through topaz-fields of light.

Stern Tamalpais, in the distance glowing,
Keeps her long watch o'er lone Pacific seas;—
So calm, so rare, such tranquil zephyrs blowing
With fragrant breath;—yet we so ill at ease.

One vision of the old familiar places,
Where still our fathers' fathers' footprints show;
One vision of the soul-remembered faces,—
And all the wide world's pageantry may go!

I join with my correspondent in hoping that Professor Holborn is added to the faculty of the University of California. He would surely find himself at home with such teachers of the humanities as Morse Stephens, Gayley, Ryder and others.

Lines from France

My dear friend George Lask sends me some amusing lines which have come from France. They were written by Corporal Howard J. Green of this city who is now Over There. He is a graduate of the Lowell High School, and before enlisting was a newspaperman, here and in New York. He is a son of Silas Green, who ran the Columbia Cafe before the fire.

I'VE SLEPT —— 1

I've slept on hard floors, stone floors, cold floors;
I've slept on floors of padded flax;
I've slept on barn floors, damp floors, old floors;
I've slept on floors with drafty cracks.

I've slept with overcoat around me;
I've slept upon a bed of grass;
I've slept with rats, and bugs to hound me;
I've slept where noisy lorries pass.

I've slept in dugouts and in trenches;
I've slept in crowded box-car stalls;
I've slept in boat-holes and on benches;
And I've slept in French town halls.

I've slept in dog-tent and in billet;
I've slept in stable and chateau;
I've slept where'er the "Cap" might will it,
But there's one sure thing I know:

When the whole darn war is over,
And the final peace words said,
With all the coin I've put in clover,
I'll buy a big and comfy bed!

Floyd Gibbons Tells These

Floyd Gibbons, the war correspondent of The Chicago Tribune, who is coming here to lecture, dropped into a barber shop as soon as he landed in New York. His arm is still in a sling and there is a patch over his eye to cover

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

the spot where a machine gun bullet went through. The barber looked at him with mild interest as he started to work.

"I suppose now," he said, "that you've gotten something in that eye, haven't you?"

One of the prisoners whom Gibbons saw was a German medical major. Somebody asked him whether the Americans were good soldiers.

"I don't know," said the major. "I only saw one during the battle, and he was most unsoldierlike. I was in a dugout with forty men when the bombardment started. After the firing stopped I came up to the entrance. There was an American soldier standing there. He did not look military at all. His steel helmet was on the back of his head. He didn't have any coat on. Even his shirt front was unbuttoned. He had a hand grenade in either hand. When he saw me he whirled around and said: 'Come out of that hole, you dirty Dutch pretzel, or I'll spill a whole basketful of these things down into your cellar.' It was most unsoldierlike."

After Colonel House

The "bete noir" is much in evidence in the United States Senate. The "bete noir" of Senator Reed is Herbert Hoover. The "bete noir" of Senator Sherman is Colonel House. Every chance he gets Sherman goes after House. Just now Sherman ridicules the statement that politics has been adjourned for the period of the war. He says House and a coterie of Texans are in the saddle, doing politics in the same old way. Sherman won't get very far in his war against House; first, because nobody, in this crisis, is interested in learning what Sherman thinks of House; second, because in attacking House Sherman is simply getting the President's "back up." For President Wilson long since went on record concerning his friend House when he said:

> I can point out to you a few men—of course I am not going to name them now—whom every man ought to be afraid of because nothing but the truth resides in them. I have one in particular in mind whom I have never caught thinking about himself. I would not dare to make a pretense in the presence of that man even if I wanted to. His eyes contain the penetrating light of truth before which all disguises fall away.

Of course the President may be mistaken about House, but it is not in the power of Senator Sherman to convince him of that fact. And suppose he convinces the rest of us, what good does that do Senator Sherman? We can't command the President to pick out somebody else as his intimate friend, adviser and messenger.

"The Public Be Damned"

In addressing instructions about conduct to railroad trainmen of the country, Federal Administrator McAdoo told them recently that "the public be pleased" should be their motto, not "the public be damned." Thus a much-discussed phrase is at last embalmed in the public archives. Just how was that phrase used? Ashley W. Cole of Pennsylvania comes forward with a timely account which I quote:

The late William H. Vanderbilt, favorite and most capable son of Commodore Vanderbilt, used the phrase some thirty-five years ago, about a fortnight after the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had put into service the first, the pioneer, fast train de luxe of the period, between the East (Philadelphia) and Chicago. The new daily "limited" train, with its gilt-edged, cushioned appointments, and its sustained high speed throughout the journey, made a sensation. Soon afterward Mr. Vanderbilt was in Chicago, on one of his frequent business visits to that and other railway centres on the Vanderbilt lines—and uttered the famous defiant phrase.

Only a few days later I was in Chicago with my employer, the late "Uncle" Rufus Hatch, and at our rooms in the Palmer House we were called upon as usual by Clarence Dresser, a very capable young "railway news" reporter for The Chicago Tribune. After the usual chat regarding the object of our visit the conversation turned to the Pennsylvania's new and dazzling train and to Mr. Vanderbilt's defiant phrase. Mr. Dresser had chronicled the remark in The Tribune, and we asked him under what circumstances Mr. Vanderbilt used the phrase. Mr. Dresser said: "Well, I asked him what the New York Central was doing, or going to do, to meet the Pennsylvania's big challenge. Mr. Vanderbilt said he didn't know that the Central was going to do anything; or that it was called upon to do anything. Of course they were observing the new train and its operation, and if the circumstances required it the Central might put on a competing, a rival, train. 'But,' I said, 'Mr. Vanderbilt, won't the public demand it of the New York Central?' He looked at me laughingly, in his usual good-tempered way, his eyes sparkling, and replied, musingly, 'Oh, the public be damned!'" Dresser was smiling and laughing all through the narrative to us of the incident.

Mr. Hatch and I (being also a newspaper man) quizzed Dresser, somewhat, as to Mr. Vanderbilt's manner and the meaning he intended to convey by the use of the now historic, but commonplace, phrase—whether it was a defiance. Dresser was clear, emphatic, in saying that he believed "Mr. Vanderbilt was somewhat amused by the suggestion that 'the public' should enter into the question of equipping and operating costly luxury trains for the New York Central—he thought the administrative and operating staff of the Central would determine that matter; not 'the public.' There was no defiance—it seemed to amuse him."

As the public knows, Mr. Vanderbilt soon afterward put on the famous Lake Shore Limited, New York and Chicago train, and that has since been supplemented by the Twentieth Century Limited. The New York Central has never defied the public—it has at times had to defy and resist politicians and public officials. As I was for over six years a member (chairman) of the New York State Railroad Commission, my opinion on that subject may be entertained with some credence.

Hyperbole from Porto Rico

Felix Cordova Davila, the resident commissioner of Porto Rico in Washington, made a speech in the House recently during which he recited a poem of his on our President. He stated that he had written it in Spanish and had then made a free translation. Here is the way it goes:

> While Europe roars like a hunted beast at bay
> In a horrible struggle, titanic and ferocious,
> A man here in America waves a flag
> And the tyrants tremble at the echo of his voice.
>
> 'Tis Wilson who in the high capitoline summits
> Speaks an august language that was never heard before,
> And causes the Andine Mountains to tremble
> In a sublime tremor of redemption and peace.

President Wilson is literary to a degree, so one would like to know how he likes to have Porto Rican hyperbole hurled at his unprotected head. Why the mischief President Wilson's "august language" should rock the Andes rather than the Alps, the Himalayas or the Urals is perhaps a secret of poetry as she is writ under tropic skies.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

At the War Service Center

The Housewife was smiling to herself when I met her the other day. I asked the reason for her mirth.

"I've just had an amusing experience," she explained, "and if you take me somewhere and treat me to a plate of ice cream I'll tell you about it."

The Housewife has a sense of humor, so I was expectant of something good.

"I've just come from a War Service Center," said the Housewife after she had spooned her ice cream a bit. "Do you know what a War Service Center is? No? Well, they've just been opened, so your ignorance is excusable. It's a place where they have food demonstrations, and teach housewives how to economize. The Lord knows, most of us have learned how to do that, but we're all anxious to increase our knowledge on the subject, so I attended a food demonstration today."

Here the Housewife laughed a little.

"A lady who was introduced as an expert in the saving of food, got up and proceeded to demonstrate an economical ice cream cake—you know what I mean, those little cakes that are served with ice cream. By the way, you may order me a few."

I did so, and the Housewife continued:

"This particular cake was made with chopped walnuts and currants. Walnuts, I may say in passing, are not the cheapest thing on the market. The lady expert in mixing her batter, used an egg and a half. Mind you, not two eggs, but an egg and a half. That was too much for me. I could not help asking why she wasted half an egg. You know, eggs are seventy cents a dozen. She said that two eggs would make the batter too liquid. I didn't tell her, she being an expert, but another teaspoonful of flour would have saved her batter from being too liquid. Well, the little cakes turned out very nice, but I wouldn't call them economical. Then the lady expert announced that she would make an orange cake according to the principles of war economy."

The Housewife laughed at the recollection.

"For this cake she used three eggs. Think of it, three eggs, for a small cake of one layer! Did I mention that eggs are seventy cents a dozen? One would have been enough for that cake. And she used honey. She admitted that honey was expensive—you bet it is!—but she said that if we wanted to, in the privacy of our own kitchens, we could use maple sugar instead of honey. Then, just to show the true principles of war economy, I suppose, she used maple sugar in addition to honey! She used half an orange—the other half was wasted. She used three kinds of flour—corn, rice and white. I manage to get along nicely with just rice and white. She used three tablespoons of baking powder for that little cake. I'm not an expert, but I know that was three times too much. Then she put her cake in the oven, and we all waited breathlessly to see how it would turn out. You won't believe this."

Here the Housewife laughed until I had to join in.

"When that cake came out of the oven, it was burned to a crisp, to a cinder! It was as black as coal. They had to soak the pan to get the charred remains of that cake out of it. And do you know how the lady expert explained her failure? She said the lady in charge of the stove—another expert demonstrator—had too hot a fire, in other words had used too much coal! I just wish you could have been there when that charred cake came out of the oven. All of us who were not experts had to laugh right out loud. I don't think I'll go back to the War Service Center to get any more pointers. Do you blame me?"

I did not.

The Community Orchestra

How many of us had heard of the Community Orchestra before the Bulletin a few nights ago published the story of the big row which has filled it with discord? I for one did not know about the organization out on Capp street, but when I confessed my ignorance to various musicians they made me feel ashamed of myself.

"Why"—this was the tenor of their remarks—"Hother Wismer has been developing musical talent out there for seven years. You ought to be ashamed to admit that you know nothing about it."

I have been trying to make up for lost time. In answer to inquiries I have been told some very interesting things. As for instance, that it is one of the most important and most successful attempts of its kind ever made here. The idea is to satisfy the music-hunger of those who cannot afford the fees ordinarily charged for pupils. As part of this worthy effort, Hother Wismer, a violinist with ideals, seven years ago took hold of the boys' orchestra and began to develop its potentialities. I am told that he uncovered some fine talent, and that the programmes played by the boys under his direction were of surprisingly high excellence. Too bad that one should hear of this only when the movement has struck a snag!

Wismer Displaced

It seems that Wismer went away some little time since for a much needed vacation. And when he returned, he found that his position in the Capp street organization had been given to another. The other was a Miss Rosenthal from New York. Finding an unheralded stranger occupying the place in which he had done such good work—work, I find, which those who follow musical affairs closely have praised again and again—Hother Wismer did the only thing which could be done in the circumstances. He resigned. And the trouble started. Those with whom he had worked, those whom he had taught, did not want to see him go. The managers of the settlement were called upon for explanations. Whether they have made explanations which explain I do not know. I do know that musicians are saying that Wismer was not treated with the courtesy which his position in our community deserved, which his work for the Community Orchestra doubly deserved. Wismer has made a statement which seems to me very reasonable. I quote from the Bulletin:

"When I returned from my vacation, Miss Rosenthal told me that she was to be the head

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of the violin department. I was, to say the least, surprised. She said that she hoped I would give her a list of all my good players in order that she could show them to the best advantage before the city. She said that I might train the others and get them ready for the senior orchestra. It was against everything in human nature to consent to have some newcomer take all of my good pupils and go before the Mayor and all the people, and to remain in the school in a subordinate position. Two of my best pupils, August Wieblak and Walter Mires, are now serving with the colors. I brought out Mary Pasmore, and many a time I brought out my violins and my viola for the boys and girls to play on when they needed a good instrument for some special occasion. So I resigned from the faculty."

Well, the organization has lost an asset, for we all know Wismer's work. I don't blame him a bit if he feels that his devotion to the cause of music has been trifled with.

For the Jesuit Fathers

Despite the numerous war activities in which all of them are engaged, a number of prominent women have managed to find time to plan a card and dancing party for the benefit of the fathers of St. Ignatius Church. It will be given at the St. Francis Hotel on Tuesday evening, September 17. The proceeds will be devoted to necessary repairs on the Jesuit residence in Hayes street. This residence was built by the priests of St. Ignatius as their temporary home immediately after the fire of 1906, and there is no immediate prospect of its being replaced by a permanent structure. The benefit has been planned on a large scale. Three hundred card tables will be provided in the Italian Room, and the Colonial ball room will be reserved for dancing. One hundred and fifty valuable prizes have been donated, including several of artistic and literary value. Ralph Stackpole, sculptor and etcher, has donated an etching of a Sausalito street sceene. Joe Mora, the sculptor, has given a replica of one of his Hopi Indian bronzes. Percy Gray has contributed one of his fine landscapes in aquarelle. Ina Coolbrith has given an autographed volume of her poems. Among other prizes is a solid gold lavalliere set with pearls and amethysts.

For Our War Nurses

San Francisco nurses who come back from the war weary and worn from their labors over there will have to be taken care of, and it is a patriotic duty of the community to assist them, according to the directors of the San Francisco County Nurses' Association, who this week started a drive for $60,000 to carry on this necessary work. The association plans to secure a desirable home which can be used by nurses who have no homes of their own, especially those who have been invalided in the service. Local society women are acting as sponsors for the drive, which has been sanctioned by the State Council of Defense and the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross. A house-to-house campaign has been mapped out and nurses are stationed in down-town business centers.

Morse Stephens to Lecture

"Reminiscences of Continental European Life and Politics, 1867-1882" is the subject upon which Professor Henry Morse Stephens of the University of California is to lecture next Saturday afternoon, September 14, in the Paul Elder Gallery. These years cover the period of Professor Stephens' childhood and boyhood; the reminiscences begin with a trip up the Rhine in 1867 and include a journey through Germany in 1871. This is one of the Saturday afternoon "Half Hours" in the Elder Gallery. This week Charles A. Murdock is telling of "San Francisco in the Sixties." The lectures begin at two-thirty and are free to the public.

Show Girls at Tavern

If you want to hear your favorite ballad, the latest song hit or some snappy ragtime bit well sung, go to Techau Tavern some evening and listen to the Show Girl Revue. These young ladies are artists. The ballad singers seem to the manner born, the ragtime expert puts a touch of genius into her work and you will hear better than an echo of the opera in the arias. These are very personable young ladies, and they wear stunning gowns. The Jazz Orchestra makes dancing a delight. To make it more attractive, the management devised the merchandise dances, which take place each evening at dinner time and after the theatre, during which the ladies are presented with favors of exceptional value.

A Will in Verse

Mr. Joseph Bell of London, export agent for lager beer, Scotch whiskey, stout, and cigars, who died in March, left £1164. The will, which is proved by Miss Jane Fordham of Kent and Frank Bell, his brother, reads:

I will and bequeave
To her I bereave
Rose Georgina Bell
About whom ALL speak well,
My CHUM and my WIFE,
My soul and my life,
ALL MY ESTATE.
So make NO mistake,
My worthy solicitor,
Lest o' nights unadvised I frequently visit yer.
As straw was required in the making of bricks,
It is needful to have an executrix,
So I appoint Miss Jane Fordham provided she'll act
And as my executor the work to enact
My brother Frank Bell, who's acutely exact.

"Savages will trade vast tracts of land for a string of beads." "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "I know a man who wears evening clothes and carries a cane, and he did the same thing. He went broke trying to pay for a pearl necklace."

Mother—Oh, Eric! I thought you were going to economize to help the poor Belgians, and here I find you with both jam and butter on your bread.

Eric—Why, of course, mother. One piece of bread does for both.

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Japanese, The French of The Orient

By F. L. McKenney

Some one is almost bound to say when general conversation turns to the topic of Japan that the great island empire is another France, the "France of the Orient." In sentiment, the artistic ways of living, making "much of little" in art and literature—travelers have noted frequently the resemblance between the two countries. But that the French themselves maintain that a remarkable similarity exists between France and Japan is not known generally. In an article on the "Japanese Theatre" in the Paris weekly, Les Annales, Claude Farrere, a noted author, discusses in an interesting manner the question of the relationship of the French and the Japanese in matters of art.

Farrere says: "There is a word that is repeated tiresomely when the subject of Japan is brought up among Europeans, the word 'incomprehensible.' But to the French the Japanese are easy to understand. The difference between Paris and Tokyo is only on the surface. The real character and ways of thinking of the people of the two nations present many analogies.

"For proof of my contention I shall not go far afield. It has been said many times, and with justice, that the essential characteristics of a nation are reflected exactly in its drama. If I can demonstrate in a few words the striking resemblance between the Japanese drama and the drama of France, will you not acknowledge that the alleged mystery about the Japanese is only in the imagination?

"I have witnessed many performances in Japanese theatres. And I do not at all wish to convey the impression that the theatre structure resembles in the least that of our Opera-Comique, or even that of our theatres in the rural districts. Imagine a sort of barn, rectangular in shape, with the stage settings on one of th four sides. The actors make their entrances and exits over a picturesque foot-bridge. The audience sits down on the ground—either squats or kneels, whichever they prefer—with no chairs or seats of any kind. The play rarely lasts less than twelve hours, beginning at noon and ending about midnight.

"Those are the superficial differences between 'shows' in the two countries. Just think of it; from midday until midnight the attention of the audience does not flag. Its curiosity, its ardor to see everything, to understand everything, does not falter one second. Is it not in the same way, with equal interest, that the Parisian public witnesses performances at the Palais-Royal?

"Such a taste for the drama, common to the two races, is significant, especially if there is an analogy in the plays presented. As to that, you shall judge for yourself.

"The Japanese drama started in the fourteenth century. In its beginnings it was the same as ours. The Japanese 'no' are parallels to our mystery plays. The only difference is the Shintu note in their productions, which took the place of Christianity in ours. The early Japanese plays were sacred pieces, presented for religious purposes. They were made up of dancing, singing and spoken dialogue. Another resemblance to our mystery plays was the 'kioghen,' or farce, that was acted in an intermission in the performance of a sacred play. In France in the middle ages a farce was played invariably during the performance of one of the 'mysteries.'

"With the ancient faith losing ground in Japan, the popular drama took the place of the sacred plays. The plays for the people had the same essential characteristics as plays in France. The Japanese play always had as dramatis personae, heroic warriors who saved their country, faithful women who took the veil on the death of their loved one, devoted ministers who gave their lives for ungrateful princes, and traitors that were killed in the fifth act. In all there is an atmosphere of chivalry, nobility, loyalty, faith and bravery. Are not all these virtues profoundly French? And if from resemblances we pass to dissimilarities, we shall find only a little more haughtiness in Japan, and a little more mildness in France, which is explained by Japan not having come under Christian influence.

"How can two peoples, so quick to applaud in plays the same ideals, be 'incomprehensible' to each other? For a long time now we have confused Japanese, Chinese, Mongols, and other in the Orient. It is time to end all that confusion. In reality there is greater difference between a man of Pekin and a man of Tokyo than between a man of Tokyo and a man of Paris."

The Stage

Great New Bill at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain seven new acts and one holdover. "Where Things Happen," a most ingenious playlet, will be produced by Emily Ann Wellman, who toured the Orpheum Circuit last season in "Young Mrs. Sanford." The story is concerned with two American soldiers, Over There who love the same girl "back home." The Bison City Four, Vic Milo, Frank Girard, George Hughes and Ed Roscoe, is one of the best known singing quartettes in vaudeville. Do you know Columbia and Victor? Of course you do. But Barto and Clark are going to make you familiar with certain qualities you never dreamed Columbia and Victor possessed. Leonard Gautier's "Animated Toyshop" is calculated to delight the heart of any youngster. The Amoras Sisters are two attractive young women who sing, dance and are exponents of physical culture. "A Fool, a Flirt and Her Father" is offered by Jimie Conlin and Myrtle Glass. They are funsters. Cervo, the famous piano accordionist, will be heard in classical and popular selections. The latest series of Official War pictures will be presented. The only holdover will be Mlle. Dazie and her company in their classical and popular dance review.

"Why Marry?" at the Cort

The most successful play produced last season was "Why Marry?", the comedy written on marriage by Jesse Lynch Williams, played for months at the Astor Theatre, New York, and the Cohan Grand Opera House, Chicago. The finest cast seen on Broadway in years was that assembled by Selwyn and Company for the presentation of this play. The critics agreed on both these statements. Now the play and the company—both exactly as seen during the long engagement on Broadway—are on a two-year tour of the United States. The comedy will be presented at the Cort commencing Monday. No play ever produced, it is a fair statement to make, received so much high praise from so many critics as "Why Marry?". Comment on a cast which carries such names as Nat C. Goodwin, Edmund Breese, Ernest Lawford, Leonard Mudie, Lotus Robb, Louise Randolph, Anne Morrison and others almost as well known, not only in the United States but throughout the theatrical centers of the world, is unnecessary. The coming of "Why Marry?" is a real theatrical event.

Mary's Little Cold

Mary had a little cold,
It started in her head,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The cold was sure to spread.

It followed her to school one day—
There wasn't any rule—
It made the children cough and sneeze,
To have that cold in school.

The teacher tried to drive it out,
She tried hard but—kerchoo-oo,
It didn't do a bit of good,
For teacher caught it, too.

She walked by his side. A simple farm boy he was. And she looked into his eyes, for she loved the country. They came to a gate. The boy opened the gate and gently they passed through. She could not thank him—for she was but a Jersey cow.

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A Lady of Paris

Our first meeting was in the bookshop of Emile Paul, a quiet temple into which you turn out of the hurly-burly of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Three or four readers are always to be found there, dipping unmolested into the piles of books, old and new, but against these well-known figures, gray-bearded men with the little scarlet rosette in their button-holes, and long-haired boy students, she caught my eye in a moment. I must have watched her closely, for the first impression is clear-cut now after the lapse of years.

A little woman with finely drawn features and the neatest head imaginable. She looked scarcely older than the seventeen-year-old daughter by her side, not a gray thread in her closely coiled hair, burnished and golden. When she spoke in her husky voice she made life and color leap into the dim corner of the shop. Soon after this chance meeting I was introduced to the Comtesse de X., and became one of her intimate circle. The enchantment of her wit, the trenchant sincerity of her speech, the laughing philosophy of her outlook on life are things not easily forgotten.

The small hotel in the rue de M— began to play an important part in my Paris life. A house utterly without character or distinction. The little salon had that bald, comfortless look peculiar to French rooms. It was dark, too, the windows that lighted it looking on to the exiguous garden at the back where the corrugated stem of an acacia—the tree which above all others one associates with Paris—and its fretted foliage screened the light.

In this setting of red Utrecht velvet chairs heavily fringed, and formal tables, all seemed strictly subservient to the gray bergère close to the fireplace where she sat. On the guéridon beside it a Cartier cigarette case filled with the Caporal cigarettes she never stopped smoking, a pair of gloves, and the book she was reading, her pencil and paper-cutter, all seemed poignantly and intimately to be her as well as hers. A few, very few, beautiful objects in the room could not lift it out of its tasteless conventionality. Some fine Sèvres, a water-color by Besnard, and a bronze or two were scarcely noticeable in the dismal penumbra; a bunch of flowers, a little dashed and dewy from the market at the foot of the Madeline, was usually stuffed into a vase by Albert's efficient hand before he announced that "Madame la Comtesse est servie." Albert was a little flustered in the event of guests coming in to luncheon. He would open the front door, mind and body equally obfuscated by a huge linen apron tied round him by a tape below the armpits. On these occasions he gambled on his mistress's habitual unpunctuality. She would return from her morning's shopping to scold him roundly and to remove her hat whilst the guests were waiting for her downstairs.

When she had joined us, a little petulant and turning her spleen to good account by her biting humor, we began déjeuner. The omelette never suffered from these delays (it must have been a self-starter), and was swiftly handed round the uncovered table, on which two decanters of red and white wine caught the light, limpid and bright. Before the culotte de boeuf appeared the telephone bell would ring long and despondently, but Albert was instructed not to answer it. Madame de X., her temper re-established, was an excellent pilot in conversation. General conversation as we understand it in America means a reluctantly hushed audience and one orator; abroad the give-and-take is so rapid that one is never aware of playing either the part of listener or speaker. The moment the hammer touches the anvile sparks fly, and one has a delightful if a little confused sensation that the fun is fast and furious, whilst the diapason of voices is raised with each fresh subject. A flat acquiescence with a smile wrapped round it was unknown at this table, and I have often wondered how the contradiction which prefaced another point of view would have thriven at an American party. Here at least it seemed indigenous. "Au contraire," the reply to almost every opening; following it a sequence of well-turned phrases. There is finish and balance about French talkers. It may be the language itself which is responsible, or the instinctive appreciation of form, which is part of the genius of their nation.

We were never more than six at these luncheons, and they were brief affairs. When they were over and we had withdrawn Madame de X. settled herself down resignedly to the routine of her afternoon. In the bergère drawn close to the wood fire she sat to receive her little Court. They came in one by one, these elderly men, the wittiest and most polished brains in France, whose day would have been incomplete without this interlude. Each had his chair allotted to him and occupied it for a space; there seemed no lapse between today's visit and tomorrow; with the thread unbroken the shuttle had moved thus along the loom for years. In the diary at Madame de X.'s elbow the name of each caller was daily inscribed. Custom had added the formality which intimacy had banished. The afternoon had become a ritual, and the hostess, proudly aware of the unique character of these gatherings, would complain grudgingly that she could not call her time her own, but if one of the group played truant he was frowned at and heckled the next day.

In her corner, surrounded by a haze of blue cigarette smoke, she remained poised and reticent, contributing only what was worth paying into the pool. She was an inspiriting listener, drawing the best from her talkers without the least effort to be effective herself. No subject was too trivial, an unfailing drollery of expression and a quality of freshness were never absent; yet the silences were not awkward, for if it happened that Madame de X. was in a low key, her audience sat like children who are a little overawed and afraid of creating a diversion.

When August came, and the trees in the Champs Elysées began to droop and brown, the camp was struck and the little interior of the rue de M— was moved bodily to a villa in Deauville.

The same circle closed round her here, a little extended by the inclusion of some racing and polo-playing people, and when the season had ended she spent the weeks that remained before October in a chateau on the Loire. The river, gray-green, the subtle color of soapstone, the landscape silvery and a-shiver with willow and poplar, the straight white roads were all loved and familiar things to her, for her life was ruled by the seasons as that of a migratory bird, and each year saw her return.

Warning me once of the danger of losing the love of some one who was dear to me by angry altercations, "Vois tu, mon petit," she said, "tout s'use." That is so; but one thing will not wear out, nor even fray or fade, and that is the gracious memory of her friendship.

TO ITALY

By Moray Dalton

Thou art the world's desire, the golden fleece,
Of Time's adventurers faring down to Hell,
But Helen's self dwelt not so far from peace
Nor so beset since lofty Ilium fell.

Tyrants would pluck thee as men pluck a rose,
Carthage and Greece, the Vandal and the Goth;
Now more are added to thy many foes
From East and West, aye, thou hast suffered both.

Greece was enslaved, and Carthage is but dust,
But thou art living, maugre all thy scars,
To bear fresh wounds of rapine and of lust,
Immortal victim of unnumbered wars.
Nor shalt thou cease until we cease to be
Whose hearts are thine, beloved Italy.

Mr. Bacon—Did you make these biscuits, wife?

Mrs. Bacon—I did.

Mr. Bacon—They're smaller than usual, aren't they.

Mrs. Bacon—They are. That's so you'll have less to find fault with.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Investors who look far ahead into the future and expect better days, are picking up the bargains in stocks and bonds which yield generous income returns at present prices. Those investors who have a little ready money after subscribing for Liberty Loans and War Saving Stamps, and who wish to secure as large a return as possible, can invest to better advantage than has been possible in many years. The stock market has been seasoned by the war, and the war has taken a turn for the better that promises to improve as time goes on. Such a desperate struggle as is taking place on the Western front cannot last more than two years, so those who buy for permanent investment should consider what effect peace is likely to have on securities they contemplate purchasing. Peace will bring about lower interest rates. The finances of the world will be administered with great skill by men who will make the best of the situation. Governments will not permit usury, and will devise means of refunding war loans at fair rates of interest. The rates prevailing in the United States will be treated as the standard, and they are much lower than other belligerents are now paying. If interest rates are scaled down after the war, the prices of good bonds and dividend-paying stocks will rise in proportion to their returns. Many high class bonds can be bought to yield generous incomes on their current quotations, and when they sell below par, the holder has a well assured profit by keeping them till maturity, when they will be worth par. While the stock market is free from manipulative tactics in nearly all issues, an exception to the rule developed in Canadian Pacific, which rose to a point at which it yields less than 6 per cent on the investment. The advance, however, was only temporary, and a reaction set in which carried prices back a few points. This advance had put it far out of line with most of the American Rails. The general rail list, however, showed some activity, and prices advanced throughout the list, although trade was rather light. Steel stocks were strong, led by the big corporation, and the market had all the ear-marks of the start of a big bull market. The announcement made by the Banking Committee that the banks would not furnish money for big speculation, put a damper on the enthusiasm of the trade, and caused considerable selling in a profit taking way. The undertone, however, was very strong and the reaction did not get very far. Money rates will probably remain high until after the next Liberty Loan gets well under way, but we believe the underlying conditions are so strong that any decline will only be short lived, and that the market will work higher and develop into a big broad market a little later on.

Cotton—We have had an advance of about twelve cents per pound in cotton during the past month, and while conditions have been such that the crop prospects have been reduced materially, it looks as if the price had about discounted the small crop. One thing should not be overlooked, and that is, we are going into the next crop with a carry-over of 3,500,000 bales, and if the crop should only be 11,500,000, that will mean a very low percentage indeed; add that to the carry-over from last season, and we have 15 million bales. Last year's consumption was about 7,200,000 bales. Exports about 4,500,000 bales, making 11,700,000 bales. If the same figures should be had this next year, it would leave us quite a surplus. The war situation certainly looks better for the Allies, and even though the Allies should be victorious this year, there would be an armistice from six months to a year, during which period no cotton would be allowed to be exported into the Central States of Europe. Hedging sales are beginning to make themselves felt in the market, and it is said farmers are showing more willingness to accept present prices. Mills are not inclined to load up, and are only buying from a hand-to-mouth basis. They seem to be playing a waiting game, and are looking for the weight of the crop now moving to market to bring about lower prices. We would not care to go short cotton even at these high prices, but would certainly accept profits and await developments.

Why Export Trade Is Needed

A rather forceful plea for economy in the purchase of manufactured goods has been put forward by George E. Smith, President of the American Manufacturers' Export Association. His is not the usual argument showing the advantages of thrift to the indivdual. He insists on the value to the nation in general of such a course. Production is being curtailed because of war needs. If domestic demand or consumption were to keep up to anything like normal there would be no goods left for export. And yet it is especially desirable that exports of manufactured goods should be kept up just now. Neutral nations which used to get their supplies from Germany and other European countries have been turning to this country for them. In this way they have become familiar with the excellence of the articles made here, and the demand thus created will be continued after the war provided the supplies are meanwhile kept up. If these supplies are now curtailed, or shut off, the benefit of all the propaganda and trade of the last four years will be lost. And, when the war is ended, this country will be in especial need of foreign outlets for its manufactured products, because the increased amount of its industrial output will be much too great for the home market to absorb. Then, too, in the interim, it is especially desirable that exports be kept up to many countries from which the United States is drawing its raw materials. This is not only to provide return cargoes to the vessels engaged in the trade, but also to maintain exchange. It would be difficult to find a flaw in this reasoning.

—New York Times.

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JUNE 29th, 1918

Assets	$59,397,625.20
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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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At the Columbia

Carter, the great magician, will be the attraction at the Columbia for the week commencing this Monday night, September 9. It is some time since San Francisco theatregoers have had an opportunity to see a performance on the lines made famous by Hermann the Great and Kellar. Carter has just completed a New York run, the first by any magician in recent years. Miss Corrinne Carter, the telepathic mindreading marvel, appears with Carter. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday. "Twin Beds" is coming to the Columbia for laughing purposes on Monday, the 16th inst. This "Ben Hur" of comedies has outlived all comedies staged in the last dozen years.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of JOHN E. BENNETT, 246 Russ Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, deceased.

JAMES B. HOWELL,
Administrator of the estate of JAMES W. CLINTON, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1918.

JOHN E. BENNETT,
Attorney for Administrator,
246 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

In the above entitled matter it appearing to said Superior Court from the verified petition of George Wolters, administrator of the estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, deceased, that a sale of all of the real property of the estate of said deceased is necessary to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be to the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and of those interested therein to sell all of the real property belonging to said estate;

It is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, be, and they are hereby directed and required to appear before the said Superior Court, in the court room of Department No. 10 of said court, in the City Hall, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1918, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administrator to sell all of the property of which said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, died seised, or in which she had any interest, at private sale; and also authorizing said administrator to enter into a contract for the payment of a commission to a real estate agent for securing a purchaser; and

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause he published for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Given in open court this 22nd day of August, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed August 22, 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-31-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-5

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Published Weekly by
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SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Save Your Money

Uncle Sam is going to ask all his nephews and nieces for a loan on Saturday, the twenty-eighth, and it behooves us to be prepared. He is entitled to the money, he needs it, he must have it. Let us give it to him quickly and with a smile. By all means, let us not pose as heroes as we hand him our dollars, for in lending to Uncle Sam we are doing nothing heroic—the security is of the best, and he pays good interest. If we think we cannot afford to lend him our money just now, let us lend it anyway. The fact is, we can afford to do so, provided we are economical. Cut away all extravagances and the loan will not hurt. The rule for all is: Save your money until September 28, lend all you can to Uncle Sam on that day, and keep on saving afterwards.

* * *

Good Signs

We do not see the end of the war, but we see victory. It is coming our way surely, and not so slowly. Foch keeps after the Germans hammer-and-tongs, hurling his armies at them with an orderly precision of system that is nothing short of sublime. The harassed Huns are in deep trouble at home. Confidence in the German governing powers has never been so low. Russian conditions are making the Kaiser nervous. Turkey and Bulgaria are not behaving the way nice allies should. It's a bad outlook. Looking to this side of the Atlantic the Kaiser doesn't see anything to encourage him either. Thursday's draft must have put a crimp in the imperial optimism, if there is any left. And we are about to fill the largest war chest the world has ever known. The war goes well, but we are not making the mistake of over-confidence. There is still a lot of the job undone, and America is as one man in the determination to do its share, our fighting boys with their lives and our stay-at-homes with their dollars.

* * *

Burian's Humor

It was not suspected that Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, was a humorist until he addressed a delegation of German newspapermen in Vienna a few days ago. His speech was a good example of the peculiar humor which obtains in Mittel Europa. We call particular attention to this witticism:

> The enemy group can, if it wishes, convince itself that in all questions of humanity and justice and of future international relations, it will encounter on the part of our group no opposition.

It requires a good deal of boldness for a Hun to talk like that, even if he is a humorist. But boldness is justified if it induces laughter. And what idea is more calculated to excite mirth than this of Burian's, that the Allies can easily prove to themselves that there is justice and humanity in the breasts of the Huns. True, the mirth is of a grim sort, since the mind which rests on Hun justice and humanity needs must think of Belgium, of the *Lusitania*, of Armenia, of Poland and of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, to mention only a few items in the bill which humanity has still to collect from the Kaiser and his satellites. Burian's humor is sardonic, cynical. We are not amused by this jester, but he must cause uproarious laughter in Hell.

* * *

A League of Nations

In their reply to President Wilson on January 10, 1917, the Allies formally and officially committed themselves to the principle of a league of nations to discourage future wars. The Inter-Allied Labour and Socialist Conference held in London in February of this year, went on record as follows:

> The League of Nations, in order to prepare for the concerted abolition of compulsory military service in all countries, must first take steps for the prohibition of fresh armaments on land and sea, and for the common limitation of the existing armaments by which all the people are burdened.

We hear more and more of the league of nations. The impetuous run to embrace the idea as a panacea for all the ills that have precipitated wars in the past. The cautious study the question and are not so sure. Some students rejects the idea as illusory. In such matters it is well to go very slowly either one way or the other. We are apt to accept or reject an abstract programme of reform on temperamental rather than rational grounds, and that is always an unsafe proceeding. We may feel that a league of nations is impracticable, or we may feel that it is the *sine qua non* of future peace. But feeling should be an incentive to thinking; it should not take the place of thought. Those who would inform themselves on this important matter should not overlook a little handbook recently published, of which the title is "Draft Convention for League of Nations" (*Macmillan*). In order to find out just what a league of nations would be like, a private study group composed of American jurists and publicists, examined the subject at a series of meetings extending over a year and framed this draft convention. It is presented to the public for consideration, with description and comment by Theodore Marburg. Supposing a league of nations formed, this programme calls first of all for an International Council. This Council is to consist of three members from each of the Great Powers of the league and one member from each of the secondary Powers. From its own membership this Council is to choose a Ministry of Five in which the executive authority of the league is to be vested. The Ministry is to keep a close watch on international developments with a view to forestalling difficulties. It may offer its services or those of any tribunal of the league to prevent internal disturbances of a state from leading to international complications. It may entertain complaints or initiate investigations. These men will be in permanent session. Presumably they will be of international reputation. They will be always in intimate contact and conference, keeping close watch on international developments. There is to be also an International Court composed of fifteen judges whose competence will extend to disputes of a justiciable nature arising between states. There is also to be a Council of Conciliation. The whole pro-

gramme seems to be worked out with considerable skill, as far as skill can be measured while the whole scheme is but a paper proposition. The point is that here we have something tangible, something to study before committing ourselves one way or the other on this very big subject. The jurists and publicists deserve our gratitude for helping us in this very difficult problem.

* * *

A Tremendous Retinue

We beg leave to call special attention to a war poem. It is, in our opinion, one of the most striking, one of the most thought-provoking of all that have been written. It is by a woman, Katharine Lee Bates. Read it, and enlarge for yourself the snapshot it gives you of all that Death has wrought in the world since the assassination at Serajevo. It is called "The Retinue."

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Austrian Heir-Apparent,
Rideth through the Shadow Land, not a lone knight errant,
But captain of a mighty train, millions upon millions,
Armies of the battle-slain, hordes of dim civilians. . . . .

Spirits bright as broken blades drawn for truth and honor,
Sons of Belgium, pallid maids, martyrs who have won her
Love eternal, bleeding breasts of the French defiance,
Russians on enraptured quests, Freedom's proud alliance. . . . .

Flocking from the murderous seas, from the famished lowland,
From the blazing villages of Serbia and Poland,
Woman phantoms, baby wraiths, trampled by war's blindness,
Horses, dogs, that put their faiths in human loving-kindness.

Tamburlaine, Napoleon, envious Alexander
Peer in wonder at the wan tragical commander,
Archduke Francis Ferdinand—when shall his train be ended?
Of all the lords of Shadow Land most royally attended.

* * *

A Comic Apostrophe

Consider the "orator" for a moment. The "orator" aims at pathos and often plunks bathos instead. The "orator" strains to reach sublimity and often bumps his nose against absurdity. The "orator" would be very serious, but how often he is simply comic! Senator Hiram Johnson is an "orator." He never speaks, he always orates. In the Senate the other day he orated on the subject of the slacker raids in New York. Here is part of his oration:

> Oh, you beardless boys who look to be within the ages of 21 to 31; ye men well preserved who may appear to be within draft age, grow ye your gray whiskers and put on the habiliments of superannuated age, or an extra judicial authority in the city of New York or elsewhere will take you to the bull pen until you can demonstrate by a birth certificate a thousand miles away that liberty is yours.

That is the way the "orator" is frequently betrayed by his weakness for rhetoric. That is not good, that is not effective; it is just silly and funny. True oratory is a noble art, but most of our self-styled "orators" are brummagem imitations. There are not many Samuel M. Shortridges in the United States.

Perspective Impressions

When the men of forty-five get into the trenches, the tin helmet will cover many a toupee.

Our idea of what it not important—a prize-fighter's biography written by his wife.

The burden of taxation is getting heavier for all of us. But let us remember that some are carrying the burden of sorrow as well.

Beer-making to end December first? Why, it really ended when they reduced the alcoholic contents to two and three-fourths per cent.

We wish John Rosseter, the new director of operations for the Shipping Board, godspeed and good luck.

The Call proposes that there shall be a woman at the international peace table. Whom have they in mind, William J. Bryan?

Have you noticed? When you read about them, all the moving pictures are "masterpieces"; but when you see them ——!

Wonder if anything is wrong with us? We don't think the movie and swimming queens whose pictures we see in the papers are so terribly good looking.

"There was one spot open to us all—but into which German spies could not pry—the American heart." Thus the scholarly and graceful Jusserand. It is a sentence we shall try not to forget.

David Starr Jordan has promised the Government that he will be good from now on whenever he takes his pen in hand. And as he was pretty thoroughly raked over the coals, we think he means it with all his heart.

So far we haven't heard any September Morn jokes.

Germany is now engaged in hastening the finish of the Finnish.

Ten years ago nobody would have believed that war could kill our interest in baseball.

Lenine hasn't been dead as many times as Korniloff or Hindenburg. But he may be deader.

If Ludendorff could catch his breath he might do something, but Foch won't let him.

John Bright said that the only value of war was to teach geography. But we've learned more than that.

The German army along the Hindenburg line today is far inferior to the German army that occupied that line last year.

The finest compliments Foch is receiving in this country, so far as we know, are paid him by Frank Simonds.

A matter about which we positively refuse to worry is that the cost of living has increased 250 per cent in Greece since 1916.

The story of this war as it will be told in German school books is going to tax the credulity even of German school children.

Poets, says the Provost-Marshal-General, are engaged in an essential occupation. Yes, but what is poetry?

The brewing of near-beer will stop at the same time as the brewing of beer. But we don't expect to see any tears shed over the scarcity of Bevo and the rest of the beverages that induce stomach ache.

Wonder what Martin Kelly thinks of Chris Buckley's reminiscences.

A will that can be and will be broken is the Hun "will to victory."

"I cannot and will not run," says Franklin K. Lane. Therein he differs from Ludendorff.

California is a year older, but younger than ever.

Garbage continues to be an incinerating question.

Save a little every day for that Fourth Liberty Loan.

Some people are still a little uncertain as to the whereabouts of the Murman coast.

Is the time coming when that stirring phrase "I'll take the same" will cease to be heard in America?

We know a lot of people who would like to exchange their cocktail shakers for domestic stills.

There are delicate gradations of insult. For instance, we shouldn't like to be called a Bolshevik, but we'd rather be called that than a Hun.

Secretry Baker's first trip abroad did him a lot of good. This second trip will undoubtedly bring him closer to an understanding of the international viewpoint.

Small boys look forward to all sorts of careers. Some want to be generals, others motormen, still others President of the United States. But we never heard of a small boy who wanted to be a supervisor.

The Truce of The Tiger

By Elias Lieberman

"Let us have peace and live as friends," the wily tiger said;
The sloth bear cocked a listening ear and scratched his shaggy head.

"Let us have peace as brethren should," the crouching tiger purred;
And the great, warm heart of the weary bear was very deeply stirred.

"Enough, enough of blows and blood," the bear's gruff answer came,
"I shall call a truce to the war we wage, if you will do the same.

"I shall let you bind with wire of steel my mighty fighting paws,
If you in turn will pledge to me to shear your cruel claws."

"Well spoken, friend," the tiger whined, as he bound the huge sloth bear,
"My claws will soon be harmless as the pads of the limping hare.",

Thereat he sank his talons through the sloth bear's wondering eyes
And gashed his breast. The wounded beast implored the heedless skies.

The tiger snarled, "No pledge I own, no truce, no oath, no law,
But the force that dwells in a sudden spring and the clutch of my mighty claw."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Beware, beware!" the great bear moans, as blinded, he makes his way;
"Beware the lure of the tiger's truce or be what I am today.

"Beware the purr of the crouching cat, beware of its tricky whine;
Or else—in a stroke of its rending claw—your fate shall be as mine."

A Recollection of President Wilson

By Edith G. Reid

At one of our relaxed moments this autumn I was sitting with three or four old friends in my long drawing-room. It was late in the afternoon —the tea hour, when the heavy curtains had been drawn, the fire lighted, and, though Hoover's card stuck in the window, there was enough food for comfort with consistency. Our thoughts and voices had dropped to the point of fatigue when someone remarked that Sargent was painting a portrait of Mr. Wilson. My memory went down the long years, meeting him gently, with a glow of the heart here and there, hearing his voice, remembering his vivid thoughts, until I came to the moment when I first consciously saw him. It was like taking up an old daguerreotype, and I wondered how Sargent's late portrait would compare with my early mental picture. Long I stayed with my friend that afternoon—long after the others had gone and my fire had smouldered. Would Mr. Sargent have the realizing imagination to see back to the beginning and follow the thread of his life until it brought him up to the man of today? Certainly, if Mr. Sargent catches the spirit of his subject, the portrait will but emphasize the dominant note that was struck in his youth; for there has been a singular continuity in the life of our President. In the ideals and purposes of his life there has been no variableness, neither shadow of turning. The tall young fellow, who carried his body with a certain diffident courtesy, never physically treading on your toes, was free mentally—there he led. I recall him as he came up, a graduate student, to the Johns Hopkins University, doubtless poorly equipped with this world's goods, but too wholesome for that to matter.

Nothing and nobody in those early days could hold Mr. Wilson long from his life's quest. His spiritual and mental impulses were, in a sense, inspirations, and would sweep on past and over minor matters. He had not that quality so lauded by Americans—the quality of push—he was too scholarly for that; but there was a tremendous momentum in this young man that carried him from a simple student, with a very small haversack on his back, his assets in his brain—carried him to the presidency of Princeton, to fight for the democracy of opportunity; to the governorship of New Jersey, to force just government; to the presidency of the United States, to hold steadily above a distracted world the scales of universal justice. As the smallness of his student's room mattered not at all, provided he would think and write, so the bigness of the White House, if he keep true to himself, is merely a vantage ground from which to do his work for humanity.

My daguerreotype shows a tall young man, whose clothes—one has to mention his clothes—were put on with so obvious a desire to show due respect to the function that he was attending, with so little thought for himself. He would never have done for a tailor's advertisement; but, though his clothes were too big for him, he was immeasurably too big for his clothes. That Georgia tailor proved so obviously that no amount of disregard to the anatomy of his victim could matter in the very least. Mr. Wilson was—he simply was. His kindly, humorous, intellectual face, so young, but so full of consideration and with so little of condescension, showed plainly the hall marks of his ancestry, Southern, Scotch, Irish, American—he looked them all: Southern, by those dreadful clothes and gentle manners; Scotch, by stiff integrity; Irish, by his humor; and American, in being at once full of idealism and of practical common sense.

Our acquaintance warmed into friendship, strange to say, at one of those functions devised, I believe, to show how cowed can become the spirit of man, how brave the spirit of woman—a big evening reception. Women ordained them, men attend them, because of some woman. We had been squeezed to the very wall of our hostess's pretty drawing-room and sank upon some mercifully left-over seats. The centre of the room had become an arena, where the odds were up as to whether the untrained gentlemen waiters could successfully balance plates of olio, broiled oysters, and chicken croquettes, and carry them deftly over the heads of the company, finally depositing them, charged with their perilous stuff, into the hands of their chosen fair ones. We, from our cozy corner, watched with keenest interest the heroes and heroines of this, to me, memorable evening. The company became merely a pageant for our delight. We wondered what it was all about—whether the people had food at home, that they should struggle and suffer for it like that. We were both of us young then and wished to be very wise—I, gay, arrogant, undisciplined; he, very humble, for he was already in harness, and his fresh, creative mind bowed to wisdom. He studied his premises and weighed his conclusions. But the trivial only held him as the lightest of surface comedies; he quickly cut through them to the great problems of past, present, and future. The unessential held him hardly at all; but, because of his humor, his talk was never ponderous; and also because of a certain vitalizing quality that was his in a degree I have never known in any other person. He was subjective only inasmuch as he minded your blame and cared for your praise; for the rest, he was purely objective. The big problems of humanity consumed him; they were so much bigger than himself that he forgot himself. Never in the world was it truer of any one than of him that he had a vision, but that he kept his feet on the ground; and that makes the order of person who arrives and carries others with him.

Mr. Wilson was not an individualist. It was not for the love of one child, but for the love of all children, that their problems concerned him. Not the problem of one favored and dear youth, but the problems of all youth, fired him; not the development of the South alone, but the development of his entire country, absorbed

(Continued on Page 13)

gramme seems to be worked out with considerable skill, as far as skill can be measured while the whole scheme is but a paper proposition. The point is that here we have something tangible, something to study before committing ourselves one way or the other on this very big subject. The jurists and publicists deserve our gratitude for helping us in this very difficult problem.

* * *

A Tremendous Retinue

We beg leave to call special attention to a war poem. It is, in our opinion, one of the most striking, one of the most thought-provoking of all that have been written. It is by a woman, Katharine Lee Bates. Read it, and enlarge for yourself the snapshot it gives you of all that Death has wrought in the world since the assassination at Serajevo. It is called "The Retinue."

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Austrian Heir-Apparent,
Rideth through the Shadow Land, not a lone knight errant,
But captain of a mighty train, millions upon millions,
Armies of the battle-slain, hordes of dim civilians. . . . .

Spirits bright as broken blades drawn for truth and honor,
Sons of Belgium, pallid maids, martyrs who have won her
Love eternal, bleeding breasts of the French defiance,
Russians on enraptured quests, Freedom's proud alliance. . . . .

Flocking from the murderous seas, from the famished lowland,
From the blazing villages of Serbia and Poland,
Woman phantoms, baby wraiths, trampled by war's blindness,
Horses, dogs, that put their faiths in human loving-kindness.

Tamburlaine, Napoleon, envious Alexander
Peer in wonder at the wan tragical command
Archduke Francis Ferdinand—when shall train be ended?
Of all the lords of Shadow Land most roy attended.

* * *

A Comic Apostrophe

Consider the "orator" for a moment.

Perspective Impressi

When the men of forty-five get into the trenches, the tin helmet will cover many a toupee.

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David?"

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l rose. When she had put it in

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like it, too, until—she looked

the little screwed-up figure in

sleep, and she lay staring up at

nking of David. The breathing

rritated her. How could she or

body else forget, when Jimmie

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snuggled up to her, sighing con-

e couldn't resist him when he did

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David. She wanted him and she

her mind to have him. He wanted

was Jimmie who stood in the way.

mmie had to suffer she'd have David,

e a respectable married woman with

efore her name. She had had enough

er thing.

norning she was awakened by Jimmie

r. When she remembered what had

the night before she turned her face

o weeks Maggie didn't see David. And

rainy afternoon he came. They moved

up in front of the fire, for the day was

David sat as far from Maggie as he

He didn't say why he hadn't come, and

ln't ask.

y looked into the fire, and then suddenly

ound themselves close to each other. He

s face down to hers and, like a child, she

her lips to his.

nething struck the window, and, looking

nto the yard, they saw Jimmie, in rubber

s and a raincoat, laughing in at them, his

ls full of pebbles.

avid spoke roughly.

I can't stand that child—for a minute I for-

him."

'You can't stand him because he's remindin'

u—of—of—"

"Yes—I can't help it."

He went out of the house, and Maggie, watch-

ng him from the window, saw that he never

nce looked back.

All her hurt pride and anger and defeat found an outlet in punishing Jimmie. She felt as though the child had thrown the pebbles just to spite her. She looked at him as he sulked in a corner.

"You've been a bad boy, Jimmie."

"I didn't do nothin' but throw some pebbles. You're a mean woman."

"Don't you sass me, Jimmie."

He muttered something beneath his breath, and she, pretending not to hear him, picked up a paper and glanced over it carelessly. Suddenly her hands clenched and the paper rattled. She took a scissors off the table, cut out an article, folded it and put it in the front of her dress. She stared at the child, her eyes wide; then she picked him up in her arms and kissed him fiercely.

The next morning Maggie got up early and started packing. She filled a trunk with hers and Jimmie's clothes, locked it, and strapped it. By noon the house was cleaned, the windows locked, and the shades drawn.

She took Jimmie by the hand and walked across the grass to Mrs. James', her next-door neighbor. Mrs. James left the window, where her eyes had been glued watching the unusual proceedings taking place at Maggie's house, and went to answer the ring at the door-bell.

Maggie refused her invitation to come in. "No," she said, "I ain't got time, for I got to catch the twelve-thirty train. I just come to tell you good-bye. I'm leavin' here for a two weeks' visit at my sister's house. If you see David Loring, you might tell him I left good-bye for him."

At the end of two weeks, Maggie, dressed in black, came home alone. She told Mrs. James, and Mrs. James told others, that Jimmie was dead. He had been run over by an automobile while playing in the street outside Maggie's sister's house.

When Mrs. James wanted to take Maggie in her arms and cry over her, Maggie held herself back and stared at her comforter dry-eyed. Mrs. James, in repeating the story, said that Maggie was a queer one.

Before the summer was over David and Maggie were married. Maggie flirted her wedding ring and the "Mrs." before her name in the faces of all those who had scoffed.

She and David were known as the gayest young couple in the county. They went to the country dances, and often into town if there was a circus or a show offered as an attraction.

David told her she had the energy of six women, and that he couldn't keep up with her. And she laughed and twisted her wedding ring, which had grown too large for her finger.

Mrs. James told David that Maggie was looking badly. In his masculine way he had never thought of Maggie being sick. She was always wanting to go somewhere or to do something.

(Continued on Page 13)

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Mine Sweeping

By Gordon Bruce

Duty, courage and efficiency.

These three words are the summary of my week's trip in the North Sea aboard a British mine sweeper. It is hazardous work, this sweeping the seas for enemy mines, laid under cover of darkness, by the small boats of the Germans.

Previous to my trip a dark mantle of secrecy had been flung about mine sweeping operations. And I was glad when the Admiralty saw fit to give me a glimpse of what was being done by those mysterious boats which go out from certain naval stations with the regularity of clockwork, to return and make a casual report of so many German mines destroyed.

Sometimes they do not return. Then there is mourning in certain English households—mourning softened by the knowledge that the husband or brother or son went to his death with the traditional bravery of British seamen. That he died in the service of his King.

On my arrival at the naval station I was received cordially by the commodore in command. At mess that night there were a number of visiting officers from various branches of the service. And during the evening I got some fresh ideas of what the British Navy stands for.

These men told of the most thrilling experiences in the most casual manner. And each one seemed to consider the other fellow's job most dangerous.

"Those mine sweeping chaps are welcome to their little berths," said a coast defense officer. "Fancy prowling about the sea looking for a mine to blow you up."

"Well, I'd rather fish for mines than lie in my bed waiting for a Zep to drop a bomb on me," replied the chief mine sweeping officer of the station. And so on.

They told me much about mine sweeping. They explained the method by which the seas are kept clear. They drew diagrams to illustrate the mechanism of mines, paying due tribute to the ingenuity of the enemy. I was amazed at the detailed knowledge which they had of German activities. They told me when and where the deadly explosives would be placed, and certain prophecies made at that table turned out later to be correct.

But what impressed me was the bravery and optimism of the men. Fear is not in their vocabulary; yet there were present four officers whose ships had been sunk under them. It was all in the day's work.

It was while sitting there that I first realized that Britain is keeping the seas clear not only for her own commerce, but the commerce of the world.

"Of course there is nothing else for us to do," an officer told me. "But it has turned out to be a big contract since the Germans elected to sow mines in the open sea. Shows how much they care for neutral shipping, doesn't it?"

It was somewhat startling to learn how many hundreds of boats and thousands of men are engaged continuously in harvesting those murderous sea bombs. "Fishing," they call it. So next morning I went "fishing."

It was a hopeful start, because as we put out from the quay in the dim light of early morning, the captain of the sweeper promised faithfully to take me where the "fishing" was good—where he was certain the Germans had laid mines.

Another boat, a sister to ours, left harbor at the same time. She was our other half—for British mine sweeping operations require two boats while the Germans employ but one. The naval men say that the latter system is far less effective and more expensive in the long run.

For many hours the boats traveled along side by side. I stood on the bridge with the captain, who seemed always there. He was a young man, small of figure, but his alert, weather-worn face showed the stuff he was made from. He was modest, and while he talked freely of the experiences he had encountered during the last sixteen months, always the credit went to somebody else, and never was there any mention of peril. He preferred to talk of his wife and two little girls down in Surrey.

A deck hand came up the ladder and handed up two pneumatic life belts. The captain silently passed one to me. After we had fastened them securely, he glanced at the chart and compass. Then he gave a command, and a signal was flashed to the other boat. Thus the first preparations were made for our "fishing."

The other boat nosed easily alongside. There was a clanking of machinery, and she made off again, carrying one end of a heavy steel cable. Several hundred yards away she resumed her course, while the cable sagged far down beneath the surface of the water. That was all—we were sweeping.

"Now, then," said the skipper, "we are on the job. The Germans sneak out every night and sprinkle mines here, here and here"—indicating the locations on the chart.

"They adjust the mooring cables so that the mines will be just under water at low tide and a ship cannot possibly have any warning. Devilish thing, isn't it?"

So we ploughed along—very slowly—keeping abreast of the other vessel, and with nothing to show that we were connected except a few feet of cable where it ran down the side into the apparatus which keeps it below the surface. It was quite monotonous, and a bit dreamy—this crawling along over the North Sea with nothing happening. And that is what we did most of the time I was aboard that vessel. Shooting at ducks and bits of driftwood with a Winchester rifle was the most pleasing diversion.

It was late in the afternoon that we made our first catch.

A sudden tightening of the cable made it clear that we had hit an obstruction. There was just a slight tremor all through the boat. Everybody stepped to the rail and gazed intently into the water. "That'll be one," said the commander, as the cable relaxed.

Sure enough, it was "one." The Boche mine broke the surface of the water and floated free, her mooring of one inch steel cut off as cleanly as if with a mighty pair of shears. As it lolled lazily in the swell, it reminded me of a great black turtle with spikes on its back.

"Now," said the captain, "is where our fun comes in."

The boat manoeuvred until the mine lay about eighty yards to starboard. Four of the men lined up at the rail. As many Winchester rifles spoke. Then the men bent eagerly forward to see what would be the effect of the volley. Luck was theirs that time. The steel bullets had punctured the air chamber of the mine, and slowly—almost reluctantly, it seemed, the ugly thing sank from sight.

The young commander smiled as he directed the renewal of operations. "There goes two hundred pounds of good German T. N. T.," he chuckled. Then he told me an astounding fact.

Under The Hague regulations, to which Germany was a subscriber, he explained, all mines are fitted with a device which renders them harmless when they have broken from their mooring cables. This, so that innocent or neutral vessels may find some degree of safety on the high seas away from the war zones.

But, he said, while the safety attachment may be found on the German mines, right enough, somehow it fails to work. It was very technical, his conversation on this point, and not easy to grasp in detail. But I gathered enough to know that springs and valves may be so tampered with that the mine is quite as deadly when floating free as when properly moored.

I found out about it soon enough, for next morning we caught another one. As the shout from the lookout announced that the mine had come to the surface, the commander sent below for two rifles. When they had been brought he produced several boxes of cartridges containing leaden bullets.

"It may take some time," he said, "but we will try to explode this one. The lead will not penetrate the steel walls of the air chamber, and after a bit we may hit one of the horns."

It did take some time—thirty minutes, to be exact. For at eighty yards, those five tiny horns, plungers or triggers, as they are variously called, do not present much of a target. But at last a chance shot from one of our rifles found one of them.

There was an explosion that made our teeth rattle, while a huge volume of black smoke belched upward into the still air. And a shining column of water shot straight up though the black cloud to a height of fifty or sixty feet.

It was a remarkable sight. Above the ominous smoke cloud the column of water glistened in the morning sun. Below, it was dull and gray. And both parts of this perpendicular jet were visible at one time—just for a fleeting second. Then the water poured back through the smoke, and the grim cloud drifted off over the waste of the North Sea. . . .

And we went on sweeping.

I looked at those men who go out day after day. Who wear their lifebelts continuously. Who take their tea on the decks while they peer over the rims of their cups for the death that lurks in those sombre waters.

I thought how fine was their devotion to their duty; how great a part they are playing in the war—out there alone where their deeds are attended with no sounding of trumpets, where they give to their work the same quality of bravery that is required of the man in the trenches.

And as I glanced at the inscription over the cabin which read, "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty," I knew that England would not be disappointed.

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The Reminder

By Margaretta Scott

Maggie put Jimmy to bed and came down to the front parlor to wait for David. There was cheap red plush on the sofa where Maggie sat, and there was a cheap red rose in Maggie's hair. Maggie and the parlor reflected each other. They were both colorful and loud and over-ornamented, and they were both effective in their way.

Dimly in her mind Maggie was trying to puzzle things out. She felt sure that David would ask her to marry him if it were not for Jimmy. She had noticed that when the child came into the room David's whole manner changed.

Men were curious hard with women, Maggie thought, especially if they loved them. Women loved men sometimes just because they were good-for-nothing and trifling and gay. That was why she had loved Jimmie's father, and she had gotten into trouble because she was weak, and he was a devil.

Maggie heard the gate close and involuntarily gave a pat to the red rose in her hair. The front door was open, and David walked into the parlor. He made the room seem small and stuffy. They shook hands limply.

"Was you busy today, David?"

"I was sowing wheat all day—pretty busy."

"Ain't you tired tonight?"

David laughed.

"Of course not. I ain't a girl."

"You're so big and strong, David, that you take my breath away."

"And you take my breath away, too, but from a different reason."

"Why, David?" She smiled up at him.

"You're so pretty. I think of your face all day when I'm workin'."

"Do you, David?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad I wore my new dress for you. Do you like it?"

"It looks fine, and your cheeks are as red as that rose in your hair."

"I was out in the wind all day and my face got chappen—feel, David."

She put her face close to his and he touched her cheek awkwardly with the tips of his fingers.

"It's soft, Maggie."

"No it ain't, it's rough. But I liked the wind. Ain't it grand out, David, in the spring?"

"It's courtin' time, Maggie."

A fretful cry came from upstairs. David got up restlessly and turned the pages of a magazine that lay on the table. Maggie went up to Jimmie, arranged his covers, and patted him comfortingly. And all the time she was thinking, "Horrid little thing, if you hadn't cried he'd a' said it."

When she came downstairs David was still standing there turning the pages of the magazine.

"What was you sayin' about the spring, David?"

"Oh, I forgot."

Maggie tore a strip of paper from the Evening News and started folding and unfolding it.

"What magazine is that, David?"

He let it fall from his hands.

"I don't know. I ain't noticed the name of it. I ain't much for readin'—I just picked it up."

"There was some pretty actress women in it."

"I didn't notice 'em. I guess I got to go now, Maggie."

"But, David, you just come."

"Well, there's some jobs I left undone and I reckon I'd better see to them."

"David, I got all dressed up for you and I thought we'd have such a nice time. You don't want to go, do you, David?"

"Well, I guess I'll sit a bit."

He took a pack of cards out of the table drawer and started playing solitaire. Maggie watched his big brown hands. She wanted to take the cards and throw them out of the window, and she wanted to cry aloud, "You'd a' said it, David, if Jimmie hadn't cried."

He left at half past nine. She watched him go down the steps, and then she slammed the door and ran upstairs to her room. She took her clothes off as though they burned her, and threw them in a heap on the floor. She hated to look at the red rose. When she had put it in her hair she had thought how much he would like it. He did like it, too, until—she looked resentfully at the little screwed-up figure in the bed.

She couldn't sleep, and she lay staring up at the ceiling, thinking of David. The breathing of the child irritated her. How could she or David or anybody else forget, when Jimmie was always before them with his father's blue eyes?

The child snuggled up to her, sighing contentedly. She couldn't resist him when he did that. Her arms went around him. But she would have David. She wanted him and she had made up her mind to have him. He wanted her, too—it was Jimmie who stood in the way. Even if Jimmie had to suffer she'd have David, and she'd be a respectable married woman with a "Mrs." before her name. She had had enough of the other thing.

In the morning she was awakened by Jimmie kissing her. When she remembered what had happened the night before she turned her face away.

For two weeks Maggie didn't see David. And then one rainy afternoon he came. They moved the sofa up in front of the fire, for the day was chilly. David sat as far from Maggie as he could. He didn't say why he hadn't come, and she didn't ask.

They looked into the fire, and then suddenly they found themselves close to each other. He put his face down to hers and, like a child, she raised her lips to his.

Something struck the window, and, looking out into the yard, they saw Jimmie, in rubber boots and a raincoat, laughing in at them, his hands full of pebbles.

David spoke roughly.

"I can't stand that child—for a minute I forgot him."

"You can't stand him because he's remindin' you—of—of—"

"Yes—I can't help it."

He went out of the house, and Maggie, watching him from the window, saw that he never once looked back.

All her hurt pride and anger and defeat found an outlet in punishing Jimmie. She felt as though the child had thrown the pebbles just to spite her. She looked at him as he sulked in a corner.

"You've been a bad boy, Jimmie."

"I didn't do nothin' but throw some pebbles. You're a mean woman."

"Don't you sass me, Jimmie."

He muttered something beneath his breath, and she, pretending not to hear him, picked up a paper and glanced over it carelessly. Suddenly her hands clenched and the paper rattled. She took a scissors off the table, cut out an article, folded it and put it in the front of her dress. She stared at the child, her eyes wide; then she picked him up in her arms and kissed him fiercely.

The next morning Maggie got up early and started packing. She filled a trunk with hers and Jimmie's clothes, locked it, and strapped it. By noon the house was cleaned, the windows locked, and the shades drawn.

She took Jimmie by the hand and walked across the grass to Mrs. James', her next-door neighbor. Mrs. James left the window, where her eyes had been glued watching the unusual proceedings taking place at Maggie's house, and went to answer the ring at the door-bell.

Maggie refused her invitation to come in. "No," she said, "I ain't got time, for I got to catch the twelve-thirty train. I just come to tell you good-bye. I'm leavin' here for a two weeks' visit at my sister's house. If you see David Loring, you might tell him I left good-bye for him."

At the end of two weeks, Maggie, dressed in black, came home alone. She told Mrs. James, and Mrs. James told others, that Jimmie was dead. He had been run over by an automobile while playing in the street outside Maggie's sister's house.

When Mrs. James wanted to take Maggie in her arms and cry over her, Maggie held herself back and stared at her comforter dry-eyed. Mrs. James, in repeating the story, said that Maggie was a queer one.

Before the summer was over David and Maggie were married. Maggie flirted her wedding ring and the "Mrs." before her name in the faces of all those who had scoffed.

She and David were known as the gayest young couple in the county. They went to the country dances, and often into town if there was a circus or a show offered as an attraction.

David told her she had the energy of six women, and that he couldn't keep up with her. And she laughed and twisted her wedding ring, which had grown too large for her finger.

Mrs. James told David that Maggie was looking badly. In his masculine way he had never thought of Maggie being sick. She was always wanting to go somewhere or to do something.

(Continued on Page 13)

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Poems About San Francisco

Thls poem by a well-known Californian poet was written for Town Talk, and published September 3, 1904.

226—THE FOG

By Elwyn Hoffman

The gray wraith-children of the sea
Have come from wastes afar,
To drift, in silent mystery,
Across the grieving bar.

Now past the Cliff House, drear and chill,
They speed like ghostly nuns;
Now storm and take Fort Point's stern hill
With all its sullen guns.

They trail around the headlands bare,
And sweep far up the bay;
Till earth dissolves—blends with the air—
And all is cold and gray;

Till wakes the siren from its sleep
To sound its mournful blast—
Our sad voice calling to the deep,
Our sad voice of the Past!

Voice of the Soul that rises up
Through all the laughter-things,
To lonely drain the bitter cup
Of its rememberings!

Voice of the measureless and vast
That still broods under all;
Laying its cold cheek to the Past,
Stroking an icy pall!

Voice of the ghostly Shapes that keep
A vigil grayer still
Than all these gray, gray wraiths that sweep
In shrouds o'er bay and hill!

The Spectator

George Sterling's "Lilith"

Some time ago I mentioned here that George Sterling was at work on a poetical drama called "Lilith," a drama for the closet not the stage. This work has been completed, and it has been my privilege to examine the manuscript which will soon, no doubt, be on its way to the publisher. I look forward with lively anticipations to the day when the literary critics will have their say about it. They are sure to be reminded of "Faust" and "Peer Gynt" when they read it, though it is not as philosophical as Goethe's masterpiece nor as phantasmagorical as Ibsen's. Perhaps they will say too that it has its points of contact with "Parsifal" and with Byron's "Manfred." In other words, this poetical drama is going to impress the critics profoundly, or I miss my guess entirely. Like all the works I have mentioned "Lilith" tells the story of a quest. It is Man's quest of happiness. Sterling's hero, the Prince Tancred, seeks happiness in love. From that high ideal he is constantly tempted by sensual beauty, and in yielding to these temptations he betrays those in whom his ideal might have been realized. He betrays his father, he betrays his friend, he betrays his wife. He brings death upon them all, only to find that his overpowering temptation has betrayed him in turn. But finally after years of repentance he is asked to betray his own soul, and this final temptation he is strong enough to resist. "Lilith" is a dramatic poem of great beauty. The lines are of beautiful blank verse, and the lyrics interspersed throughout are of exquisite beauty. This work marks, for George Sterling, a decided advance in thoughtfulness and seriousness of purpose.

The Temptation of the Flesh

Lilith personifies the temptation of the flesh. "Joy is my sister, sister I to Death," she says on her first appearance. Asked "What is thy mystery?" she answers truthfully, "Why, none at all, save thy desire." She is described as witch and sorceress, but she can be at will either flesh or spirit, and her power is preternatural. She represents physical beauty at its greatest; her allurements are irresistible. It is only when Tancred is old in wisdom, in sorrow and in years that he defeats her ravishing power. When Lilith first appears Tancred is with his father, the King Urlan, who is to all appearances immovably faithful to the memory of his dead queen. Yet Lilith tempts him from this fidelity, and tempts Tancred so far that in a dispute for her possession the son slays his father. Tancred is cheated of his hoped-for felicity; Lilith disappears. Seven years later she reappears to him.

Tancred: The moonlight makes thee all one dewy pearl.
Lilith: Kneel, kneel, if thou woldst wear me!
Tancred: Now I know
Thy beauty and thy cunning! Thou art she
Who didst betray me seven years ago,
Slaying my heart's youth with thy treachery.
Thy hands are scarlet with the blood of Hope!
Lilith: Kneel, kneel, if thou wouldst wear me!
Tancred: Not so; the wound
Grows deeper with the years.
Lilith: I am thy cure.
Tancred: There is no cure.
Lilith: But me—my lips and breast!
Tancred: Thy beauty is an arrow in the heart—
A sword upon the spirit and the sense,
And music is thy footfall into Time!

* * * * *

Gods! Thou dost shake the night with loveliness,
Thou pearl whose mother was the moon! Ah! thou
Dost brim the world with beauty.
Lilith: Accept me, for I am the breast of snow
That hides a heart of flame.

In the arms of Lilith, Tancred hears the cry of his bosom friend who is in mortal danger. But he cannot tear himself away until it is too late; his friend has perished.

The Wooing of Amara

The third act, to my mind, is the most beautiful of the four which this play contains. Therein Tancred meets and woos and weds Amara, only to tire of her and to find Lilith tempting him away when the restless spirit of adventure has taken strong hold of him. Here is the wooing of Amara:

Tancred: Thy mouth is made for kisses, and thine eyes
For tears.
Amara: What sayest thou to me?
Tancred: I say
I shall be moon above thy snows of sleep.
Ah wonderful! how shall I make thee know
Thy wonder?
Amara: I am lowly and ashamed—
And I must go.
Tancred: Nay, listen thou, for I
Have slipt the flesh, and am a spirit now.
Nay! speak, for I would hear thy silvern voice,
Like moonlight audible—a mystic strain,
Found but by Music in her farthest dream,
And found but once.
Amara: What wouldst thou have me say?
Tancred: Say that thou lovest me.
Amara: Alast! that thou
Shouldst stoop to me!
Tancred: Unsay it, for 'tis thou
That bendest from thy throne.
Amara: Thou lovest me!
Tancred: I love thee, and I love thee, and I love!
I was a wanderer until this love
Closed in its crystal my unhappy soul
And made thy face the Everlasting Rose!
Thou art what other beauty can but seem!
Thou art what Music promises! Thine eyes
Are part of Paradise!
Amara: Ah no! Ah no!
Tancred: Ah yes! O goddess, woman, rose and star!
Lo! with what coals have these my lips been touched—
Lit at an altar-flame of Love's despair!
O face that brings my spirit to her knees!
Turn to me, that the blinding sight may make
The world one silence, and our hearts one song!
Be merciful! for thee high Beauty takes
The raiment of her immortality.
Turn thou to me, for now is come a night
Of one still star, and thou its holy fire!
Amara: Scarce hast thou seen me!
Tancred: Deeply have I seen!
As men in one sweet breath may know the air,
Or water, with its crystal at the mouth,
So do I know all beauty from thy face,
Thou that art Beauty's word made flesh—ah! thou
Whose dreams are whiter than thy housing breast—
Whose love within my veins is wine of light—
Who in a thousand day-dreams hast my kiss!
Turn tenderly, for now I see thy tears,
Like pure nativities of dew. I weep.

For mystery is on thee as a veil,
And thou hast been the rose of darker worlds.
Amara: Thou lovest me?
Tancred: I love thee!
Amara: Say no more!
One tear is truer than a thousand words,
And warm upon my face I find thy vow.

The Betrayal of Amara

A year passes, and Tancred finds in his breast "a peaceless heart." He yearns for something unattainable, and into the midst of his restless reveries comes Lilith, tempting again. Reading his heart, she finds there that he has tired of Amara:

Lilith: How shalt thou cling to her and yet be glad?
She was that dragon fatal to thy quest.
Her lips are deadly, and her arms, tho white
As are the snows thou seekest, bar the way
To those eternal peaks. She hath set rust
Along thy sword, and clipt thy wings. They rot
Upon thy shoulders. Swift! Be brave, O prince!
We shall go forth on steeds of malachite
And past the gulfs of sunset join the war
Of all the dead slain greatly. Thou shalt know
The captains of old battles. Thou shalt see
The face of Helen on another tow'r,
And roam that Land as eagles roam the dawn,
Seeking enchanted perils, and high dooms,
And Beauty set about with dreadful swords.
Heroes shall be thy comrades. Winds shall cry,
And golden galleys bear thee down the path
Of sunset on great waters. At the last,
My lips shall wait thee in a mystic place;
Ah! breast to breast in some forsaken land—
A lonely isle in seas at truce with Time!
Come forth with me!
Tancred: I shall go forth and hear
The song of Titans and the voice of gods!
Victorious winds shall be our company,
In realms unvisited except in dream!
A star shall guide us, and the dream be true.

Following this comes the most poignant scene of this beautiful drama. Tancred's desertion has broken the heart of Amara (that name is Latin for "bitter"), and while still following Lilith, unsatisfied and suspicious of her treachery, Tancred meets the maidens who are bearing the body of the dead wife to the tomb. The dirge they sing is one of the finest lyrics George Sterling has ever written. I happen to have heard it sung to the mournfully tender music composed for it by Lawrence Zenda of this city; there are unshed tears in every line of it. This is the turning point in the drama, and Sterling here writes with a fine depth of sincerity. In the last act Tancred is twenty years older, a penitent who has wandered through strange countries in search of wisdom, and now a cenobite communing with his own thoroughly awakened soul. Here he is faced by the last temptation of the evil Lilith. Condemned to torture and death because he will not forswear the truth as he sees it, Lilith tempts him this time, not with sensual delights but with the arguments of black pessimism and despair. He resists successfully at last, and dies in the integrity of his fidelity to truth. The ending of the play is remarkable for its bold dramatic forcefulness. Tancred has been taken to the torture chamber, and the groans extorted from him by terrible suffering are heard at midnight in a garden-close where a troubadour is making passionate love to a beautiful girl. A fountain is playing, it is a night made for love, and Tancred dies an expiating death in the dungeon while outside amid the flowers a frail daughter of Lilith submits to the dalliance of her poet-lover.

That Border Flare-up

I met a man from Nogales the other day, a man who has the name of knowing all the ins and outs of the border situation. He told me that German intrigue had nothing to do with the outbreak there, as press dispatches at first implied. It was the result of a feud between American soldiers and Mexican customs guards, and a disgraceful affair on both sides. If one was irritating, the other was somewhat bullying. The fact is, there ought to be a neutral zone established along the border, patrolled by some kind of international police. Sniping has been occurring off and on along the line for several years—long enough to prove that the border problem can never be settled without some radical change in the patrol system. It is true that the Mexicans have been the aggressors, since they are not held in check by the strict discipline of our troops, yet our men would not be human if they did not want to teach a lesson in their return fire. So we have a battle at Nogales that might have caused war if it had taken place during the critical period of our relations with Carranza. Thus my acquaintance outlines the situation. Here in California, fortunately, we have no border problem. Mexicans feel more at home here than in any other State, especially in San Francisco, which has always been the Paris of the wealthy West Coast merchants and hacendados. Next week, by the way, we shall have the celebration of Mexican independence day on September 16. This has always been rather elaborately observed in this city, our leading politicians never failing to attend.

A Swat at Our Legislature

A few days ago Justice Melvin of the Supreme Court wrote an opinion which has caused considerable talk among lawyers. It was in the matter of an application for habeas corpus based on the contention that the statute under which the prisoner had been held to answer was unconstitutional because his offense was described in that statute by a Latin instead of an English word. The court held that the law was constitutional and remanded the prisoner. But Justice Melvin wrote a dissenting opinion in which he showed quite a knowledge of the lesser read epigrams of Martial, and in which also he took a swat at our Legislature, as follows:

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I have always had a great admiration for the legislature of the State of California, but from this time forth I shall look upon that department of our government with great awe. The gentlemen of our State senate and assembly are not only lawmakers, they are lexicographers whose wisdom one may question at his peril! Truly, I am grateful that this court has not as yet extended the rule of verbal infallibility—of the sanctity of the legislative vocabulary—to the debates of those two august bodies, because sometimes I have heard language used by legislators in the heat of discussion which I would not wish to retain in the vocabularies of judges and lawyers for all time.

Now, I wonder what particular legislators Justice Melvin had in mind? Has the language of the solons been as bad as the language of our supervisors, or worse? I recall that Supervisor Andy Gallagher one day called Supervisor Emmet Hayen "a doughnut," and on being called upon by the outraged board to apologize to their ruffled dignity (to say nothing of Emmet's), cheerfully withdrew the offensive remark in these words:

"I was wrong. Hayden isn't a doughnut. He's only the hole in the doughnut."

I should like to know from Justice Melvin whether our lawmakers have transcended that.

"The Eclipse of Lane"

Under this heading William Marion Reedy writes about our Frank Lane who, by the way, is being mentioned prominently as a compromise candidate of the warring Democrats, provided they don't succeed in getting Rolph or Heney on the ballot. Says Reedy:

There's no phase of the war more interesting than its labor aspects. Labor ramifies into high politics as well as low. I've touched upon the rumor that Secretary Lane is not as intimately in the Presidential councils as before. Labor is back of that. The radicals, and they are very strong at Washington, holding hundreds of important subordinate positions, say that Franklin K. Lane has become a reactionary, "almost as bad as David Franklin Houston of Missouri," said one man. I remarked how curious it was that Lane's proposal of a survey of land resources preparatory to putting the returned soldier on the land had been so frostily received. The radicals will not have it. They don't want the Secretary of the Interior scheme. This is because it recognizes too explicitly the doctrine of private ownership in land. The radicals want to take the repatriation of the soldiers out of the hands of the Secretary of the Interior and turn it over to the Department of Labor, which latter department is a stronghold of both union labor and single tax. I am much surprised that single taxers are so cold at the mention of the name of Lane. They used to say he's one of us, and to lament the fact that his birth on Prince Edward's Island made him ineligible to the presidency. Now they say he has gone over to the enemy—the land interest. They aver that his water power programme involves a perpetuation of water power monopoly under the lease system. They say he favored the coal operators when he made an agreement to let them charge $3 at the mine mouth. Secretaries Baker and Daniels set that agreement aside, fixed the mine mouth price at $2.50 and, according to some experts, thereby cut down production and contributed to the heatless day period. Labor leaders say Lane is no friend of labor, but a dangerous man just because so many people think he is a liberal. So this is why Lane is, as to the administration, something as a "silenced" priest to the church. I have always thought Lane was a radical and I think now that he is only apparently otherwise because he is confronted in office with conditions and not theories. But be this as it may there is a drive on to take the repatriation of soldiers out of Secretary Lane's department. There's a gulf fixed, too, between Lane and Baker and between Lane and Daniels. The trouble with Baker began when the war secretary wanted the new Interior building and Lane wanted it for himself.

Redfern Mason in Paris

Redfern Mason, the former music critic of the Examiner, who left San Francisco in a managerial capacity with Isadora Duncan, is now in Paris doing Red Cross work. The dancer contemplates a trip to Spain, and thence to Greece, where she will stay till the war is over. She wants Mason to accompany her, but he has refused, saying "I should be ashamed of myself to be here in the midst of the world-tumult and not do my bit." This I learn from Mason's dear friend Michael Williams, who has just received an interesting letter from him. Meanwhile, Raymond Duncan, Isadora's brother, is at Monte Carlo. Before enlisting with the Red Cross Mason tried to enter both the American and French armies, but was not accepted. "But the bayonet," he writes, "is not your only fighting weapon." Twice a week Mason gives lessons in English to a class of "French artisans, shop girls, little gutter snipes, soldiers and refugees." He writes letters to mothers in America who are anxious about their soldier boys; writes to boys at the front who are negligent about send-

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

ing letters home, admonishing them to be more thoughtful; and traces American lads to hospitals and remote camps, thus putting them into communication with their folks at home. "I talk French," Mason says; "I read it; I think it; I dream it, and one of these fine days I shall be forgetting English. But the danger is not imminent. In odd moments a sudden homesickness for Carmel and the pine-woods and the sound of the Pacific sweeps over me. But that nostalgia is only the symbol of a greater and deeper longing."

Page's Successor in London

Walter Hines Page, American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, has resigned on account of ill health, and his successor will soon be appointed. The first name we saw mentioned for the post was that of Colonel House. No need to say how close Colonel House is to the President. Doubtless he can have the place if he wants it. But we have always been told that Colonel House prefers the background of public life, and the American Ambassador in London is very much in the forefront. The next name mentioned was that of Justice Louis D. Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court. It was stated that if he took the position, he'd obtain a leave of absence from the great tribunal. Brandeis is also very close to the President. That was proved by the stubbornness with which the President stood his ground when Congress sought to evade giving Brandeis confirmation. But now we hear a third name, that of our own popular Ray Baker. Ray is Superintendent of the United States Mint, a position which marks the personal esteem in which President Wilson and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo hold him. Having married Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt he would have at command the wealth which is considered necessary in our Ambassador to London. He is young and strong (the work is strenuous), and has remarkable gifts of personality. As secretary to Ambassador Marye at Petrograd he had an opportunity to familiarize himself with diplomatic usages. Ray Baker's star is in the ascendant.

How Old Is Ham?

That's the question in Washington. By Ham is meant, not the city which has figured so largely in the war news, but that splendiferous statesman Senator J. Ham Lewis of Illinois. The other day Congressman Rodenberg of Illinois raised the question, and it remained unanswered. I must quote from that usually boresome paper the Congressional Record. Said Rodenberg:

I hold in my hand a copy of the Congressional Directory containing the autobiographies of the members of the Sixty-fifth Congress. On page 21 I read as follows:

James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat, of Chicago, was born in Virginia; is 48 years of age; reared and schooled in Georgia; attended the University of Virginia; went to the State of Washington and began the practice of law. . . . Was presented by the Northwestern Pacific Coast as candidate for the Vice-Presidency in the Democratic convention of 1900; joint author with Prof. A. H. Putney of Laws and Decisions upon Elections; also Lewis and Putney on Constitutions, Statutes, and their Construction.

From this biography, written by the Senator himself, and which must therefore be accepted as in every way authentic, it would appear that he was presented as a candidate for Vice-President in the Democratic convention of 1900, or eighteen years ago. Inasmuch as the Senator is only forty-eight years of age, it is apparent that he was a candidate for Vice-President at the age of 30. The Constitution of the United States in fixing the qualifications of the President and Vice-President provides that these officials must have attained the age of thirty-five. (Laughter.) It would seem to me that a joint author of a work on constitutions and their construction should have held his vice-presidential aspirations in check at least until he had reached the constitutional age of eligibility. (Laughter and applause.)

I have here also the complete Biographical Congressional Directory published in 1913, at a time when the Senate was not yet electrified and illuminated by the effervescing effulgence of the senior Senator from Illinois. On page 807 I read as follows:

Lewis, James Hamilton, a Representative from Washington; born in Danville, Va., May 18, 1868; moved with his parent to Augusta, Ga., in 1866; attended Houghton College and the University of Virginia; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1882—

And so forth.

While this biography adds two years to the Senator's age, it will be noted that his precocity was so remarkable that, though the year of his birth is given as 1868, he moved with his parents to Georgia in 1866, or two years before he was born (laughter), probably to show them the way. (Laughter.) It will also be noted that his precocity increased with the years, for, according to this biography, he was admitted to the practice of law in 1882, or at the age of 14 years. It seem to me that in these days of lurking submarine dangers and floating mines and long-distance guns it is unfair to the people of my state and to the country itself to subject one so young, so unsuspecting, and so precocious, and who has contributed so much to the gayety of nations, to the hazards of an over-seas voyage. (Laughter.) I am indeed surprised at the thoughtlessness of the President.



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By TANTALUS

What One Actor Is Doing

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A Play to Think About

"Why Marry?" is the best American play we've seen since "The Unchastened Woman." It was written, apparently, with the rather novel idea of making the audience think, and to a certain extent it succeeds. It is a play of talk not action, and the lines are followed closely by a large part of the audience. It has a farce plot and a farce denouement, but in its talk it is comedy of a high order. The author wisely selected the single theme on which the great mass of people can be induced to think—the theme of love and marriage. His philosophy is not profound, but his observations of life have been keen and his wit has an American point. It would seem that he has been a student of Bernard Shaw's social satires; also that he has absorbed the truth Barrie gave us in "The Twelve-Pound Look." He knows his audience and the limitations it places upon him, hence he built his plot about the person of a girly-girly miss, knowing of course that girls of that type don't cultivate so-called "advanced" ideas but knowing also that the audience would never consent to think about such ideas were they enunciated by one of those terrible females who do cultivate them in real life. The author of "Why Marry?" knows that he must compromise, in the present condition of our theatre. Let us hope, however, that in his next play he won't compromise so much as in this. Let's have a good straight look at our American life, such as we got in "The Unchastened Woman" and "The Easiest Way." The American audience will be interested, provided there is plenty of action. But there is so little action in "Why Marry?" that the play had to be sugar-coated, and had to hide its essential weakness behind a screen of farce.

—E. F. O'D.

The Symphony Season

President William Sproule of the Musical Association of San Francisco announces that the eighth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will open at the Cort Friday afternoon, October 25. The continued support of the membership and the generous efforts of the Women's Auxiliary make it possible for the Association to enter the season with new vigor and large membership. It is interesting to note that in 1914-15 the Association had 291 members; in 1915-16, 309; 1916-17, 325; 1917-18, 411, and for the season of 1918-19, the membership already numbers 417. The San Francisco season will consist of twelve Friday concerts, twelve Sunday symphony concerts and ten popular concerts. Arrangements are in progress for out-

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—H. M. B.

A Play to Think About

"Why Marry?" is the best American play we've seen since "The Unchastened Woman." It was written, apparently, with the rather novel idea of making the audience think, and to a certain extent it succeeds. It is a play of talk not action, and the lines are followed closely by a large part of the audience. It has a farce plot and a farce denouement, but in its talk it is comedy of a high order. The author wisely selected the single theme on which the great mass of people can be induced to think—the theme of love and marriage. His philosophy is not profound, but his observations of life have been keen and his wit has an American point. It would seem that he has been a student of Bernard Shaw's social satires; also that he has absorbed the truth Barrie gave us in "The Twelve-Pound Look." He knows his audience and the limitations it places upon him, hence he built his plot about the person of a girly-girly miss, knowing of course that girls of that type don't cultivate so-called "advanced" ideas but knowing also that the audience would never consent to think about such ideas were they enunciated by one of those terrible females who do cultivate them in real life. The author of "Why Marry?" knows that he must compromise, in the present condition of our theatre. Let us hope, however, that in his next play he won't compromise so much as in this. Let's have a good straight look at our American life, such as we got in "The Unchastened Woman" and "The Easiest Way." The American audience will be interested, provided there is plenty of action. But there is so little action in "Why Marry?" that the play had to be sugar-coated, and had to hide its essential weakness behind a screen of farce.

—E. F. O'D.

The Symphony Season

President William Sproule of the Musical Association of San Francisco announces that the eighth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will open at the Cort Friday afternoon, October 25. The continued support of the membership and the generous efforts of the Women's Auxiliary make it possible for the Association to enter the season with new vigor and large membership. It is interesting to note that in 1914-15 the Association had 291 members; in 1915-16, 309; 1916-17, 325; 1917-18, 411, and for the season of 1918-19, the membership already numbers 417. The San Francisco season will consist of twelve Friday concerts, twelve Sunday symphony concerts and ten popular concerts. Arrangements are in progress for out-

of-town performances as well as special concerts in San Francisco. The concerts for the members and their personal guests will be given also. Alfred Hertz has been retained as musical director and enters upon his fourth season as conductor. In the orchestra few changes have been deemed advisable and then only to strengthen it, which gives assurance that the concerts will be of a high artistic order, owing to the continued association of the musicians and their work together. The sale of members' season tickets will open Monday morning, September 16, at the offices of the Musical Association in the Phelan Building. It will be conducted by A. W. Widenham, secretary-manager. The sale of season tickets for the public will be held at the same place, beginning October 7, and the sale of tickets for single concerts will be conducted at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, beginning October 21. Season tickets for the twelve Friday concerts range from gallery seats at $6 to orchestra seats at $22. Season tickets for the twelve Sunday symphonies range from gallery seats at $5 to orchestra seats at $11. Season tickets for the ten popular concerts range from gallery seats at $2.50 to orchestra seats at $9. Advance interest in the ticket sales is such as to indicate that local symphony-followers are looking forward to the greatest season in the history of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

St. Francis Little Theatre Season

Official announcement of the second season of the St. Francis Little Theatre has just been made by the board of directors of this unique institution, which has come to hold an important position in the theatrical and social life of San Francisco. The new season will open on Monday night, October 14, and will continue for twenty weeks. The director will again be Arthur Maitland, whose artistic productions during the first season won high praise. The company will be composed of professional actors of recognized standing, and the productions will disclose the newest effects in lighting and mounting. Maitland announces that he has secured the best one-act plays which have been produced by the Washington Square players, the Greenwich players, the Provincetown players and the Grand Guignol, Paris. The policy of giving three one-act plays at the performances will be maintained. During the entire season the evening performances, which are for members of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club, will be given on Mondays. There will be a matinee every Tuesday, open to the public, when the programme will be repeated, all performances being given in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. The proceeds of the matinees will be devoted to war benefits and charities. Following is the board of directors for the new season: John I. Walter, chairman; Charles Templeton Crocker, William F. Humphrey, Theodore F. Bonnet, Frank P. Deering, Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Charles Irving Wright, Mrs. Edgar Preston, T. J. Coleman, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Richard M. Hotaling, Edgar Walter.

"Twin Beds" at Columbia

Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo's hilarious comedy, "Twin Beds," opens an engagement at the Columbia starting Monday. The "Twin Beds" record has been nothing short of phenomenal. It



CHARLES WOODS, Lecturer.

ran a year in New York, two years in London and six months in Australia. This year also, in spite of the war, it will be produced in Rome, Paris, Madrid, South America and South Africa. "Twin Beds" is really a comedy of character, its people are all so familiar to everybody and so human under their bubbling exteriors. The original New York production will be given with a clever cast of metropolitan funmakers, including Antoinette Rotchez, William Courneen, Josephine Saxe, S. Paul Vernon, Bess Stafford, Margaret Phillips, Frank May and others.

Musical Comedy Stars at Orpheum

Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman, musical comedy stars and great favorites in this city, will appear at the Orpheum next week in an elaborate song skit called "A Ray of Sunshine." There are songs, stories and dances. Wilfred Clarke, one of the most popular comedians on the stage, will appear in a clever farce written by himself entitled "His Reel Trouble." Clarke is supported by that talented comedienne, Grace Menken, and an excellent company. Mlle. Moskova, formerly a member of the Imperial Russian Ballet and also soloist for the Manhattan Opera House Ballet, will present a suite of five dances, mostly classic, in which she will have the aid of Moris Petroff, a dancer of renown, and an excellent company. The Leightons, popular comedians, will appear in a singing, talking and dancing skit in which they introduce quite a number of their song hits. Lou Holtz, who styles himself "Father Joy's Boy," is equally popular in musical comedy and vaudeville. His monologue is new. Misses Shaw and Campbell are two strikingly beautiful girls who are excellent musicians. The Eddy Duo, midair entertainers, are leaders in their line of work. An interesting feature will be the exclusive motion pictures presented by the American Red Cross, showing the "Immortal Allied Fourth of July in Paris," all revenues from which will go to the Red Cross. The patriotic and thrilling sketch, "Where Things Happen," which has created a deep impression, will be the only holdover.

"Why Marry?" Continues at Cort

Nat C. Goodwin, Edmund Breese, Ernest Lawford, Lotus Robb, Leonard Mudie, Louise Randolph, Anne Morrison and other members of the brilliant cast of "Why Marry?" will be at the Cort another week, beginning with tonight's performance. This galaxy, and Jesse Lynch Williams' comedy could possibly remain twice as long and fill the theatre, but a two-year schedule for the play must be filled and the play moves on after this week. Selwyn & Company are the producers. Columbia University awarded "Why Marry?" the Pulitzer prize of $1000 as the best play produced during the year. The award came as a big surprise at the height of the play's long run in New York at the Astor Theatre, as the prize had been available for two years without the committee finding a play they deemed worthy of the honor. "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" follows.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.

The Reminder

(Continued from Page 5)

After Mrs. James spoke to him he did notice that Maggie was thin, and that her eyes were sunken and glassily bright. And Maggie herself pointed to the deep lines about her mouth. "From too much smiling," she said.

But Maggie wasn't always smiling. At times she was so irritable that David would lose patience, and then they would quarrel like two children.

One day David came home to dinner tired out after a hard morning's work. He found Maggie sitting on the back porch, staring into space with a look of horror in her eyes that couldn't have been greater if the grass before her had been red devils instead of green blades. His voice startled her, and she looked up angrily.

"Why don't you let people know you're comin' instead of sneakin' up on them."

"I'm sorry, Maggie, but you oughtn't to have such scary nerves, and you looked as if you was seein' things." He stooped down and kissed her. "Is dinner ready? I'm hungry enough to eat a cow."

She got up hurriedly, and her voice was apologetic.

"Is it dinner time? I didn't know it was that late, but I can get you something in a minute, David."

He flung his hat down on the porch.

"You're a pretty wife, you are. What you been doin' all morning? What do you think about, moonin' around all the time—that is when you ain't goin' like six women? I'm tired of it. You don't care if I get dinner or not. All you care about is yourself—you don't care for me."

She put her hand to her mouth as though to keep from crying out. Her face was a mottled red and her words were as indistinct and as thickly spoken as those of a drunken man's.

"I don't care for you, I don't? I done more for you than a woman ever done for a man. And what I done is killing me—killing me. But you don't care. I gave him away for you—and you don't care."

She burst into sobbing and ran up the stairs and into her room. He followed her and sat beside her on the bed where she had thrown herself. He put his face down to hers.

"I'm sorry I got mad, Maggie—I'm sorry. Tell me what is worryin' you."

She took his hand and pressed it against her cheek.

"I gave him away 'cause I loved you most. I loved him, but I loved you most. And he was so little and kissin' me all the way there."

"Gave who away, Maggie?"

"Jimmie. I gave him away 'cause he kept remindin' you of—of—what I done." She buried her face still deeper in the pillow. "I knew you wouldn't ask me to marry you when he was around." She raised her head and looked at him out of her red, swollen eyes. "And then you said I didn't care for you—I'll be glad when I'm through lovin'—it's only meant hurt to me."

He lifted her off the bed and held her tightly in his arms. All his respectable horror at her sin was gone. She was his, and, because she had done wrong for him, he understood the other wrong. He was awed before her power of loving; he felt dimly that Maggie's sinning was greater than his lack of sinning. He was ashamed of himself, of his hardness, his smugness, his not understanding; and mingled with his love of her was the tenderness that a man has for a little girl in tears, a bad little girl who yet had to be loved. He brushed her hair back from her face, and her two hands clasped spasmodically around his neck.

"I—I gave him to an old woman who wanted to adopt a boy. She put an ad in the paper and I saw it and took him there. I want him back again—maybe she beats him and maybe he ain't got enough to eat. I wake up in the night and think I hear him cryin'—he was a great one for wakin' up in the night and cryin'." She wiped her eyes with the handkerchief that David gave her. "The morning I took him to the old woman's, I told Mrs. James that me and him was goin' to visit my sister; and I took him to that place instead. I did go to my sister's then, and I told her that I had left Jimmie with a neighbor." She shuddered and pressed closer to David. "He won't love me now, will he, David? He was so little and he used to wake me up in the mornin', a-kissin' me."

She broke into a paroxysm of weeping, and he rocked her in his arms, petting her and soothing her as a woman would comfort a child. Her voice came to him from the depth of his coat.

"You must love me now, David, I did it all because I wanted you."

He stopped the trembling of her mouth with his own.

The next week David told Mrs. James that Maggie had gone to a neighboring town where they were going to live, and that he would join her as soon as he could sell the farm. Mrs. James told a friend who dropped in for a chat that she had seen Maggie as she was getting on the train, and that there was a little boy with her about the size of Jimmie. She couldn't see the child's face, and of course it couldn't have been Jimmie.

—Reedy's Mirror.

A Recollection of President Wilson

(Continued from Page 3)

him. He saw things in large proportions, and his constructve imagination was not that of the adventurer or even the explorer; it was that of the pioneer, with the pioneer's dauntless courage—but caution. Beyond the felled forest and cut paths and dangers overcome he saw peaceful homes, and thrifty farms, and simple, unsophisticated schools, and spires of little churches.

From early youth he had in his mind the ardent desire to show to his country what he read in the motives, and accomplishments, and defeats of the Civil War. Southern by birth and breeding, he was never provincial—there was no muddling of mind and heart. He loved his country from east to west, from north to south, and looked out with clear eyes to the universal problems of the United States. A democratic University was his ideal. He felt that knowledge led to wisdom, and wisdom to righteousness; and that was a road which all who would should be able to take without handicap; and so, with a carelessness of self-interest that was simply amazing he struck mighty blows, that there should be no sign "Private Property" marked over this great highway. Only apparently was he defeated, for his strokes are still echoing and every college in the land has stopped and listened.

I must mention one quality that told for peace and comfort in small matters, and will be of inestimable benefit in great matters—his consideration for the people about him. He had a sweet tolerance, a kindly courtesy. He made few personal demands. He was one of the few great men I have known that you could forget if you were in the house with him; for, though his time was not yours, he did not expect yours to be his. "Live and let live" was his motto.

In the delineation of character it is perhaps well to eliminate your "buts." You generally hear that someone is a fine fellow—but. I have looked well to my "buts," and I have found them negligible. Mr. Wilson has, perhaps, too great confidence in his fellow man. It is as difficult for our President to believe a man a liar as it is for our late President to believe one truthful. Nevertheless, if he sometimes fails to understand the individual, he understands that more subtle thing—the personality of the mass.

The years that are past—are any years past? The promise that we give in our youth, are we not bound to fulfil? I lay my daguerreotype aside. My fire is spent to a mass of glowing embers; so the night will come and with it the dead ashes, but they will serve to warm another flame. Around this hearth many friends have gathered—most of them with some quality that has made their lives at least not negligible. Mr. Wilson was one of them, and he made us see him as I have depicted him. He struck a note that we all heeded; he showed us a light that we are following. If we have so lived and spoken that we have become to people an ideal, we must continue the character to the very end; the rights and the wrongs of it must be settled in another world; we have given a promise and incurred a debt.

The impression Mr. Wilson made upon his friends he has made upon the nation. To be the mind, and heart, and soul inarticulate of a nation is a great and lonely task. God help him.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market started the week under most favorable conditions, with sentiment extremely bullish, due to the favorable news from abroad. Prices responded quickly to the increased buying, and led by U. S. Steel, which recovered its dividend, the market looked like it would develop into an old time bull movement. This good feeling was soon offset by the action of the Federal Reserve authorities, in curtailing any possible expansion in loans on Stock Exchange collateral and no credit is to be extended further than already in use. Under present conditions, the time money market is deadlocked. There is no new money lending, and outstanding time obligations are being paid at maturity. Under the circumstances brokers do not look for any improvement in the time money situation in the near future. Money on call is firm, the ruling rate holding around 6½ per cent. With the money situation in such a tight position, the speculative feature to the stock market is anything but encouraging to the margin trader, and any upturn of consequence seems to be out of the question for the time being, or until the Liberty Loan is out of the way, when easier money is expected. Of course the tightness of money does not affect the investor who buys for cash, and it is just such conditions as we are now in the midst of that provides bargains for the shrewd investor. Outside of the money situation, everything is favorable to a higher market. The political situation abroad is becoming more and more favorable each day, and this in itself makes for a better sentiment. The Liberty Loan, while it will be a large one, will be taken care of, and the new revenue bill is far enough advanced to give us an idea as to what we can expect in the way of taxes. Corporations are already anticipating their increase in taxes, and are now setting aside a certain sum in their statements. No corporation will be put out of business, and while some of them will no doubt get hit rather hard, all of them will show a fair sized margin of profit after allowing for the increase. Business of all kinds is good, and most concerns are working up to their capacity. Crops are not record breakers, but there will be plenty for us and for our allies. The Government is expected to sign the railroad contract within a few days, and from the present forecast it will be extremely favorable to the stockholders, and will go a long ways to instill confidence in the railroad group. The market at the moment does not look as if there would be much activity on the buying side, and while conditions would warrant higher prices, it is a question of money. If money conditions become normal again, and with no restrictions from the Federal Reserve, stocks are in a position to reflect it immediately. We favor the purchase of stocks are present level, and on a scale down should prices be forced lower.

Cotton—After the more urgent buying on the Government figures had exhausted itself, and prices had reached a dizzy height, the market turned lower, and a good reaction was the result, with the market off about 400 points from the top figures. The trade was surprised at the low figure issued by the Government, which indicated a crop of only 11,127,000 bales, but as this report had been taken as of August 25, and since then general rains had fallen through the drought stricken territory, the general feeling was that the market in its advance had discounted the poor report, and that about all the adverse news had come out that will come from now on. Rains, while rather late, will no doubt be of great benefit to sections of the belt where the crop is not completely burned out, and will add something in the way of a top crop. One of the causes of the decline was the announcement by the price fixing committee that they contemplated fixing a price on cotton, and while earlier in the season the South was strongly in favor of it, now that the crop is going to be a small one, they are protesting through their senators against any attempt to fix prices. The mills are in favor of price fixing, and something will no doubt be done in the near future. This has had the effect of keeping the outside speculator out of the market, and no doubt was the big factor in bringing about the decline. The market will no doubt continue erratic for the present, or until something is done, one way or the other regarding the price. It is a good scalping market, however, and presents a good opportunity for quick profits on either side.

Something About Shoddy

Shoddy, or reworked wool, has been coming to its own since the war began. Used in the crude manner that was in vogue at the time of the Civil War in this country, it gained a very bad repute. But the British, who are past masters in the woolen industry, have for years been employing the reworked wool to great advantage. In this country, also, the use of it was extending rapidly, one reason being that the world's wool clip of any one year was not sufficient to supply the world's needs for wool in that period. When this country became a belligerent, and woolen supplies were called for without limit, the manufacturers of woolen goods were able to convince the authorities that an admixture of 35 per cent of shoddy for military cloths would answer every purpose. One reason for acceding to this proposition was the possible scarcity of virgin wool, but another was that improved processes of incorporating the shoddy into fabrics made the latter of adequate tensile strength. The Government has recognized the essential character of shoddy by putting an embargo on shipments of desirable wool rags and clippings and by fixing prices on supplies in this country. It is also reclaiming the wool in discarded and worn-out uniforms and the like for use in new fabrics. How valuable some of the material for shoddy is is shown in the fact that the Government-fixed prices for certain clips go as high as 93 cents a pound.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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"Look here, Tomlinson," said the officer, "this is getting to be too much of a good thing. You've already had leave because your wife was scared of air raids, because your little girl had bronchitis, because you had to go to your mother-in-law's funeral and because your youngest boy was being christened. "Now, what reason have you this time?"

"If you please, sir," he replied brightly, "I'm going to be married!"

An officer on board a war ship was drilling his men.

"I want every man to lie on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence."

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

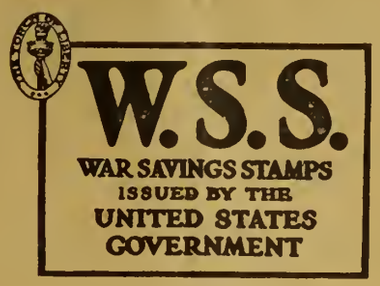
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

After a short effort, one of the men stopped.

"Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer.

"If ye plaze, sir," was the answer, "Oi'm coasting."



NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER.
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

In the above entitled matter it appearing to said Superior Court from the verified petition of George Wolters, administrator of the estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, deceased, that a sale of all of the real property of the estate of said deceased is necessary to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be to the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and of those interested therein to sell all of the real property belonging to said estate;

It is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, be, and they are hereby directed and required to appear before the said Superior Court, in the court room of Department No. 10 of said court, in the City Hall, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1918, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administrator to sell all of the property of which said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, died seised, or in which she had any interest, at private sale; and also authorizing said administrator to enter into a contract for the payment of a commission to a real estate agent for securing a purchaser; and

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Given in open court this 22nd day of August, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed August 22, 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-31-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

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Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
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Cash and Sight Exchange	11,336,387.70
	$40,509,215.30

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,277,570.57
Circulation	1,970,500.00
Letters of Credit	3,301,927.07
Deposits	28,958,217.66
	$40,509,215.30

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GOLDEN GATE LITERARY NUMBER

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1361 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 21, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII | San Francisco-Oakland, September 21, 1918 | No. 1361

Some Literary Aspects of Town Talk

By Edward F. O'Day

'Tis conduct, and done to prevent town-talk.

Thus spake Lady Brute in that classic of Restoration drama, "The Provoked Wife" by Sir John Vanbrugh. The language is quaint, even a little archaic, and its meaning may not be plain to readers who have not the context of Lady Brute's remark to guide them. What Lady Brute meant by "conduct" was an affectation of good behavior, an outward regard for the proprieties. She was exposing hypocrisy—the hypocrisy of those who present a decent front to the world because they fear being talked about. That of course is a low motive for seemly conduct; yet it is a very prevalent motive. To what extent that motive has operated in San Francisco among people who feared that misbehavior on their part would be punished by an unfavorable mention in the pages of Town Talk, it would be difficult to estimate. That it has operated very widely year after year there can be no denying.

'Tis (an affectation of good) conduct, and done to prevent (a deserved reproof in the pages of) Town Talk—that might be said of many, many prominent citizens we all know. Along these lines Town Talk has exercised a powerful and beneficent influence through the years.

That however is not the theme on which emphasis is laid in this special number of Town Talk. It is not the moral but the literary influence of Town Talk which is being stressed in this issue. Let me quote some verses which appeared in Town Talk early in 1899, shortly after the paper became the property of its present owner and editor. These verses bring us nearer to our present theme than the line from "The Provoked Wife." They were written by Elizabeth Sears Bates who is better known to all of us today as Mrs. Albert Gerberding. Here they are:

TO TOWN TALK

Do I like gossip? To be sure,—some kinds;
When biting scandal forms no part of it,
And poison slander never the mixture finds
To blight and injure with a caustic wit.
The breezy gossip of new books and plays,
Of art and music, fashion, work and fun,
Town talk of all the best and brightest ways
That men have followed since the world begun.
A draught of sunshine for a leisure hour,
Of wine that has no satire steeped in it,
But sparkles with a potent healthful power,
To banish care and its dull counterfeit.
Like gossip? Yes, as I like mirth and jest,
That serve to bring forgetfulness and rest.

"The breezy gossip of new books and plays, of art and music"—there we have one of the functions of Town Talk to which its editors beg leave to call particular attention just now. And the other function is, the stimulation of Californian literary effort by the publication of prose and verse distinctively Western, distinctively Californian, distinctively of the Golden Gate.

Town Talk became the property of Theodore F. Bonnet in February, 1899, and his editorial salutatory appeared in the issue of February 18. It is characteristic of the literary tone which the paper has maintained to this day that that first number contained a full-page poem, a beautiful poem written especially for Town Talk by that prince of San Francisco singers, Louis Alexander Robertson. This poem is called "The Wedding Bell," and unless I am greatly mistaken, it is not to be found in any of Robertson's five volumes of collected poetry.

Before going any further, it is proper to mention here that the files of Town Talk for the past nineteen years are full of fine pieces of prose and poetry which have never been reprinted. That will be made evident to all who peruse the pages of this special number. But of course we cannot republish here even a tenth part of the fine things which were written for Town Talk through the years. Take the case of Louis Robertson. Every poem he ever intended for publication was given to the world in Town Talk. Most of them were published over his proper name; quite a number bore the pen-name of "Brontrose" which is an anagram of his surname. Robertson was a severe critic of his own work, but he was also a careless keeper of manuscripts and clippings; so that, while a few of the poems he wrote for Town Talk might not have measured up to the standard he set for himself in putting his work into book form, there are enough of his uncollected poems of the first order in the files of this paper to make a stout new volume and to add very materially to his poetical fame.

Suppose we glance through the files of Town Talk and chat a little about what we find there. Perhaps we may unearth things which will interest Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels if she ever decides to write volume two of her "Story of the Files," a record which stopped short at the year '93.

One of the first things we notice is that in 1899 the "World of Letters" was an important department of the paper. It was set off with a very attractive vignette in stipple of a study lamp shedding light on a library table, also a decorative initial "B." Why the artist who drew this vignette selected the letter "B" I do not know, unless it was because he thought that there ought to be an ornamental initial and selected the second letter of the alphabet because it was the first letter of the word book. At any rate, this made it necessary that the first book review or literary article should begin with a "B" word, and the writer of the "World of Letters" sometimes showed considerable ingenuity in conforming to that peculiar restriction. One of the early reviews was a careful and appreciative appraisal of Frank Norris's great "McTeague." It was written by Irene Connell, a talented craftswoman in prose and poetry, and incidentally, the sister of Miss Sarah Connell whose judgment on books is accepted by present readers of Town Talk. At this time Irene Connell was translating many brilliant and piquant but little known stories from the French for the benefit of the paper's clientele.

Another who conducted a department in Town Talk at that time was Willard Bachelder, then as now one of our prominent singing teachers. He wrote the music criticism. It was breezy, it was forthright, it was true—and because it was true criticism (Willard Bachelder has told me), it made him many enemies. Professional musicians don't like adverse criticism, especially when they deserve it! One of Bachelder's successors in the department of music criticism was Mary Frances Francis, another vigorous writer. Later came Mrs. A. Wedmore Jones.

In May, '99, we find the literary critic of Town Talk speaking of Jack London. Jack London, it must be said with regret, was never a contributor to Town Talk; but Town Talk contributed not a little to the building up and the solidification of his celebrity. I think that every book Jack London ever published was reviewed, immediately after its appearance, in this paper. Long before he was generally noticed, Town Talk was calling attention to his budding genius and his undoubted promise of great things. The earliest reference I find is that of May, '99. The literary critic is speaking about the puffing of books, and writes as follows:

"On the other hand, Jack London may have dropped from heaven so far as preliminary announcement or puffing is concerned, and yet in a few months' time we have learned to feel a sense of personal loss and acute disappointment when the Overland has not one of his unique tales among its contents, and few readers will fail to secure a copy of the Black Cat for May, because of London's story, 'A Thousand Deaths'."

Immediately afterwards, reviewing the May Overland Monthly, the same writer speaks of "The Men of Forty Mile" as "another of Jack London's inimitable Alaskan tales," adding that "Mr. London has pre-empted that field." How many had realized that fact at that time? Needless to say, Jack London had not yet published that first great book of his.

Irene Connell was succeeded as book reviewer by Anna Cox Stephens, who showed the same acuteness of appreciation, the same almost instinctive (shall I say?) knack for preferring the book of lasting merit to the book of merely passing interest.

About this time Town Talk settled a queer controversy, now entirely forgotten. The dead and lamented Doxey had just published the first poems of Yone Noguchi. The young Japanese was not known outside of the little coterie which visited Joaquin Miller on The Hights and found Yone laboring, studying and writing under the eye of his Occidental poet-sponsor. And so it happened that when the book appeared, the story got about that Yone Noguchi was a mythical person, that the book whose title-page bore his name was actually the work of Gellett Burgess! The absurd claim was denied, and quite a tempest in the literary tea pot ensued. Town Talk was able to prove that there was indeed a real Yone Noguchi and that he was quite equal to writing his own poetry. Yone is a personage in London now. I wonder if he remembers that strange incident?

Let us see what else interested the literary

critic of Town Talk in faraway '99. We find attention called to the fact that there was not yet in book form that fascinating work of Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Silverado Squatters." This had been published in the Century Magazine for November and December of 1883. Who knows whether Stevenson's publishers were not stirred to action by Town Talk's reminder? We also find the literary critic calling attention to a matter which has always been a good deal of a hobby with this paper—the lack of concerted effort to make San Francisco a publishing center. Here is something on the subject which, by the way, has recently engaged the attention of the Home Industry League:

"I have long wondered why Californian writers have so persistently neglected their own State in this matter (of publishing their books here). There are plenty of well equipped printing establishments and binders right here in San Francisco ready and able to handle any piece of work as well as the best eastern firms, and yet one rarely sees a San Francisco, much less a Californian imprint, upon a book of any pretensions. There ought to be advantages about having such work done at home which could outweigh the slight difference in the cost of getting out a book."

Which reminds me of something Harr Wagner has said, namely, that Joaquin Miller had his collected works published in San Francisco simply and solely because he so loved California. The same thing applied to Louis Robertson, and still applies to George Sterling. Neither would ever have been at a loss to find a New York publisher, but they stayed at home with that publisher of the highest type, Alexander M. Robertson.

I cannot leave this subject without a special word about "Aleck" Robertson, and about our other distinguished publisher, Paul Elder. Robertson has befriended many poets in distress besides his namesake Louis Robertson (who, by the way, was not related to the publisher). Some of the fine poets whose work Robertson has given to the world, might have sought long among Eastern publishers before finding one who would accept their manuscripts. The reason? These poets belonged to no literary clique, no log-rolling coterie. But that made no difference to "Aleck" Robertson. He is a publisher of the old-fashioned tradition. Paul Elder, too, has done much for Californian literature. Poets are proud to have his imprint on their volumes. A list of the works of literature these two men have brought out would extort the praise of the wealthiest publisher in New York or Boston. This is a condition of things to which Town Talk has untiringly called attention year after year.

In August, 1899, Town Talk published a special Bohemian Club edition. It was enlivened with pleasantries about various members, epigrams and quips by the foremost wits of the club and many other attractive features. It is worth while mentioning here that Town Talk has always made a point of reviewing at considerable length the Bohemian Grove plays which are given every year in the beautiful retreat on the Russian River. These plays are privately printed, are not accessible to the ordinary reader, and therefore a copious review with generous extracts has a decided news as well as literary value. I know of no other paper which has "covered" this important dramatic-literary event year in and year out.

In the issue of February 17, 1900, we find a very interesting literary item about Jack London. It is surely worth quoting in full:

"Among the announcements of new books about to appear is 'The Son of the Wolf,' by Jack London, which some of the eastern literati suspect to be a pseudonym. They are mistaken in that conjecture, for Jack London is the bona fide name of a new and promisingly brilliant light. He is a Californian who has had a picturesquely varied career in his short existence. He was born and lived on a farm until his fifteenth year, when he decided to go to sea—I believe before the mast. At seventeen he was for a brief period a pupil of the Oakland High School, where his preceptors most certainly did not predict a roseate future for him. The State University claimed him as a student later on, and at the same time he was a regular speaker at the street meetings of the Socialists. He disappeared for awhile, having joined the rush to Klondike, and about a year ago the fruit of that experience was given to the world in a series of short stories published in the Overland and in eastern magazines. Now comes the volume of collected stories. Jack London, who is but twenty-two years of age, shows in his literary work many of the qualities which distinguished Kipling. His tales are episodes rather than stories, and his language is Anglo-Saxon—not Anglicized Latin. Brevity is a characteristic, almost to the point of terseness. The indications are that Jack London will be widely known in the near future, and to those who have a mania for collecting the youthful efforts of genius a hint is given to be betimes in making inquiry for back copies of the Oakland High School Aegis of four or five years back."

From the early files of Town Talk one could write the history of the "Man with the Hoe" controversy, all the arguments for and against the importance of that poem as a work of art and as a sociological document having been set forth and analyzed. When the New York Sun offered a prize for the best answer to Markham's proletarian pronunciamento, and John Vance Cheney won it, this paper not only published his poem but also that submitted in competition by Louis Robertson. This latter was so fine that its rejection precipitated another controversy.

Late in 1900 Town Talk started an interesting series which was continued for quite a while, and might profitably be revived today. This was a series called "A Chapter of Autobiography," and among those who availed themselves of the opportunity to tell about their lives were Charles Warren Stoddard, William Greer Harrison, Henry I. Kowalsky, Caro Roma and Homer Davenport.

Turning over the pages of these files one is impressed by the sustained excellence of the poems, short stories and special articles from regular contributors. We find very original short stories by William Brown Meloney, W. O. McGeehan, L. D. Ventura, James V. Coleman, George Homer Meyer, and many others. We find brilliant special articles on subjects more or less topical by Major Ben Truman, Edwin H. Clough, E. D. Price and others. We find a series of literary essays of the highest artistic excellence by Harry Cowell. We find a delightful series of travel papers by Herman Scheffauer, the poet. And, not to attempt to exhaust the list, we find that inimitable series of mining camp sketches, "The Annals of Pickeye," from the pen of the late Joseph T. Goodman.

What an amazing amount of high class poetry has originally appeared in Town Talk! Let me mention some of the singers, as their names meet the eye which scans these files. I have already mentioned Louis Robertson, who might be called the Town Talk Laureate. In the earlier issues we find sweet verses by Irene Connell, Ella Sexton, L. Clare Davis, Juliette Estelle Mathis (whose volume "Songs and Sonnets" was made up largely of poems contributed to Town Talk), Maud Newton Woods, Leavenworth McNab, Jessie Juliet Knox, Eustace Cullinan, Mabel Porter Pitts (her book "In the Shadow of the Crags" is largely a collection from these files), Herman Scheffauer, Elwyn Hoffman (whose satirical verses pointed with local personalities caused many a furore), H. McDonald Spencer, Lionel Josephare, Dr. C. W. Doyle, Morgan Shepard, Harry Cowell, Mrs. Florence Richmond, J. C. B. Hebbard, etc., etc.

On August 6, 1904, appeared, so far as I can make out, the first poem George Sterling ever contributed to Town Talk. It was the first of very many, all of which shed lustre on this paper and made it the envy of other similar periodicals. Town Talk was betimes in perceiving the genius of George Sterling. And so, when Ambrose Bierce brought him to international attention by praise of his tour de force, "A Wine of Wizardry," this paper could take a hand in the resultant literary controversy fortified by a complete knowledge of his work, something which could not be said of many other papers. That first Town Talk poem of Sterling's is so beautiful that I make no apology for quoting it here:

TO A DEAD CHILD

We question not what Faith beholds,
  Nor mix farewell with prayer,
As now Eternity enfolds
  What Time beheld so fair.
Sinless as any flower we bring
  Art thou whom Heaven gave;
Death never touched a gentler thing
  Than thou whose peace we crave.

Here half-consoled we kiss thy brow
  (We cannot speak our tears)
In gratitude at least that thou
  Hast foiled the sadder years,
Hast fled the years when care and pain
  Would greet thine elder breath,
To sleep forever without stain,
  How innocent in death!

Beyond our clasp thy soul must wait,
  Wiser than we at last,
Till each attain, in peace as great,
  The silence that thou hast;
Be then it given each to be
  What now in truth thou art—
Pure love renewed by memory
  In twilight of the heart.

The catastrophe of 1906 worked its havoc on the material equipment of Town Talk as on all other papers, but could not destroy its spirit. The problems of rehabilitation engaged editorial attention, and so did the Graft Prosecution which followed so soon afterwards; but not to the detriment of its literary interests. It is characteristic that immediately after the calamity we find Lionel Josephare singing the departed glories of Coppa's, "Larry" Harris celebrating immortally "The Damndest Finest Ruins," Joaquin Miller adding a new stanza to an old poem of his about San Francisco, and Ina Coolbrith, Mabel Porter Pitts, Herman Scheffauer, Louis Robertson and others voicing their new feelings about the old-new city.

One of the interesting results of that catastrophe was an awakened interest in the history of old San Francisco. Town Talk did much to foster this interest and much to satisfy it by reprinting many bits of rare San Francisco lore as well as several long series, one having to do with the Vigilantes, another with the Broderick-Terry controversy and still another with the amazing story of Ned McGowan.

Of the literary aspect of Town Talk in the immediate past it is not my purpose to speak.

The paper has continued its policy of encouraging budding genius with appreciative criticism. Clark Ashton Smith, the starry singer of Auburn, is one of the more recent poets whose first strains were acclaimed in these columns. On the other hand, Town Talk has done a service to letters by lambasting pretentious poetasters, by relegating to their proper places illegitimate offsprings of letters like free verse and other faddistical forms. It has tried always to separate the wheat from the chaff, and perhaps it has succeeded in the main, though making the usual number of human mistakes.

Some time ago a series of poems about San Francisco was commenced, and these have attracted a great deal of favorable attention, few people having realized before Town Talk reminded them, that this city has inspired an immense body of high-class verse. At the beginning of the war Town Talk started a symposium of war verse, a feature which has since been introduced in many other periodicals. This is only one of many instances where Town Talk pointed the way for others to follow.

The extracts from the files of which this special number is made up, will enable our readers to appraise for themselves the quality of Town Talk's devotion to letters. It is hoped that they may find it so interesting that they will not miss for this single week the regular departments of news and comment to which they have been accustomed.

THE HOUSE OF ORCHIDS

(Published December 25, 1909)

How swift a step from zone to zone!
A moment since, the day
Was cool with winds from linden-bowers flown
And breath of mounded hay
That ripens on the plains,
Beneath the shadow of the western hill;
But here the air is still,
Warm as a Lesbian valley's afternoon
Made langourous with June
And moist with spirits of unnumbered rains,
Pervaded with a perfume that might be
Of rainbow-haunted lands beyond the sea
And ocean-ending sands—
A ghost of fragrance whose elusive hands
Touch not the hidden harp of memory.

What sprites are these that gleam?
Can eyes betray?
Till now I did not deem
That Beauty's flaming hands could shape in bloom
So marvelous and delicate designs.
The vision here that shines
Seems not a fabric of our mortal day
And Nature's tireless loom,
By custom long defiled,
But symbol of a loveliness supreme,
A god's forgotten dream
In alabaster told by elfin skill
In caverns underneath a haunted hill
Or in some palace of enchantment hewn
From crystal in the twilights of the moon,
Where white Astarte strays
And Echo and the silver-footed fays
Make alien music, fugitive and wild.
Ye seem as flowers exiled,
More beautiful because they die so soon;
But who the gods that could have scorned
Your tenderness unmarred?
Put first ye forth your fragile wings,
Less of the form than of the soul of things,
Where seraphim had mourned
In Eden's evening, heavy-starred,
When first the gates were barred
And cruel Time began?
For mystery hath lordship here, and ye
Seem spirit-flowers born to startle man
With intimations of eternity
And hint of what the flowers of Heaven may be.
Nor can your glamour greatly seem of earth:
Her blossoms are of mirth,
But ye with loveliness can tell of grief—
Unhappy love most exquisite and brief.

Winged ye seem and fleet,
Such flowers pale as are
Worn by the goddess of a distant star—
Before whose holy eyes
Beauty and evening meet,
Mysterious beauty delicate and strange,
And evening-calm that sighs
With Music's inexpressible surmise—
Her question ere she dies.
From form to form ye range,
From hue to hue,
And this, with petals wan and mystical,
Seems votive to those spirits of the dew
That weep at silvern twilights silently,
With tears that gently fall
On hidden elves dim-curtained by the rose.
And thou, thy chalice better glows
In purple grottos where the stainless sea
On sands inviolable swirls—
On evanescent pearls,
That hold not all thy bosom's purity.
And thou, more white
Than when on some blue lake,
Just as the zephyrs wake,
The ripples flash to light—
Touched by a swan's unsullied breast to foam,
Hadst thou in melancholy halls thy home?
For long ago thou seemest to have slept,
Forlorn, in palace-glooms where queens have wept.
Ah! they too slept at last,
Whose sighs are half the music of the Past!

But thou, O palest one!
Dost seem to scorn the sun,
And, in a tropic, dense,
Languid magnificence,
Desire to know thy former place,
Where no man comes at night.
And in its antic flight
Behold the vampire-bat veer off from thee
As from a phantom face,
Or watch Antares' light peer craftily
Down from the dank and moonless sky,
As goblins' eyes might gleam
Or baleful rubies glare,
Muffled in smoke of incense-laden air.
And thou, most weird companion, thou dost seem
Some mottled moth of hell,
That stealthily might fly
To hover there above the carnal bell
Of some black lily, still and venomous,
And poise forever thus.

Chill, in thy drowsy aether warm,
Softly thou gleamest, subtler form;
Witch-bloom thou seem'st to be,
For Lilith would have bound thee in her hair—
Smiling at dusk inscrutably,
And Circe gathered such for gods to wear,
In evening when the moon,
A sorceress who steals in white
Along the cloudy parapets of night,
In every glade her ghostly pearl hath strewn.
Thou art as violet-wan
As eyelids of a vestal dead and meek.
If after-life can come to blossoms gone,
Surely Persephone
Shall crown her brow with thee,
In realms where burns no star nor sun
To show the dead what amaranths to seek.
And ah—this other! none
Of all thy kin more purely is arrayed—
Pallid as Aphrodite's cheek
To some long passion-swoon betrayed,
By ecstasy foretold;
Yet as with blood thy bosom gleams;
Red as Adonis' wound it seems,
By Syria mourned of old,
Or scarlet lips that drink from bowls of jade,
Slowly, an ivory poison, sweet and cold.

Oh! mystically strange
That speechless things should so have power to hint,
With subtle form and tint
That seize the heart's high memories unaware,
The sorrow and the mystery of Change,
And elements in Fate's controlling plan
Not altogether ministrant to man
Nor mindful of his care—
Some joy to death akin,
Or tragic kiss, or fruit malignly fair,
Some garden built by Sin
For Love to wander in.
Some face whose beauty bids the heart despair!
And yet, O blossoms pure!
How marvelous the lure
Of your fragility and innocence—
This grace and wistfulness of helpless things
That ask no recompense!
Ye give the spirit wings,
For yours the beauty that is near to pain,
And stir the heart again
With visions of the Flowers that abide—
Ah! sweet
As when love's glances meet
Across the music, heard at eventide!

—George Sterling.

PARTING

(Published December 8, 1900)

Beneath the kindly sheltering trees that line the winding pathway on the silent slope we lay our sleeping brothers down. We turn their faces to the light for a last, full view of every feature, and as trait after trait comes back to us and memory throbs over the past we whisper the manly story that is closed. We pay our final public tribute. And before we leave them in the unnumbered company of the dead, as we yield them to the cold embrace of Mother Earth, we fix upon our comrades' breasts our little flowers of love. With broken spirits we encircle their graves, and with hands outstretched we chant our funeral dirge. The finger of Death has sealed their ears and they hear us not. Our sobs of sorrow and our songs of praise may move the living, but no human voice can penetrate the grave. But we knew the beauty of their lives, and we know they are sleeping the sleep of the just. We know they are not lonely there. We know the angels sing and dance about their beds. Their ears are open to strains of music unheard by us. It soothes and sweetens their slumber. It is played by the enchanted winds of heaven on the golden chords of sunlight that are strung to the grassy beds of the sainted dead.

It is hard to part with the friends of years. The human heart is so constructed that it seems to become the very things it loves, and when it loses them it is spiritless and desolate. It is only when death comes tugging at the bond that we realize the strength of the union. It is only when the hand we loved to clasp is forever stilled that we are fully conscious of the warmth there once was in it. It is only when the eye grows dark and dull under the gathering shadow that we appreciate the love-light that was there. It is only when the voice of our loved one is hushed in death that we reflect that every tone was heavenly music to our ears. It is only when the light of his life goes out that we realize it was all the blazing firmament to us.

—John J. Barrett.

THE DEAD CALYPSO

(Revised Version, published October 9, 1909)

Where be thy witcheries now, woman of wonderful beauty?
Priestess of pleasure and love, thy myrtle hath withered at last.
Sweet was the soul-searing cult taught by thy liberal kisses,
Sweeter the chalice of love formed by thy sensuous mouth,
Ripe as the rapturing grape, rich as the rose in its redness,
But unto them that did drink fatal as waters of death.
Left unto thee are the dregs, bitter and biting as wormwood,
Freezing the blood in thy veins, leaving thee rigid and cold.
Strange that these pale lethal lips, prodigal once with such passion,
Wreathe themselves into a smile chaste as a maiden's in sleep!
Ah, how they've changed since I first crushed their voluptuous vintage!
Shrunk is their soft silken skin, as when the tropical sun
Drinking the life of the grape, leaves it abandoned and shriveled,
Gibbeted on its own vine, swinging like felon forgot.
Mute is thy murmuring voice, silent its passionate pleading,
Which, like a song of the sea heard in a whispering shell,
Called me so softly to where, rising through ravishing roses,
Love's longed-for heaven appeared, fair as a rhapsodist's dream;
Misted with halos of gold, yet but a vanishing splendour
Miraged in exquisite grace over a desert of death.
Dead is the light in thine eyes, yet Recollection recalls them
Beaming with beauty like stars mirrored in slumbering seas,
Where through the darkness they dream till the warm kisses of Eos
Woo them away from the waves back to their home in the skies.
Oft when the roses of Love blushed with the poppies of Passion,
Crowning our cup of desire, hid in the draught was a charm,
Which when thy lips fell from mine, sighing and sated, would drug thee
Into a deep dreamless swoon where the bright violet beams
Faded away from thine eyes, which in the sensuous slumber
Shone 'neath their uplifted lids white as the Lilies of Death.
Moistened with ecstasy's tears were the rapt azures when turning
Into thy love laden brain, there Passion's secret to find;
Leaving their opaline orbs blind in the trance that enthralled them,
Till my lips, clinging to thine, coaxed the lost irises back.
Now under curtains of wax, lustreless crescents of whiteness,
Cold as the frost on the pane, hint of those glorious hours;
Where is their luminous beam which like the treacherous beacons
Lighted by wreckers to lure mariners on to their doom,
O'er Life's unpiloted sea shone with a bale and a beauty,
Till the cold credulous bark dashed on the rock of thy heart?
Springtide of Life when the Soul, hearing Love's wakening whisper,
Glows in the flame that desire lights in the blood to betray!
Summer that seethes in the veins, purpling Lust's grapes for the crushing,
Which in a wine-press of pain leave the black dregs of despair.
This I was taught when thy heart, drunk with delirious passion,
Changed to a charnel where lurked ghosts of thy deep-buried past.
Which from their sepulchre stole once in a still starless midnight,
Bearing a chalice, rose-wreathed, drugged with the lees of dead loves.
Draining the perilous draught, swift through my pulses the purple
Rushed while our wet mingling mouths crushed the rich raptures that curse;
Then learned I Lust's lurid lore, whispered by thee, whom I worshiped,
Whom I had deemed half divine, shrined as a saint in my heart.
Oh, how I leaped when thy lips, voicing the vows that enthralled me,
Sighed like a girl's whose pure love murmurs with virginal bliss!
Ah, how it bled when they turned, babbling in sleep that betrayed them,
Seeking mine own in the dark, breathing some lost lover's name!
Swiftly the meshes of silk spun into steel, but I lingered,
Fondling the fetters I feared, fearing to fling them away;
Lost to the lips I had loved, yet with the thirst of a drunkard
Draining the draught that enslaved e'en while the spirit recoiled.
Day after day as the scales fell from mine eyes, I beheld thee
Garbed in the glamour of Lust rise from the ashes of Love.
Night after night, though my fears fled in thy fervid caresses,
Soon every kiss seemed a curse crowning my love with despair,
Driving me far from thy side, bearing a heart that was broken,
Oft in white alien arms seeking thy face to forget.
Then came the night when my soul wakened and heard a weird whisper
Sweet as the Spring's vesper breeze, calling me back to thy breast:
Hitherward swiftly I came, baleful and black grew the shadows,
Hope, that had glowed in my heart, faded away as I stole
Silently here to thy side, finding thee steeped in Death's slumber,
Breathless, but beautiful still, clothed for thy couch in the clay.
Why should I bend over thee, cursing the fate that hath foiled me,
That hath stepped in to destroy all that I lived for and loved,
When I recall that thy heart hid in its depths the redeeming
Love that will lead me to thee when I am shrouded and cold.
Weeping I lay on thy brow Love's lonely lips that betroth me
Ever to thee in the skies, where thou art waiting for me,
Where all the lapses of Life fade in a faith beatific,
Where the pure Lilies of Peace bloom ever fragrant and fair.
Long, long ago in the past, God's proud and white-pinioned angels
Found in the daughters of Earth all that their souls could desire;
Why should I wonder that thou, fairest of beautiful women,
Didst with thy sorceries snare the souls and the bodies of men?
Where are thy worshipers now, they who did pant to embrace thee?
Where is the homage they breathed deep in these death-deafened ears?
Where are the gems and the gold, offered with love, that could make thee
Faithless to him whose cold lips whisper of passionless peace?

—Louis A. Robertson.

AMBROSE BIERCE

(Published February 4, 1911)

George Brandes writing of Anatole France says that the true author is recognizable by the existence on every page of his works of something which no one else could have written. And he quotes this as a specimen of France's unique workmanship: "If we may believe that amiable shepherd of souls it is impossible for us to elude divine mercy, and we shall all enter Paradise—unless, indeed, there be no Paradise, which is exceedingly probable." This is typical of the French wit and satirist, but France is not the only man who could have written it. Ambrose Bierce could have written it. Ambrose Bierce is the most versatile genius in American letters. He is a man of letters in the broadest acceptation of the term. He has rippled almost every stream of the Pierian fount. There is but one form of the literary art that he has not touched—the dramatic. He is poet, philosopher, historian, novelist and essayist. He has produced masterpieces of the art of short-story writing—tales of terror and psychological tales that none but a Poe could have written; fables and allegories—some in the vein of Lucian, some after the manner of Swift, some as grotesque as any that were ever written; satirical verses as epigrammatic, pungent and compact as Pope's; comic narratives more lucid and entertaining than any others I have ever read. Bierce unites in himself the genius of many authors, but like Boileau he is original even in imitation. He has comprehended in his works the whole world of satire fusing all that he gathered into a mixture which has its own flavor, its own spirit and taste, approximating some writers even in the very qualities for which they were distinguished. Above all things Bierce is a satirist, and in some respects the quality of his satire resembles Anatole France's. Both have written in the same vein. Compare for example the following with what Brandes has quoted: "A religious work says that Christ should be held up as an example to the church. We have somewhere read that he was once held up very conspicuously as an example to the church. That was eighteen hundred years ago, and the church has not imitated him yet. We don't think it is of any use to put him up again." Here is another: "I confess I do not understand the one-half that is written about faith. This is probably because I have it not. An eyeless fish from the Mammoth Cave cannot be expected to know much about optical science, but at least he may boast himself free from optical illusions." Bierce has written some things which France could not write. This, for instance, written in the days when a Governor of this State was pardoning criminals by wholesale:

> God said "Let there be crime," and the command
> Brought Satan leading Stoneman by the hand.

Nor could France have written this epigram entitled "Novum Organum":

> In Bacon see the culminating prime
> Of British intellect and British crime.
> He died, and Nature, settling his affairs,
> Parted his powers among us, his heirs:
> To each a pinch of common sense, for seed,
> And, to develop it, a pinch of greed.
> Each frugal heir, to make the gift suffice,
> Buries the talent to manure the vice.

There are not many people to share my enthusiasm for Bierce. There are not many that have read half that he has written. Now that his works have been collected and are coming from the press of Neale & Company of New York and Washington perhaps this man who has been writing for forty years will emerge from obscurity before he dies. That he will ever become popular is of course not to be expected. Writers who require active intelligence and taste in their readers never become

popular. They merely become classic. If to be a classic is, as Sainte-Beuve asserts, to be an author who has enriched the human mind, increased its treasure and rendered his thought in a style of his own which is at the same time a model of excellence, then Bierce has been a classic for many years. And he has yet to receive universal recognition! This is not strange. Had it been otherwise, in Bierce's case, that would have been extraordinary. For we are not as the Early Victorians whom we unjustly regard as unenlightened, narrowly conventional and Philistine. Considering, as an English essayist has recently observed, that Carlyle, Tennyson, Thackeray and Browning were popular, not after their death but in their prime, it must have been a high level of taste that rapidly acclaimed them. But nowadays many cases may be cited to prove that the man who puts any pressure on his readers' power of thought writes for the few; also, that as in most periods it is only mediocrity that can achieve popularity. How slow was the growth of Ibsen, the man that revolutionized the modern drama! Even now to admire him is to be suspected of being a highbrow. The popular taste is now for novels, but George Meredith hasn't been dead long enough to have his works ranked with the standards of fiction. But there are circumstances other than the obtuseness of the general to which must be attributed the neglect of Bierce. His intrinsic merit alone does not account for his obscurity. Perhaps the chief reason why he has not tasted the sweets of fame or walked with outward glory crowned is that he is a satirist. His has been the fate of many of the great satirists. Worshiped by the few whom he has cared to call his friends, he has provoked widespread fear and malignity, and the men who might have spread his fame have been eager to prevent the world from knowing of his existence.

Like all great satirists Bierce is a moralist who hates cant and hypocrisy above all other sins, and early in his career he seized the thong with genuine impulses and applied it to the pelts of the Pharisees with ardent enthusiasm. He has seen life moreover as Meredith described it—a supreme ironic procession with laughter of the gods in the background, and it has been his pleasure to keep the pageant moving. The absurdities and defects of everything that has come under his notice he has exposed to ridicule and contempt as but one other living man can, that one being Anatole France. Every genuine human grievance, every downright human folly quickens Bierce into animation. Possessed of a mind analytic and destructive the shattering of shams is his delight. Equipped with the stilettos of speech and all the resources of irony and ridicule he loves to play havoc with follies; with the presumption of criticasters, the impertinence of log-rollers, the pretension of literary mediocrities. So among the citizenry of the Republic of Letters there are few who have any enthusiasm for Bierce. Many hate him with good reason, not all readers have the intelligence to appreciate him, and few have more than a vague knowledge of his works, for most of Bierce's writing was done in the provinces.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

WORSE AND MORE OF IT

(Published August 7, 1909)

Wits give us, to diversify our woes,
Rhyme masquerading in the guise of prose,
Who've given us from immemorial time
Prose masquerading in the guise of rhyme.

—Harry Cowell.

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS

(Published January 21, 1911)

One time (it seems like an age ago—the years are so long to me!)
I knew a Garden of Tender Dreams in the city beside the sea.
'Twas just a step from the busy street where the traffic roared so loud,
And all day long there were hurrying feet and the jostling of a crowd;
'Twas just a step—yet once within, with the gate shut close behind,
The Garden lay like a tiny world, with rest for heart and mind;
With shaded paths and perfumed bowers, and a peace so full and sweet
That never an echo entered there from the clamorous, noisy street.

A Golden mist o'er the Garden lay, and out of the mist was wrought
A Vision shaped of a poet's dream and garbed of a poet's thought,
A spirit bright with the higher light and warm with the purer fire,
Bearing the gift of the Kindly Word and the torch of the Soul's Desire!
And there, away from the cankered street with its jeers and its cruel stings,
The Vision laid on my hungry heart its touch of the finer things,
And lit the lamps that had guttered out, and sped to its old pursuit
Beauty, the light and the lure of Life, the flower and the perfect fruit!

Then came the dawn of a demon's day when the city rocked and fell,
And belching flames roared heavenward and wrought a rage of hell,
The Garden's wall came crashing down in the grasp of that greedy lust,
And its quiet fled on the wings of hate, and its bowers turned into dust.
And all that it held of sacred things, with my soul that was interlaced,
Became black char and bitter ash in a world of wreck and waste!

They have builded the city high once more—temple and spire and shaft;
They have given it back the queenly pride at which the earthquake laughed;
Its street tide runs with a louder roar in canyons higher walled,
And its deep voice calls to the greater world as never its old voice called.
Its children boast of the work they've done—but an empty boast it seems
To the heart of me, and the soul of me, for lost is the Garden of Dreams,
And lost is the Vision that made it fair—the queen of its world and mine—
For the Past has drunk its sweetness up as the earth drinks poured-out wine!

Clang of the trolleys, rattle of trucks, and tramp of a thousand feet—
O proud is the pageantry of Today that blazons O'Farrell Street!
Yet I look and long for a Garden's wall and a gate that opens in—
But never a Garden is there to find, and never a gate to win.
And this is the greatest loss of all, whatever the flames laid waste,
However we build, or strong or tall, whatever may be replaced—
That deep in our souls is a great regret and a grief that naught redeems
For a Vision lost in the wreck of things, and a vanished Garden of Dreams.

—Elwyn Hoffman.

BALLAD OF STEAM BEER

(Published March 19, 1910)

You may talk of your Moet and Chandon,
And all the cuvees of Champagne,
Of Burgundy, ruby and royal
From Romanee's storied demesne,
Of Lafitte and of Lachrimae Christi
Or the warm blushing vintage that grows
Where Yquem and the premier cru Grands Vins
Gush forth from the hills of Bordeaux,
Of crusty old Port and Madera
And all of the sherries of Spain,
All the liqueurs of castle and convent
That ever came over the main;
But I chant out a hymn to Gambrinus,
The God of Small Change and Good Cheer,
For I sing you the Song of the Nickel
That buys the big glass of Steam Beer.

A fig for straw-colored chianti
Or brandy a century old,
For foaming and splashing spumante
That sparkles and glitters like gold;
Benedictine and opaline absinthe
That gourmets and viveurs adore
And the life blood of amorous grape-vines
That cluster along the Cote d'Or.
Not for me burn the molten sun-kisses
Upon the warm vineyards of France,
Not for me weave the chaplets of Bacchus,
Nor call satyrs and nymphs to the dance;
I care not for these classical pleasures,
They are, for my income, too dear;
But still I can compass the nickel
That buys me my Schooner of Beer.

No flagons or wassail cups fill me,
Of vintages priceless and rare,
Away with a stoup or a beaker,
And I scorn an effete petit verre;
My chalice is glittering crystal
Full bosomed, deep-chested, divine,
With the glorious crown of the hoplands
That mocks at the glory of wine.
Come! drink of the soft flowing amber,
Come! lave in its somnolent streams!
Come! taste of the foam-flecked Nepenthe
That flows from the Kingdom of Dreams!
And sing, as afloat on its tideway
We gently and drowsily steer:
"Here's a health to the Nickel of Commerce
That buys me my Schooner of Beer!"

—William S. Barnes.

OUR HYMN TO THE SUN

(Published July 4, 1903)

O! westbound sun, I importune
As you descend Sierra's tops,
Shine on my grape and light my prune,
Illuminate my growing crops.

Scowl on the streams of wicked East,
But smile on Sacramento trout;
And when your working hours are ceased,
Set by the Southern Pacific Route.

O! sunset, dear to every breast,
Thou'rt like our fields of well-known poppies,
Making our setting sun the best,
And Eastern sunsets only copies.

O! climate—maker of our zone,
The greatest name at my behest
I give you; henceforth be you known
As Native Son of the Golden West.

—Lionel Josephare.

THE "TRUMPET" COMES TO PICKEYE

(Published January 26, 1907)

There is no more telling how population will drift than which way a frog will jump.

In '50 we all were dead sure that Ragtown would be the emporium of the Southern Mines.

With the perspicacity of the early bird I rushed some type and an old press there, and started the "Ragtown Trumpet."

But within three months the Pickeye diggings were discovered, and the course of empire turned that way.

It required little observation to satisfy me that Time's latest offspring was his best, and that to be in the swim at all I must go with the tide.

If I had called my sheet the "Eagle" or "Mud Turtle"—or anything else locomotive—it mightn't have been so difficult to get a move on it.

But the "Trumpet" had blared for Ragtown until the citizens of that place felt they had a vested right in it. It is only fair to state that most of them had.

In consequence, when I announced my intention of removing to the new metropolis, a qualified but very effective embargo was proclaimed—that is, I might go to Pickeye or to Tophet, if I liked, but the "Trumpet" office should remain in Ragtown.

I considered this an open assault on the freedom of the press, and resented it as became the sole representative and champion of the noble fourth estate in that region.

When a Coriolanus is turned down at home what recourse has he but to go to the Volscians? I went to Pickeye, and told my wrongs. The response was what first revealed to me the loftiness of its public spirit.

Business was suspended in the town; work ceased in the surrounding camps; and three thousand armed men, with seven prairie-schooners carrying their blankets and commisary stores, moved against Ragtown.

There were no Roman matrons to supplicate me and save the town. Powerless to defend itself, Ragtown passed under the yoke, and the "Trumpet" office was borne off to Pickeye.

The outfit was housed in a cabin tendered me by the municipality, and then the entire population gave itself up to an afternoon and night of celebration and rejoicing. There was marching, with a brass band; there were bonfires and salutes and speeches, and so much noise generally that you might have fancied the "Trumpet" had become animated and was blowing itself to death.

So grand a demonstration naturally inspired me, and I resolved they should see that the mountain hadn't labored to bring forth only a mouse.

It took me ten days to get things to rights and issue the first number.

I met with unexpected literary assistance at the very outset. One day I was busy at work when an overgrown boy, or a retarded young man, came shambling diffidently into the office. He wore a gray flannel shirt, canvas trousers and heavy boots. His hair was long and towhued, and his inexpressive face was covered with a fuzzy growth of a yet more colorless shade. He was as out-and-out a Nazarite as I ever saw.

"I write poetry, Mr. Editor," he said modestly, "and I thought you might like some of it for your paper."

"Indeed I should, if it's the right sort. Have you any samples with you?"

"Only a few lines I've wrote about your paper coming to town."

"Will you let me see them, please?"

He fished out of his shirt-pocket a folded piece of wrapping paper and handed it to me. The gem was this:

ON THE COMING OF THE PRESS TO PICKEYE

Two things there be which make a State
Or mining camp supremely great:
The orator who talks to men,
The scribe who does it with his pen.

This town has had since it was young
A superfluity of tongue,
But it was short on literature
Till now we've got the simon pure.

Pickeye stands pat and waits the dare
Of fate behind her bully pair,
And if the times keep up their rush
She'll maybe pull a royal flush.

"Capital!" I cried; "just the kind of poetry I want. What name shall I put to it?"

"My full name is Charles Augustus Dinkey," replied the youth, his dull countenance suddenly becoming transfigured by pleasure, "but I think it would look more poetical to sign it C. Augustus Dinkey. And, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to have 'The Foothill Bard' follow it. Sounds kind of pretty, doesn't it?"

"Your taste is admirable, Mr. Dinkey. Everything shall be as you wish."

Thus came about the acquaintance and lifelong friendship between me and that gifted genius the young Foothill Bard.

Expectation had been wrought to a high pitch, and the day the paper was to appear the streets in the neighborhood of the office were crowded.

It is the custom of journalists to complain that the public isn't responsive—or, as they phrase it, that they hear no echoes from their work. They should have lived in Pickeye.

For an hour or more I sold papers at fifty cents a copy as fast as I could turn them off the press. Then explanation began to interfere with presswork.

"See here, young fellow," said a flushed citizen, "do you think it the square thing, after what we've done for you, to speak of Pickeye as 'reeking with slums?'"

"It's only a reference to the condition of the back streets," I replied.

"Well, don't you refer to our streets, d'ye hear? If they don't suit you, there's a trail leading straight out of town which maybe will."

I had no opportunity to make a rejoinder, for another citizen, equally flushed, was flourishing a copy of the paper in my face and shouting:

"What do you mean by giving such a send-off to French Bar? Have we brought your picayune thumb-sheet here to make us play second fiddle to every wickiup settlement within a hundred miles?"

"It was intended only as a pleasant allusion to a neighboring camp," I answered.

"Well, just a few more 'pleasant allusions' of that kind, young man, and you'll land in a neighboring camp, if you land at all."

Again I was deprived of the chance of retorting. A yet more frenzied man was shaking his fist at me and exclaiming:

"How dare you try to make fun of me, you featherless gosling?"

"I assure you that I haven't, for I don't know you."

"You'll get acquainted with me almighty quick, if you don't apologize."

"What is wrong, pray?"

"You say here that Gooseberry Sam's girl has barred kissing until he shucks his prickles."

"That's just a skit to lighten up the columns—a mere fancy."

"But that's my name, you pin-feathered snipe; and if you ever use it again you'll find that my prickles haven't been shucked."

My materialized fancy was crowded aside by a new arrival, whose eyes fairly glared.

"You infernal smooth-faced ghoul! to traduce the memory of my old friend Jim Bangs!"

"In what way?"

"You say a whisky bottle was found beside his body."

"Well, wasn't that the fact?"

"Yes; but you could have suppressed it, couldn't you? It isn't necessary to tell every fact you know. There's more than forty thousand whisky bottles up around Jim's cabin, but I'd like to see the jack-legged editor who dare state that fact in his paper."

The friend of the late Mr. Bangs gave place to an individual dressed in black, whose quiet demeanor inspired me with an expectation of clerical approval.

"My name is Cross," he said, in a low and pleasant tone. "I see myself mentioned here as a gambler."

"Isn't that statement true?"

"It is true, but it isn't agreeable. We of the sporting fraternity pride ourselves on being gentlemen. I request you to bear that in mind. I have never descended to kindergarten work yet, and I should hate number eleven to be a chicken."

A gentleman of the same fraternity succeeded Mr. Cross, but he wasn't as polite in his tone and manner.

"See here, young chap," he said, "why are you so fresh as to apply the term 'outcast' and other opprobrious epithets to Gentle Annie?"

"What other language could fitly describe her outrageous conduct on the street?"

"I observe you have a dictionary there, my young under-graduate friend. You will find in it the word 'lady,' and many others with which to gracefully and respectfully qualify it. I advise you to study your dictionary well. Annie is a friend of mine."

The thing was getting to be very monotonous and tiresome. A lull, however, encouraged me to hope that the remaining contents of the paper were blameless. But it was only a respite. In rushed a pompous person, just swelling with indignation.

"Curse your impudence, you little whiffet!" he exploded, "don't you know how to treat a man with common decency?"

"I try to treat every one respectfully. How have I offended you?"

"You've put only 'captain' to my name, while you've be-majored and be-colonel and be-generaled almost every other man in the camp."

"What is your title? I'll make a note of it."

"I haven't any title. But when you're giving me one I want it to be as big as anybody else's—and don't you forget it."

"Thank you; I won't."

My mis-titled friend was hardly gone before a plethoric citizen came stamping in, steaming with rage.

"Now this thing has got to stop right here, my fine lad," he puffed, "or this town will be too hot for your comfort!"

"What thing?" I asked, almost desperate.

"This booming the Northern Mines. You've

given them a boost that may put them on top of us for the rest of our days."

"I only spoke of a reported rich strike in Shasta County."

"Don't speak of them at all, or only to write them down. We're not going to stand it. If you can't crow for your own section, we'll see that you light out of it."

A small man came bolting in next. He was red-faced and red-haired, but the most fiery thing about him was the blaze in his eyes.

"Ye puny little blackguard, what d'ye mean by putting me name 'michael mcCarty," without big m's?"

"I ran out of sorts; I hadn't any capital m's left."

"Ye'll run out of something else if ye ever do it again. The next time ye print me name, if ye haven't big m's, carve 'em out of wood, or I'll carve 'em out of yer heart."

"I'll do so, I assure you, Mr. McCarty."

"It's yerself who'll need insuring if ye don't."

It was a relief to see the portly form of one of Pickeye's most substantial citizens enter. I though that at last I was about to hear something commendatory. But his cool exterior concealed more hot stuff than I could have imagined possible.

"You've made a pestiferous little jackanapes of yourself," he blurted out. "If there's anything strong in Pickeye it's the Whig sentiment, and you've butted in with an indorsement of McDougall for governor."

"I simply state that he will probably be the next Democratic nominee for that office."

"Just keep on making such statements, my pretty stripling, and see where you'll bring up. We didn't fetch your tuppenny sheet here to have it betray our political interests. If we find we brought a wooden-horse within our gates, it won't take long to dump it into the river."

The irate Whig had scarce crossed the sill when an equally prominent Democrat tore in.

"How came you to make such an ass of yourself as to cast your lot with the Whigs?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, this article about Clay."

"There's nothing political in that; it's only an anecdote concerning him."

"Well, a few more such anecdotes will cook your goose. If Pickeye is one thing more than another, she's intensely Democratic. The 'Trumpet' was brought from Ragtown by Democrats. If we find that we've warmed a viper in our bosoms, it won't take us long to scotch it."

I had just seated myself wearily on a candle box, sighing "O that Grouchy or night would come!" when a tall, weather-seasoned stranger entered. He looked around and around, as if in search of some particular object. At length he approached me and asked:

"Is the editor in?"

"Yes; I am he."

The stranger stood and gazed at me so long that I though he had forgotten his purpose. I was about to recall it to him, when he said:

"I mean the responsible editor, the fighter."

"Well, I'm not much of a fighter," I answered, "but I'm the only editor there is."

There was another protracted inspection of me. Then the stranger said, very deliberately:

"That being so, we may as well proceed to business. I happened to be in town today and see in your paper an account of the killing of Dooney Sullivan down at Split Rock, in which you indulge in some moralizing about the homicide and cast some aspersions on his slayer. Now, I happen to be the man who killed Dooney Sullivan, and I take issue with your account."

"Were there any misstatements?" I asked, shaking in my boots.

"No, none worth mentioning. You got the facts about straight. What I object to is the general view you take of the affair. The coroner's jury down at Split Rock were disposed to take a similar view, but I supplied them with a verdict which by a little persuasion they were kind enough to render: 'Came to his death by a just dispensation of Providence.' I should like you to say the same thing in the next number of your paper, if you please."

"With the greatest pleasure. I'm only too glad to correct any mistakes I may have made."

"Thank you. It is so easy to do business with reasonable people. I never have any trouble with them. Dooney Sullivan's failing was that he wasn't reasonable. Good day, sir."

My nerves were incapable of standing any more jolts. I closed the office and devoted the rest of the afternoon to writing out a set of rules which ever afterwards remained posted over the nail-keg that served me for a desk:

The "Trumpet's" Eleven Commandments

1. Don't try to be funny.
2. Say only pleasant things of Pickeye.
3. Say nothing pleasant of any other camp.
4. Don't speak of a live man except to praise him.
5. Don't speak of a dead one till you know if he left any friends.
6. Give a man the biggest title you can without it appearing too raw.
7. Always allude to gamblers as "gentlemen of the sporting fraternity."
8. Always speak of their companions as "among the leading ladies of the town."
9. Abuse and belittle the Northern Mines ad lib., but always exalt the Southern ones.
10. Don't ever moralize or censure; ascribe everything that happens to the will of providence.
11. Eschew politics, further than to declare that, whichever party is in, the "Trumpet" stands for Pickeye.

Possibly larger and more modern journals may have had to steer their course by similar charts. I am not qualified to say as to that. I only know how it was in Pickeye.

—Joseph T. Goodman.

TO GEORGE BROMLEY

(Published April 21, 1900)

I went daown east, jest 'tother day
To see the folks—New London way—
Old Gran-pa Nash that's ninety-four
An' Gran'ma Ames that's that or more.
A oldish kind of man was there,
With ruddy face an' rakish air,
Who said he'd heerd I'd been t' th' Coast,
An' ast if 'twant a foolish boast
To say the climate of the Slope
Became a sort of long-life dope.
So I jest up and spoke right aout,
An' told him what we bragged abaout.
"Of course," I says, "taint nat'ral 'tall
Thet folks sh'd live f'rever 'an all,
But this much kin be truly told—
Thet though they die—they don't grow old.
There's Bromley, Uncle George." says I,
"Thet's past the age when most men die,
Tho' old in years—he's jest a boy
That fairly frolics in youth's joy."
"Get aout," says he, "you call him old?
Wall! You do brag, as I've been told.
I've hearn before about your 'josh';
Why George's my youngest boy, by Gosh!"

—Joseph R. Grismer.

HIS LAST STORY

(Published December 13, 1902)

In the coroner's office three reporters were seated at the table writing furiously, while the coroner's deputy dozed in an arm-chair. One of the writers paused for an instant in his work. There was an angry scowl on his face.

"Hanged if I know why they want three columns on this. It's almost an every-day affair."

"We are going to run more than that," said a prematurely old boy without raising his eyes. "She is not ordinary."

The third man glanced at him suspiciously out of ratlike eyes, then chuckled softly. "Your paper beat us last week, but this time we are all stuck. It wasn't much of a beat, though. That Mannigan is an awful faker. Guess he'd fake a name for the girl if he were on the story."

There was a sound of hurrying feet on the stairway. "Speak of the devil"—— observed the florid man. Mannigan strode into the room and tossed his overcoat on to a chair.

"I am to do the story," he said rapidly to the boy. "Find out yet who she was?"

"Find hell," replied the boy. "There isn't a clew about her. Glad I'm out of it. It is no snap to do four columns on an ordinary girl suicide."

"Wake up, Tom, I want to see the body," said Mannigan impatiently.

"Tom, come out of your trance," shouted the boy, shaking the deputy by the shoulder. "We want to go downstairs."

The deputy shuffled down to the mortuary room followed by the two newspaper men. He pressed a button, causing the incandescent lamp to flare up brilliantly on some empty slabs and sheeted forms.

"This is she," he whispered, lifting back one of the sheets slightly.

Mannigan saw a mass of dark brown hair, a white face and a pair of glassy eyes staring vacantly upward. There was a jagged, triangular wound on the right temple.

"Queer looking wound," remarked the boy in an undertone. "Looks more like a crack from the butt than a bullet hole."

"Oh, those cheap small calibre pistols never make a clean hole," said the deputy contemptuously. "Seen enough?"

Mannigan nodded and moved toward the door. The others followed, and the deputy, after locking the place, hurried upstairs to renew his nap.

"Know her?" inquired the boy eagerly.

"Yes," said Mannigan quietly. "Tell the chief that it's worth holding the press a few minutes. Come back and wait across the street with a hack."

Mannigan rushed back to the coroner's office and seated himself at a remote end of the table.

"You look rather rocky," observed the florid man. "See any ghosts downstairs?"

Mannigan uttered an unintelligible reply, and commenced to write. A messenger boy hurried in and receiving the ratty-eyed man's copy, departed. The pages began to pile up before Mannigan, but his pencil still moved rapidly. A deep-toned bell in the neighborhood struck three times.

"Well, we are through, let's go home," suggested the florid man.

The ratty-eyed one nodded significantly toward Mannigan. "Oh, hell," whispered the other confidently, "he doesn't know anything. It's just a bunch of padding. Come on."

But even at the door the ratty-eyed man

looked back with worried suspicion. As the last echo of their footsteps died away Mannigan rose to his feet with an agonized groan that woke the deputy.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "God! you look like a ghost. Better get out of this and go to bed. Much more to do?"

"Only a page," replied Mannigan shakily. He resumed his seat and after writing a few sentences gathered his copy together and hurried out.

* * * * * *

Up in the editorial rooms, the managing editor and the city editor were waiting for the story in high spirits. The managing editor was pacing up and down gaily.

"We've got them again. How did Mannigan find out who she was?" he inquired.

"Don't know," replied the city editor with a smile. He held up first editions of the two rival dailies. "Look at these: 'Unknown Girl Commits Suicide', 'Unidentified Girl Suicide at Morgue.' We have got them. Mannigan can write, too, and these stories are sloppy."

The door was flung open and the prematurely old boy strode in. The city editor growled, "You may go," and snatched the manuscript from his hand greedily.

He began to glance through it with feverish haste. "Fine, fine," he muttered as a good bit caught his eye here and there. "But who is the man?" he inquired absently. "Listen to this, the note she left: 'And so I am going away in my old dress. Do not blame yourself for anything that happens. I do not blame you, dear. I will leave nothing that will cause you to be suspected of having anything to do with me'."

"Who is the man? Didn't he find out? Where did he get the note?" asked the managing editor excitedly.

"Hell!" gasped the city editor, still reading. "The man is James Mannigan, a newspaperman."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the managing editor. "Well, it can't be suppressed. It's bound to get out. Run the story anyhow."

"Damn the luck! It's bad all aroond," said the city editor, resuming his rapid perusal of the copy.

"Poor Jim is queered badly," mused the managing editor. "Sorry for him and—for other reasons. The powers will make an inquisition into the staff's morals, sure as fate."

The city editor paused with the last page in his hand. "By God! I wonder if he will," he exclaimed.

The managing editor looked at him in a puzzled way. "Will what?" he asked.

The city editor read from the page: "The man, after writing his pitiful story, stung by remorse, ended his worthless life in a Kearny-street saloon'."

A telephone bell rang shrilly. The managing editor caught up the receiver and held it to his ear.

"Well?" inquired the city editor impatiently.

"He made good—blew out his brains. Take the story upstairs," ordered the managing editor.

—W. O. McGeehan.

ONE WOMAN

(Published December 21, 1901)

Spirit of Beauty, breath divine
That animates the great Design,
Temples a million shelter thee
And I have found the golden key—
Lo, all thy doors before me swing
And all thy aspects pleasure bring;
Lo, thou hast bade me to thy feast,
Ordained me poet and thy priest!
I love thee in the red, red rose,
In Shelley's verse, in Ruskin's prose;
I know thy favorite Rembrandt head
(It hangs, in steel, above my bed)
And, under many a Gothic spire,
I've worshiped thee and felt thy fire;
I love thee in fine Raphael's art
And in the clean-kept human heart;
In sad Beethoven's lingering notes,
In caroling wild-birds' reedy throats,
In meadow land or covert green
Where, Beauty, thou art heard and seen;
Thou lurkest in the mountain brake,
Thou playest by the mountain lake,
And often by some shadowed pool
I've caught thee, napping, in the cool,
Like some sweet maiden by ill case
Surprised in her retiring-place;
Thy haunts, wild wood or shaven lawn,
Thy hours, soft evening, noon or dawn;
The towered city is thy fane,
Thou goest down the wide champaign—
In every shape, in every mood,
Thee, Beauty, I have loved and wooed;
In all things passive and in life,
In peace and in heroic strife,
Obedience and sacrifice,
But chiefly in One Woman's eyes
I love thee, Beauty; there thy seat
Is permanent, thy visage sweet,
And when my lady smiles on me
The heavens and earth are bright with thee!

—Eustace Cullinan.

TOLD BY WOMEN'S HANDS

(Published December 23, 1899)

That handwriting is an index of character few will deny after a brief examination of the subject. The following character readings were made from specimens placed before me for that purpose.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin writes a hand expressive of vivacity, self-consciousness, determination, originality, affection, demonstrativeness, some quick temper yet an amiable nature. Capacity of reserve and caution seem to be indicated, also tenacity of purpose.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall, wife of the physician, writes a refined and cultured hand. It shows artistic perception, aristocratic feeling, delicacy of thought, fluency of speech, energy and much self-respect.

Jennie C. Dunphy is tender-hearted, loving, affectionate, sympathetic. A natural lover of ease, she is averse to excitement or to overexertion. She loves music, art, perfumes, romance and sentiment. She is affable, courteous, vivacious, with a keen sense of humor. She is secretive.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has vivacity, style and fluency of speech. She thinks for herself, has a warm affectionate nature and will always be loving, demonstrative and loyal to her friends. Her heart is in the right place. She is emotional rather than phlegmatic and knows how to make friends and, what is more, to keep them.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey is a lady of determination and ambition. She is quick, impulsive, active, energetic, very affectionate and demonstrative, yet can keep her own counsels. Some tact is observable. She will never be satisfied with what is inferior, inartistic and old-fashioned.

Mrs. M. H. de Young's writing shows that she possesses ambition, courage and indomitable will. She possesses a naturally quick temper and yet shows equanimity and composure. She is candid, charitable, with a clear head, an active mind, with the ability to plan and accomplish.

—Eliza D. Keith.

STEPHEN M. WHITE

(Published March 2, 1901)

Sprung from the people, his life, true to its origin, was devoted to one continuous service of the people. To promote their cause were all his aspirations cherished; and his deepest ambition sought no other gratification than such as it was in the people's power to bestow. In this age of gold, when wealth is in the estimation of so many the synonym of worth, he never bent the knee before the power of money. At a time when capital has by aggregation and concentration acquired such an ascendancy as not only to dwarf the individual man but to overshadow the government of the Republic itself, he courted not its favor and never sought its support. Others might bend their necks to the yoke, and seek political honors at the sacrifice of independence. His were loftier aims. From that hour in his boyhood, when the first glimmer of a seat in the highest house of the Nation's Councils dawned upon him, he resolved that his ambition should be satisfied without the sacrifice of manhood, without the taint of corruption, without the loss of individual and absolute freedom of thought and action. The annals of our State contain no brighter page than that which records the fulfillment of that pledge. Laws may decay and Constitutions may perish, but as long as a vestige of the true spirit of Democracy is left, his example will remain to inspire, elevate and purify the aspirations of the youth of the State. The future historian will write his name as that of one who, without compromise with wrong, attained the highest honors which the State could confer; one whose lofty purpose and sublime declaration—let the chronicler blazon the sentence in letters of gold—it was that he intended "to make it possible for a man to aspire to the Senatorship on his merits alone."

—D. M. Delmas.

NOT I!

(Published July 22, 1911)

Some like drink
In a pint pot.
Some like to think;
Some not.
Strong Dutch cheese,
Old Kentucky rye,
Some like these;
Not I.

Some like Poe,
And others like Scott.
Some like Miss Stowe;
Some not.
Some like to fight,
Some like to cry,
Some like to write;
Not I.

Now there's enough,
Clean without a blot,
Some may like the stuff;
Some not.
Some will say "Encore"
And some "O fie"!
Some would do some more;
Not I.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE PARTING

(Published November 11, 1899)

She leaned back uneasily in her chair and clasped her hands over her head. His eyes followed the movement of her arms and then rested on the dainty fingers. He thought of their soft caresses and how good it had always felt to have them run through his hair. Ah well, this was the last night and why not think of the past, live over again the happy student days? Why think of the morrow, of the one waiting across the sea, of the "guv'n'r" who had arranged it all and whose summons to come home must be obeyed?

He looked into her eyes and laughed and she laughed in return. A tear rolled down her cheek and she bowed her head so that he would not see.

"Mon bien aimée, we act like children, do we not?" she asked gaily.

"Like two little fools," he replied. "Let us not think of anything but the past—of tonight. We will listen to no song but Omar's until the morning. Let us be happy as long as we may."

"Now, Edouard, you talk like yourself. We will not think of the morrow for it has not yet come."

She had moved over to the mirror at the end of the room as she spoke and let loose the glorious folds of her hair. When she turned, the mistiness had disappeared from her eyes. He held out his arms to her and with a glad cry she ran to him and knelt at his feet. She drew his head down and caught her fingers in its curls, those soft auburn curls which had belonged to her alone for three long years. He stroked her cheeks and pressed kiss upon kiss on the full, red, clinging lips.

They were disturbed by the knocking of the maitre d'hotel who brought the supper and wine that Edouard had ordered when he came in. And what a feast it was. The quaint Japanese tete-a-tete table on which so many had been spread before was drawn out of its place in the corner. Edouard had his coat off in an instant and busied himself helping Jeanne lay the cloth and arrange the dishes. They chatted and laughed light-heartedly over the latest escapades and naiserie of the Quartier. When he lighted the skull lamp and made it the centerpiece, they sat down.

Strange ornament for that board. It was the skull of a beautiful young waif of the Seine whose body had gone to the college. Edouard was in the bloom of the morbid, brutish first days of a student and he stole the head and worked many nights preparing it when he should have been with his books. Jeanne had seen it in his rooms when they first met and he gave it to her because she fancied it.

Never had Jules' cooking such a relish before nor had the wine ever tasted so good. Edouard saw that the glasses were filled to their brims and kept up a steady recollection of the happy days he and Jeanne had spent together. Both forgot in the abandon of the moment that the end was at hand.

"Mon bien aimée, do you remember the day you first came to the Quartier? What a greeny you were. I was sitting for Jones' 'Wood Nymph' and because my shoulders were bared and I looked at you too long you blushed like a boy. Then when we came to know each other you would not let me go to his studio and Jones had to give up his picture. You thought he liked me too well and you wanted me all for yourself. Eh, mon bien aimée? You got mad when he came to see me and in your foolish way you punched his nose. Ha ha, ha! Was it not funny that day? But it was not strange for you to act that way; all men are the same."

The steeples pealed out the stroke of two. The conversation stopped. Jeanne looked across the table at Edouard. All the laughter died out of her eyes.

"At three o'clock you go," she said.

"Ma chère Jeanne, remember your promise. We part as if we were to meet again tomorrow."

"Mon bien aimée, do you think I would cause you pain? I remember. Look out and see if it is raining. I thought I heard the patter of drops."

He walked over to the window and pulled aside the draperies.

The sky was overcast and threatening and a blackness hung over the boulevard, making mirrors out of the panes. The light from the lamp reflected from them distinctly every object in the room.

Edouard saw Jeanne rise from her seat and go hastily to the escritoire near the fireplace and take from a secret drawer a vial filled with a watery looking fluid. She returned to the table, watching him all the time, and poured half of its contents into her wine glass and the other into his.

"Mon bien aimée, is it raining, or was I mistaken? Come, do not stand there. The time grows short. Let us drink a toast to the parting."

"The sky threatens rain, but it has not yet fallen, ma chère," he said walking back to the table. "Do you propose a toast and I shall drink it. Let me fill the glasses."

The wine sparkled and snapped as it ran into her glass.

"Is that the sound of rain?" he asked as he raised his own to fill it. Jeanne ran to the window to look out. The moment she turned he smelt the liquid in the glass and smiled. He turned it out and poured the wine.

"Come, my loved one, your toast," and she came back to the table and they raised their glasses.

"Mon bien aimée, it is this:

"To the past, to those who have gone, to those who are to come, to the Quartier, to the one across the sea waiting to become your bride, and to you, my beloved, our love and the beyond, drink!"

She drained her glass and threw it from her with a shriek. She tried to reach Edouard, but her strength failed and she fell. He had quaffed the contents of his glass and laughingly looked down at the beautiful form lying at his feet. He stooped after musing for a moment and picking her up placed her on a couch.

"Well, sir, for once in your life you did something right. What an ass you would have been to have given her prussic acid just because she asked for it. Edouard, I am quite proud of you; really proud of you."

He was talking to himself as he put on his top-coat and adjusted it. He turned down the light and bent over the couch. Jeanne was sleeping heavily.

"Good-bye, Jeanne, my dear little one. It would have been very bad taste for us to have shuffled off under these circumstances. Don't you think so? Your pulse is strong and the heart beats good and you'll get up tomorrow feeling quite well. I thought yesterday that there was one woman in this world who had some sense, but you're all alike, little one; all alike. Good-bye, Jeanne. We have had many pleasant days together and I shall always think of them."

He kissed her and went out.

—William Brown Meloney.

THE FRISKY FLEAS OF 'FRISCO

(Published November 8, 1902)

Dear Girl-at-Heart, I fain would write
A lengthy screed to you tonight;
But really can't, for, if you please,
I'm kept too busy fighting fleas.
I've lovely ideas in my head,
But O, my hide! It's vexed and red,
And marked with grievous swellings, which
Are quite the devil on the itch.

I hate to make complaint; but still,
This flea-pest is a serious ill.
Like Virgil's gnat, the flea is small,
But how the beast can jump and crawl!
And bite? It bites as big, I swear,
As any Dragon of the air.
I used to often wonder why,
Of names "that were not born to die,"
This city had so few; but now,—
I live here, and, ye gods! I know.
For who, harrassed by horrid fleas,
Could weave entrancing melodies?

Dear Girl-at-Heart, if I'm a bard,
I've earned the title good and hard;
For truly, for each line I've written
I've been in twenty places bitten.
That bards oft feel more than they write
Is true in my case every night.

Oh, San Francisco's nice enough
Save for her fleas, and Gee! they're tough!
Or night or day they never rest,
But choose the place that's tenderest,
And, out of reach of thumb and finger,
There, most assiduously, they linger.

And Lord! They're such a hardy pack.
They really thrive upon buhac;
And "insect" stuff, of any sort,
But seems to make them more cavort.
They can't be poisoned or affrighted,
And with clothes-shaking they're delighted.

Dear Girl-at-Heart, I'll write no more,
For truth to tell, there's quite a score
Of fleas that need, e'en now, attention,
Therefore my gentle rhyme's suspension.
I'll take my pen and scratch my name—
Delightful thought! 'Twill scratch! The same
Would I be doing, but—Farewell!
I flea me to my wretched cell!

—Elwyn Hoffman.

SAN FRANCISCO

(Published April 6, 1907)

Something hast thou tempting, luring,
Something of that charm enduring
Near divine;
Something vague and yet compelling
From a thousand hills comes welling,
Thy delights but faintly telling,
Mistress mine.
Morn and midday show those graces
That the night in sea-loomed laces
Round thee spreads;
Stars o'erhead all blur and spangle
And, like furbelow and bangle,
Thine own winking lights entangle
In the threads.
Like that Helen, famed in story,
Blessing, blighting with her glory
Son and sire,
So art thou; and each his greeting
Gives from loyal bosom beating,
In thy soft endearments meeting
His desire.

—Mabel Porter Pitts.

SHE TELLS HER BEADS

(Published July 24, 1915)

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
And some are wrought of gold, and some of clay—
They are the story of the Padre's seeds
That grew into the harvest of today—

Hesperian harvest of the magic land,
The fruit of spirit and the fruit of toil—
The cry of suffering from a heavy hand,
The sweet religion plowed into the soil.

The rich empassioned soil that drank its fill
Of mystic prayers when Indians split it thro',
Swells with the old time veneration still
When later plowshares touch its womb anew.

The frankincense the monks swung at the Mass
Fell prisoned in the black adobe sod,
Where yet it circles thro' the green gold grass
To breathe its heavy soothing praise to God.

The fulsome fume of California's air
Is laden with the passion of the Past,
And bears the burden of a swooning prayer,
Repentant but all jubilant at last.

The sandalled monks who drove their Indians hard
Worked with the tools that happened to their hand—
Their means were justified, and their reward?
Look to the Missions that adorn the land!

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
And some are touched with joy and some with pain:
They tell the tale of flowers and of weeds,
They tell the story of persistent Spain.

The Caballero was the patriarch,
And all the people were his family—
Horizoned acres were his private park
And men and cows and horses—all were free.

No fences bounded his untilled domain,
No litigation bade him yea or nay,
No neighbors injured for abnormal gain,
No thought of saving for a rainy day.

His tale of life was told for happiness,
For comfort for his people and his flock;
His jewcled hand was lifted but to bless,
His lips smiled to encourage, not to mock.

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
She tells the golden bead of sudden wealth,
Of sin, of venture and of knightly deeds,
Of coward sickness and courageous health.

The truant gold that pebbled brooding streams—
The mining camp, red-shirted, booted, free—
The young ambition, the romantic dreams—
The loves, the hatreds and the revelry.

How risking all upon a single card
Empoored the many and made millionaires;
But how great business was the rich reward,
How fortune sometimes comes to him who dares.

She tells her beads, oh Lord, she tells her beads,
She thanks Thee for her teeming fields of grain,
For grape, for fruit, for vintage and full seeds
That grow in bounty to her will again.

Was it Thy wrath, oh Lord, that lit the blaze?
Or was it but Thy wish to test her men?
Rerose the City to the world's amaze—
Whatever Thy design, she cries Amen.

Mean, swarming war is buzzing 'neath Thy seat;
Let Peace, oh Lord, abide upon her breast—
Her temples by the Gate point to Thy feet,
Her censors swing in prayer for rest, for rest.

Her eyes are forward, earnest eyes and sane,
Her feet are wary of the unseen snare—
Her past should point the lesson, but again
Dangers may come, so teach her to beware.

Should she expend her fortune on her fools?
Should she exhaust her substance on her knaves?
The cooper, if he's good should know his tools,
And build his barrel with the proper staves.

Her arms are open to invite increase—
Out of her large abundance she will give—
Her pledge is plenty and her promise peace—
She sings to all, "With me 'tis joy to live."

She bares her bosom to the world and smiles,
Smiles with the rapture of her conscious grace—
The mother fruitfulness, the wanton wiles
Alile compel the world to her embrace.

They who have nestled on her ardent breast
Never stray far—they hear her and return—
Beneath her seasons only are they blest,
And at her feet their vows of love relearn.

She is so generous, she gives her sons
Largess to pay their carelessness—
And like a mother loves the weaker ones,
Making them stronger by her dear caress.

Glory to Thee she prays at last, oh Lord,
As once it was, as 'tis, and as 'twill be—
The all pervading presence and the word,
And conscious plenty to eternity.

—James V. Coleman.

THE CITY THAT WAS

(Published May 4, 1907)

Of San Francisco, the Great, so-called, not a word from me now. She is too near for me to see, too new for me to know, too real for my matter-of-fancy pen to depict. My San Francisco is no longer here. She has gone hence, and is no more seen, save of the mind's eye. She is a dream that vanished abruptly one dawn a year ago; and in a little while her innumerous haunting headstone will likewise be but a memory.

Strangely sad and disconcerting—to me, at least—such monuments of her as still remain to us; and the familiar names of the unfamiliar streets are a noise in the ears, a mist in the eyes, and a mockery in the heart.

Vain talk of rebuilding her. Scarcely more rebuildable than Babylon, my San Francisco, she whose pavements, by I know not what magic of theirs, took at a touch the fever out of feet troubled of the wanderlust while yet cradled and quite incapable of any the least wandering whatever.

Nothing short of a miracle it was that the city of St. Francis (by his intercession, was it?) wrought for me now nearly twenty long years since. That evening I saw for the first time the sun go westward by way of the Golden Gate, and for the first time in my life I watched him out of sight with no will to follow him. Doubtless, beyond the horizon were cities fair to look upon, many of them, each worth any man's journeying thither to see; but now, strangely enough, I was ready to take the word of travelers in the matter of their several perfections. Before the day of my falling in with my San Francisco, it was far otherwise with me. What beauty there was anywhere in the world I must needs see for myself. To see it with the eyes of others would not suffice me. I must from city beautiful to city beautiful.

Why did I love her so well, the San Francisco that was? How came she, who had herself so little of it, to teach me love of domesticity? I know not. 'Tis with cities as with women. We men love them, in the main, for their femininity, which is synonymous neither with beauty nor virtue. We love them most when we least know why we love them. There are but few reasonable friendships, no reasonable loves. Enough to say that I did not love the San Francisco that is dust and ashes because I deemed her beautiful and love-worthy above all the cities of earth. I loved her, no doubt, because she was so much a woman; so fond of frills and furbelows, and the infinities; so enamored of virtue, so addicted to vice. Like Paris is, my San Francisco was the very personification of the eternal womanly; so much so that even strangers, whom she had housed awhile, returned each to his own home city, fell sick of that strange malady, nostalgia, and died, not a few of them, of broken hearts. This only I do know, that I loved her well, the San Francisco that was, for all that I knew her to be but a daughter of joy, with the maidenly dream still left her, to be at one and the same time her purgatory and her peace; loved her, looking the while unmoved upon that beauteous virgin of the upper classes, Berkeley, and that immaculate milkmaid, Alameda; upon Oakland, that flat-chested femme honnete of uncertain age, and all the reputable rest.

Over me, from first to last, the San Francisco that was exercised a charm indefinable as that of a woman in a dream, and as irresistible. I had for her what is termed by one's irreproachable relatives an infatuation. Her unworth was not unknown to me. Good people, with my welfare at heart, were at no small pains to point it out; and the result, be sure, was immediate and natural. That so inexplicable fascination which sin in the abstract has for imaginative youth, be it never so pure, was hers in memorable degree. Her Chinatown had witcheries all its own, not to be met with elsewhere; no, not in the Orient itself. The glamour of the days of gold hung over her like a glittering mist. Matter-of-fact she was, and not unmodern; but a tinge of the fabulous, a touch of the olden romance, remained to the end, to make colorful the dun things of her existence; ideal, the everyday.

Seen from the far withdrawn, disinterested point of view of art, she was fascinating in the extreme, was my San Francisco; not so much by reason of her beauty, great as was that, as because, from the nearer, more immediately concerned point of view of morals, she was a Magdalene, loving all manner of men, come from no matter what incredible clime; and not wholly for gain's sake either; a Magdalene quite capable of the adorable extravagance of spending her very costly nard upon the head of the once-come Christ, to the utter disregard of the poor, whom we have with us always; of kissing his dusty feet with her very costly lips; of washing them with tears, drying them with her hair. Yes, the San Francisco that was could bow her head to kiss Good upon the feet, and lift it to kiss Evil upon the mouth; and yet, in that she loved much, one must needs forgive her her sins, which were many. Lukewarm, so as to give to Heaven mal de coeur, she never was. Every now and then there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over her so picturesque repentances, and anon, renewed weeping over her so scarlet sins. Who lost their souls because of her blest her as they went hellward. Many a model citizen of New York, or other of the ninety and nine just places which need no repentance, has died with her name on his lips, her lover again in the lucid moment before the endless dark. There was in her beauty that unearthliness which gives birth to legend. In days to come they will tell how

she sat, a siren, on rocks of crystal by a gate of gold, and how mariners from everywhere and nowhere yielded to the sweet of her singing, and found death by drowning not unpleasant.

Such moving atmosphere as old world cities have—places like Paris where artists are wont to foregather—was hers by some special grace of God. Not possibly could Bret Harte's brief sojourn within her gates have done much toward the making of it; nor yet Stevenson's briefer. No, she had it, a gift from on high, or if she had it not, then her lovers endowed her with it, as is the way of lovers. She lacked nothing of having a Quartier Latin to rival that of Paris, save a real live artist or two. Of the many things that go to the building up of a veritable Bohemia, she had all except the works of genius necessary to justify its existence.

Money she loved well, but man better. A penniless poet might have pillowed on her bosom, a merchant prince on the outer doormat the while, had the poet only been forthcoming, and she known him for such. Intended for romance, she might well have given birth to a Don Quixote. Instead, she gave birth to an Abe Ruef. The fault her day's, not hers.

Her air of childlike innocence she never quite lost, her prototype being that anomaly, the strange woman whose soul seems, not only never to have given its consent to the misdeeds of the body, but even to be unaware of their very existence, they having been done, as it were, in the soul's absence.

Though she wore furs in midsummer, and diamonds at noonday, and dressed as for a festival, to do her marketing, and denied herself nothing, she had taste withal, had my poor dead fille de joie, and heart enough to house mankind.

Such the San Francisco that was, my San Francisco, now with God. Her end became her. Better thus to die than inch by inch of that most insidious of modern diseases, Progress.

They tell me that she is not dead at all. It is true, they say, that she was very sick awhile back, but she is better now, and soon will be her own self again. They lie. She is dead—gone hence, at least. Myself saw her being translated, as was the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire. Why do they say to a stranger, "This is she!"? To save my reason, forsooth? Do they think thus to deceive me who, were I indeed gone mad with grief, would yet know her at a glance. Foolish as false. But hold! Perhaps the poor things deceive themselves. 'Tis they, not I—What if they had seen me tap my forehead then! Humor them, that's the thing to do. Why, gentlemen, of course, it is she, our dear San Francisco, and looking so well, too. I surely must have been dreaming! Dead! Well, if that's not one on me! Come, let's uncork a bottle of '49 to drink her health in.

—Harry Cowell.

TO LUISA TETRAZZINI

(Published April 12, 1913)

Shimmering rays through gray clouds gleaming,
The lark's glad song to heaven rings,
Opal skies proclaim the morning,
When Luisa sings.

The sunkissed poppy bright and glowing
To the velvet clover brings
Amber light to warm its shadows
When Luisa sings.

Crystal fountains bubbling over,
Rippling into golden rills,
Honeyed dewdrops strung on silver,
When Luisa trills.

Now an angel fair and gentle
Bearing on her guardian wings
Pearls of prayer to soothe all sorrow
When Luisa sings.

—Christie Tyler.

MY DAY OF LIFE

(Published September 10, 1910)

I know not how it is—it seems
Fantastic and surprising
That after all these dreams and dreams,
Here in the sun's first level beams,
The sun is still just rising!

When first he showed his sovereign face,
And bade the night-folk scuttle
Back to their holes, I took my place
Here on the hill, and God His grace
Sent slumber soft and subtle.

Among the poppies red and white,
I've lain and drowsed, for all it
Appears a sluggardly delight.
I must have had a wakeful night,
Though, faith, I don't recall it.

And, O I've dreamed so many things!
One hardly can unravel
The tangled web of visionings
That slumber-of-the-morning brings:
Play, study, work and travel;

The love of women (mostly those
Were fairest that were newest);
Hard knocks from friends and other foes:
Compacts with men (my memory shows
The deadest are the truest);

War—what a hero I became
By merely dreaming battle!
Athwart the field of letters, Fame
Blared through the brass my weary name
With an ominous death-rattle.

Such an eternity of thought
Within a minute's fraction!
Such phantoms out of nothing wrought,
And fading suddenly to naught
As I awake to action!

They scamper each into its hole,
These dreams of my begetting.
They've had their moment; take, my soul,
Thy day of life. . . Gods! this is droll—
That thieving sun is "setting"!

—Ambrose Bierce.

"McTEAGUE"

(Published April 8, 1899)

Briefly stated, "McTeague" is not a pleasant book, and will not flatter the good citizens of San Francisco. But it is realistic, photographically, brutally so. Norris shows as in a magic mirror what we have looked upon in reality a thousand times without seeing, but when we do see and recognize the speaking likeness of ourselves we should not wince and cry out because it is unflattering. The stratum of society described in "McTeague" is that lower middle class which does not often figure in Californian novels and which Norris has painted in the spirit of Balzac at his best. Notwithstanding its small aims and sordid tragedies it is worthy of such a brush, for it is picturesque although it has none of Bret Harte's gambler chivalry nor Mrs. Atherton's serio-comic hysterics. It has been said that the dentist McTeague is not a type. Very true, but a type is usually insipid and commonplace; it is the variation that interests. And to the stranger the charm of San Francisco is in the abundance of just such variations. But the smart and slangy Marcus is a type, so are the Sieppes, and of the most familiar—the domestic, picnic-going, plodding stolid German-American, which by a strange anomaly has furnished the criminal annals of San Francisco with some of its deepest tragedies.

"McTeague" is a story of development, of the friction of life on life. Before the dentist meets Trina, he is inert, contented to eat and doze, to loll and drink beer. His wife refines him a little and arouses ambitions in him. But alas! when the crash comes it is Trina herself who pulls him down by her avarice. She forces him to go back to his steam beer, she makes him sell his silk hat and Prince Albert coat, she allows him cuffs on Sunday only.

McTeague, however, continues to be a docile enough animal until liquor arouses the brute in him and reveals to him his own power. He who was so fearful of hurting Trina when he filled her teeth, does not now hesitate to maul and bite her until he extorts from her her savings, that hoard which she loves with a passion beyond all else. McTeague's inert brutality and Trina's miserliness are two charged thunderclouds that crash together and produce the fatal bolt. The descriptions that follow the murder scene and lead up to the finale in the desert are very fine, and Norris has caught the spirit of Californian nature.

On the whole, and despite its vulgarities, Norris has produced a strong book, and has worked a field hitherto ignored by the novelist of Californian life. He shows us the picturesqueness of common and familiar things and in a measure has discovered us to ourselves.

—Irene Connell.

RAGTIME

(Published November 7, 1903)

Sing the song of ragtime,
Twentieth century craze;
How its fetching tempo
Moulds our modern ways;
How it sets the fashion
On (or off) the stage;
For songs—or hats—or dramas
Ragtime's quite the rage.

Borrowed from the darky
Under Southern moons,
All his happy nature
Thrills its haunting tunes;
All his griefs or burdens
At those strains take flight;
Cake-walk done to ragtime
Just the "coon's" delight!

To our strenuous living
(A blessing in disguise)
Ragtime calls "Be merry,
Not so sadly wise!
Drop that anxious frowning,
Stern Old Care beguile;
Hear the round world swinging
To ragtime's tune—and smile."

Would its spell might banish
Sundry ills of ours!
Check "high-pressure" living,
"Rushing" sixteen hours.
Could we step to ragtime's
Light and merry strain,
Peace and joy were golden gifts
From Aready again.

—Ella M. Sexton.

A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Published November 16, 1901)

My earliest recollection is of my life on the most beautiful farm in Oregon—one situated five miles south of Silverton. On this farm I was born on March 8, 1867. My mother, whose wish before my birth was that I should some day be a cartoonist, died when I was three and a half years old from smallpox, and my only remembrance of her is of seeing her the night she died—after death. My father, T. W. Davenport, who now lives in Silverton, Oregon, was at that time a prosperous farmer and a leading politician of the state. He remained on the farm until I was twelve or fifteen years old. My father's mother lived with us and was my companion.

As I remember, all the members of the family worked in every way that might conduce to my happiness, and helped me to learn to draw. My father, who had previously been the Indian agent at Pendleton, used to bring Indians from that place to live at our farm that I might draw their pictures. It was during a period of boyhood when Indians cut a great figure. My mother's name was Flora Geer and her father and mother lived less than a mile away and my uncles and aunts occupied the houses that stood on all the farms that joined ours.

So, surrounded by dear relatives and friends, I grew up to be a worthless boy with only one ambition, and that to draw pictures. And the pictures I drew were looked upon as cheap work for the son of a State Senator and the grandson of one of the state's most respected pioneers. My relatives were all kind, however, and when I visited them they made my stay pleasant by saving the white paper that I might amuse them and myself by drawing. Some years before we moved to Silverton my father married again, and my stepmother didn't understand me or I didn't understand her; at any rate at intervals we didn't agree. But I was to blame, for I hadn't much to do, and spent my time drawing pictures and playing practical jokes. And as I look back now I think she was a better mother to me than many other women would have been.

My time spent in Silverton was one long period of happiness. Still obeying my good father's wishes I drew many thousand pictures, but I frequently imposed on his good nature and kind disposition by lying idle a whole year upon the pretext that I was studying the character of a town of three or four hundred inhabitants. During my somewhat monotonous career my father was the only one who had full confidence in me, with the exception of my other brother, Clyde, who died just rounding into the upper teens.

On each occasion, just before I started away, my father would take me by the hand and extract a promise from me, rather easily, that I would never drink any liquor of any kind or use tobacco in any form, and I never did. He and I understood each other perfectly and have been the closest companions all through life. It worried him greatly, he being a man of the very highest education, that I should grow up without any, but to educate me he found was impossible, so he made the best of it. His one ambition in life was to see me, some day, a cartoonist of strength, like Th. Nast whom he greatly admired. But owing to the fact that from general appearance I was and always would be a farmer, it seemed as though his ambition was absurd.

In those days, nowhere in Oregon or on the Pacific Coast did any newspapers illustrate, and there were few pictures for a farmer boy to see. Hence my schooling was conducted under the most disadvantageous circumstances, but with carpenter's pencils I drew a great deal. Occasionally when we got money enough for a round trip ticket to Portland, I went there with samples of my art work and notice of my talent clipped from the Silverton Appeal, but the critics were severe. Moreover my drawings were so bad that I frequently threw them into the Willamette river, and returned home disgusted with art, but each time my father would cheer me up, inspiring me with new hope, and again I would find myself drawing pictures with a pride that a stranger would think had never been broken.

This went on for years, interrupted at intervals by trials at other things—once as a jockey, once (briefly) as a clown, and for a while as a railroad man. I was sent to San Francisco by my father in 1890, but failed to get employment. Through the kindness of friends, however, I was enabled to live there for months without a dollar in my pocket. I returned to Oregon and came back again, and again failed and returned to Silverton where I gave up in despair. For a while I did quite well as a fireman on a locomotive. In January, 1892, my father's cousin, Mr. C. W. Smith, now living in Pasadena, who was one of the greatest railroad men of his time, came to Silverton to visit us. He had not seen my father in twenty years. Thinking I might work on Mr. Smith's sympathies, and get promoted through his influence to some better road, I took a layoff in Silverton. I drew Mr. Smith's picture, and when he saw it, he declared that I must prepare quickly to leave Oregon. I tried to discourage him, but couldn't and in two weeks passes came for me to come to San Francisco. With the passes came a letter introducing me to G. M. Palmer, then business manager of the Examiner.

I came and Mr. Palmer took me to the art department of the paper where I saw, for the first time, a man drawing a picture with pen and ink. It was a large portrait, and the artist was George Lyon. Up to that time I thought all artists drew with a pencil. I never shall forget how that strong, beautiful portrait looked to me. It was the portrait of Mayor Pond. I had my coat pocket full of samples of my work but when the foreman of the art department asked me for some I told him I had none. And on the first opportunity I shoved my samples clear through my pockets into the linings of my coat.

I finally beckoned the art critic into another room, and told him I never could draw the sort of pictures he required, and I implored him to write to my father and tell him that I was overrated, and that the place for me was on the farm. He agreed to do so and was writing the letter, when, for pastime, I drew a horse's head on a scrap of paper, and when he was sealing the letter to my father he happened to see what I had done.

"When did you do that?" he asked.

"Just now," I replied.

Then he asked me to draw another and still another, and presently I saw him tear up the letter. Then turning to me he said:

"Say, before I write to your father, you'd better stay around here a week or so."

I told him I had no money, but perhaps I could borrow some, which I did, and that evening he gave me three ponderous scrap books containing original drawings to look at. I think I began looking at the books about five in the evening, without having had anything to eat, and I was hungry. But my interest was so great, my happiness so complete, that time passed quickly. It seemed as though I had been looking at the books only a few moments when a janitor told me it was three in the morning. I staggered out into Montgomery street, and went to bed at the Russ House.

I became deathly sick in an hour, and they had to call a doctor, and the next forenoon I came near dying with brain fever. Owing to the location of the room, and the amount of baggage I had, the doctor didn't think it worth while sending a bill for his services. I got well in three or four days, and Mr. Palmer started me to work on the Examiner, on the second day of February, 1892, at ten dollars per week, at which rate I worked for nearly a year.

I was then given a raise, but about that time I was discharged for incompetency. I then went to the Call for a job and was refused. Then I went to the Chronicle and was given employment. But I left after a few months and went to the Chicago Herald and remained from May until September, '93. I again lost my position and was married to Miss Daisy Moors of this city. That was in September, '93.

I came back to dear old 'Frisco and again went to the Chronicle, but after some months, at the Examiner's request, went back to that paper, where I remained until the fall of '95, when I joined the New York Journal staff. Ever since I have been with Mr. Hearst.

What success I have had as a cartoonist has been best judged by Mr. Hearst. I have no doubt made many mistakes, as all people do, but in everything I have tried to do what was just and honest and fair to Mr. Hearst, to the readers of his papers and to myself. I have never been asked by Mr. Hearst to do anything other than what my own conscience told me was right.

With me as with all cartoonists, I suppose, there is that feeling within the soul that there is a great cartoon of national and international importance that will some day be drawn. I am striving to that end and I hope some day to achieve my ambition.

I love to draw strong cartoons, in the line of brute force, but I prefer those of the pathetic order, and I am satisfied that between the two lies the real power of cartooning. Humorous cartoons are pleasing and restful, but they don't leave the lasting impression that should go with serious work. My work has been a great pleasure to me, and the greatest reward it ever brought me was when Admiral Dewey, sobbing like a child, told me that my cartoon, "Lest We Forget," drawn in his behalf when the people of the nation were abusing him, prompted him to content himself in America when he was seriously thinking of going abroad to make his home.

—Homer Davenport.

TO ONE A-MARRYING

(Published September 4, 1909)

Aye, pluck the jonquil when the May's a-wing,
Or please you with a rose upon the breast,
Or find a violet chosen from the rest
To match your mood with blue caprice of Spring;
Give windy vines a tendril less to swing—
Why, what's a flower? A day's delight at best,
A perfume loved, a faded petal pressed,
A whimsey for an hour's remembering.

But wondrous careful must he draw the rose
From jealous earth who seeks to set anew
Deep roots, young leafage with a gardener's art—
To plant it queen of all his garden close,
And make his varying fancy wind and dew,
Cloud, rain and sunshine for one woman's heart.

—Nora May French.

THE BELLS OF MONTEREY

(Published June 3, 1916)

Comes to me across the headland,
Through the mist of dashing spray,
Comes the soft appealing music
Of the bells of Monterey:
Mission bells of Monterey,
Twilight bells of Monterey,
Comes the pealing softly stealing
Of the bells of Monterey.

In the blaze of sunset's glory,
Palm and pine, and hill and bay
Tell again the wondrous story,
Of the bells of Monterey:
Evening bells of Monterey,
Twilight bells of Monterey,
All the glory of the story,
Of the bells of Monterey.

Senorita, caballero,
From the past so far away
List from out the deepening shadows
To the bells of Monterey:
Sad sweet bells of Monterey,
Mournful bells of Monterey,
To the rolling and the tolling
Of the bells of Monterey.

Once again comes saintly Serra,
Blesses hamlet, grove and bay,
And a holy silence hushes
All the bells of Monterey:
Vesper bells of Monterey,
Holy bells of Monterey,
Falls night and peace and starlight
On the bells of Monterey.

—Sister Mary Rosalia, O. S. D.

POEMS OF GENERAL FOOTE

(Published June 14, 1913)

On the fourth of this month died in San Francisco Lucius Harwood Foote, poet and gentleman, after a life of eighty-seven years of usefulness, the earlier ones full of experience and excitement, the latter spent in still waters.

With the exception of one poem ("Stirling the Outlaw") and a translation from the German ("Enigma") all of General Foote's published work may be found in one book, "The Wooing of the Rose and Other Poems," published by The Platt & Peck Co., New York, in 1911. In this volume are reprinted all of the poems, with the exceptions noted above, that comprise the collection entitled "A Red-Letter Day," published by A. Williams & Co., Boston, in 1882, and now a comparatively rare book.

In my opinion most of General Foote's best work is represented by the poems reprinted from this earlier volume. He was in all respects a lyric poet, and it is not said without a certain warrant that the lyric gift, like those of the fairies, begins to "fade away" with advancing years. Some even put the date of its passing at forty years.

General Foote came to this State as a young man, and most of his work is Californian in substance, notably "A Red-Letter Day," a fine poem with the Sierras as a setting. So far as I know, he made no artistic use of the innumerable impressions he must have received during the years of his consulate in the Orient and in South America. It would seem that the impulse to do so must have been almost irresistible, what of his poetic powers. But it may be that matters of duty and discipline intervened. At least I know of nothing to the contrary.

General Foote went for his inspiration to Nature and the human heart. His work in the vein of the former is frank, true and unstilted, though sometimes marred by expressions that have for their excuse a naivete impossible to us of this generation—as when he writes of the breeze

> coquetting with the trees,

or used the ancient term "bated breath." This naivete seems the corollary to the fine simplicity and gentleness that were innate with him —a simplicity that dictated the lines

> The key to Paradise is not a cork,
> For men have tried it often since the fall.
> A man may dine without a silver fork,
> May dine right well without a fork at all.—

Which quatrain seems to me the "camping-out" of Sill's great couplet

> Life is a game the soul can play
> With fewer pieces than men say.

When General Foote turned to sentiment, it was sentiment at once manly and delicate, and suffused as it were with the fragrances that haunt an old-fashioned garden. If his lines had no great insistence on the tragic, they had at least sincerity and winsomeness, as in the charming lyric "Marie." The spirit of his day led him occasionally to essays in "vers de societe," always with happy results.

But he was most the poet when he sang of Nature, and Nature in her wilder or more lonely moods. From his "Red-Letter Day" I cannot resist quoting the beautiful lines

> A faun seems grieving where the fir-tree grieves,
> And in the pine's pathetic monotone
> Methinks I hear the sad-voiced Ariel moan.
> The waning sunlight sows its dust of gold . . .
> The new moon's sickle reaps the yellow sheaf.

Nor have I met anywhere with a truer description of a Sierran waterfall:

> Its seething waters writhe and twist,
> Then leap, and crumble into mist.

The use of that verb "crumble" is enough in itself to stamp General Foote as a real poet. Elsewhere he speaks with distinction, though less happily, of a mountain stream:

> The silver thread has grown to be
> A molten avalanch set free.

His poem "Sutter's Fort" is redolent of the early days of the State, and in his lyric "El Vaquero" he attains the arrested action of sculpture.

EL VAQUERO

Tinged with the blood of Aztec lands,
Sphinx-like, the tawny herdsman stands,
A coiled reata in his hands.
Devoid of hope, devoid of fear,
Half brigand, and half cavalier,—
This helot, with imperial grace
Wears ever on his tawny face
A sad, defiant look of pain.
Left by the fierce iconclast
A living fragment of the past—
Greek of the Greeks he must remain.

One could regret the repetition of "tawny," and "fragment" seems hardly compatible with the integrity of the image conveyed. But the poem is one that persists in the memory, which is the best that can be wished for a poem, after all.

In "The Wooing of the Rose" is a fine sonnet of ancient Egypt:

HAR-MA-KHU

To hold eternal vigil o'er the place,
By Ghiza's royal tomb it couchant lies
Beneath the solemn arch of Egypt's skies—
A nameless type of terror and of grace.

The toil and torment of a patient race
Thou must have seen with fixed and stony eyes—
Have heard their hapless moans, their helpless cries,
With that same tranquil and impassive face.

The seal of silence on thy lips is laid,
The myths are dumb, tradition gropes in vain
To solve the voiceless records of the dead;
And while the broken tables fall and fade,
Defied by thee, the ages wax and wane,
And baffled Time goes by with noiseless tread.

His Muse was, however, too warmly human to give herself much to cosmic speculation or the contemplation of the Past. And though one not over-thick volume comprises most of the poetry written in a life far longer than that of most men, it contains much to charm the mind and move the heart. Whether any of it survive is another question, one that may, however, justly be put to all poets of today. Yet we are fain to say to him, as he said once to his beloved State:

> Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn,
> Yet we shall have our names to canonize,
> Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,
> Our ruins, when this restless age is gone.

—George Sterling.

AS THEY SEE IT IN 'FRISCO

(Published September 1, 1906)

While the embers still were hot
There was Johnny On-the-spot
With his bills and brush and pot
Booming 'Frisco.

"Burnt-out ruins, smoky stink,
Sure the town looks on the blink.
This will cheer her up, I think:
Greater 'Frisco!

Boost new 'Frisco day and night.
Buy your pants of Smart & Bright!
Store's all in but we're all right.
'Rah for 'Frisco!

Here's a snappy one, about
'S keen as any; down, not out!
Watch us rise, we will—no doubt—
Rise with 'Frisco.

We're not talkin' through our hat;
We've been scorched and shook like that
Terrier pup would shake a rat:
Can't feaze 'Frisco!

One thing feazed me, sure it did,
Soldier boys screwed down the lid:
On the water-wagon, Kid,
Rides gay 'Frisco.

Y'oughta seen the bottles cracked,
Jackies spillin' booze, fer fact
'Twas a Carrie Nation act
Right in 'Frisco.

Jarred me?—more than quake or fire!
I'da called the guy a liar
Who'd say Hell could go no drier
Than dry 'Frisco.

S'long, I've got to get to work,
These times ain't no time to shirk,
And them posters kinda perk
Up old 'Frisco.

Soon we'll take them dead walls down,
Fire just helped us do things brown,
Cleared up for a bang-up town,
Brand-new 'Frisco.

'Twas the biggest fire, they tell,
Of its kind on record. Well,
What we do we do like hell
Out in 'Frisco!

—Anonymous.

ELBERT HUBBARD

(Published March 4, 1911)

A bowl of white hyacinths was placed on a table near the footlights and the Orpheum stage was set for the Fra. They are emblematic of modest loveliness, are white hyacinths and it was noticeable that the Fra wore one in the lapel of his long frock coat. Modest and lovely himself, it was very appropriate that he should be thus adorned in hyacinthine purity and as he minced from the wings and sidled to the spotlight the Philistines greeted him approvingly. He beamed like East Aurora and smiled a roycrofty smile of pure happiness. And shaking his flowing Dutch cut locks he told a story about an earl.

"And the earl said to me, 'Very droll, old chap, y'know, but wot's a 'obo?'"

Whereat the Philistines laughed a superior sort of laugh, as well they might, at the earl who dropped his aitches. The Fra laughed too, for he was pleased with the audience almost as much as with his hyacinthine self.

When he had finished his heart-to-heart talk with the Philistines I met him behind the scenes. He carried the bowl of hyacinths in one hand and a glass of water in the other—modest loveliness balanced by temperance—and we made a little journey to his dressing room.

"Once I wrote a book on hyacinths," he said dreamily as he opened the faucet over them, "and I carry these as a reminder of it."

His voice was soft, caressing; and he glowed benignantly, as one should who imparts great happiness. Unconsciously I subdued my rude utterance and glowed back at him. The hyacinths in their bath I regarded with a gaze that was almost reverential. Happy flowers of modest loveliness, to remind the Fra of his book.

The conversation took a pale hyacinthine hue.

"Perhaps I might say that I would rather lecture than appear in vaudeville. Lecturing is easier, but then, I do not seek easy things. None of us should seek the easy things."

Daintily the Fra plucked the hyacinth from the lapel of his frock, gratefully he inhaled its sweetness, gracefully he unfrocked himself.

"In lecturing the people come to see you. It is very pleasant. In vaudeville—Let us express it this way: On the lecture platform you say, 'Here I am;' in vaudeville the audience says, 'Here we are.' In vaudeville they are all from Joplin."

The Fra chuckled melodiously.

"They are all from Joplin. Does that get over?"

It does.

"They are all human beings out there."

The Fra glided out of his gaiters and waved one Congress prettily at an imaginary audience.

"They are very human. Ignorant average men, just like me. I am the average man."

The Fra paused, half way out of his waistcoat, radiated modest hyacinthine loveliness, and then flowed softly on:

"I am the average man focused, concentrated."

In his suspenders he made an inspiring spectacle, a superior being humbling himself to our average humanity and—who knows?—letting slip the secret of his success.

"As a boy I went from the farm to a country newspaper office. I was devil, writer, compositor. Yes, compositor. You know the old meaning of the word? I was a compositor in the old meaning of the word. A compositor, a composer. I stood at the case and composed, like Erasmus. Erasmus was the greatest compositor in the world."

He plucked the black windsor from his neck and his beautiful thought dwelt upon Erasmus. The modest lovely comparison made him very happy and he redoubled his beams as he freed himself gently from collar and shirt.

"I had no education, no school till I was thirty-six. Then I went to Harvard for two years. But I had ideas. I manufactured soap."

He beamed at the wash stand.

"I discovered a new process for manufacturing soap."

There was a scented lather in his tone as he pronounced that saponaceous word. He passed one hand rubbingly over the other.

"They paid me a hundred thousand dollars for that idea and they made millions out of my soap." There was no regret in his voice. He gave the soap willingly, as he gives lectures and heart-to-heart talks and culture, and having given it for a hundred thousand to the men who made millions out of it, he waved it away and sat down to pull off his trousers.

"I lost that hundred thousand dollars and started the Philistine without money. For the last ten years I have made fifty thousand dollars a year."

He spoke apologetically like one who deprecates such sordidly lucrative literature. I almost yielded to a feeling of sorrow for the unfortunate doomed to so much money, but his purring voice took on a more joyful intonation as he slid into another pair of trousers and continued:

"But I never have any money. I am always investing, broadening my scope. Do you know, I have put in the first application for space at your fair. I shall bring half of my shop here and teach bookmaking. For I am a teacher. I believe in the new education of head, hand and heart."

His benignant gaze held me to that aspirate alliteration. His raised hand seemed to call aitches from the air, aitches which an earl would drop.

"Head, hand and heart," he repeated. "There's a good line for you."

I accepted it gratefully and stored it away with the hyacinths.

"Every school," he rippled, "should be a factory and every factory a school. I study to combine economics with education. If you are a college man you will get the thought. Are you a college man?"

My collegiate experience seemed very mean in the presence of so great a thought, but I grappled it and looked the Fra boldly in the eye, pretending intelligence. He sighed soothingly, as who should say, 'Persevere and you will some day think such thoughts for your very self.' I drooped beneath the crushing sweetness of his condescension. I felt like a hyacinth minus the loveliness.

"Economics is a great thing," he confided as he buttoned his manly bosom into a dark brown shirt. "And advertising is a great thing. Advertisements, if well written, are literature and all literature is advertising."

There was a lull while I assimilated this truth and while the Fra selected another black Windsor tie. He beamed on the tie and on me. Positively his eyes are full of beams.

"I have been an ad writer," he confessed. "If we would sell our products we must advertise. I sell ideas—and other things. I am very jealous of ideas. I am always laying for them. I am an economist of ideas. I put salt on the tail of ideas."

It suggested a sweet picture—the Fra salting ideas, as one salts a hole in the ground or as another salts a mackerel. But it implied that his ideas were not fresh ideas.

"It is not originality that counts," he explained, "it's personality. Everything has been said. Only the form changes. Life is a kaleidoscope of endless combinations."

A note was brought to him and he paused to read it. Was it one of the flock communing with the Shepherd? Some creature of modest loveliness begging for a hyacinthine lock? But my awed musing was interrupted. The Fra spake again:

"Life is a balance. We must play off one set of emotions against another. I strive to do so. I try to lead a happy, healthy, busy life. That is the great thing—to be busy. Is it not? For the rest, I am afraid of no man and I want no man to be afraid of me."

It was an inspiring moment. He looked very, very gentle. Whatever fear I entertained of him was lulled to peaceful security. I had his word for it that he was not dangerous. He crowned his flowing locks with a broad-brimmed hat.

"I am going to meet Major Rowan," he explained. "Major Rowan carried the message to Garcia. We are to be photographed together. But first let me see if I have not something for you."

I was on tiptoe with expectation. A hyacinth mayhap? or a lock? or one of his Windsor ties?

He burrowed gracefully in his trunk, emerging with an East Aurora borealis of radiance and a copy of "The Fra." Then from a stack on his dressing table he dealt me an engraving of his very self. I was overpowered. "The Fra" from the Fra and with the Fra's picture. It was almost too much. Was I worthy of such a gift? It made me feel very sheepish, like one of the flock in fact, so I baa'd my thanks to the Shepherd and skipped the cote.

—Edward F. O'Day.

ALLA BELLA BIANCA

(Published April 6, 1907)

Bianca! Bianca!
Thine eyes are like a sibyl's eyes
For they are molten with the night:
They guard a strange, sequestered light
That to some golden future flies
From out some golden past.
Yea, they are overcast,—
Bianca!
With mystery and stellar sheen,
Calm, liquescent, vespertine!

Bianca! Bianca!
Thy mouth is like a muse's mouth
Of coral to a flageolet,
A chanting muse whose lips are wet
With nectar never knowing drouth,
And when, immersed in dreams,
Their music stifled seems,
Bianca!
They make a living harp that hoards
Old memories in its silent chords.

Bianca! Bianca!
Shouldst thou unleash thy trammeled hair
And crown thee with a myrtle crown,
And sable torrents rushing down,
Blot ivory shoulders warm and bare,—
Lo! pipes of Pan would call
Thee to his festival,
Bianca!
And thou wouldst dance away and leave
The saddened world and me to grieve!

—Herman Scheffauer.

BALLADE OF MARKET STREET

(Published June 1, 1912)

On effervescent Broadway have I strolled,
The gayest street on all Manhattan Isle,
An incandescent thoroughfare of gold,
A luring lane of sublimated guile.
I've known the hollow promise of a smile,
I've been about a bit, you'll plainly see,
On many, many streets, mile after mile,
And Market street looks pretty good to me!

A-down the swinging Strand of London old
I've stepped my merry way in shining tile;
I've sauntered in the shadow of the wold
Of Paris Bois, and spent a pleasant while
On streets where ev'ry lordly domicile
Housed ladies fair and knights of high degree,
Whilst I, outside, was of the rank and file,
And Market street looks pretty good to me!

Old Boston's narrow, walled-in streets, I hold,
Are prison-like, a sort of "durance vile,"
Chicago's canyons cruel, calloused, cold,
New Orleans by-paths swampy as the Nile!
Now pray do not accuse me, sir, of bile,
But let this be my simple, heartfelt plea:
No more again will I myself exile,
For Market street looks pretty good to me!

L'ENVOI

Prince, if I ever chance to make my pile,
I know no place that I would rather be!
I'll spend it here and spend it, Prince, in style—
Old Market street looks pretty good to me!

—Waldemar Young.

A LOCAL MIRACLE

(Published April 30, 1910)

I was a reporter in San Francisco years ago. I was willing to be again, but somehow other people didn't seem to take the same amount of interest in it that I did. The pawnbrokers had charge of nearly all of my portable property. I met another literary character there in the same situation. He was a poet. He was out of a job. I believe there was some little love romance about it, too. But I think I will spare your feelings about that part of it. Well, the poet came to me one day and said he thought his life was a failure, and asked me what I thought about it. I told him I thought it was. He spoke about suicide, and thought probably it was the best thing he could do. Now I knew that if I could get what the newspapers call a "scoop," I could probably get something to do. I did not discourage him in his suicide proposition. I kept it in his mind. He had his preference about the way suicide should be done. Most people have their preferences in suicide. I have.

The poet wanted to shoot himself. But this meant a pistol. Now we could not afford a pistol. I told him we should always exercise proper economy in all things, and that drowning would be economical. I kept close to him all these days. The drowning method seemed to have some attraction for him. But there was one drawback. He was a splendid swimmer. We thought, however, that if he got out into the sea far enough we could manage that. So we went down to the shore. And as he stood there on the beach there came rolling in something from the broad Pacific. It was something that was on an errand. It may have been traveling on that errand for three thousand miles. But it got there and it arrived on time, landing right at the poet's feet. It was a life preserver.

Of course he could live three weeks on a life preserver if he had capital enough to provision himself for such a long cruise. Then we had an idea, which was unusual. It was I who had the idea. The poet never had any ideas. This applied particularly when he was writing poetry. But I had an idea, and it was that the life preserver suggested a way to have a land suicide. We might pawn the life preserver and get a pistol. So we took it to a pawnshop. It was not a very good life preserver. It had been traveling a good while and showed the wear and tear. But we dickered with the pawnbroker and got a pistol for it. But just before he gave the pistol the pawnbroker said to me:

"But say, what does he want a pistol for?"

I took the pawnbroker into the back room and told him how things stood. As man to man I told him my situation and the advantages that would accrue to me from a scoop. Then I said to him plainly:

"That man out there is a poet and he wants to commit suicide."

The pawnbroker fell in with my view that it would be a good thing, and we got the pistol. It was a derringer pistol—a single barrel affair. It carried a bullet about the size of a hickory nut—not one of the largest hickory nuts, but one that would make a good, big, honest hole and cause a lot of trouble. The poet wanted me to go and see him commit suicide, but I argued with him that it hardly seemed right for me to assist in a suicide in which I had a selfish business interest. I told him that, on the contrary, I ought properly dissuade. I argued with him in this way until I found that I was unsettling him, and then I told him that I would stick to him as a friend should, and go and see him get the thing through and off his hands. So he went out and put the pistol to his head, and, oh, what awful moments those were as he stood there pressing the muzzle to his temple! It seemed as though my heart beat and thumped until it could do so no more, and that then it stopped and that there was a vacuum where the heart ought to be. Finally my emotions could be controlled no longer, and I cried out to him:

"Why don't you pull the trigger?"

Then he did pull the trigger. The ball went straight through his head and took all the gray matter with it. It made a new man of him. The bullet hit his poetic faculty square in the center and dragged it out the back door. And I am glad to say that that man is alive to this day, and that ever since that pistol shot he has lived an upright, respectable and useful life.

—Mark Twain.

THE HARLOT OF THE WORLD

(Published May 29, 1915)

O Life, thou harlot who beguilest all!
Beautiful in thy house, the gorgeous world,
Abidest thou, where Powers pinion-furled
And flying Splendors follow on thy call.

Innumerous like the stars or like the dust,
Nations and monarchs were thy thralls of yore:
Unto the grave's old womb forevermore,
Hast thou betrayed the passion and the lust.

Fair as the moon of summer is thy face,
And mystical with cloudiness of hair. . . . .
Only an eye subornless by delight,

Shall find, within thy phosphorescent gaze,
Those caverns of corruption and despair,
Where the Worm toileth in the charnel night.

—Clark Ashton Smith.

THE DRAMA

(Published August 31, 1912)

In this tolerant age of learning and light the theatre needs no defense, the actor no apologist. For whatever of prejudice once existed against the drama has happily passed away. We have come to realize that "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," is no sin; that to contribute to the joy of living is not immoral; that to laugh with Falstaff is not harmful; that to weep with Hecuba is not to approve the abduction of Helen; that to listen to celestial music is not to forget the duties of earth; that to hear De Wolf Hopper recite "Casey at the Bat" is not to exalt the first baseman above the first magistrate of the republic, or to make the national game more important than the presidential election. We have come to realize that the drama teaches great and useful lessons of history and heroism, of purity and patriotism, and that the actor is at once "guide, philosopher and friend"—leading us across flowery meadows, by sweet waters, beneath cool shading branches—explaining to us the manners, customs and thoughts of all ages and countries—and peopling our solitude with the children of mirth and merriment, of love and faith.

The philosopher broadens and strengthens the understanding; the novelist cultivates the imagination; the historian preserves the past and teaches the lessons born of human experience; the scientist discovers and invents and adds to the sum of the world's wealth, and so each in his sphere of effort aids in advancing the holy cause of civilization; but the dramatist, from Thespis to this hour, has been the great teacher of every age. He has brought home to men's minds and hearts the abstractions of philosophy; he has made us intimately acquainted with the imaginative characters of the novelist; he has caused us to see the personages of whom the historian writes; he has made manifest the labors of the scientist. Nor is this all. He has taught the value and justice of liberty, the hatefulness and wrong of slavery, the necessity for law and order. He has fired the heart of youth with patriotic fervor, moved multitudes to noble action, nerved the soldier's arm, cheered the dying defenders of liberty, put a brand of infamy on the traitor's brow, and glorified the triumph of virtue over vice. The dramatist has taught man to love the beautiful, to reverence truth, to scorn hypocrisy, to hate iniquity. Nay, more; he has taught blind eyes to see the glories, and deaf ears to hear the music, of God's wondrous universe.

—Samuel M. Shortridge.

THE "LUSITANIA"

(Published May 20, 1916.)

Above her grave the dipping sea-gulls cry
To swift companion or to tireless mate;
The impassive sea lies blue and desolate,
Whose vacant shires reflect the vacant sky;
And ocean-winds pass on without a sigh,
Fugitive, aimless, uncompassionate.
Below, for witnesses of bestial hate,
The bones and memories of our murdered lie.

For do we still remember? Now the year
Brings back the date of their unhappy day,
And still the butcher and his lords go free—
Go free, nor trouble to conceal the sneer
For us whose irresponsive hearts betray
The vast indifference of heaven and sea.

—George Sterling.

A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Published August 4, 1900)

Yes, dear friend, it is quite true. I was born in Rochester, New York, on the seventh of August, 1843, born in the very heart of the business centre of the city, so that I may safely say that my dislike of the tumult of traffic is pre-natal. The first few years of my life I passed in the bosom of my family, but we were fated to frequent separations. At the age of seven the process of weaning began; I was sent away from home to school. In 1855 we—the family—went to California, via the Nicaragua route; for two years I reveled there. Then I rounded Cape Horn with my elder brother, who was an invalid and I his companion. We were ninety-one days at sea without setting foot on shore.

My brother again rounded the Horn, but for two years I was languishing at schools in western New York. Then I went alone to California, via Panama, at the age of sixteen. Probably these early voyages awakened within me the unrest that has routed me many a time when I was comfortable at home, and has at intervals sent me kiting hither and yonder for the mere love of change. In 1864 I went to the Hawaiian Islands; again in 1868; in 1870 to Tahiti, and then and there began to write of my wanderings. In 1871 I set sail for Samoa on what, had it proved successful, might have been a filibustering expedition. After being the sport of gales for five and twenty days, we were glad to make the port of Honolulu for repairs. Here I deserted, and for the third time found myself at home in Hawaii. Nor were these my last sojourns in that devoted kingdom. In 1881 I passed two years there and returned to San Francisco only to once more seek the land I loved and to spend another year—my last—under the merry rule of that king of good-fellows, Kalakaua.

In 1876 I was for a brief season a member of the stock company supporting the late W. C. Couldock in a round of standard plays, but I did not remain long enough in the profession to prove myself an ornament to it.

In 1873 I went to Europe as special traveling correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle and for five years drifted at my own sweet will over Europe, Asia and Africa. In 1878 I was again in California and for three years lived chiefly on reminiscences. Then, weary of commonplaces, I resolved to banish myself to Hawaii and there end my days in some Island of Tranquil Delights. Three years of balmy bohemian life, and my dream was o'er. I awakened to find myself, in 1885, Professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

My first long summer vacation was spent in Alaska, my second in Kentucky; ill health prevented my return to Notre Dame, and for two years I knew the comforts of the Old Kentucky Home. In 1888, to Europe again for a year, and while at Rome, during the Carnival of 1890, I was called to the chair of English Literature in the Catholic University of America, which opened in November of the same year. This chair I have occupied ever since. For six years I was the sole layman in Divinity Hall at the University, a house full of priests, and where his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishops, Bishops and Monsignori of the land were our frequent guests. After three serene years of community life, I set up my household gods in the "Bungalow" (Washington, D. C.), where, with my foster-son, Kenneth O'Connor, I have been at home to those I love ever since.

My works? If all that I have published were collected under covers, it would fill at least thirty goodly volumes. Doubtless, I have written twice and thrice as much and yet, were I condemned to solitary confinement and supplied with pen, ink and paper, I could go on writing to the end of my days and the tale would not yet be told. As it is, I am responsible for a volume of poems, and for those books of prose—"South Sea Idyls," "The Lepers of Molokai," "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," "Mashallah, A Flight into Egypt," "A Cruise Under the Crescent—from Suez to San Marco," "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska," "A Troubled Heart," "The Wonder-Worker of Padua," and some brochures; other copy is in the press.

Much of my life has, in the shape of episodes, furnished material for many sketches, but the life has not been told. I must confess that what I like best to write of in these days of reminiscence is the past; the past wherein I have lived and loved and joyed and sorrowed; where I have met and mated with all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, and where—though for so many years I have in a certain sense been homeless—I have been at home, for as the cow-boy says, "My home is under my hat."

This fact will be fully demonstrated when I have completed my memoirs.

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

TO TEACH IMMORTALITY

(Published May 25, 1912)

What if we all lay dead below;
  Lay as the grass lies, cold and dead
In God's own holy shroud of snow,
  With snow-white stone at foot and head,
With all earth dead and shrouded white
As clouds that cross the moon at night?

What if that infidel some night
  Could then raise up and see how dead,
How wholly dead and out of sight
  All things with snow sown foot and head
And lost winds wailing up and down
The emptied fields and emptied town?

I think that grand old infidel
  Would rub his hands with fiendish glee,
And say: "I knew it, knew it well!
  I knew that death was destiny;
I ate, I drank, I mocked at God,
Then as the grass was and the sod."

Ah me, the grasses and the sod,
  They are my preachers. Hear them preach
When they forget the shroud, and God
  Lifts up these blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they?

—Joaquin Miller.

TABEI DORSALIS

(Published April 21, 1900)

Tabei dorsalis therapia nulla,
  Never was tocsin so warningly tolled;
Over the falling and flying in battle,
  Never Vae Victis more ruthlessly rolled.

Dirge of the dying, who die not, but linger
  To listen for years to the doleful refrain;
To linger in fetters that life cannot sever,
  Nay, Time only tightens the torturing chain.

Tabei dorsalis therapia nulla,
  Requiem echoing on through the years,
Wail of the dying who live in the shadow
  With sorrow and sackcloth and ashes and tears.

—Louis A. Robertson.

TWO SNAPSHOTS OF WILDE

(Published August 26, 1905)

Oscar Wilde, prince of poseurs, strode magnificently down a broad marble stairway, in a Louisville hotel, early one winter evening twenty-four years ago and poised himself midway, like a bird in flight, with studied stained glass attitude, that I and others of the common herd, assembled in the rotunda below, might bathe for a few fleeting seconds in the radiating splendor of his presence. He was garbed in rich velvet of forester's green, figured satin waistcoat, tight-fitting knee breeches and silken hose, with silver buckled shoes of shining patent leather. His full throat was exposed by a low rolling collar, from which floated the voluminous folds of a huge black tie worn in Byronic fashion. His dark brown hair was tossed back in careless, waving masses from a great, splendid, intellectual brow.

The English apostle of the new aesthetic cult, tricked out like a tawdry player, was upon his way to a public hall, to expound his precious theories of life before a bewildered American audience. He needed but the pure white lily in his plump, pallid hand to realize an ideal Grosvenor, the languishing poet of "Patience," the grimly satirical Gilbert and Sullivan opera of the period, inspired by his own affectations. Women caught their breath in ecstasy and gazed upon him with the sweet rapture of the Grecian robed maidens who prostrated themselves before the stage's mimic poet of passion. He was a living, pulsing, full blooded appeal to the sisterhood of eroticism and hysterical emotion, nauseated by the prosaic practical in life and hungering, as a starving one of the desert hungers, for the roseate ideals of romanticism. And, at first glance, he inspired the envious admiration of men, but as one studied him, all the trickery, falsity and chicanery of the charlatan were revealed. Despite his slender, graceful, shapely six feet of flesh and blood, he conveyed the suggestion of flabbiness, rather than firm, hard muscle; of lassitude and inertness rather that vim, vigor and virility. His handsome features were marred by the coarse thick lips of the voluptuary, the indelible stamp of self-consciousness, arrogant pride, insincerity. His smile was a simper, his stride as mincing as that of a school girl in her first long skirt. A feeling of repulsion and contemptuous disgust surged through every honest man who surveyed this primping incarnation of aesthetic sensuality, eaten up by egotism.

Once more, and only once, did chance afford me passing view of Oscar Wilde. It was one glorious July morning five years ago, when all Paris was aglow in the mellow sunlight. Not a stone's throw from Maxim's, the gilded resort of painted, perfumed cocottes and brainless spendthrift rounders, stands a dingy wineshop, just before the turning which diverts a seething stream of traffic through the narrow, winding Faubourg St. Honore, past the very carriage entrance to the good Loubet's presidential palace. It was yet too early for the crowds which later seat themselves upon the walk to sip coffee and cognac, and gaze idly at the ever-changing panorama of passers-by. But facing each other, at one of the little round iron tables, sat two men. One was a pimply-faced, anaemic youth in his twenties, the inevitable silk hat and ill fitting frock coat, the badges of his British birth. And his companion, sodden, shabby, blear eyed and bloated, sprawling loosely across the little round iron table, was Oscar Wilde. There was no mistaking him. My companion, a well seasoned boulevardier, and an actor who had performed in Wilde's own plays, had known

him with some intimacy in the golden days, and hailed him by name. And the fallen idol of his once rosy hued and lily scented realm of aestheticism, toying nervously with half emptied absinthe glass, accorded sullen, shamefaced recognition and made reply. It needed no spoken word to disclose his identity. He could not be mistaken, this brutal, bestial, besotted hulk of humanity, despite the almost twenty years of debauchery, and the clinging taint of Reading Gaol, into which the lash of the law had scourged him for bitter expiation, tortured reflection, and, let us hope, the repentance that is voiced with agonized plaint in his heart-breaking apologia.

E. D. Price.

THE VISION

(Published July 2, 1910)

One night when slumber mocked my sleepless eyes,
And silence reigned within my little room,
I saw an angel's face before me rise;
Her beauty glorified the midnight gloom.

She said to me, "Though we have lived apart
For long and lonely years, our God above
Knows that I throned thee in a faithful heart,
And prayed for thee with loyal lips of love.

"My virgin vows I kept until the last
Faint breath of life parted my lips in prayer,
Then over seas and lands I swiftly passed
To find thee doomed to sorrow and despair.

" 'Tis scarce a moment since my spirit heard
The Voice that summoned me away from earth;
'Twas in a long and lethal swoon the word
Of God gave me my beatific birth.

"He gave, as well, the vision that defies
All time and space, for I beheld afar
Majestic planets circling in the skies
Around the throne of God which is a star.

"And then I heard the sweet and solemn voice
Of Him who wept in dark Gethsemane;
Ah, how it made my ransomed soul rejoice
With an unutterable love for thee.

"He said the sacred and terrestrial troth
That shrined thee, dearest, in my aching heart,
Would gain God's saving mercy for us both,
And bring thee soon to me, no more to part."

She paused and looked on me, then drawing near,
I felt upon my brow her fragrant breath;
She banished from my heart all doubt and fear,
And shrived my soul for my redeeming death.

—Louis A. Robertson.

CERTAIN SHORT STORIES

(Published April 2, 1905)

I recall half a dozen short stories that the world past and present has decided are masterpieces. How many of the later generation have read "Wandering Willie's Tale"? How many can say, offhand, who wrote it, or where it may be found, although the book stares at them reproachfully every time they approach their shelves to "take down" the newest "best seller." Yet some authorities whose opinion is worthy of the best consideration have declared that, gauged by the modern standard of short story writing, "Wandering Willie's Tale" is the only perfect thing of its kind in English literature. Don't you think that a story capable of extorting praise like this (no matter what may be your own personal judgment) ought to be read by everybody professing to know something of "literature"? Still, I doubt if "Wandering Willie's Tale" could win a $5,000 prize in competition with twelve thousand "authors" scribbling for the possible dollars of a modern American magazine.

Then I remember that Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "A Lodging for the Night," has been called "a literary masterpiece" because the genius of the craftsman has reproduced for the breathing of the ultra modern an "atmosphere" of mediævalism that we could scarcely find in the monkish lore of "auncyent cronicles" penned amid the twilight of bat-haunted cloisters "ryght delectable and also solytary." If Stevenson wrote "A Lodging for the Night" while he was in long arrear for his own lodging in San Francisco, he was probably glad to sell it for "space rates," and I am sure that no publisher would offer him more than fifty dollars for it—it would be preposterous to imagine anybody paying five thousand dollars for "A Lodging for the Night," although everybody will admit that the story is intrinsically worth more than the mere money it would fetch in the market-place of literature, where the "intelligent magazines" barter and haggle for the "stuff" that will please the superficial understanding of ennuied women and men who are brain-fagged with the effort to sell pork or potatoes to people who eat that kind of victuals—the kind that Robert Louis Stevenson was glad to taste when he was writing "A Lodging for the Night"; the kind that some other obscure genius is glad to taste at this moment while he is writing a masterpiece that will bring him fame after he has ceased to care for pork and potatoes, and which he will sell to an "intelligent magazine" or a supplement editor for the price of a night's lodging plus a week's board after he has paid "something on account" of his last month's score.

When I come to Kipling, I am in doubt. I don't know whether "The Man Who Was" or "Without Benefit of Clergy" is the best of his short stories. Others will prefer other stories by Kipling to either of those I have mentioned, but nobody will insist that they are worth a dollar a word.

Among the other great short stories that recur to me I will name "The Horla" by De Maupassant, the best ghost story extant because the writer believed it was true and died insane with that fixed idea. Of another sort is London's "God of His Fathers," that no man can read without a thrill of exquisite pleasure, albeit this response to the dominant note in the story is an atavism from our barbarous ancestors, an instinctive manifestation of a heroic virtue that has survived the suffocating effluvium of civilization. I don't know how many "intelligent magazines" rejected "The God of His Fathers," but I am convinced that even since the writer has achieved the eminence of a "best seller" no magazine would give $5,000 for it, and it is certainly too good to win a capital prize in a literary lottery. The "barbarous" and the "elemental" is not in high favor with the mush-and-milk "school" of American "letters."

Balzac's "Passion in the Desert," Poe's "Gold Bug," Hawthorne's "Ethan Brand," Daudet's "Siege of Berlin," Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat," Dumas' "Death of Bussy" (said to be "the greatest fight in fiction"), Stevenson's duel in "The Master of Ballantrae," and Thackeray's description of the encounter of Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne, are a few examples of what genius has accomplished with the condensed, compact episode, spontaneously, without premeditation, with no thought of the fear or favor of the publisher, as all the greatest work of genius has been performed. None of these were ever considered worth a dollar a word; some of them were but commonplaces in contemporary literature, the prizes being awarded to mediocrities whose names at this late date cannot be found in any volume of literary biography.

—Edwin H. Clough.

THE FARALLONES

(Published April 6, 1912)

They seem to call in siren tones
From out a summer sea—
The Farallones, the Farallones!
Thither I long to flee.

I reck not who the title owns
To field and stream and tree—
The Farallones, the Farallones
My fancy holds in fee.

Enjewelled in the tropic zones,
Or wheresoe'er they be—
The Farallones, the Farallones—
The name's enough for me.

(Pshaw! I must drop my rhyming "ponies"
I'm told they call them "Far-al-yo-nes.")

—Maurice Morris.

THE DANCE

(Published November 7, 1903)

The perfumed air now swoons with languid bliss,
Breathing on lovely shoulders, and the sweet
Red mouths of women,—as when lovers meet
To consummate, with fear, their long-dreamt kiss.
In all this throng there is no thought of Dis,
Nor death, nor darkness. Happy glimmering feet
Twinkle to music; heart on heart's a-beat;
Youth knows itself immortal;—yet, I wis,
The stars shall gather in the darkling blue,
When all these lovers have returned to dust;
The moon her stately measure shall pursue,
When all this joy and energy's a-rust;
The wind and waves shall dance in praise of God,
When all this pride is laid beneath the sod.

—Dr. C. W. Doyle.

TELEGRAPH HILL

(Published October 7, 1911)

Scarred with the jagged wounds from ruthless hands,
Despoiled, dishonored of my fair array,—
The gold and emerald vesture of the day
When first I signaled to these virgin strands
The argosies and fleets of alien lands;
Rampart and sentinel of this my Bay,
Whose untracked waters leaped in jeweled spray
And beat in melody the tawny sands!
What guerdon mine? I wait! To greet these skies,—
Throned on my breast, lifting from fronded trees,
I see a templed splendor yet to be!
Whiter than Shasta's snows it shall arise,
And proud as that which shone on Pericles,—
The marble dream by the Aegean sea.

—Ina Coolbrith.

WRIT IN WATER

(Published February 18, 1899)

The winds will sleep, the winds will blow,
The changeful seasons come and go,
The sky will bend far overhead
Just as of old, when we are dead.

And when our restless days are stilled,
No single place will be unfilled,
When we are silent there will be
No break in Nature's harmony.

Others for us will come and go,
And other hands than ours we know
Will take the web we left half spun
And weave its threads out, one by one.

Then other feet will wander in
The self same ways of doubt and sin,
Sad hearts will ache, sad eyes will weep
When we are lying fast asleep.

Our Mother Nature will not grieve
When prone upon her breast we leave
The forms she gave and will retake
Back in her hands to mould and make.

For loving hands will ever trace
The varying beauties of her face,
And still her great deep heart will hold
Room for her children as of old.

Her doors are open wide about,
And Life and Death pass in and out;
They come, they go, and with them bear
All things that have been and that are.
They come, they go, and shall not cease
While the great tides of years increase.

—Irene Connell.

HOW I MET KING LEOPOLD

(Published September 1, 1900)

One afternoon when I returned to my hotel in Brussels, the clerk pointed out a fellow in the uniform of a Zouave, saying that he was a messenger from the King who had been waiting an hour to see me. Some mistake, I thought, but just then the fellow came over and addressed me as "Monsieur, ze Colonel Kowalsky." I told him that was my name, and he told me that the King would be pleased to meet me at the Palace the next day at three o'clock. I told him he had wheels, but he didn't seem to understand. He wanted my answer and just to get rid of him I told him I'd send an answer the next day. After he left I knew some fresh guy was trying to josh me, but after thinking it over, the next morning I went to the American Minister and told him about it, and he said he'd find out. He 'phoned over to the Palace and sure enough word came back that the King had sent an invitation to Colonel Kowalsky and that they expected an answer.

"What shall I tell them?" asked the Minister.

"Tell them I'm coming," I said, and he did.

Then I began to get nervous. I had never shaken hands with a King in my life, and I didn't know how to visit one. But the Minister told me how to dress and the kind of a carriage to go in, and I followed his instructions. But I knew Leo was making a mistake all the time. He thought I was somebody else. All that I was afraid of was that I'd fall asleep while he was talking to me, for you know my weakness; I fall asleep standing up. But I hired a swell rig that looked like a private carriage, put two men on the box that looked like the real thing, and told them that if I fell asleep on the way to the Palace, to wake me up when I got there.

But I kept awake all the way. When we reached the Palace, the big gates opened for us, and there was a line of soldiers on each side of the drive. At the door of the Palace I was received by a corps of swell looking guys who were bowing down to me as if they thought I was one of the crowned heads. Presently I was ushered into the presence of the King, a fine looking old fellow with a long white beard. He wore the uniform of a Colonel, out of courtesy to me, I suppose, thinking, perhaps, he might embarrass me by getting above my rank. But I wouldn't have said a word. All that I was worrying about was the posibility of my falling asleep. The old fellow spoke good English, and he talked to me about America, and he discussed expansion, and he said he wished he owned the Philippines and Cuba.

After we had conversed about an hour he asked me if I would like to see his gardens. I said I would, and I spent two hours going through them with a guide. I never saw anything like them. The ferns and palms were magnificent. Later on I met the King again, and he said to me: "You have not asked me about my nephew, the Crown Prince."

I acknowledged that I had neglected to do so, and that I was ashamed of my neglect. And then I wondered who the h—— the Crown Prince was.

"He has just sent me his picture," said the King. "Would you like to see it?"

I said I would be delighted. He sent for the picture and handed it to me, and then I understood. I recognized the young fellow right away. He was introduced to me at the Baldwin Hotel a few years ago as Count Albert, and I took him around town and showed him the sights, but I never knew he was the heir apparent to the throne of Belgium. I wrote to him a few days before I reached Brussels, and as he was going away on a trip he told the old man about me, and that was how I came to be invited to the palace. Leo asked me to stay for dinner, but as I had kept awake all day I felt that I couldn't take any more chances, so I returned to the hotel.

—Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky.

TO FRANCE AT VERDUN

(Published September 9, 1916)

Glory to God for thy might!
Glory with prayer and song,
France of the sword of light,
Saving a world from wrong!
Thou who dost count not the pain and the cost,
Music of cannon is forth on the world.
Over thy borders what legions are hurled!
Stand! or the world is lost!

Ramparts of darkness were thine,
Once, ere democracy's dawn—
Dungeons and shackles malign,
Precious to kings and their spawn.
Those thou has crushed with thy terrible heel,
Daughter of freedom, of justice and truth:
War shall be thine in thy beautiful youth—
Never a new Bastille!

Ramparts of stars and of sun,
These thou defendest today,
Holding the hills of Verdun,
Stronger than lions at bay.
Thou who in sorrow dost cry not "Alas!"
Thou who in battle art first in the field,
Stand (for the hearts of the world are thy shield),
Crying, "They shall not pass!"

—George Sterling.

THE COCKTAIL ROUTE

(Published November 17, 1906)

The complete obliteration of the Cocktail Route constitutes one of the most painful and pathetic scenes in the dreadful tragedy of that never-to-be-forgotten 18th of April, 1906. There have been other routes in other cities, so-called after the one in San Francisco; but, as a general thing, the designations have been far-fetched, presenting no likeness whatever to the original, which commenced on the southwestern corner of Kearny and Bush and proceeded along Kearny to Market and continued on the northern side of Market west as far as Powell; and return, or not, as the devotee wished, or could daily afford. As early as 1880 there were nine drinking places between the two ends, not counting Joe Parker's on the northwestern corner of Bush and Kearny, or the bar at the Baldwin Hotel at Powell and Market. The grand promenade took place every week day from about half past three, and lasted until from five to six, according to the season, the temperature and one's time for dinner and its distance away.

The majority of the promenaders were men who had been engaged in some kind of work during the day up to the hours named, and were for the most part brokers and bankers and clerks of banks, clerks in wholesale houses, railroad officers and clerks, professional men and clubmen of leisure. There were few or seldom any of what are known as the uncivil or loafing class, although between five and six there daily came into the then thin-growing procession numerous persons who could be readily picked out as belonging to that grade of mechanics who received good wages and carried no dinner-pails.

Between half past four and five the pageant was heightened to brilliancy and spectacularity by the presence of hundreds of the best dressed and best looking women of San Francisco, many of whom were patrons of the fine dry goods, music and other high class stores along the route, and of homeward bound shop girls and seamstresses, most of whom were handsome Jewesses, and others of the fair sex who were fond of respectable admiration, and who disdained the more quiet sides of the two thoroughfares.

It would be invidious to hold any one or more of these palaces of refreshments up as pre-eminently inviting, because all were conducted along pretentious lines; the wines and liquors offered were generally acceptable, the bartenders were artists in compounding delectable potations, and invariably gentlemanly, and a manager or proprietor, or "bouncer" was always accessible in case of too much indecorum on the part of any person who might have pressed his cordial "not wisely but too well." Apropos, I will say that never in a quarter of a century of occasional visits at any of these places along the Route have I ever seen a patron the "worse for liquor," or a disturbance.

Disdaining still to appear invidious, I cannot resist referring to the "Crystal Palace" as a most inviting shrine, twenty years ago, say, after the nose had been at the professional grindstone for seven or eight hours. Hacquette & Hageman were the proprietors; and no two deacons of a church or pedagogues in a young ladies' seminary could have been more suave or exemplary. I have never seen two better-mannered men in any kind of business anywhere at any time. Hageman presided behind the bar, as silent as a statue if not pressed into conversation, assisting his barkeeps during the evening cocktail rush, and Hacquette did the "elegante" in front and promoted the agree-

ableness of the many wayfarers with whom he was on intimate terms, were such little gracious acts at times deemed necessary.

There was often a symposium at the Crystal Palace between four and five o'clock. Not in great part engendered by the ecstacies produced by a perfectly compounded martini or a soft toddy; nor by nectareous draughts from Piper Heidseick or Veuve Clicquot; and neither by the artistic manner in which the delicate crustacean was cleverly prepared in crumbs; but because of the highly attractive gathering of judges of superior and supreme courts; of army and navy men of rank, authors and journalists of account, merchants and railway men of prominence, and actors and others of endless story and mirth. It was this latter assimilation even more than the dainty viands and agreeable potables that made the Crystal Palace in particular a Mecca toward which many a high minded spirit regularly or irregularly inclined his congenial way.

But gone, at least for a time, is this splendid resort; and gone also, for a much longer time, perhaps, are the other stopping places along the famous Cocktail Route; and alas! gone, forever, are many of the old promenaders; and more's the pity, I vow, for I knew scores of them convivially and well.

There were other shrines than those along the ideal ambrosial way I am prompted to refer to, in concluding this reverie;—and at once my digressive pen points to Hacquette's Palace of Art, on Post near Montgomery—the most bewitching drinking place I have known in all my travels. There was no other just such a resort in the United States or Europe. It partook of the fashionable club without the sometimes almost mortuary quiet and austere exclusiveness of the latter, and it had a real bar, like any other bar room, only it seemed more an elongated buffet in some pretentious mansion rather than where cocktails, toddys, punches and highballs were moved about like fantoccini. It was a reading room, a refectory and a picture gallery all in one. It had no rival nor imitator; and it contained many costly paintings and superb engravings and hundreds of valuable curios and other objects of vertu. It set out an elaborate repast at noon which it termed a lunch, and which, with any kind of straight or concocted beverage, cost only twenty-five cents; and it drew men and women from all adjacent quarters. In the evening, say from four to six, it drew vast crowds of only men, on their way from shops to homes; and they were offered, with their fifteen cent cocktail, or other drink, a toothsome morsel that would have stayed a robust appetite for an hour or two. Alas! this shrine, this temple of art, this treasure house, was not spared by the wicked and devastating tongue of flame.

And the Reception, too, on Sutter near Kearny, that served an evening lunch, where from three to seven a table groaned under the weight of hot clam juice, clams in shell and clam fritters, crab, shrimp and lobster salads; bread and butter, olives and salted almonds, celery and pickles; all of which were free, even if some impecunious fellow were blown in minus the "bit" that would procure as perfect a cocktail or toddy as could be obtained anywhere in any land.

A more exclusive coterie—generally office-holders and seekers after office, men of graft and greed, promoters of wildcat mines and additions, and of course a sprinkling of better men—wended their way to the Palace bar and paid their twenty-five cents a drink often loudly and ostentatiously and partook of a cracker and a bit of cheese, or of a clove or piece of cress. Opposite, at Ed Fay's, under the Grand, a great crowd assembled, where there was always an enormous lunch and good goods for fifteen cents and where there could be found a hilarious crowd consisting of boisterous politicians, all kinds of sporting men and others of their kind. But all of these places are gone—not one of them survived. Will they ever appear again, as of old? Quien sabe!

A feature of the city that was, and which must wait, I apprehend, until an environment is reached in keeping with its return, was that magnificent pageant of cut flowers that adorned many parts of Kearny and Market streets every evening in the year that inclement weather did not prevent. Not so pretentious, perhaps, as those floral manifestations in Paris on either side of the Madelcine Friday mornings, but more perfect and inviting of bud and bloom. This avenue of floral temptations seemed, adroitly enough, adjacent to certain shrines on the Cocktail Route; so that the rosy partakers of one or two too many of Joe Parker's irresistible punches or Hageman's ambrosial cocktails could trip it lightly across the street and artfully secure a nosegay of violets or of carnations, or a spray of La France or American roses, and place said peace offerings in the possession of the dear one awaiting impatiently his return, and all would be as amicable and as jocund as if the minute hand on the family dial had not moved so d——d fast.

—Major Ben C. Truman.

LOUIS ROBERTSON

(Published July 9, 1910)

Departed soul of song, your lips are mute,
Your harp is broken and its strings are strown:
You who in pain struck music from the lute
Are winged again—say whither have you flown?
Sing back to us who stay and cannot hear—
Sing back the truth and sing in simple phrase.
Is it not true that love should have no fear?
Are paths you walk the paths of earthly ways?
Now you are medicined by death from pain
All your young hopes and vigor are restored;
But can you sing, as you have sung, again?
Is it not true that pain must strike the chord?
Or have you learned a newer symphony?
Perhaps your song is nobler now than when
You, who were skilled in mortal melody
Enthralled with changing moods the hearts of men.

—James V. Coleman.

AGNES TOBIN

(Published June 7, 1913)

It was Agnes Tobin (if I may appropriate the words of a critic) who made "Petrarch's great name credible" to English readers. Agnes Tobin transplanted Petrarch's lyric blossoms from Vaucluse to London, and thence their fragrance has been borne to every English-speaking land. Strange as it may seem, there was no adequate English version of the immortal sonnets and canzoni until Agnes Tobin essayed the congenial task. For more than five hundred years a wondrous treasure was locked from English readers. It remained for Agnes Tobin to provide the key. The artistic success of her achievement is a glory which her native California is proud to share.

It would be interesting indeed to hear Agnes Tobin discourse of Petrarch and his Lady Laura. But she has the poet's elusive shyness; one does not come close to her personality in conversation. Indeed, it may be said that she erects a barrier of speech that effectively protects her most cherished thoughts, her dearest opinions from the casual interviewer.

Here and there through Miss Tobin's fluent talk there flashes the otherwise secret fire of her predilections; and then one realizes how warming and illuminating that inward flame must be for those to whom it is uncovered.

There is in Agnes Tobin, I should say, the artist's consuming passion for perfect form. One catches the flash when she lingers admiringly on the names of such supersubtle artists as Whistler, Poe, Hawthorne, Francis Thompson, Butler Yeats and Mrs. Meynell; when she laments the Mary Austin that has turned aside from the exquisite artistry of "The Land of Little Rain." And the artist's detactment is strikingly apparent when one seeks to engage her in talk on the politics of her beloved London. The only politician in whom she showed an interest was one who in his social hours "pours forth cascades of Wordsworth and Keats." There is almost a shudder when you mention the Pankhursts and the Drummonds. A sort of poet's instinct of self-preservation guards her from any enthusiasm for politics.

Agnes Tobin lives the inner life. I should apply the word "mystic" were it not so fashionably abused. She mentions Alphonsus of Liguori as though his name and work were perfectly familiar to all. Of Chesterton whose religious belief is just now quite a subject for speculation in London and elsewhere she explains briefly that his creedal predilections constitute an intellectual passion, and so dismisses the subject; for all the world as though the churchman's subtle distinction between the human gift of understanding and the divine gift of faith were a truistic commonplace.

Her absorption in the inner life led her to Petrarch. The way was inevitable. We know that by the result. No chance interest could flower in such a translation of Petrarch as Agnes Tobin has given us. If there is a fate or a guidance for poets, it was ordained that Petrarch should speak to thousands through Agnes Tobin.

English interest in Petrarch lagged curiously behind interest in the other Italian poets. There were versions of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Pulci, Boiardo at a time when Petrarch was little more than a name. Even Michelangelo was probably less neglected than the great lord of the trecento, the earliest of the humanists, the first of modern men. The love story of Madonna Laura was current, but the perfect poetical expression of its pure beauty was scarcely known.

By dint of much search you may find the names of those who translated Petrarch into English before Agnes Tobin. The greatest was Edmund Spenser, but how many have read his fugitive renderings? Out of curiosity I have noted the names of some who from time to time gave a few of the sonnets and canzoni to English. Major Macgregor, Molesworth, Dr. Nott, Miss Wollaston, Anne Bannerman, Mrs. Wrottesley, Dr. Morehead, Lord Charlemont and Lord Woodhouselee—these are not exactly household words. When the brilliant Ugo Foscolo fled Napoleon and was lionized in London Lady Dacre made some graceful translations to accompany his Petrarchan essays, and interest in Petrarch became fashionable in London's drawing rooms.

But Petrarch is not a fad. He must be a cult or nothing. His poetry must be approached with reverence, with sympathy, with deep understanding. That is the way Agnes Tobin approached her master. That helps explain why she has given us a sonnet sequence worthy to be named with the great sonnet sequences in the English language.

Miss Tobin tells me that she is preparing

more of her Petrarchan translations for the press. The book we know contains the sonnets written after Laura's death. Those composed during Laura's life, says Miss Tobin, are less poignant but still marvelously beautiful. She has translated many of these, and her London publisher is eager to make a book of them, but Miss Tobin is not yet ready. I can imagine Miss Tobin her own severest critic. When the manuscript finally goes to the publisher there will ensue a literary event.

Meanwhile we have her "Madonna Laura." It is the lovelorn's vade mecum. Harking "the cry and all the tidal sameness" of it the mind goes winging back to Vaucluse and Avignon. Laura has but lately captured "the white glory of Death" and we are of a favored company weeping by her tomb. The old poignancy strikes along the brain. The immortal music sets our hearts a-weeping. We are out of conceit with living; only in love with love.

That old medieval wonderland Agnes Tobin takes us to! Is it France? Is it Italy? No, but a poet's paradise, a fancy's field where only lovers may stray in reverie and pluck the supernal flowers that blossom, blow and die between the rising and setting of a dream.

The song is of "Death, that Lord of High Disdain," of "self-abnegation, ardours heavenly"; yet its burden changes suddenly to "longing like a fire" when "Chastity gives Cupid a long kiss" and the soul cries out, "Snatch back my stolen sweet." It is in truth lost love transfigured to music, desire distilled to ecstacy in the alembic of deprivation. It is a sad sweet song sung by the fountain of Vaucluse, and what is Vaucluse but the garden close of the world where "all things die but Pain"?

Go there with Agnes Tobin and thrill
To think how the sun rose in Avignon
One morning of a spring of long ago.

If "great Grief" has taken your "body for his hall," let Agnes Tobin's "recurrent rimes becalm the trouble of the heart." Let her make you one with "all the white-stoled lovers of the world," for her words, thrice-refined gold poured into the mould of Petrarch, are of a "sweetness that stops the sun."

All you who have lost a love, buried an ideal, entombed a dream, yet fain would glorify your grief and make your desolation live a mortal span; you who live in some Vaucluse of the soul and chant dirge to delights you may never encompass, weep for sweets you may never enjoy—let Agnes Tobin sing Petrarch to you. It shall be for your heart's mortal comfort and your soul's eternal good.

—Edward F. O'Day.

WHERE SOUNDS THE SURF

(Published May 6, 1911)

Where sounds the surf its melody
From time unto eternity,
From western shores to weird Cathay;
There would I watch the dolphins play
Like nymphs in flashing ebony.

How happy might we mortals be
To join the Nereids' revelry
And in their golden caverns stray,
Where sounds the surf.

The waves, untamed of time, are free,
As when they bore the Argosy;
The billows surge as on that day
When, wet and wanton, from the spray
Arose the goddess of the sea,
Where sounds the surf.

—H. McDonald Spencer.

XAVIER MARTINEZ

(Published December 24, 1904)

Martinez is an Individualist. His idiom is ultra modern, even anarchistic. It is daring, but never baroque except by intent. It is strong with the strength of boldness and depth, but it cannot be called vigorous because it is always tempered with sentiment, with poetic reserve. Indeed the poetic quality is detectable in all of Martinez's serious canvases. Low in key and subtle in value, they express in tone and color what Verlaine expresses in the nuances of his musical verbiage, that charm of sheer beauty of sound which must be the despair of the poets in our grosser tongue. Artists like Martinez achieve in tone that which Verlaine and de Regnier achieve in euphony.

Martinez is never literal. His interpretations of Nature present Nature plus his individuality—I had almost said genius. His expression, to use a phrase of Alfred Austin in defining Poetry, is "the imaginative transfiguration" of what he sees and feels. His paintings, made in Paris, where he studied in the Atelier Gerome, and even his sketches of the same period, are inevitably interesting in the charm of their color and quality of their tone. His composition is always adroit; his brush work—his technique, governed always by the high demands of pure impressionism, is dexterous and intelligent. It is not surprising, therefore, that his work should have been, as it was, admired by masters like Whistler and Carrier. His notes and caricatures have deftness and esprit. They are always more than merely clever. He appears in them as a poet at play. But it is, after all, his "high seriousness" that we must reckon with; that phase of his work that is instinct with the Desire of Beauty; his feeling, his imagination, his poetry. With these qualities, Martinez has done much and it is safe to predict that he will do more.

—Porter Garnett.

THE CLOCK

(Published August 10, 1907)

Did you ever listen to the clock?
Did you ever hear it talk?
Did you ever in the night when you were not quite right,
Hear it say, as it ticked:
"You drink,
I think.
You drink,
I think"?

And when you couldn't sleep,
And you wanted much to weep—
Did you ever hear the clock
With its melancholy talk:
"Too bad, too bad,
I'm sorry you are sad."
Did you ever hear the clock tick that way?

—J. C. B. Hebbard.

LES BATEAUX

(Published April 10, 1909)

La bas, s'en vont les bateaux,
Sous les lumieres des etoiles,
Et leur silhouettes,
Sur le fond mysterieux
De la mer et des cieux,
Sont bizarres.
La nuit est calme,
Venus se regarde
Sur l'ocean d'emeraude;
Les silhouettes des bateaux,
Sur le fond mysterieux
De la mer et des cieux
Sont bizarres.

—Xavier Martinez.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NEWS NOTES

Oppenheimer Announcements

Selby C. Oppenheimer, music impresario, announces a long list of world-famous celebrities for the coming season. He will introduce to San Francisco and Northern California cities a half score of American artists, most of whom have never before been heard in the West, and including a half dozen of the foremost vocalists in the world. First will come Anna Fitziu to give two recitals with Andres de Segurola at the Savoy Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 13, and Saturday afternoon, October 19. Miss Fitziu is an American soprano educated in Italy. De Segurola has long been the leading basso of the Metropolitan. Last season Miss Fitziu made a wonderful success there, creating the leading roles in Granados' "Goyescas" and Henry Hadley's "Azora." Others among Oppenheimer's American sopranos are Lucy Gates, a Western Girl, called the "American Galli-Curci" by Henry T. Finck; May Peterson, who triumphed at the Metropolitan last season as "Mimi" and "Micaela"; Mabel Garrison, another Metropolitan star; and Florence Macbeth, the Minnesota soprano. Lambert Murphy, an American tenor of international fame, will appear with Yolanda Mero, the famous pianist. Other pianists include Leopold Godowsky, Joseph Hofmann and Guimar Novaes, the sensational Brazilian. Oppenheimer will introduce Eddy Brown, the sensational American violinist. Cantor Rosenblatt, tenor singer of Hebrew folk-song, will make his first Western tour. Yvette Guilbert will return, also Louis Gravuere. In November the French Orchestra, under Messager, will give one concert here and one in Oakland. There will be a series of concerts by the newly organized Shavitch-Argiewicz-Bem chamber music trio. To close his season, Oppenheimer has arranged a joint tour of the world-famous tenor Hypolite Lazaro, and Sophie Braslau, hailed as the legitimate successor to Schumann-Heink. These famous singers will reach here in May of 1919.

Mrs. Whiffen at the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces a bill in which there will be only one holdover. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, for half a century one of the stage's greatest will make her first vaudeville appearance here in a clever and amusing sketch entitled "Foxy Grandma." Supporting her is her accomplished daughter, Peggy Dale Whiffen. Florenze Tempest, lovable boy impersonator and vaudeville's daintiest girl, will offer a series of carefully staged songs and stories. "The Girl on the Magazine," one of the smartest of fantasies, will be presented with Florrie Millership, Charles O'Connor and a chorus of "class." It is a song and dance revue. Eddie Foyer, "the Man of a Thousand Poems," permits his

audience to call for any standard reading or poem and gives the same from memory. Bessye Clifford will be seen in a series of artistic poses representing famous paintings, statuary and the latest dress creations. Stella Tracey and Carl McBride will contribute a singing offering that is different. The Three Kitaro Brothers are Japanese equilibrists and foot jugglers. The latest series of the Official War Revue will be projected on the screen. Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman will repeat their delightful sketch, "A Ray of Sunshine."

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"

The dramatic sensation of the season is promised in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," the new farce comedy by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan, which A. H. Woods will present at the Curran (formerly the Cort) for an engagement of two weeks beginning Sunday, direct from its sensational success in New York. The story concerns the elopement of an impeccable young man who suddenly decides to live up to his wife's conception of him as a heart-breaker. The young husband more than fulfills expectations. It would be unfair to the authors' refreshing original plot to divulge more. Indications are that Manager A. H. Woods will surprise his most ardent followers as a producer of brisk and tangy American farce. He has selected a notable company including Eda Ann Luke, Homer Barton, Marguerite Risser, Noctte Aimes, Frank F. Moore, Ryder Keane, Eleanor Martin, Gertrude Webster, Jack Osterman, Violet Barney, George Williams, John Fernlock and others.

"The Little Teacher" with Maude Fealy

Harry James Smith cast aside all stage conventions when he wrote his charming comedy of love and romance "The Little Teacher," Cohan and Harris' dramatic sensation which had a phenomenal run in New York last season and will be seen at the Columbia Monday evening, the 30th. The story is one that grips every minute. Maude Fealy, the most photographed actress on the American stage, will have the leading role. Others in the cast are Clyde Fillmore, Joseph J. Hyland, Adrian H. Rosley, Robert L. Wessells, Louis Eagan, John P. McSweeney, Emily Francis, Adella Barker, Minnie Stanley, Mary Foy, Adelaide Cummings, Betty Peterson, Jane Gilroy, Michael J. Hanlon, Margaret Lapsley and Francis Lapsley.

"Twin Beds" Continues

"Twin Beds," the rip-roaring comedy, will enter upon its second and last week at the Columbia Sunday night. "Twin Beds" is a comedy of life among apartment house dwellers and has a consistent and coherent story, refreshing in its originality and constructed for fun-making purposes only. Unlike most successful comedies, it has no French or German basis. The same great cast and production will be seen.

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Private Peat to Lecture

Private Harold R. Peat, first Canadian Contingent, author of "Private Peat—His Own Soldier Story," will tell his story of the war at the Savoy Theatre on Monday night, October 21, and again on Thursday night, October 24, and in Oakland on Tuesday night, October 22, at the Municipal Auditorium, under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer and Paul Elder.

At the Cecil

The Pompeiian room at the Cecil Hotel was the setting for the bridge tea at which Mrs. Walter Frederick Lafrenze was hostess Thursday afternoon. This charming woman is making her home at the hotel while Lieutenant Commander Lafrenze is serving his country on one of the submarines in France. Most of the guests belonged to the service set and included Mesdames Harry Turner, Bayard Bulmer, Valentine Wood, John H. Everson, Frederick J. Koester, John H. Everson, Jr., A. E. Peck, Baylis Poe, Cyrus McLoughlin, H. D. Gray, Bertand Marchant, R. V. Lane, H. Roy Stovel, Bruce Cameron, Jessie Seal, Frank Cobblestick, C. H. McGrueder, Oliver Kehrlien, John Butler, Jefferson Davis Riddell, C. C. McQuaid, A. P. Dudley, Fred Hunt, Walter Hoen, A. R. Warrall, R. C. Dewey, Drs. Dankrueger and A. K. Allen. Miss J. O. Easton of Mt. Diablo is visiting Mrs. W. J. Adams. A luncheon was given Mrs. John Charles Doyle Wednesday. Later in the afternoon bridge was enjoyed. Mrs. Louis Long of Santa Barbara is the guest of her mother, Mrs. A. M. Burns. Colonel and Mrs. William Bowen and their attractive daughter, Miss Gwladys Bowen, are sojourning. Among the recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Carrick, Mrs. A. C. Ropes, Miss A. Luce, Dr. F. Murcutt, Mrs. Louise Bruning, Miss Ruth Bruning, Mrs. R. W. Walnut, Mrs. J. M. Purrington, Mrs. R. W. Wilmot, Mrs. M. B. Clapp, Miss M. Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chase. Over a score of guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Ziegler at a bridge tea Wednesday in the sun parlor.

Saturday Afternoons at Paul Elder's

The programme for next Saturday afternoon in the Paul Elder Gallery is to be given by J. M. de Beaufort, author of "Behind the German Veil," who will tell of "Experiences with the Belgian Army in War Time." This week Mr. H. Charles Woods, noted English authority on military affairs, is to lecture on "The Near East and the War." The lectures begin at two-thirty promptly and are free to the public.

Festive Spirit at Techau's

There is a festive spirit about the Tavern that seems the embodiment of all the good times the old place has known. It grips you the minute you enter the hospitable doors and holds you all through the evening, from the dinner hour to closing time, which comes all too soon. There never was such a place for dancing, nor such a Jazz Orchestra to dance to. There is a double series of War Stamp Dances every evening, one series at the dinner hour and the other after the theatre. The favors are War Savings Stamps. The gentlemen receive large packages of cigarettes.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The emergency action taken by the banks to halt a rise in security values, accomplished its object, and prices were shaded off throughout the list, but the decline was orderly, and after the immediate effects had worn off, the market hardened again, with trading limited to the better class of stocks. The stock market is tugging at its bit: the least relaxation of the grip the banks have maintained on it would only be followed by a carnival of trading, whose limit would be the capacity of the money market to finance it. Prices of securities are extraordinarily low, so there can be no argument against an inflation. Yet the necessity of conserving financial resources for the coming Liberty Loan is so great that a bull market, under such conditions, is frowned upon. At the close of the week, the stock market gave every indication of having recovered from the shock. A better comprehension of the action of the Money Committee halted liquidation, and stocks recovered all along the line. The market no doubt was placed in a better technical position by the shake-out, which had the excellent effect of forcing liquidation of pyramid accounts, particularly in Steel Common. Investment buying will not be interfered with, such as furnished the backbone to the market, nor will it halt foreign buying, which has been in progress for the past month, and which has been for cash. There is every reason to expect the market to maintain a firm undertone, unless events abroad take a turn for the worse, which now looks improbable. It is significant of the soundness of the investment situation, that on the eve of the gretest Liberty Loan of all the decline in securities which has accompanied previous loans, is conspicuous for its absence. Developments in the money market have so far overshadowed the consummation of the Railroad contract that its full effects remain to be seen. The prompt acceptance by the Railway Executive Advisory Committee tends to inspire confidence. Crop reports on the whole, while not large, will be ample for our needs and for our allies, and with all our industries working to full capacity, there is nothing in the situation that a pessimist can cling to, unless it is the tax bill, and this has already had its effect on the market to some extent. We look for the market to turn for the better after the Liberty Loan is well launched, and with a little encouragement in the way of cheaper money, believe we will run into a big broad bull market before the year is out.

Cotton—Talk of price fixing for the raw material was the dominant factor in cotton the past week, and finally brought about a lower level of prices. This matter will probably come up some time next week, when the meeting of the War Service Committee and the Price Fixing Board takes place. Naturally, in view of the small crop estimate, the South is doing all it can, through its representatives, to oppose any price fixing whatever. In the meantime the speculators have become alarmed, and sold their cotton. The market, however, soon recovered from its sudden drop, and there were frequent rallies, but the trade were inclined to await the decision of the Price Fixing Board before taking a pronounced stand. Peace talk and the good news from the battle front encouraged buyers to take hold, and was a help to the market. The growing crop is showing signs of improvement, and it looks as if we have seen the worst of the condition reports, barring an early frost. The plant, where it was not burnt out, is doing well and promises a fair top crop. The extreme hot weather late last month caused premature opening of the bolls, and as a result the early ginning reports are much larger than last year. Receipts of cotton have been fairly liberal, and the demand is not at all urgent. This is probably due to the waiting attitude of the mills until after the question of price fixing is established. In the meantime, the market is a good scalping one, and the range has been within 200 points. The professional trader seems satisfied to take quick quiet profits on either side of the market for the present, but should it finally be decided that there will be no fixed price for the raw material, we look for very much higher prices, as it will bring the old bull crowd back into the market, and they have visions of very high prices before the next crop is in sight.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472. BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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America's Future on the Sea

The United States Shipping Board, whieh is so ably handling the war-time shipping problems of the eountry, has another great task on its hands. It has to make preparations for utilizing the vast tonnage of this eountry after the war.

That this great fleet—estimated by Chairman Edward N. Hurley as 25,000,000 tons by the end of 1919—ean be profitably employed after the war is the belief of men elosely in touch with shipping, but it ean only be done by planning ahead and by enlisting the co-operation of every mereantile interest in the country. Competition for foreign trade will be keen after the war and Ameriea will have to show its utmost effieieney if it is to take a plaee in the front rank of eommercial nations.

Prior to the outbreak of the European war this eountry, busy with the development of its own natural and industrial produetion, was eontent to let the oeean-earrying trade of the world fall into the hands of other peoples. The sea routes were erowded with vessels flying the flags of European powers, and the Stars and Stripes, once the pride of the ocean, was seldom seen in the harbors of the Old World.

The war has given us an enormous fleet of eommereial ships. The neeessity of a mereantile marine has been impressed upon us in a never-to-be-forgotten way. The Amerieau people are alive to the faet that this eountry needs a mereantile marine as surely as it needs a navy, and the government and the eitizens realize that this mereantile marine must be maintained.

In the struggle for the world's trade that will eome after the war the Paeifie Oeean is destined to play the important part. Trade routes that formerly led from the Orient and the East Indies to the marts of Europe have been diverted by the war from the Cape and Suez routes to the Paeifie. The United States, whieh formerly obtained mueh of its Oriental neeessities by way of the great markets of Europe, now brings its imports from the Far East by way of San Franeiseo, Seattle and the Panama Canal. It is the logieal route, geographieally and nationally, and the great business minds of this country are



JOHN H. ROSSETER,
Director of Operations, United States Shipping Board.

planning to make permanent the direet trading whieh now prevails and eliminate the European middleman.

To do this and to keep Amerieau bottoms engaged the produeers, manufacturers and merehants of this country will have to develop markets in foreign eountries for American produets, so that our shipping will have eargoes both ways. And to make this possible Amerieau ships must be able to earry freight on equal or better terms than their eompetitors.

One of the important duties that have been imposed upon our fellow-eitizen, John H. Rosseter, direetor of operations of the United States Shipping Board, is the solution of this problem. That he will sueeeed is the firm eonviction of the maritime and eommereial men of this Coast, and their eonfidenee is shared by the sterling men in whose hands President Wilson has plaeed the direction of the country's shipping programme.

In interviews and in his speeehes Rosseter has given a fair indieation of the means he believes will give the desired results.

Briefly summarized they are: The development of the use of oil fuel for steamers and the evolution of an internal eombustion engine that will reduee the eost of operation and the amount of space required for earrying fuel; the development of sueh effieieney among the higher-paid men on American ships that their work will surpass that of a larger crew of eheap workmen; the establishment of regular lines that will give serviee that can be depending upon; the praetising of greater eeonomy and effieieney of operation, due to better ships, better machinery and intelligent management through organization.

The astounding sueeess of the immense shipbuilding programme and the transportation serviee on the Atlantic shows that this eountry need not fear to face any problem, no matter what its magnitude may be, and with its future shipping poliey under the able direetion of John H. Rosseter, this eountry may eonfidently look forward to the firm establishment of its flag on every route on whieh sea-borne commeree travels.

Chamber of Commerce War Service

If there ever was a time when necessity existed for the thorough organization of business men, that time is now. The experience of the Chamber of Commerce in the last year in dealing with pressing and perplexing problems shows that greater extension must be made in personal public service of the members and resources of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. Too great stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of this work to the business community.

In this time of many demands in the form of taxation and war contributions, there is danger that retrenchments will be vitally undertaken at critical points. This is a time when the business community must decide whether it will surrender the tremendous advantages which have been gained by the personal sacrifice and public service of some of the leading citizens of the city in making the organization vital and powerful or whether a wise policy of using the organization for greater service will be adopted.

The Chamber is dealing at the present time with some immediate situations whose importance cannot be over-emphasized. Among these are:

1. Legislation Affecting Commerce. Next January the Legislature assembles. Every business community in the State is being impressed with the importance of weeding out the men opposed to sound business.

2. Harbor Improvement and Administration. The Chamber has a consistent, continuing and informed programme on this subject.

3. Industrial. Who would surrender the immense benefits which the Chamber has brought into the field of this community? The Chamber has also a most advanced programme for industrial development.

4. Federal Regulation of Business. San Francisco business has an influential voice in this field. A strong organization is maintained in Washington, capable of instant action on matters affecting our commerce. A trained attorney of national reputation represents us; one of the leading newspaper men of the country is our personal agent; and we give to our Congressmen secretarial and clerical assistance to care for our interests.

5. Transportation. In the great disturbance of the Traffic World, our Traffic Manager oscillates between Washington and San Francisco on the necessary adjustments and representations in this field.

6. Foreign Trade. Who can measure the opportunities and responsibilities in the extension of our foreign commerce? The Chamber starts with the great advantage of extensive information and world-wide contracts. We are at the crossroads of the world's business.

7. War Service. All of the above activities are construed and concentrated as a war service. Besides, the organized business community must be mobilized for war purposes. No patriotic demand upon this organization has been neglected.

The spirit of the Chamber of Commerce is not one of petty local advantage, but of the largest realization of its situation in relation to the whole Pacific slope. Therefore, every national question affecting the Pacific Coast must be given attention and the development of the interior is a matter of constant activity and concern.

How far are you going to contribute, Mr. Business Man, to meeting these exacting problems and rendering this public service? These are times of heroic effort and of wider vision. Your membership in the Chamber of Commerce is a matter of patriotic expenditure, of business economy, and a *most necessary instrument* in the readjustment problems both now and after the world's struggle.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

In the above entitled matter it appearing to said Superior Court from the verified petition of George Wolters, administrator of the estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, deceased, that a sale of all of the real property of the estate of said deceased is necessary to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be to the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and of those interested therein to sell all of the real property belonging to said estate;

It is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, be, and they are hereby directed and required to appear before the said Superior Court, in the court room of Department No. 10 of said court, in the City Hall, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1918, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administrator to sell all of the property of which said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, died seised, or in which she had any interest, at private sale; and also authorizing said administrator to enter into a contract for the payment of a commission to a real estate agent for securing a purchaser; and

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Given in open court this 22nd day of August, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed August 22, 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-31-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

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Estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

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The Ideal District Attorney

By Robert McTavish

Presently Lewis F. Byington will be urged to run for public office. This is not a newspaper conjecture. I make this prediction because I know what is in the minds of men who keep in touch with public affairs. Lewis F. Byington is one of those rare individuals whose fitness is a matter that occurs to men whenever they are speculating on the circumstance of the filling of public office. Yet Byington is not an old-timer; that is, he is not known as a job-chaser of public office. It just happens that once upon a time a wise choice was made in his case and that he was ever after remembered for his peculiar and successful achievement. His first appearance in public office occurred as early as January, 1889. He was then a young lawyer little known outside of his law practice, though he was even then known as a successful practitioner. He was one of the young and active men whom the Hon. James D. Phelan chose to give color and prestige to his Administration. Young Byington succeeded in accomplishing, in the role of Supervisor, the purpose of election. He made an honest Supervisor, eager at all times to serve the interests of the people. He devoted his attention to taxes, to the business of keeping down the price of government. At the end of his term he was elected District Attorney and once more proved his mettle. He was one of the most notable of San Francisco prosecutors. Yet it was never said of him that it was his main purpose to convict men accused of crime. To everybody he gave a fair trial. This he did constantly, and men respected him for his manner of transacting business; the judges of the trial courts also. They greatly deplored his withdrawal a few years later when the office was filled with what were known as rubber stamp officials, men who followed the dictation of a boss. Hence the frequent reference to him that one hears now. He is recognized as the ideal District Attorney.

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No one can ask any longer *why* we should save and sacrifice. The newspapers are carrying the answer! Let us put out efforts into this war, all the money we can spare into War Savings Stamps, to receive the same answer day after day—until the final victory is won.

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BELIEVING in the solidity of our government and in the justice of the men by whom it is administered, we are very pleased to observe that our President has infused a new spirit into the people. The prejudices of the mob now promise to be eradicated, so eager and successful has our President been in inducing all Americans to live up to the ideals that he has fostered. The big corporations will probably receive fair treatment. This may be displeasing to parochial politicians, but on the whole it will cause rejoicing.

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After the war San Francisco is going to be something different. Evidence of this fact is already evident. San Francisco was typical of late of the city that grew into existence shortly after the fire and earthquake. That is, it became stolidly commercial. The Chamber of Commerce became peculiarly San Franciscan—a massive building expressive of commerce. This solid, commercial aspect was doubtless commendable from the standpoint architecturally expressed and desired for this building, but was it commendable for all purposes? We think not. In all art variety is desirable. Besides individuality is desirable and it was desired that there should be some lightness of touch in construction as well as picturesqueness, especially in San Francisco where things peculiar to the old city have remained. Too many of our buildings were designed by the same hand, or by architects who had but one idea. They were getting away as far as possible from the City that Was, abandoning architecturally the style of building for which we were famous and which has remained only in residence sections or in a few notable instances, as for example in the case of a wholly glass structure in Sutter street. The first persons to show something of originality were the gentlemen of the old firm of Neustadter Bros., one of the oldest Californian firms in the West. These gentlemen, as might be conjectured, are lovers of the old State, and the conjecture is evidenced by their building on First street, near Mission, which is so different from all others. Devoted to the business of making overalls which they identify by the trade name "Boss of the Road," which is famous all over the State, they are now housed in a building which in itself is distinctive in its lightness and airiness. The Neustadter Building has a facade of ornamental windows set with floral designs of a striking and handsome color scheme, something distinctive that attracts attention at a distance. It has an airy appearance, something different from any commercial building in the city. Indeed, architecturally it is a gem, something that will attract architects generally and insure us from that appearance of stiffness which was threatening to denote the character of San Francisco. Neustadter Bros. are to be congratulated on their originality in departing from accepted designs and giving a fine tone to one of our principal streets.

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---Sheriff Tom Finn

Politics is adjourned for the period of the war. But Republicans have not adjourned. They are working hand in hand with Democrats to make the world a safe place to live in.

- - ALEXANDER RUSSELL

WE of the Business Industries of our Country who have played a small but zealous part in the upbuilding of our commerce and of the general interests of our State and City, are now firmly convinced that as a result of passing through a great crisis, we have become more closely knitted under the guidance of our President who believes that patriotism is not a matter of mere character of occupation. : : : : : : : :

Our ideas may have changed for the better, but our fundamentals remain the same, and the old-fashioned forms of government are precisely what they were when they were enunciated by Washington. : : : : : : : :

Prohibition Here and in England

EVERYBODY is drinking or talking of drink. That is the result of unpatriotic Americanism. It is important above all things to end the war, but the Puritan wishes it to be generally believed that it is equally important to relax our efforts and give him the opportunity for which he has striven. He isn't bothering about the evils of war. He is bothering about teetotalism. If all trace of modern America were lost except the files of the papers, the historian on examining the evidence a thousand years hence would be forced to conclude that the population of the country in 1918 was largely composed of spies and drunkards. :: :: :: :: ::

Yet right across the ocean where men have been fighting for years, it is admitted that teetotalism is a nuisance and that if prohibition had been forced upon the people they would not have been able to do the things men did under the stress and strain they had to undergo. It is the old story: the water of life, the breath of life, must flow. To that end the people of England have fought for individual liberty and they have won. ::

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1362 San Francisco-Oakland, September 28, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Stephens and Bell

The Supreme Court having refused to knock a law on the head simply because Mayor Rolph found it inconvenient, and having decided further that a runner-up cannot claim the honors of a disqualified winner, thus disposing of the claims of Frank Heney, Governor Stephens remains in possession of the field. The Governor is a very lucky man. At the present writing Theodore Bell is feverishly engaged in trying to get a place on the ballot by petition. Should he fail, Governor Stephens will have no opponent in the final election, and will have won the right to consider himself the luckiest man who ever ran for office in California. To be elected at the primary to the highest State office is to realize a dream, to find fancy's sweetest flight translated into actuality. But to be elected at the primary in spite of the fact that one's chief opponent received a plurality of thirty-five thousand votes—well, there is no word for it but luck. In calling attention to it, however, we would not be understood as exulting over Rolph's defeat. That would not be sportsmanlike, that would not be humane. It would be meanly detracting from a man who made a gallant eleventh-hour fight and rolled up a truly remarkable vote. To return to Governor Stephens, it remains to be seen whether his good luck will be crowned with the final favor of the political gods. It looks as though Theodore Bell will get on the ballot, however. And in that case Governor Stephens will have a worthy opponent. Theodore Bell is clean, he has ideals, he has principles, he has brains, he has vigor. Who shall say that if elected he would not make a good governor? Just after the primary election, Governor Stephens said that he hoped to have a Democratic opponent in the final struggle. If Bell's petition holds the requisite number of names, the Governor's hope will be fulfilled. Will the Democrats forget former differences and give Bell the full party support? Will the voters divide on the wet and dry issue? These are the questions which politicians will discuss from now till November fifth.

Our Individual Part

Some observers think that the most characteristic thing about the American soldiers in France, something which astounds the enemy and excites the admiration of our allies, is the capacity of the American soldiers to do individual thinking and fighting. The German fights successfully only in mass formation, in organized bodies, while every American soldier has an initiative and independence of action which gives him remarkable efficiency in open fighting. They are not senseless cogs, but each is an individual working unit in a great fighting machine.

Every American at home should feel an individual responsibility and do his or her individual part in winning the war. There is not an American citizen who cannot help win the war. The Fourth Liberty Loan drive, which begins today, furnishes a great opportunity for concerted action and for individual action, and the loan will be a tremendous success if each American will do his or her individual part as each American soldier in France does his part. Our soldiers deserve such support from the people at home.

* * *

The Exposure of Arthur Brisbane

The country is treated to the spectacle of Arthur Brisbane playing the principal role in a new version of "Bought and Paid For." The drama has attracted a big audience, as might have been expected from the sensational interest of its plot and the notoriety of the star. For about twenty-five years Arthur Brisbane has been one of the best advertised men in the United States. He is usually circus-billed as "the highest priced editor in the world," and as such he has shared attention fifty-fifty with the world's "longest leased wire." As in the cases of Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, two of Brisbane's rivals in the affections of the vulgus, we have been permitted to know the amount of his stipend. Fifty thousand a year is the figure shouted into our outstretched ears. Whether or not it has been paid in stage money, we have no way of knowing, but it is interesting to observe in passing that if you translate fifty thousand dollars into pounds sterling (which Brisbane would be the last to do, since he hates England), you place Arthur Brisbane on a financial level with Tittlebat Titmouse, an immortal whom he resembles in some other ways as well. For about a quarter of a century Brisbane, it cannot be denied, has been earning from William Randolph Hearst whatever Hearst has seen fit to pay him. He has built up a following immeasurably greater than that enjoyed by any other bell-wether of the flock of Hearst-newspaper readers. He has won and held more admirers than Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Nell Brinkley, Elinor Glyn, Tom Powers or that sensitive exponent of restraint in art, the author of the Katzenjammer Twins. Year in, year out Brisbane has pontificated on the Hearst editorial page, and with such conspicuous success that the word "idiotorial" was coined as a tribute to his genius. Year in, year out Brisbane has kept his follower screwed to the top notch of enthusiasm with pronunciamentoes of perfervid virtue. Like Mr. Pecksniff he has specialized in morality. His is not the morality of the old-fashioned churches, the morality which seeks no earthly reward. Nay, nay! Brisbane has shown his flock that if they are moral they will get the money. He bids them tread the straight path because it leads to Success, to avoid the primrose boulevard because it ends in the poor house. Success is the god Brisbane has exhorted his followers to worship, and on the tablets of the law he has expounded, all the commandments have a clause which reads, "Do this and you shall enjoy everlasting prosperity." Not riches in Heaven, but a balance in the bank is the reward with which Brisbane has dazzled his devotees. This lesson he has hammered home

with all the resources of cant, platitude, bromide, piffle and bunkum at the command of his truly ingenious mentality. We know how successful he has been. Green-sick girls and pimple-faced boys have piously swallowed Brisbane's Sunday sermons as an antidote to the febrile erotics of the Hearst supplement. Old maids of both sexes have tried to make over their frazzled lives according to the pattern of Brisbane's utilitarian virtue. All the empty-heads have stuffed their noddles with his phrases. Mediocrity has read Brisbane and fancied itself the Superman. With the magic of display type Brisbane has shown the failure how to be a success, without guaranteeing the process. And so, to the untrained palate, Brisbane has always had a pleasant taste. What matters it—to Brisbane—that his prescriptions are like habit-forming nostrums? that they have raised a momentary glow at the expense of a dark-brown coating on character? What cares this animated Peruna for that? He has measured everything by temporal success, and has set an example to his flock by becoming the "highest priced editor in the world." We have said that this hero of the polloi is now starring in "Bought and Paid For." Perhaps we should have said that he is now found enacting the role of Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." For Arthur Brisbane has accumulated a mighty indebtedness, and now he is paying through the nose. He stands heavily obligated to morality—not the sordid morality he has taught, but the ineluctable morality on which human nature is founded—and the debt is being wrung from him by the mysterious law of compensation which governs human affairs. He has overreached himself in the sight of the whole country. "Get the money" was the foundation rock of his system. It is the rock on which he has gone to pieces. He got the money, and it came in the form of a secret subsidy. It is not the first time. We all remember *Collier's* exposure of the way Arthur Brisbane sold his Sunday page-editorials in the Hearst papers to the old Theatrical Trust of New York. That revelation must have shaken the confidence of his followers. The preacher was exposed with both eyes glued on the collection box. Still, he retained his pulpit. But this latest subsidy from the brewers came to Brisbane working "on his own." It has ruined Arthur Brisbane. It has reduced his tremendous influence to a minus quantity. Arthur Brisbane, bought and paid for, is due for the scrap heap.

* * *

Club Discipline

Suppose a little boy speaks a naughty word aloud in the class room. Suppose the naughty word happened into his mind, as naughty words will, and suppose he didn't mean to speak it aloud—it just slipped out. Suppose he wasn't a bad little boy. And yet, with no intent of wrong-doing, he lets slip something which scandalizes teacher and all the little boys and girls in the class room. Now, what is teacher to do? She knows he's a good little boy, that he didn't mean to say the naughty word. Shall she let him off? Not if she is a wise teacher. For discipline must be maintained, decorum must be preserved. Just to speak a naughty word out loud, no matter how it comes to be spoken, is to destroy the order of the class room. And in a class room the disorderly pupil must be punished. So teacher will visit proper punishment on the little boy who said the naughty word. So much for that! Now take the case of a public room in a club where a member says in the hearing of several others, "To Hell with the American flag!" Apply the parallel case of the little boy. Suppose the clubman didn't mean it—it just slipped out, like the little boy's naughty word. What is to be done to the clubman? One would think that the rules of club discipline, club decorum, club order would call for some sort of punishment. Behold what happened in a local club recntly when one prominent member made that shocking remark to another: The member who complained of the remark was so treated that he felt it incumbent on him to resign from the club; the member who made the remark is still a member in good standing, and has not even been reprimanded. To the outsider (who is interested in this case because it involves matters more important than an ordinary club quarrel) it seems that the man to punish is not the man who protested but the man who called forth his protest by saying "To Hell with the American flag!"

Perspective Impressions

Austria doesn't know when she is rebuffed.

Woevre is pronounced "Verve," and that's the way the Americans are fighting there.

The people of Cologne want peace, a circumstance which will put Cologne in bad odor with Berlin.

A hotel man says the valet has disappeared from American life. And so we say to Jeeves: Valet, vale!

The undertakers in convention assembled are discussing a lot of live subjects and solving a number of stiff problems.

Congress wouldn't amend the prohibition bill even to please the governments of France and Italy, our allies. Is Congress responsive to the will of the people? We think not.

"When you write this into the law," said Julius Kahn in reference to the "dry" rider, "you indict the whole nation, and I resent that." Spoken like a man.

By the way, who won that World's Series?

We're getting mighty tired of seeing Jess Willard's name in the papers.

It looks as though the time has come for the Turk to say "Kismet" and get out of Palestine.

It strikes us that C. C. Moore made out a good case in his answer to Captain George. C. C. Moore is usually sure of his ground.

We are renewing our acquaintance with the map of Albania and Macedonia, and doing so under happy auspices.

Hoover needn't send any sugar to the Serbians; they are sweetening their cup with revenge.

The next time the history of the Crusades is written, Allenby's name will appear with those of Godfrey of Bouillon, Richard of the Lion-Heart and the rest of those great captains.

"The Allies seek to crush us," says Germany. Youbetcha!

By Thanksgiving there may be no more Turkey.

Have you noticed what a lot of interest people are not taking in this gubernatorial mixup?

There are a lot of cranks in this country who are trying to make the world safe for hypocrisy.

After what we've just read we are determined not to be tattooed.

While Rolph was away campaigning the "stupervisors" cut five cents out of the tax rate. Wish he'd go away again.

A lot of propheteers have been prophesying the finish of the food profiteers, but we don't see it yet.

We are fond of the Spanish onion and the Spanish omelet, but we refuse to fraternize with Spanish influenza.

Varied Types

386—E. O. McCORMICK

By Edward F. O'Day

Just before E. O. McCormick, the vice-president of the Southern Pacific, left for Alaska to do a bit of work for our Government, I had the pleasure of talking with him about his last trip to Europe. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I state that that trip was the most important E. O. McCormick (who is a seasoned traveler) has ever made, or ever will make, across the Atlantic. In undertaking that trip our beloved townsman accepted part of a great responsibility. With what confidence in himself he consented to bear that burden of responsibility I do not know. This, however, I do know—that those who were instrumental in sending him were delighted when he said he would go, for they knew E. O. McCormick—knew his gifts of personality, his ripe wisdom of experience, his broad mind and his big heart of human fellowship. And they were justified by the outcome. The mission in which E. O. McCormick was engaged achieved brilliant success.

Called simply the American Mission, it carried a message from our country to the workingmen of England, Ireland, Scotland and France. Let me state that message as E. O. McCormick stated it to me:

"Never will American labor confer with German labor while a German soldier remains on French or Belgian soil."

There was need for the emphatic statement of this ultimatum because, unfortunately, there is a minority of British and French labor which is antagonistic to the war. This minority, which E. O. McCormick estimates at about twenty per cent, had been agitating for a conference with German labor, and the agitation had proved embarrassing to the governments of our Allies. It was thought, and rightly, that if an American mission went among these agitators, these obstructionists, and removed once and for all any mistaken ideas they might have about the possibility of American labor co-operating with them, the minority would be weakened, perhaps reduced in numbers, and that the loyal majority would be stiffened in its resistance to this insidious propaganda.

So the personnel of the American Mission was carefully selected.

"It was," says E. O. McCormick, "the strongest labor delegation I ever saw. It did complete justice to the intellectuality and humanity—to the head and heart—of American labor. Among the members of the mission were such splendid men as James Wilson, president of the pattern-makers, John Frey, head of the molders, Martin Ryan, president-general of the car builders, George Berry, head of the pressmen, John Short, head of the miners, President Johnson of the machinists, Chester M. Wright, who prepares editorial matter for two hundred labor papers, Miss Nestor, head of the glovemakers, and Miss Scott, head of the hatmakers. There were also Helen Grenfell, the prison reform worker of Denver, Arthur Lovejoy, professor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University, Edward Meredith of Des Moines, editor of the biggest farm journal in the world, Charles Belmont Davis (brother of the late Richard Harding Davis), Mrs. William Astor Chanler and others. I was sent to speak for the railroads of the country."

A better representative of the railroads (let me say parenthetically) could not have been chosen. E. O. McCormick knows switchmen and machinists as well as presidents and chairmen of boards, and I'm not sure but that, nine times out of ten, he'd rather "fan" with a trackman in overalls than confer with an executive in broadcloth. E. O. McCormick may not belong to the Brotherhood of Railwaymen, but his standing is excellent in the bigger brotherhood of humanity.

"The German submarines tried hard to torpedo our steamer on the way over," said McCormick when I begged for details of the trip. "And no wonder! We carried, I think, the most valuable cargo that has been sent across since the war started."

"Of what did it consist?" I asked.

"Two thousand American engineers!"

Three miles from the spot where the "Tuscania" was torpedoed, the steamer was shaken by two violent explosions.

"It was half past six in the morning," says McCormick, "and I was just getting up. The first explosion bounced me against the ceiling of my stateroom. Suppose you were standing on an iron plate, and that it was hit beneath your feet by a trip hammer. That was my sensation. I listened for the long and short blasts of the whistle announcing that a torpedo had scored on us, but they did not sound. Nevertheless, I hurried on deck. Our steamer was one of several convoyed by six destroyers and an armored cruiser. Our steaming position was between a horse and mule transport and the armored cruiser. At least a thousand eyes saw the torpedo, so there was no guessing as to what happened. The submarine had stolen in between our steamer and the horse and mule transport. The latter it could have sunk easily, but it was after our two thousand engineers. The torpedo missed our bow by eleven feet, and caught the armored cruiser in the stern. The cruiser limped the rest of the way."

"But if you were not hit," I asked, "why the two explosions?"

"I was coming to that," was the reply. "It was the duty of three of our six destroyers to ply up and down the lanes between the steamers of our party. As I said, at least a thousand eyes saw that torpedo in transit. A lot of those eyes were on the nearest destroyer. Immediately it discharged two depth bombs, each containing five hundred pounds of TNT. The first depth bomb exploded before the torpedo found its mark; the second must have exploded simultaneously with the torpedo, because nobody heard the torpedo strike the cruiser. You may judge whether our depth bombers were losing any time. They undoubtedly 'got' the submarine."

I cannot undertake to give an adequate summary, even, of the activities of the American Mission. Its members were received with extraordinary honors everywhere. In London they were tendered a luncheon at the House of Commons, and another at Whitehall, where they met the representatives of the press of the world. According to the London Times, this was the only occasion in two hundred years that a luncheon was given in the historic palace whence Charles I stepped to his death on the scaffold. They met all the leading statesmen of England, Ireland and Scotland. When King George summoned them to an audience, he broke all precedent by permitting one of their number to reply to his address. E. O. McCormick was chosen for that honor.

"The King is a 'he-man,'" says McCormick. "He is as direct in his manner of speech as any other naval man. He is one of the best posted men I ever talked to. There isn't a topic of importance on which he hasn't a fund of information. And he is a human interrogation point. When you finish with him, he knows all you know about whatever interests him, and all subjects interest him, particularly the subjects of President Wilson—the people of the United States. He is democratic to a degree. The Queen is sweet and womanly."

"Is Lloyd George a big man?" I asked.

"Sixteen feet in his stockings," replied McCormick. "He is the plainest and most matter-of-fact man I ever talked to, and the most convincing."

The members of the Mission visited the Grand Fleet in its mysterious anchorage, enjoying that sublime spectacle of seventy-six miles of fighting craft stripped for immediate action, in the company of British Admiral Beatty and American Admiral Rodman.

"When we were entertained by Admiral Beatty on the 'Queen Elizabeth,' his flagship," said McCormick, "he told me that the greatest honor ever conferred on him was to be associated with a man like Rodman. And later on, Admiral Rodman told me that the greatest privilege he had ever enjoyed in his life was to be permitted to report to a man like Beatty."

In France, the members of the Mission visited the English firing line, and were entertained by Pershing and Hunter Liggett. In Paris they met Poincare and Joffre. When they visited the French Chamber of Deputies, that body adjourned to receive them, the first time such a distinction had been shown any body of men.

"These extreme acts of courtesy," McCormick was careful to explain, "were directed to the labor members of the Mission." And he added modestly: "The rest of us were also-rans."

GOING OVER?

THEN you will soon begin to think of giving wife, mother or sweetheart a little keepsake, such as a ring, a wrist watch or a brooch. Your photo in a silver frame or in a gold locket would delight her.

YOU would prize a cigarette case or a belt, fountain pen, signet ring or watch given you as a token of her affection while "over there."

EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP AND DESIGN AS WELL AS HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY

A. ANDREWS
Diamond Palace
46 GEARY ST.
Established 1850. VISITORS WELCOME.

This was the social side of the Mission. But much more important was its daily programme of hard work. Every member made at least one, sometimes two speeches a day. E. O. McCormick, of course, was no exception. Some of the biggest and most important meetings which heard him were the labor meetings at Sheffield, Birmingham, Derby, Leeds and other manufacturing towns. Here he met that terror of the English meeting, the heckler. McCormick knew about heckling, knew, too, that the agitators and malcontents would be on hand to silence the American speakers. He asked the Lord Mayor of Leeds if it was permissible to heckle the hecklers.

"Certainly," said the Lord Mayor, "but it is a very dangerous proceeding."

A burly workingman stood up in the gallery that night and shouted a heckling remark before McCormick was well under way.

"Come down here and talk," said McCormick.

"What would you do if I came down?" asked the heckler.

"I'd give you a poke in the nose," said McCormick, and the laughter of his audience effectually silenced that heckler.

At Derby McCormick took a bolder course. He was telling his audience about Verdun, which he described as "Hell with the lid off." In a place where everybody present could see her, a beautiful young woman, exquisitely gowned, stood up and asked with a tone of animosity:

"How long will our boys have to stay there?"

"Gertrude," said McCormick, "they told me that they'd stay there till hell froze over and then they'd cross on the ice."

There were thunders of applause, but the fine-looking woman held her ground, though there were cries of "Throw her over the gallery!"

"Don't throw her over the gallery," said McCormick. "Let her stay there. I like to look at her. Gertrude, you're the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. And you know it. That's why you're there. Look at that wonderful hat!"

The laughter was too much for "Gertrude," and she subsided.

Need I say how much E. O. McCormick enjoyed this sort of give and take? Certainly I need not impress that point on those who know the man—and who does not? Nor need I add that E. O. McCormick wouldn't exchange the experiences of that mission for the highest worldly honors. He had his share in the successful accomplishment of a big job—the stiffening of the backbone of British and French labor. He has helped to win this war. He was a big man when he went over, was E. O. McCormick, but he returned a bigger man than ever.

On Going to Vernon

By Philip McCann

Going to Vernon is a kind of institution down in Los Angeles. In fact, no tourist feels he has done the South properly unless he has been to Vernon. But in my case, I had also an object beyond viewing the colossal establishment of Jack Doyle with its regular staff of forty-eight (count 'em) bartenders. I wanted to gloat a bit over a city that is so frightfully critical of the morals of other cities, particularly of San Francisco. Going to Vernon evens scores. Moreover, it begets the comfortable feeling that Los Angeles has its human side, after all. And I cannot help wondering whether a deacon belonging to the colossally moral suburb of Long Beach, where a husband is arrested if he so far forgets himself as to kiss his wife in public, may not now and then sneak away from home, and, putting on smoked glasses and false whiskers, take a quiet journey to Vernon with a trusty suitcase.

Saturday and Sunday are the big days at Vernon. I chose Sunday afternoon as the pilgrims of that hour are not so likely to jam the car with suitcases. Mine was a typically Vernon car. I had next me a stout female with large feet, red hands, strands of hair falling in front of her ears, a net work of fine veins about her nose, and a hat ornamented with a tipsy-looking stuffed bird. If I know the world, she was a cook who would return home stinko at 2 a. m. and, when her mistress rapped on her door next morning at breakfast time, would reply that she had Spanish grippe, or something like that. A negro couple, with mouths full of gum, sat at my back. The seat in front was occupied by two horsy-smelling men who chewed tobacco, and I noticed some Mexican peon laborers among the straphangers.

The way to Vernon leads through the backyard of Los Angeles—streets of box-like cottages built in pre-bungalow days, interspersed with occasional cracker factories or dye works. Then a few vegetable gardens and a canning factory brought us into Vernon.

I had looked for something picturesque in Vernon, at least for something careless and gay in its atmosphere. What I found was a piece of Potrero, without any of the Potrero's really beautiful setting. To one side of an asphalted street lay a packing house, with cattle and sheep chewing hay in the pens, dully indifferent to their fate, and a large oil refinery. Opposite was a Christian mission, a baseball park, Jack Doyle's, a garage, the "other bar" and a few shops, backed by dingy rows of laborers' cottages. As I passed the mission, a youth with a face shining with negative virtues looked at me appealingly, and another youth stepped quickly forward with a come-in-and-be-saved expression. In their blameless lives neither, I fancied, had ever indulged in a worse dissipation than overeating fudge at an Endeavor social. In my ignorance of Vernon, I went down the street to bar number two, for Jack's also had merely the sign "Bar" on its front. But I began to suspect it was not Jack's, and a count down the bar front showed only 87 customers lined up. No, that wasn't Jack's.

Jack's was number one. Automobiles lay in droves down the side street, and there was a popcorn stand at one entrance and an onion and hamburger wagon at the other. A cripple with dark goggles peddled Police Gazettes at the corner.

One look within and I knew I was at Jack's. If the rest of Vernon was drab and factory smelling, Jack's redeemed it.

I entered with that bewildered feeling I used to have when I went to a circus and stepped past the ticket collector into the animal tent.

No offense is meant to Jack's clientele. But his place did affect me emotionally like the animal tent in the old days. There was the same element of pleased surprise and sense of discovery.

In the first place, the spectacle of fifty bartenders in white shirts, white collars and neat four-in-hands, standing in two opposite rows, was an inspiring spectacle in itself. They were fine specimens of that noble and obsolescent trade—good-looking, graceful chaps with a grave and dignified kind of geniality, as wise as owls and quite as discreet. In public, they would pass as men of distinction, for they had the air and manner that marks the true, finished bartender. I did not count them, but Jack's regular force is 48, divided into two shifts, with enough extras at week ends and on holidays to recruit each shift to that strength or more. The bars, also, were colossal affairs, and there was a bottle department at the end of the long hall for the special use of suitcase carriers. A sandwich stand from which issued fumes of brie and limburger gave the room a pleasant, homelike touch.

The crowd may be dismissed in a few words. Some men wore collars, and some did not. They were well behaved. While I was in there, the biggest policeman I ever saw slid a drunk into the street with an ease and art that was not lost on the bystanders. Anyway, men lined the bars three or four deep and stood in groups thickly, like a convention not yet called to order. Voices mingled in a confused roar, and one had to strain his voice to talk, as in a convention, or factory. But I am getting away from the animal feature.

Jack's did have something more than a fanciful resemblance to a zoo, for there was a collection of stuffed animals scattered about. But it was rather the collection of a sportsman than of a naturalist. Deer heads, coyotes, eagles, owls, pheasants, a monkey with boxing gloves mounted in true fighting posture and other beasts ornamented the walls. But it is for horse-lovers that Jack's place is a special treat. The walls are plastered with photographs of hundreds of famous racers of various epochs, back to the days when gentlemen with top hats and flowing side whiskers sprawled out on sulkeys behind trotters.

One wall, however, is reserved exclusively for the great exponents of the "manly art." All the great champs—John L., Lanky Boh, Gentleman Jim and the gorilla-like Sharkey among them—are done in oils, full length. Photos from training camps plaster the interstices and form a sort of dado all around the hall, besides decorating the pillars. Some of the photos go back to the times when fighters wore policemen's mustaches, and old prints carry the game back to the Sayres period.

American flags, ferns in baskets and electric fans with paddles of airplane dimensions do their bit in a decorative way.

Over the doorways, this sign stands ready to touch uneasy consciences:

"Don't buy booze, if your children need shoes."

And warnings to slackers ornament the looking glasses. So Jack is both patriot and moralist.

Altogether, the place seems to vibrate with the personality of one man. You feel that there is one creative and directing genius behind it all. Jack Doyle! What a subject for Varied Types, or a Pauline Jacobson interview! But where was Jack? The crowd was immense, the grave and courteous gentleman who shook me a cocktail did not know, and I had to leave without seeing the only man in all Vernon worth coming to see.

Soon, when Congress so decrees, Jack Doyle's will pass away. Or a worse fate may befall it. I have visions of pool tables, with a weedy youth behind the erstwhile bar, jerking soda. Oh, Vernon!

Love's Fear

By Albert Buhrer

When I do think of moments that are waste
In hostile anguish and unholy doubt,
When life's clear spring is stagnant as from drought
And love's distil is bitter to the taste:
When in a tempest of destructive haste,
Sweet worlds of precious thought are put to rout,
The lamps of Truth and Virtue flicker out,
And all the mind is tenebrous, unchaste:

Then would I fly to thee, like stricken deer,
Inevitably doomed—with labored breath,
Hunted by those twin-hunters Fate and Death,
Incessant baying at my senseless ear;
For some rich voice above the tumult saith,
Hide thou within Love's bosom from thy fear.

California Wines

By Charles B. Turrill
(Former Secretary, State Viticultural Society)

The manufacture of wine is one of the oldest industries of California. Long years before Marshall discovered gold, wine-making was an established business in our State. From the small beginnings of nearly a hundred and forty years ago has grown, through individual effort and under legal State and Federal encouragement, an industry now as important as that of mining.

It is proposed to terminate the manufacture of wine in California. This is a matter of utmost importance to thousands of good citizens who, thereby, will be deprived of their livelihood, the fruits of their labor, and property valued at millions of dollars which contributes a large amount toward the expense of maintaining the State government and the schools. It is time for every man and woman in California to pause and think. It is time to look facts fairly in the face. It is not yet too late to think and to act.

Those who seek to crush an important industry have flooded the press with stories of the evils of drunkenness. The drunken husband has been worked overtime without an increase of pay. The saloon has been trotted around the race-course of popular disapproval.

Let's stop and think a moment. How many of those drunken husbands have become such on wine? How many of them have ever used wine? How much wine is sold in saloons? Drunkenness and the saloon have practically no connection with wine drinking. Wine is not a saloon drink. It is a healthy and beneficial beverage to be used with meals. It is no more injurious at table than tea or coffee and far less harmful than microbe-infested water which should always be filtered or boiled to destroy the harmful filth it carries in solution.

Prohibition and temperance are words of very different meaning. Thousands believe in and practice temperance who do not endorse prohibition. It is a grave question whether real advancement comes through force. It is a trait of human nature to evade and resist force. It is a recognized trait of human nature to covet and to seek to enjoy the prohibited thing. At this time we are not economizing in the use of sugar and other things simply because a government says we must, but rather because we feel that, by so doing, we are performing a patriotic act by practicing temperance in their use in order that others less favorably situated may not be prohibited from using such articles.

Those who raise such a din in preaching prohibition have not been able to prove that prohibition prohibits. Because they know that it does not they seek through National legislation to deny to each citizen of the country his rights under the Constitution of the United States, by attempting what they style a "bone dry" condition of affairs. This is not temperance. It is not justice. It is not legal under the constitution of our country. It is Kaiserism under its most subtle and damnable form. Is it not time to stop and think? Drastic legislation is never wise legislation.

If drunkenness is an evil, and no one disputes that it is, let that evil be corrected fairly and wisely. Much has been written to the effect that it is a disease, and medical science has shown that it can be cured. Many say it is a habit. It might be more correctly stated that it is a perverted natural habit. Throughout the ages and in all lands mankind has sought, enjoyed and sometimes abused the craving for an alcoholic stimulant. With some that natural craving has been satisfied with drugs. With some through the use of patent medicines. The craving is a part of normal human nature. It is not evil in itself but only in its perversion. The craving for food may be and is also abused. In that craving common sense and custom reduces the number of gluttons. A casual reading of history will also show that custom has likewise reduced the number of drunkards. People attending dinners in this age do not employ emetics during the feast that they may gorge themselves the more. Neither do people indulge in alcoholic excesses as was customary a century ago. Common sense and custom have corrected evils of gluttony and drunkenness. Laws have not been the agency of reform.

It is unfortunate that a few good souls, entirely enwrapped in their own goodness, feeling themselves the Lord's annointed in the regeneration of the world, have not been gifted with the spirit of honest fairness in waging their justifiable campaign for temperance. Had they examined available statistics they would have found that in sections where prohibition is legally enforced liquors are consumed in large quantity and that drunkenness is more common than in either France or Italy. Had they been willing to be humanly fair they might have inquired why in the countries of Southern Europe, where wine drinking is universal, a drunken man is rarely seen. Those French and Italians have the same natural cravings for a stimulant as the man in Maine or Kansas. They satisfy that craving in a rational way through the use of wines with their meals and not in the surreptitious and "behind-the-door" way of the prohibition states. Those who use wine with their meals remain sober. Those who drink secretly in prohibition sections get drunk. Is it the openness with which the French or Italians use their wine that promotes sobriety? Is it not, rather, the rational satisfying of a human craving with a beverage of small alcoholic percentage taken with food? That is the temperate use of a beverage which has been enjoyed for thousands of years and endorsed by the founder of the Christian religion. Let's think a little before we blindly put a halter around our necks.

Those who habitually use California wines are not drunkards through its use. They drink, with their meals, a beverage which medical authorities agree is conducive to health. They drink wholesome wines free from germ pollution. Those wines are produced on vast areas of California which are not adapted to the growth of raisin or table grapes and which are practically valueless for any other productive industry. The output of those wine-grape lands furnishes a large revenue to the general government which at present is busy seeking revenue from every available source.

Is it not well to untangle the web of sophistries that has been cunningly spun around the whole drinking question and to look conditions squarely in the face? Let us think a little and act with fairness and judgment, and not try to personate a mad dog frothing at the mouth, rushing along the road biting at every object encountered. Let us try to learn where that road we travel leads.

Poems About San Francisco

227—THE GEM OF THE EARTH

By W. W. Cooley

Back to the land of lasting beauty,
Back to the wondrous glorious State,
Back again to San Francisco,
The gem of the earth at the Golden Gate.

Back again to "the realm of perfection,"
Love for which can ne'er abate,
Back to "the queen of song and story"—
The gem of the earth at the Golden Gate.

Back again, where the rolling waters
Of the grand Pacific watch and wait
As they roar aloud a song to their idol,
The gem of the earth at the Golden Gate.

The Spectator

Brisbane Buys a Paper

When Arthur Brisbane told his friends that he had bought the Washington Times he was careful to inform them that in order to finance the deal he had put a mortgage on every bit of property he owned. We know now that he did not put a mortgage on anything except his independence, but the statement he volunteered is interesting as showing that he was not willing to tell where the money actually came from. When Brisbane decided that the time had come to tell the truth about this matter, he told it with seeming—only seeming—frankness. Over his own signature he confessed that the $375,000 with which the Washington Times was purchased, was brewery money. Why this seemingly frank confession? Clearly Brisbane knew the truth was coming out. He knew that Mitchell Palmer, custodian of alien property, had "the goods on him," and he thought to forestall the evil effect the exposure was sure to have, by 'fessing up. But he did not confess everything, and as everything came out immediately afterwards, he might just as well have remained silent, for any good the confession did him with the public.

He Explains the Deal

"The Washington Times," said Brisbane, in an evident panic, "is one hundred per cent my property. It was purchased from Frank A. Munsey for $500,000. . . . C. W. Feigenspan, president of the Federal Trust Company of Newark, N. J., is a friend of mine and a brewer. . . . $375,000 was sufficient for the expense involved in putting the Washington Times on a paying basis. This amount I borrowed from Feigenspan. . . . And the money, in due course, will be repaid with interest." Whether the Washington Times is one hundred per cent Brisbane's property is a question which remains to be looked into. In saying so, Brisbane may be taking the same liberty he took when he told his friends that he had mortgaged his property to buy it. That Feigenspan lent him the purchase money is not strictly true. The actual sum Brisbane borrowed from Feigenspan was $25,000, as we know from disclosures made by Mitchell Palmer. The United States Brewing Association and fourteen other brewers made up the rest of the loan. In other words, Arthur Brisbane sold his independence to almost a score of bosses.

The Deviousness of the Deal

Brisbane will attempt to show, without a doubt, that the whole transaction was an honorable one. "As every newspaper editor in the country knows," he has said already, "I have for more than twenty years advocated as a temperance measure the suppression of the whisky traffic, and the encouragement of light wine and light beer." But for an honorable transaction, this syndicating of Brisbane by the brewers was a remarkably devious affair. The money was passed through several banks and into the hands of Alice Brisbane Thursby (Brisbane's sister), who indorsed the checks "A. Thursby" (an indorsement which suggests an attempt to conceal identity). "A Thursby" paid the money into a corporation controlled by Brisbane. This corporation gave a note for the money. This is the sort of course money usually takes when there is reason for concealing its origin. It will be noted that Brisbane said the money would be repaid in due course with interest. But when the deal was made it was stated in outlining it that no interest was to be paid.

Pro-German Propaganda?

When Mitchell Palmer made public the complete details of this transactions there no longer was doubt in any mind that Arthur Brisbane had been subsidized by the brewing interests of the country to make a fight for them "under the shadow of the dome of the Capitol." But had the deal a more sinister purpose? Was it like the deal made for the New York Mail by Rumely and his German outfit? This Brisbane strenuously denies, of course. And yet Mitchell Palmer has published letters written to the notorious Dr. Dernburg of unpleasant memories in which the acquisition of a big paper which should make the fight for the brewers, thus gaining advertising support, and meanwhile devote itself to "the interest of Germany and the German Government," was discussed at considerable length. It remains to be seen whether the acquisition of the Washington Times by Arthur Brisbane through the use of brewers' money was or was not a part of this scheme.

Wear your old clothes and buy Liberty Bonds.

Compulsory Health Insurance

Compulsory Health Insurance, which will appear on the November ballot as "No. 20," is receiving a good deal of study. It was debated at the Commonwealth Club's last meeting, and overwhelmingly voted down. The chances are that it will be defeated, but we cannot be too sure. Its cause is being insidiously propagated. Made in Germany, it is a dangerous device which, under humanitarian disguise, would give to the Social Insurance Commission the arbitrary handling of an enormous fund to pay cash benefits and give medical, hospital, dental, special tuberculosis sanatorium and other benefits to a limited class of wage earners and their dependents. Those who advocate it are not giving the details of their proposed bill to voters and

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taxpayers, because they know that the vast expenditure and the unlimited power of the elaborate political machinery necessary to operate this special class legislation would cause so much alarm that "No. 20" would be sure of defeat.

Turned Down Elsewhere

This measure has been investigated by a number of States. All have turned it down. New York twice rejected it. The New Jersey Legislature refused to adopt it. Massachusetts, after a thorough investigation by two commissions, and with all the alleged facts procured by the Social Insurance Commission of California before it, recently rejected Compulsory Health Insurance in its constitutional convention by an overwhelming vote. The thing is un-American. It is fitted only to a paternal form of government where there is discrimination against the dependent classes, and the governing classes dominate through class legislation. Sam Gompers expressed the intelligent opinion of organized labor on the subject when he said:

> The efforts of trade organizations are directed at fundamental things; they endeavor to secure to all workers a living wage that will enable them to have sanitary homes, conditions of living that are conducive to good health, adequate clothing, nourishing food and other things that are essential to the maintenance of good health. In attacking the health problem from the preventive and constructive side, they are doing infinitely more than any Health Insurance could do, which provides only for relief in cases of sickness, and yet the compulsory law would undermine trade union activity.

This statement supplements what Surgeon-General Gorgas has said:

> The medicine of larger and higher scope is passing perceptibly out of the ordinary bedside phase of diagnosis and treatment to the state in which the little ounce of prevention is at last recognized as bettering the pound of cure.

Liberty Bonds or German bondage.

A Wild Time in Los Angeles

Grant Carpenter, who is on his way to Washington to place the resources of the moving picture studios of Los Angeles at the disposal of the Government for war propaganda, stopped in town long enough to see some of his old friends.

"How are things in Los Angeles?" I asked him.

"Very exciting," said Grant, "since people learned how to have a wild time there. You go downtown, get full of Bevo, wreck a cafeteria, go to a movie and wink at the close-up of a vampire!"

"Come across" or the Kaiser will.

No Speeding Here

By the way, Grant Carpenter is responsible for the spread of the escargots or edible snails which are now to be found in many parts of San Francisco, and which many people have come to esteem a great luxury. Grant used to raise them in his garden on Russian Hill, and they spread thence to many sections. He tells how some of them invaded the garden of a friend of his who is a dahlia raiser.

"There's nothing an escargot likes quite as much as a dahlia," says Grant, "and it wasn't long before they threatened to eat up the whole collection. The dahlia fancier studied the escargot with a view to his extermination. He discovered that the mud turtle likes an escargot as much as an escargot likes a dahlia. So he put a lot of mud turtles in his garden. They made pretty quick work of the French snails. He tells me it was a great sight to see a mud turtle chasing an escargot, catching him and gobbling him up. The chase was not notable for speed, however. In fact, my dahlia friend says he supposes a snail is about the only creature a turtle could overtake in a race!"

The soldier gives: you must lend.

A Question of Authorship

Town Talk has received many congratulations on the special literary number published last week. The following letter is published because it raises a question which I hope somebody will answer:

> Congratulations upon your Literary Number. It stands immediately as an important thing in the literature of the world. My only criticism upon this work of art is that it credits me with some verses that I did not write. This "Hymn to the Sun" appeared anonymously many years ago, and was ascribed to several local men. At one time I thought there was good reason to consider Thomas Grant Springer the author, as he was more or less satirical in his ideas of magazine policies; but he denied having

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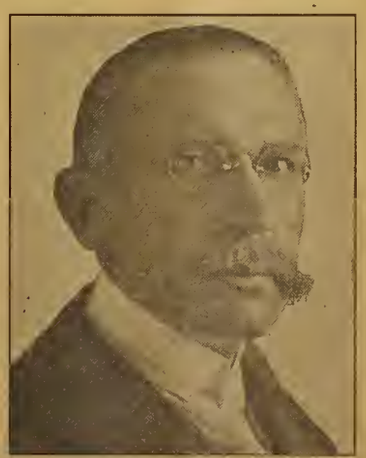
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written the thing. About the year 1903, Charles Leslie Gaskill and I set in type a number of local poems, including mine, and subsequently made a few into booklets. The "Hymn to the Sun" appeared in one of these publications as "Anonymous," and I take it that most of the writers of that day were familiar with the verse as anonymous, associating it with an anecdote in which a sonnet of Springer's was rejected from a local magazine because of having local fogs and winds for its wicked theme. At any rate, I received many requests for the little book in which the verse appeared; and my authorship of it was occasionally charged, because the theme of the "hymn" seemed appropriate to the other verses in the book, only part of which, by the way, I contributed. I do not understand how you fix the exact date—July 4, 1903. I have no copy at hand. The book may have appeared in that year. However, the Literary Number is so good that it makes one feel humble for having done no more in those days that might be called California's Second Epoch in Literature. Your edition of September 21 is historic; and may you have many more! Kindly note in your next issue that I did not write the "Hymn to the Sun." Yet I applaud its sentiments, having no regard for these later Home Industry Poets.

Faithfully yours
LIONEL JOSEPHARE.

Will somebody please answer the question, Who wrote that "Hymn to the Sun"? It was attributed to Josephare when published in Town Talk on July 4, 1903.

Liberty Bonds or German taxes.

Local Color

A friend who is just up from Los Angeles says he paid a visit to one of the film places at Hollywood recently, and saw the actors making a picture.

"I don't know what the story was," he says, "but the scene I saw photographed represented a long-whiskered Boer gallantly defending his home on the veldt against Bedouins mounted on camels. The next time I go, I suppose I'll see a film representing Mexicans making a brave stand against Eskimo raiders!"

Buy over here to win over there.

The Stock Company

A man who has just returned from New York told me about a conversation he had with that keen observer of theatrical signs, George Cohan. He reported Cohan as saying that very few of the new Broadway productions would go on tour, owing to the lack of rolling stock, etc., and that "the provinces" would become acquainted with the new shows through the medium of local stock company productions. In other words, Cohan thinks the stock house is coming back to its own. I hope this is correct, for the stock company is the bulwark of the theatre. Without it performers don't learn to act; they only learn to think that they know how to act.

It's billions for defense or billions for indemnity.

"A Book Not to Read"

Under this heading, the brilliant William Marion Reedy of the St. Louis Mirror writes about the latest outrage perpetrated by that lost soul of literature, George Moore. I quote what he has to say:

Don't let anybody give you George Moore's book, "A Story Teller's Holiday," to read. It is privately printed and sold at $6.50. It is printed by a Gaelic society, the name of which I can't read—no Gaelic society ever fathered such stuff. I have liked George Moore's work in the past, "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes," "Memoirs of My Dead Life"—O that story of "The Lovers of Orelay!"—Ave Atque Vale," "The Brook Kerith." Moore can or could write such choice English as only Irishmen can write. He has a rare sardonic gift. He is a sort of dry poet. As a realist he is all right except for his romanticism. As a mystic he would be fine if he were not an atheist. His mind would be beautiful if it were not so dirty. His spirit would be fine if it were not so mean and small. Swift was "the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place." Moore is a Swift keeping books in a lupanar. His soul dwells in a pornographic universe. He has a sexual nastiness that is all pervading—the sexual nastiness that suggests impotence. He writes of his friends all their littlenesses. As "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) said of him, "he tells and never kisses." This last book of his has no excuse except that he needs the money. It is made up of three stories chiefly, supposed to be narrated by an Irish "schanachie" or story teller. Two of them deal with the efforts, successful or otherwise, of Irish nuns to tempt priests on the theory of proving the virtue or sanctity of the latter. They are salacious but not hearty. In one of them . . . . The idea is a variation on Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Story Without a Name." But it is a foul thing, with a foulness worse than that of Rabelais. It is told in the Irish dialect made famous by Synge and James Stephens, but the telling lacks grace and humor and beauty. Another story is that of a male waiter's adventures in man's attire, but the adventures have no point to illustrate concerning this member of Edward

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Carpenter's "Intermediate Sex." It ends nowhere and amounts to nothing. It isn't even good Krafft-Ebing. It is the gabbling drivel of a sex-obsessed celibate. You feel at the end of the book that your mind needs a bath. The thing is to be published in this country by Doran. I can stand Rabelais, and the Marquis de Sade and the finikin placket-fumbling smuttiness of Laurence Stern—indeed, I rejoice in being somewhat of a Pantagruelian and Shandean. But this George Moore stuff—it's like the wicked story as told by women—if you've ever heard one. It is never funny, always simply filthy. Moore reminds me of the small boy who has just discovered the facts of sex life and animal functions and goes about chalking unclean words on walls and fences. If we must have dirt I'll take mine clean as in "Tom Jones" or in the novels of Tobias Smollett. The furthest I can go in fancy groceries of this kind is "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and the artistic best of de Maupassant.

For Foch and freedom; buy bonds.

An Army Poet

Corporal Joseph M. Woods, Company F, 63rd Infantry (a California regiment) is the poet laureate of Camp Meade, Maryland, where his regiment is located. Young Woods, who has many friends in San Francisco, burst into poetry as soon as he joined the army, and has experienced no difficulty in having his lucubrations published in the Maryland papers. Here is one of them, taken from a Baltimore daily, wherein Woods narrates a heart tragedy real or fanciful:

SWEET MARIE

I am lying in a tent,
Sweet Marie,
And my soul is spent with rage
Up in "G";
For I know all mighty well
You have caught another "fell"
And your thoughts no longer dwell,
Love, with me.

Sweet Marie, list to me, list to me,
Sweet Marie,
While I whisper to the winds:
"You're N. G."
You were loyal, you were true,
I was all the world to you,
When my cash for you I blew,
Sweet Marie.

When I donned the old O. D.,
Sweet Marie,
Like a picnic woodtick you
Stuck to me;
And the smile you used to wear
Was as full of beaming glare
As a sunbeam on a tear,
Sweet Marie.

How your pretty head you'd lay,
Lovingly,
On my bosom while you'd say
Things to me.
There you lay in loving pose,
Right beneath my very nose,
Snipping buttons off my clothes,
Sweet Marie.

When we kissed our last farewell,
Tearfully,
You but worked a girlish gag
Off on me.
Oh, you sweet, bewitching jade,
What a clever game you played,
For your tears were ready made,
Sweet Marie.

On to France I'm going to go,
Sweet Marie,
And some Germans I will mow,
Believe me.
I'll be giddy, I'll be gay,
I'll sing the hours away;
Ta ra ra ra boom de aye;
Hully gee.

A bond slacker is the Kaiser's backer.

A Good Yell

Walter Hines Page, the retiring Ambassador to Great Britain, tells a story about that great day in London when America's entrance into the world-war was celebrated. After the great service at St. Paul's a number of wounded American volunteers who had been present in the cathedral were entertained at luncheon in a well-known restaurant. The Ambassador was asked to "come along." He "came along." During the luncheon one of the wounded said to him across the table:

"Mr. Ambassador, there was just one thing wrong with that service."

"What was it?"

"We couldn't yell."

"Then why don't you yell now?"

The man climbed on to a chair, and waving his napkin, shouted:

"Boys, the Ambassador says we may yell. Let's yell."

"So," said Page, in telling the story, "they yelled for five minutes, and I yelled with them. We all felt better for it."

A man who won't lend is the Kaiser's friend.

Of Interest to Book-buyers

Charles Woods, Lowell Institute lecturer, was the guest of honor at the last meeting of The Booksellers Association held at the St. Francis Hotel, September 17. Mr. Woods is the author of "The Cradle of the War," in which he proves conclusively that the influence of the Central Powers has been directed not in favor of peace but of unrest in the Balkans. The Association went on record as approving of the War Industries Board regulations for publishers of trade books, copyright reprints, etc., although the ruling to the effect that after October 1 no books may be shipped by publishers to booksellers on sale, on consignment, or on a protected basis disturbs an arrangement that has been in vogue between book publishers and booksellers possibly since the dawn of printing. Just what effect the enforcemnt of this regulation will have on the "on approval" arrangements heretofore existing between bookseller and book-buyer is yet uncertain, the regulations making no provision to cover this relationship.

The more bonds you buy the fewer boys will die.

S. P. C. A. Elects Officers

The newly elected Board of Trustees of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has elected officers for the coming year. John Partridge, who has been president of the society for fifteen years, was re-elected to the office, and J. S. Hutchinson, the treasurer, was appointed to his fifty-first term. Other officers elected were: George M. Mitchell, Dr. Ira B. Dalziel, John McGaw, vice-presidents; Matthew McCurrie, secretary; Irvin C. Foster, assistant secretary; John A. Percy, T. C. Judkins, counsel; Dr. William F. Egan, Dr. C. Masocro, Dr. Iver Jacobsen, veterinary surgeons, Dr. O. J. Kron, Dr. K. O. Steers, canine and feline veterinarians; Dr. Ira B. Dalziel, veterinary dentist. A report covering the activities of the society for the past month showed 965 cases of cruelty investigated. Involved in the month's work were 1752 horses and mules, 390 dogs, 1007 cats, and 16 other animals. The number of animals relieved was 1407, and 169 brutal drivers were reprimanded. Nine horses were moved in the ambulance, and 4 horses, 235 dogs, 999 cats and one goat were humanely destroyed.

Let's all get on the bond wagon.

P. G. and E. Activities

The Pacific Service Employees' Association has resumed its meetings after an interval of inactivity during the vacation period, the first meeting of the season being held on the evening of August 13. The committee in charge of the entertainment has planned to secure as the leading feature of the meetings addresses by men who are most competent to talk on the all-absorbing topic of the day, the World War. It is their purpose to make the meetings instructive as well as entertaining, so that in hearing men who have first-hand information on the situation as it stands today, the members of the association may get a clear idea of just what is being done and what will have to be done in order to properly finish the work in hand. With this end in view, a series of lectures has been promised which will prove decidedly attractive, dealing with all phases of the war, with special reference to the present position of the Allies and the part the United States has played and will continue to play in the great struggle. The association has already been addressed by some very prominent speakers. Dr. B. M. Wood, president of the Academic Board, School of Military Aeronautics, University of California, gave some interesting information on the subject of "Military Aeronautics," with detailed descriptions of the different types of aeroplanes used in modern warfare, pointing out, for instance, the peculiar characteristics that make a bombing plane and a fighting plane so entirely different. Mr. Sidney Coryn, one of the best informed men on the Pacific Coast on the war situation, addressed the association in Oakland on the evening of August 27 on the subject: "The Great War as It Stands Today," explaining to his audience the meaning of the present Allied drive and the wonderful advantages they have gained thereby. On the evening of September 10, Dr. F. F. Nalder, director of lectures, University of California, Extension Division, in a very clear and concise talk on the subject of "Democracy vs. Kultur," gave the members of the association an insight into the school system of Germany which teaches the boys from infancy the German idea of world dominion and the grandeur of war, as against the teachings of true democracy that peace is the greatest blessing of mankind. In addition to the talk of the evening, there is always some form of entertainment with dancing at the end of the meetings, and the public is cordially invited to be present.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Qualms of an Affinity

We were regaled the other day with the letters written by a beautiful affinity to a married man. They came out in the usual way: the married man left them lying around, his wife found them, and took them with her into the divorce court. They were rather unusual letters in this respect, that the affinity displayed in them shamelessness side by side with shame. Shamelessly she discussed what she called her "infringement and absolute violation" of "a certain commandment" with the married man and with a friend of his. But her sense of shame made her beg the married man not to discuss any "phase of our affair" with that other man. While referring to adultery as "a gentle art," she yet pleads that what she styles her "interesting propensities" may not be made the subject of conversation. She speaks of her "tortures of degradation and humiliation," but these were not caused by her wrongdoing—they were caused by the knowledge that two men with whom she had had intrigues were comparing notes about her. So we see there are subtleties of delicacy in these matters; there are inner citadels of self-respect which even a shameless affinity will not surender. O woman, woman!

Dig up the coin and bury the Hun.

Vivian Gould's Husband

When E. O. McCormick was abroad with the American Mission, he visited at the homes of John Dillon, Tim Healey and Lord Decies, all of which are near Dublin.

"There is one international marriage," says Mr. McCormick, "which seems to be one of beatific happiness. Lord Decies and his American wife, who was Miss Vivian Gould, are as unaffectedly devoted to each other as a youthful bride and groom on their honeymoon. Lord Decies is one of the two Irish censors, and works very hard. He works for twenty-four hours at a shift, and seems to enjoy it. And Lady Decies is always busy with war charities."

Buy bonds before it's verboten.

Old Garments for Belgium

Every kind of garment, for all ages and both sexes, is urgently requested by the Pacific Division, American Red Cross, in the drive for used clothing for relief in Belgium. The week of September 23 to 30 has been set aside by the Red Cross for the assembling of these garments by the 168 chapters of the division. Since these clothes will be subjected to the hardest kind of wear, only garments made of strong and durable materials should be sent. Garments need not be in perfect condition. A hundred thousand destitute women in the occupied regions in Belgium are eager to earn a small livelihood by repairing gift clothing and making new garments adapted to needs with which they are familiar.

Idle dollars are pro-German.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Carrick have closed their home at San Mateo and will spend the winter at the Cecil. A half-dozen friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Eugene Davis at luncheon Wednesday. Accompanied by her daughter, Miss Sally Fox, Mrs. George Ives returned this week from a trip through the East and will stay at the Cecil until the summer months. An informal but delightful dinner was given by Mrs. Hillhouse Sunday. Mrs. Kellogg was hostess at dinner Thursday. An impromptu luncheon was given by Mrs. Weeks Wednesday, and on the same day Mrs. Frederick Koester, wife of Major Koester, entertained a few friends. At another table Mrs. Walter Lafrenze of the U. S. Navy had a group of acquaintances. After a pleasant visit Mrs. J. R. Edwan and small daughter returned yesterday to their home in Santa Rosa. Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thompson and Miss Mary Mead, who have been sojourning in Southern California, returned to the hotel Wednesday. Mrs. George Cook and Mrs. A. C. Ropes of New York are registered. Miss Luce, who has recently arrived from Los Angeles, is being entertained at several informal affairs.

Put the "pay" into patriotism.

Entertain "Him" at Techau's

Everyone, in these days, has someone "in the service" to whom they wish to extend some little courtesy before he goes "over there." To give him a really good time and one which he will remember with pleasure, arrange a little party of his friends to spend an evening with him at the Tavern. He will appreciate the cuisine, no matter how efficient his mess sergeant may be. The army "chow," good as it is, can't hope to compete with Tavern menus. Have some nice girls in the party for him to dance with. The Jazz Orchestra at the Tavern has few rivals. If he should receive a large package of Melachrino Cigarettes as a favor at the War Stamp Dances it will add one more pleasure to the occasion, and the young ladies of the party will surely appreciate the favors which give these dances their names—five-dollar war savings stamps. No doubt the Show Girl Revue Corps will sing some of his favorite songs.

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Frank Bacon and Joe Jefferson

By John Corbin

Frank Bacon's performance as Lightnin' will bring to thousands of playgoers happy memories of Joseph Jefferson's Rip. It is not merely that the two characters are humorous and amiable village drunkards, nor is it the striking resemblance in the profiles of the two actors—though that is a powerful jog to remembrance. Quite apart from such coincidences, there is a true kinship between the two creations. This is partly a matter of histrionic method, technical style. There is the same economy of resources, the same absence of restless gesture and iterant facial expression. A slow change of posture, a simple movement of the hand, a bending of the lip or a glance of the eye, and, for the moment, all is said. A single stroke, if it is the right and only stroke, is sufficient, superlative. Elimination is brought to the nth degree by virtue of an inerrant, an apparently inspired, selection. Outwardly so little is done that one has the sensation of an electric—indeed, a spiritual—contact with the indwelling soul.

And in this inner, creating spirit of the two actors there is a kinship as striking as in their outward art. It is a spirit of implicit and unconscious humor, too deep by far for any surface art or quip or repartee, that flows limpid from the very springs of being, untroubled even by the sparkle of rippling sunlight. And it is colossal as it is simple. When the narrow realities of the household crib and confine Rip, he lifts his shoulder by the fraction of a shrug and takes refuge with Schneider and his gun amid the breeze-swept glories of the Autumn mountains. But in that fraction of a shrug lies all the satiric joy with which throughout the ages the free soul of man has soared above and beyond res angusta domi. Lightnin' has an even more spacious region of retreat, his unfathomable, boundless imagination. What is the most difficult feat of husbandry? He has done it! He once drove a swarm of bees all across the prairie—never lost one of them, and got stung only twice. What is the most formidable, the most portentous, document in his experience? His pension check, signed by the Secretary of the Treasury of these United States. Well, he can tell you that it is no good whatever until he, Bill Jones, signs his name to it. To the pragmatical mind it may seem that Rip and Lightnin' are vain. No doubt they are. But they are infinitely more. One does not laugh at them, but with them.

Yet Lightnin' is no mere replica. That Mr. Bacon has profoundly sensed the value of Jefferson's technical method, his artistic style, is obvious. But in creating the character of Lightnin' he has taken the colors from his own palette. Rip was unquestionably the most finished, the most humorous, the most beautiful character creation of the Victorian theatre. But it was as unquestionably Victorian. It was beautiful, but it was also beautified. (An ill phrase, as Polonius remarked, yet Hamlet's.) Homely and simple as Rip was, there yet hovered about him the spirit not of sheer, unconscious nature, but of conscious art. He was surrounded, enveloped, by an atmosphere of loving-kindness, the loving-kindness of his creator—not the capital Creator of all of us, but the lower-case creator, Joseph Jefferson.

"Idealism" was a creed with Jefferson, a ritual and a sacred mystery. "Realism" was a thing of the devil. In the theatre it was composed of real cows and real haystacks, locomotives that collide, and water into which the heroine leaps with a splash, emerging triumphant but bedraggled: I once heard him expound the gospel of "idealism" to Frederic Remington, apropos of one of his own untutored paintings at The Players'. It was the most luminous plea for Victorian beautification I ever came across: every word was inspired and golden. But to Remington, the no less doctrinary "realist," it was wordy vapor. Jefferson's final plea was for remoteness in the point of view, an elimination of harsh detail and a fusion, a blending of values. "You must stand further away from my painting," he pleaded. "I'll admit." said Remington, "the further you get away the better it is." And, old cronies that they were, they went as far as the bar and took another. But the soul of Jefferson was grieved for his friend.

Lightnin' is, of course, no masterpiece in any kind. But, such as it is, it is Mr. Bacon's own. It is conceived in the modern mood, to which realism and idealism are alike words without meaning. It is neither beautified nor uglified, but character conceived for itself alone.

The play has less claim to artistic standing than Mr. Bacon's performance; yet, like so much of what Winchell Smith has written and produced, it is popular entertainment of the first order. Its high point is the scene of the trial. When the curtain rises, disclosing the familiar court room set, few in the audience can escape flinching. There have been so many such scenes and, both as comedy and as drama, they have been so painful! But this scene sets a new mark. In the writing of it Mr. Smith has surpassed himself. It is a little masterpiece in characterization and construction. And the stage management is, if possible, better. Every moment is electric, every character clearly visualized throughout, down to the supers in the crowd, whose attitudes and expressions respond to the development of the drama. That act, at least, is solidly established on the level of Mr. Bacon's performance.

—New York Times.

Bonds speak louder than words.

IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

The following verses come from a lieutenant colonel of the British Army, who said he caused a copy to be placed in the hands of every soldier under his command:

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think that you dare not, you don't,
If you think you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a "cinch" you wont.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.
Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow.
Think small, and you'll fall behind.
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

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The Stage

A Bedroom Scene

There have been periods in stage history when a risque bedroom scene was not tolerated. But we do not live in such a period. French farce made us familiar with the risque bedroom scene, and American farce is continuing the bad work. Our American farceurs are not quite as risque as French farceurs, but they are clumsy, vulgar and crude, so it would be ridiculous to say that they are less offensive. In "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" there is a bedroom scene which is offensive to good morals and good taste. It was written, and is acted, in the lowest style of farce. It is an insult to decent theatregoers. It deals with the theme of illicit sex relations in an unpardonable way. The laughter it evokes is ribald laughter, the same kind that used to reward the efforts of Junie McCree at the malodorous Midway Plaisance. In plain English, this bedroom scene is nasty Is this the sort of entertainment the American theatregoer wants? I don't believe it. I have too much respect for the decency of our country to believe it. But certain producers of plays think there is a demand for this sort of vileness, and there are a few writers of plays who are willing to provide it. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Our boys are fighting and dying to make the world a decent place to live in. Let these offending producers and playwrights do their bit by keeping their indecencies off the American stage.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Orpheum Bill

A phase of vaudeville as exemplified in this week's Orpheum bill is quietude. And that is a welcome phase in these exciting times when our nerves need soothing. The liveliest number is "Foxy Grandma," and the personality with the greatest animation is dear old Mrs. Whiffen in the title role. It is a dainty little sketch and the veteran actress, looking like a little dowager duchess in a novel, is refreshingly clever. After all, a "regular" actress in vaudeville is a never-failing joy George Harriss at the piano is the bright light in his act with Florenze Tempest. "The Girl on the Magazines" is a succession of charming pictures and poses, as is Bessye Clifford in "Art Impressions." Eddie Foyer, billed as "the Man With a Thonsand Poems," "perpetrated" two of my pet abominations, "Dangerous Dan McGrew" and "The Raven," and got by with tremendous applause. Tracey and McBride, and Clark and Bergman contributed acts restful and pleasing to the eye and soothing to the nerves, and even the Kitaro Brothers performed an acrobatic act with such skill as to cause no exciting anticipation of catastrophe.

—H. M. B.

Fitziu-De Segurola Concerts

With the opening of his concert season but two weeks distant, and with a long string of the choicest attractions to offer the public of San Francicso, Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer feels confident that the coming musical year will excel any that has been known in this city. He will open his season with the costume recitals by Anna Fitziu, the famous Metropolitan and Chicago Opera soprano, and the noted basso, Andres de Segurola. An American girl, Anna Fitziu has made her mark in the musical centers of the world. For a dozen years de Segurola has been the principal basso of the Metropolitan. The twain will present two delightful programmes at Oppenheimer's Savoy concert hall, McAllister and Market, on Sunday afternoon, October 13, and again on Saturday afternoon, October 19. The programmes are replete with song and aria, duet and operatic selection, and include an original one-act operetta specially written for these artists. Tickets will be placed on sale Monday morning at Sherman, Clay Mail orders should be addressed to Manager Oppenheimer at that office. These should include current funds, plus the Federal war tax. As a special acommodation to his patrons, Oppenheimer will return tickets to purchasers through the mail, whether envelope is included or not, unless otherwise ordered.

The Great Muratore

San Franciscans who remember with delight the great success achieved by Lucien Muratore on the occasion of his appearance here in February of last year, with his beautiful wife, Lina Cavalieri, will be pleased with the wonderful programme that Muratore and his assisting artists, Georges Truc, solo pianist, and Alexandre Debruille, solo violinist, will give at the Exposition Auditorium one week from tomorrow (Sunday, October 6) at 2.30 p. m. sharp. Muratore is one of the most heroic figures at present before the public. He and his assisting artists are French soldiers off on leave. Those who heard Muratore on the occasion of his last visit need not be reminded that he is, without question of a doubt, the greatest tenor that ever appeared in San Francisco. For the benefit of those who were not in attendance on that occasion, an extract from the critique that appeared in this paper will be of interest. Said Helen M. Bonnet, March 3, 1917: "Ah! the voice of Lucien Muratore and his impeccable art! His is a big, luscious voice, vibrant with sentiment and passion. By his singing he reveals himself a man of intellect and cultivation."

"The Little Teacher"

"The Little Teacher," with Maude Fealy in the title role, is a Cohan and Harris production which scored a wonderful success during its long run at the Play-house, New York. It will be the attraction at the Columbia for two weeks starting Monday. The story of "The Little Teacher" is one that grips you every minute. The piece has touches of reality intertwined with a love story told amid rural surroundings that make it seem more gennine than the average play. Maude Fealy's role is that of a plucky- self-supporting New York girl, full of humor, conrage and tenderness, who finds her life work and romance as the teacher in a small school in Vermont. The cast is a large one. Besides Maude Fealy the more important principals are Clyde Fillmore, Joseph J. Hyland, Adrian H Rosley, Robert A. Wessells, Louis Eagan, John P. McSweeney, M. J. Sullivan, Emily Francis, Adella Barker, Minnie Stanley, Mary Foy, Adelaide Cummings, Betty Peterson, Jane Gilroy, Margaret and Frances Lapsley.

Savoy Will Be Concert Hall

The acquisition of the Savoy Theatre by Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer bids fair to solve the difficult concert situation in San Francisco. The disadvantages of being compelled to hear all its visiting musical stars on Sunday, and occasionally midweek afternoons at any of the local theatres that might be available, or nsing the usually too large Auditorium, is at once met with the pretty Savoy turned into a concert hall. Henceforth the unpleasant conflict of dates between symphony concerts and recital programmes can be avoided to a large extent, for the Savoy can be utilized at night or Saturday afternoon as well as on Snndays. Of conrse Manager Oppenheimer recognizes the popnlarity of the Sunday events, and does not intend to abandon this popnlar form of spending the Sabbath afternoon, bnt he will endeavor to arrange in the fnture in addition to a Sunday afternoon concert, at least one evening or Saturday afternoon event with each of the one artists that he brings to San Francisco, thus giving everyone an opportunity of arranging engagements to suit the important concert dates. Had it been built to order, the Savoy conld not more perfectly fit its new duties. Seating 1260 people, comparatively small for a concert anditorinm, it admits of the recital "intime." Every seat is good. There are no obstructions of any kind, and accoustically the Savoy is a gem. Recent tests by Oppenheimer and his assistants proved that the hearing of the proverbial pin drop is easily possible in the Savoy. Ideally located, too, is the theatre, handy to all United and Municipal car lines, a half block from Market street, and on a wide street, smoothly paved, making the handling of automobile traffic easy From all parts of the city one transfer takes one direct to the Savoy doors, whether reaching them on a Market street line, the McAllister street line, the California cable or the Post street line. It should soon become a most popnlar concert hall, and will fill a long felt want in this city.

French Orchestra Coming

Good news to music lovers is the annonncement that the world-famous French Orchestra, the "Societe de Concerts du Conservatoire," will include San Francisco and Oakland in its itinerary the coming season. Only fifty cities in the United States will be visited. Selby C. Oppenheimer has been selected to attend to managerial details. The concert will be at the Exposition Auditorium, Thursday night, November 7.

Private Peat's Lecture Dates

Managers Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer announce that Private Peat will lecture at the Savoy Theatre on Monday night, October 31, and Thnrsday night, October 24, and will give one lecture in Oakland at the Auditorium Opera Honse on Tnesday night, October 22. Peat's book, "My Own Story," is a widely read war book.

Shavitch-Saslavsky Trio

With the first concert of their midwinter series of three events but a short time off, the Shavitch-Saslavsky-Bem trio announce the programmes they will feast San Francisco music lover with during their preliminary three San Francisco concerts, which will be given at the Italian room of the St. Francis on the Tnesday nights of October 8, November 12 and December 10. Vladimir Shavitch is a concert pianist of international reputation. Alexander Saslavsky is the founder of the "Saslavsky String Quartet,"

and for twenty-two years was concert-master of the New York Symphony. Stanislas Bem is one of the first 'cellists of the San Francisco Orchestra. The first programme includes the Saint Saens op. 92 and Rachmaninoff op. 9 trios and the violin and piano sonata by Sylvio Lazzari. These events are under Selby C. Oppenheimer's management, and subscriptions and mail order should be sent to him in care of Sherman, Clay.

Yolanda Mero and Lambert Murphy

Yolanda Mero, famous pianist, and Lambert Murphy, noted American tenor, will give a joint concert at the Savoy Theatre on Thursday night, October 31. Since playing here a number of years ago Yolanda Mero has forged her way to the front until she is recognized as the legitimate successor of the late Theresa Carreno. Murphy's popularity is of long standing in the East, but this is his first Western tour.

Charles Woods on "Bagdad Railway"

H. Charles Wood, whose San Francisco lectures are under the direction of Paul Elder, will give the third in his series on "The Near East in the War" next Thursday evening, October 3, in the Palace Hotel ball room, the subject being "The Bagdad Railway in the War"—a most important but little understood aspect of the war. Mr. Woods has made several journeys along the more important sections of that line, and, with the aid of his friends among the men who constructed it, has studied its geography, politics and military significance. Mr. Woods will show numerous views revealing the beauty of the country, also the engineering difficulties in the construction of the railway.

SUNDAY
OCT. 6
2:30 Sharp
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"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" Continues

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," the attraction at the Curran Theatre, formerly known as the Cort, will be seen for but one more week, beginning Sunday night. This because the conservative booking of the A. H. Woods office mapped but two weeks for San Francisco in its transcontinental tour. It is a matter of theatrical interest that when C. W. Bell and Mark Swan wrote the play and fixed upon its title its merit as a laugh producer was recognized by every manager to whom it was submitted. But producers balked at the title, which Bell and Swan steadfastly refused to change. When A. H. Woods finally produced the work, and its success was immediate, the chagrin of those to whom it had been offered may be realized. "Business Before Pleasure," with our old friends, Potash and Perlmutter, comes to the Curran on October 6.

Julius Tannen at the Orpheum

Julius Tannen, one of the best of monologists and recently a star in "Potash and Perlmutter," in which he scored a great hit as Mawruss Perlmutter, has returned to his old love—vaudeville—and will amuse with an entirely new monologue at the Orpheum next week. Wilbur Mack will appear in his own comedy skit, "A Pair of Tickets," in which it will be remembered he scored such a great hit last season. It has been entirely revised and new numbers introduced. He brings with him a company which includes Gladys Lockwood, a great San Francisco favorite. Albert Vertchamp, one of the latest stars in the musical firmament, although only twenty-two years of age, is a violin virtuoso who has mastered a repertoire which musical experts declare is one of the largest ever undertaken by an artist. He has the assistance of Joyce Alberte, a gifted pianist. The Creole Fashion Plate is the best female impersonator that has appeared before the public since Julian Eltinge. He has two equally good voices, a soprano and a basso. George M. Fisher and John K. Hawley, clever and popular comedians, will appear in a comedy playlet by James Horan entitled "Business Is Business." The Mellette Sisters will present a series of novel and attractive songs and dances. Both girles are exceptionally talented. Heras and Preston are a team of acrobats and comedians. The latest series of the Official War Revue films will be exhibited. The remaining act will be Florrie Millership, Charles O'Connor and company in the musical skit, "The Girl on the Magazine."

Freemen buy bonds; slaves wear them.

Letters

"The Wonder of War on Land"

This war-book is unique. It is characteristic of Dr. Rolt-Wheeler's well-known lucid style, combining technical accuracy with the thrill and fire of adventure. In it the roar of artillery possesses its true meaning, the Tank and the Land Cruiser find their souls. It is patriotic, through and through. It tells the story of a young American who was caught in the backward sweep of the retreat of the Marne, and served in the ragged legion which saved Paris. The strategy and counter-strategy of this retreat are clearly set forth. The hero attaches himself to a battery and secs a great battle, then grasps the opportunity which knowledge of the motorcycle gives him to become a dispatch rider. In the time of "digging in" which follows the victory of the Marne he becomes a military telephonist and learns all the grim details of trench warfare, including the horrors of poison gas. No clearer presentation of modern military science has ever been made. This is an ideal book for boys, dealing, as it does, not with one phase or another of the battlefield, but with the great and sombre wonder of the whole.—By Francis Rolt-Wheeler, with many illustrations from unusual war photographs and sketches. Price, $1.35. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

"America's Daughter"

Our girls like to read inspiring stories of healthy active young people who are trying to make more of themselves and have good times doing it, and they should have such books. "America's Daughter" is a rarely good story of girls in a select school in Brooklyn who organize a club called "Daughters of America," and under the care of a well-liked teacher take a trip to points on the New England coast made famous in our history. One of the girls has been brought up without knowledge of her own family, and so is called "America's Daughter" for the personal qualities, including ardent love of country, that have made her a favorite. In the course of the trip in which knowledge is gained of many historic places, with their great names of men and women of the past, she unravels the mystery of her birth and all ends happily and profitably.—By Rena I. Halsey, illustrated by Nana French Bickford. Price, $1.35. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
COHAN and HARRIS Present
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WITH MAUDE FEALY
A Comedy Drama by Harry James Smith, Author of "The Tailor Made Man," etc.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading in stocks the past week was restricted by the difficulty experienced in obtaining money for speculative purposes, which led to calling of loans. This has had the effect of preventing operations by pools in the different speculative issues, and has curtailed business in general on the constructive side of the market. The stock market has stood the test well, and it is now evident that steady investment buying is taking care of all offerings of good dividend payers. A tendency is growing to speculate in the low priced stocks, which can be bought outright for the money which would have to be put up to margin stocks selling around par. This may result in unduly enhancing the price of non-dividend-paying stocks, but investors should stick to the dividend-paying stocks. Oil shares were the leaders in the market, led by Texas Company and Mexican Petroleum. The recent strength in Texas Company has been due, to a limited extent, to the sulphur deposits which have been found, but the more immediate reason is that the Company has met with success in developing a field of some 200,000 acres in West Texas, the leases of which they have held for seven years. Recent drilling operations in different parts of the tract have given fairly conclusive evidence that a field of large proportions was ready for exploitation, and it has been this addition to its productive capacity that has been responsible for the recent heavy buying of the stock. Besides, its financial statement, recently issued, would indicate that the stock is selling too low. Minor oil shares were strong and fractionally higher sympathetically. Steel stocks were inclined to sag, due to fear of labor troubles, but the declines were only temporary and by the close of the week a better feeling prevailed, which brought about a recovery. Stocks which were liquidated in many instances passed into the hands of cash buyers, and were taken out of the market. Such a process of reducing the floating supply strengthens the technical position. It therefore would occasion no surprise should a sharp rebound occur when new buying appears. Nothing has been done to interfere with the orderly trading in stocks. The credit fund has not been reduced and moderate purchases can be made with the same facility as before, but it is patent that the day of big pool buying is past, for the present at least, or until the war has come to an end, and the necessity of the conservation of credits has passed. War news continued most favorable, and the passing of the big revenue bill by Congress created no alarm, as it had been generally discounted. As soon as the Liberty Loan is well launched, we look for some easing up of the money situation, and we believe the stock market will reflect this condition by a gradual advance in price. Stocks are cheap at this level, and encouragement by the banking interest we believe will go a long way towards encouraging a bullish sentiment, which is now in a mood to take hold of the market, and bring about a higher range of values.

Cotton—Talk of price fixing was again the big factor in the cotton market the past week, and on rumors that the price would be fixed well below the 30-cent mark, holders became frightened and liquidated large lines, which brought about a lower range of prices. Hedging sales from the South were also a factor for the first time. On this crop holders were inclined to hedge their actual cotton by sales of the futures, not caring to take a chance on the price the Government will fix. Crop reports are coming in more favorable. The recent rains, followed by warm, dry weather, have helped the growing plant, and if frost holds off, a fair top crop can be gathered. The ginnings up to date are considerably larger than for the same period last year, and the holder of actual cotton is becoming a little uneasy and is sending his cotton to market. Mills are only taking cotton for their immediate wants, preferring to await the Government's attitude toward the fixing of the price for this season's cotton crop. In the meantime the market is influenced from day to day by the different rumors, and the trade is assuming a scalping attitude and not committing itself to either side for the long pull. We see very little in the market on either side for the long pull, and until the price is actually fixed nothing more than a scalping market can be expected.

Rapacity Tempered by Imports

It looks as though, one of these days, when the war is over and things settle down again to a peaceful footing, some of the textile manufacturers will be skating on rather thin ice when they start in their usual way to beg for more tariff favors. Their argument used to be that, if foreign fabrics could be kept out of this market, the increased production here and the resultant competition would mean cheaper prices to the domestic consumer. For several years they have had the ideal conditions they looked for, but the results have been far different than what they predicted. The closing down on imports and the consequent monopolizing of the home market by the domestic manufacturers have enabled the latter to hoist prices as never before. In the case of woolen goods this has been done despite the fact that the price of the raw material was fixed long ago. No better evidence of what has occurred need be desired than is afforded in the sensational profits shown by the various textile companies. In some instances the entire cost of plants has been more than paid for by the abnormal profits of the last few years, but the owners will be found shortly trying to get their noses in the tariff trough under the pretense that they need this sustenance to keep them alive. That the old system was merely rapacity tempered by imports has been made strikingly manifest.

—New York Times.

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Assets	$59,397,625.20
Deposits	55,775,507.86
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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Letters

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

In the above entitled matter it appearing to said Superior Court from the verified petition of George Wolters, administrator of the estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, deceased, that a sale of all of the real property of the estate of said deceased is necessary to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be to the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and of those interested therein to sell all of the real property belonging to said estate;

It is hereby ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, be, and they are hereby directed and required to appear before the said Superior Court, in the court room of Department No. 10 of said court, in the City Hall, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1918, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made authorizing and directing said administrator to sell all of the property of which said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, died seised, or in which she had any interest, at private sale; and also authorizing said administrator to enter into a contract for the payment of a commission to a real estate agent for securing a purchaser; and

It is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Given in open court this 22nd day of August, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed August 22, 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT, deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of J. E. BARRY, 354 Pine Street, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., deceased.

BEATRICE EDESSA GRANT,
Administratrix of the estate of JOSEPH GRANT JR., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1918.

J. E. BARRY,
Attorney for Estate,
354 Pine Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

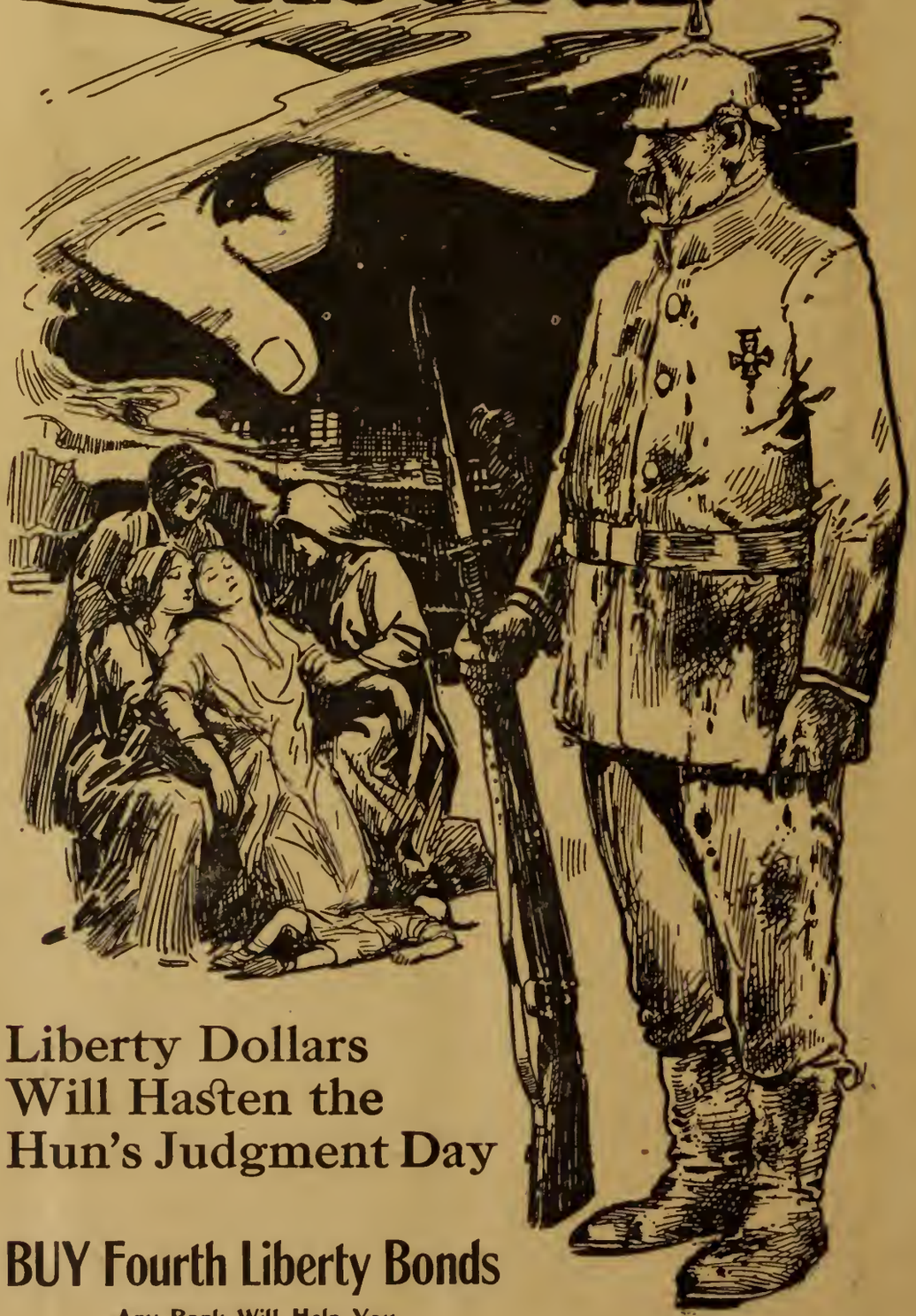
And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1363 San Francisco-Oakland, October 5, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Theodore Bell for Governor

Two very important duties must be discharged by the Californian voter on November fifth. The Californian voter will be accountable to his conscienee in the matter of a man and in the matter of a measure. He must vote for the man he thinks best fitted to be Governor of California. That is to say, he must choose between Theodore Bell and Governor Stephens. And he must do justice to the winegrowers of California. That is to say, he must vote against the initiative proposition which seeks to make California a bone-dry State on the second of January, 1919. In stating the voter's duty in the matter of this measure we may appear to be dogmatical. We are willing to be considered so. Who would not be dogmatical if his dogma is true? The United States Government is giving the winegrowers until the first of July, 1919, to dispose of their erops and retire from the business which has been their livelihood for years. The bone-dry prohibitionists of California, ungenerous, illiberal and perseeutive, seek to deprive the winegrowers of that six months' grace. Those who vote for the bone-dry initiative measure at the November election will vote to cut down by half a year the time which our Government is willing to give the winegrowers to terminate a California industry which from the small beginnings of nearly a hundred and fifty years ago has grown, through individual effort and under legal State and Federal encouragement, to proportions which make it as important as the industry of mining. California can afford to be at least as generous to its winegrowers as the United States has been. But the bone-dry prohibitionists of California would outlaw vines and wines tomorrow, if they could. They will outlaw them on the second of next January, if they can. It is an injust attempt. That is why we say that the Californian who has a conscience must vote against that initiative proposition. If the statement is dogmatical, we are proud of our dogmatism. So much for one of the voter's duties. Now for the other. Shall his vote be east for Bell or for Stephens? It appears to us that the voter who sees injustice in the attempt of the California bone-dry prohibitionists to anticipate the Government's measure of wartime prohibition by six months, cannot consistently mark his ballot for Stephens. For Governor Stephens is a bone-dry prohibitionist, always has been, and always will be. Stephens, we may be certain, will vote for that initiative proposition on November fifth. The people who put that initiative on the ballot are backing Stephens for Governor. The wouldbe perpetrators of a great injustice to our winegrowers are the most enthustiastic followers Stephens has. Theodore Bell, on the other hand, is not a bone-dry prohibitionist. Himself the son of a winegrower, he is the champion of the winegrowers in their fight to save the six short months which the Government is willing to give them, but which the prohibitionists of California are not willing to give them. Loyal to the Government in all things, he is loyal to it in the matter of wartime prohibition, but he regards with indignation, nay with disgust, the attempt of California's fanatical element to bring ruin upon the heads of good citizens under the guise of a moral issue. Theodore Bell is in the race for Governor expressly to give the opponents of that unjust and ungenerous initiative proposition a candidate about whom they may rally. He will soon be on the stump, and his fight will be to save the winegrowers the six months' grace of which Stephens and his followers would deprive them. The issue is cleaneut. When we vote against that initiative proposition we shall be discharging one important duty. When we vote for Theodore Bell we shall be discharging the other.

* * *

The View from Twin Peaks

If you have country eousins to entertain, and you don't own a motor ear, rent or bor-

NO COVENANTED PEACE WITH GERMANY

America can make no covenanted peaee, no peace by agreement with Germany. It would be a covenant with hell, a partnership with infamy. Nor would such a peaee seeure peace, except so long as it suited Germany. We ean judge the future only by the past, and to Germany saered treaties are scraps of paper only. Germany's whole history is a record of national dishonor, national murder, and national infamy. Article 56 of The Hague Convention, to which Germany solemnly subscribed, is: "Family honor and rights, the lives of persons and private property, as well as religious convictions and practiee, must be respeeted. Private property eannot be confiseated." The world knows how Germany has observed this artiele. There are millions of individual witnesses to her flagrant breaches of it. Every aere of foreign soil Germany has occupied bears mute, but unimpeachable evidenee of it. There is plenty of Germany evidence of it, too. Of the old men and ehildren murdered, of the women and girls ravished, of the noncombatants taken from their homes and deported to work for their conquerors, of the merehant ships sunk and passengers and erews murdered, of the hospital ships sunk, the hospitals and unfortified cities bombed, of the mutilation and murder by crucifixion and otherwise of wounded and captured soldiers—of all this beastliness there is plenty of evidenee, evidence that no one can disbelieve. The best answer to German peaee propaganda is sinking more U-boats, sending more men to France, speeding up our work along every line, and a heavy subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan. Peace must mean the triumph of right and justiee, the defeat of Germanism, not a truce with it, not a compromise with it. Our soldiers in Franee are gloriously doing their part; the Liberty Loan subseription must show them that the people at home are doing theirs.

row one and take the visitors over the Twin Peaks boulevard. If your guests have an eye for beauty they will be enchanted. If their appreciation of the picturesque is sleeping, the spectacle may awaken it. Nobody can look down from that winding boulevard on the various views of San Francisco which it discloses one after another without conceiving the greatest admiration for the beauty of our city. At certain hours the sun makes the outspread city gleam like some imagined metropolis of fairyland. The heart stirs at the sight, and the spirit leaps. San Franciscans familiar with the sight of their city from the Twin Peaks boulevard have a feeling about the old town which those who have not feasted their eyes upon that panorama cannot understand. Visitors do not soon forget the picture. That is why they should not be allowed to miss it. For some day, when they read a lying attack upon this much abused city, memory will flash that experience upon the screen of their minds, and they will discount what they read. We are the creatures of sentiment, and beauty wins us when facts fail. So don't forget to drive your country cousins over the Twin Peaks boulevard.

* * *

Joyce Kilmer Again

Now that the first stirring of sorrow for the death of Joyce Kilmer is stilled, let us not forget him. He died nobly for his country, leaving us an example of courage, leaving us also his precious poems. Doubtless, when you read of his glorious death you made up your mind to read his poems. Have you done so? Perhaps not—there are so many things to read these days! But you cannot afford *not* to read Joyce Kilmer. He was a genuine poet, *teste* George Sterling, a competent witness. Get *Main Street and Other Poems,* get *Trees and Other Poems,* and let Joyce Kilmer sing to you. Here is a Joyce Kilmer stanza, quoted to coax your interest:

If you call a gypsy a vagabond, I think you do
him wrong,
For he never goes a-travelling but he takes his
home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every
wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the
homes to which it goes.

* * *

Taxing Cards

One of the problems of wartime taxation with which Congress has had to wrestle may be exemplified by the aid of playing cards. We choose playing cards because nearly everybody is interested in them. No household is complete without a pack, whether it be used for the innocent game of casino, the exceedingly wicked game of poker, or that diversion of evil people who have more money than the rest of us, bridge whist. In 1917 the tax on playing cards was two cents a pack. Forty million packs were manufactured. The revenue amounted to $825,000. In 1918 the tax is seven cents. Only twenty-eight million packs have been manufactured. And the revenue has amounted to $1,150,000. This result was a great dissappointment to our revenue raisers. They had thought that the output of cards would show no falling-off, and that a rich harvest of revenue would result. Instead of that, the increase in revenue was relatively unimportant. Why? Because not so many cards were turned out. Again, why? Because the demand fell off. In other words, people were not so quick to buy new packs of cards when the price went up. A pack of cards can be used a long time after it is soiled. It used to be that soiled packs were thrown away. Now they continue in service. Impulsive players used to discard packs after a few deals, hoping to change their luck by changing the cards. Now they are not so superstitious. So here we have a case where an increase in tax defeats its own purpose. The problem the wartime tax-levier has to solve is, to impose the maximum tax consistent with business as usual. And it is an awfully hard problem. Let us bear with our tax-leviers when they make mistakes, as they did, apparently, in the playing card schedule.

Perspective Impressions

The alternative: bond or bondage.

Isn't it time to get the island of St. Helena ready for the Kaiser?

Now is the time for all good Democrats to come to the aid of Bell.

Pretty soon Germany will say again that she never meant to stay in Belgium.

The doughboys are opening Champagne, but with bayonets, not corkscrews.

After four years of war reading we are still very cautious about pronouncing Dixmude.

Maybe the President knew more than we did when he refused to declare war on Bulgaria.

Now comes that delightful time of year when we are treated to good music. Ho for the symphony!

One hundred and fifty thousand Californians have gone to war already. Many thousands more will follow. The rest of us must help by giving our hearts and souls to Uncle Sam and lending him our money.

Is the Kaiser losing faith in his heavenly ally?

How many War Savings Stamps have you accumulated?

Subscribe liberally to the Liberty Loan so liberty won't be lonely.

Pretty soon the Sick Man of Europe will be beyond the help of the doctor.

Let's see: It was last April first, wasn't it, that Hindy was going to be in Paris?

A good time to be one hundred per cent patriotic is when you fill in that questionaire.

There ought to be some nice quiet place in his native Coburg where Ferdinand of Bulgaria could spend the rest of his life.

This age of the world is distinguished by the circumstance that more psychological than logical people are in the foreground.

Are San Francisco girls immune to exposure? Don't they get colds in their chests? We ask after keeping our eyes open in the shopping district.

Where is Mittel Europa now?

The vineyards are worth fighting for.

Bulgaria is disposed of. In the language of Monte Cristo, "One!"

In the words of Lord Salisbury, Bulgaria backed the wrong horse.

The Kaiser doesn't like our shotguns. More shotguns, please!

We look forward to the day when the King of Montenegro will return to his beloved Black Mountain.

Every time some of our "stupervisors" speak they subtract from the sum total of human knowledge.

As the war proceeds the Allies develop bigger and bigger men. Whereas, Germany started with giants and is now served by pigmies.

When it comes time to settle up the Balkans, who'll get the Sanjak of Novi Bazar? Don't bother answering; we just like to repeat that funny name.

Famous Fighting Boys

By W. Frank James

This interesting material was laid before Congress by a member from Michigan when the House was being treated to the loud protests of those who thought the draft age was too low.

We have heard a good deal about "robbing the cradle," "babies," "infants," etc.

Was Nathan Hale an infant when he enlisted at 19 and a captain at 20? Was he a "babe-in-arms" when at 20, dying a martyr for his country, he said: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country!"

Was the Father of Our Country "robbing the cradle" when he appointed William Henry Harrison (afterwards President) an ensign at 19?

Alexander the Great, during the absence of his father, at 16 quelled a rebellion of the hill tribes on the northern border. At 20 he was a celebrated soldier.

The Duke of Wellington was an ensign at 18, and a little later a lieutenant.

Kitchener at 20 was fighting on the side of the French in the Franco-Prussian War.

Washington enlisted at 18 and was a major before he was 20.

Julius Caesar was a distinguished man at 20.

Guynemer, the greatest aviator that ever lived, died at 21; enlisted at 18, rejected four times, a consumptive from birth. Up to the time of his death had shot down more planes than anyone else.

The great Turenne, who never lost a battle, entered the army at 14 and was commissioned at 19.

U. S. Grant was a lieutenant at 21.

David Farragut was a midshipman at 9 and an ensign at 12.

Duke of Marlborough was a lieutenant at 16.

Napoleon was a second lieutenant at 16 and a first lieutenant at 17.

Andrew Jackson enlisted in the Revolutionary War at 13.

John Paul Jones was a second mate at 17 and a first mate at 18.

Prince Eugene was a distinguished soldier at 20.

Fonck, who had over 60 planes to his credit—three planes in 20 seconds, six planes in a day—is only 23 now, and enlisted, I have heard, before he was 20.

Napoleon and most of his marshals were less than 20 when they entered the service of their country.

None of the generals of Napoleon were appointed because of wealth; most of them were the sons of poor parents.

Napoleon, one of the greatest men—soldier or statesman—of all times, was himself a second lieutenant at 16 and a first lieutenant at 17.

Berthier, one of the greatest of all of Napoleon's marshals, entered the military service at 13. By the way, he fought under Rochambeau in our Revolutionary War.

Murat, who rose from stable boy to King of Naples, deserted the priesthood for the chasseurs of the Ardennes at 20.

Andre Massena, the "wiliest of Italians," the son of a tanner, entered the Royal Italian Regiment in the French service at 17. Napoleon considered Massena as the greatest of his generals.

At the age of 17 Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, enlisted in the Royal Marine Regiment.

Although handicapped by a club foot, Soult, at the age of 16, enlisted in the Royal Infantry Regiment.

Jean Lannes was born in 1769, the year which saw the birth of many famous soldiers—Napoleon, Wellington, Ney, and Soult among others. He joined the army before he was 20.

Marshal Ney, famed throughout all Europe as the "bravest of the brave," was the son of a poor cooper. His parents wished him to become a miner, but at 18 he joined the Colonel General's Hussars.

At 15 Davoust entered the Royal Military School at Paris. At 19 he received a commission in the cavalry.

Macdonald, a descendant of the Macdonalds of Clanranald, entered the service of France at 19.

De Marmont, the youngest of Napoleon's marshals, started his military career at 18. At 19, in the army of the Alps, under General Kellermann, he performed all the duties of a senior colonel.

Laurent St. Cyr, the son of a small landowner of Toul, entered the military service before he was 18.

When but 15 years of age Ben Adrien Jeannot ran away from home and joined the Conti regiment of infantry.

At 16 Jean Baptist Jourdan joined one of the French regiments that came to America to fight against England.

Angereau, the son of a mason, enlisted in the Carbineers at 17.

At 17 Victor Perrin enlisted as a private in the artillery regiment of Grenoble.

De Grouchy entered the army at 14; after a year's service was transferred to the cavalry regiment of the line and at 20 had been selected for the Gardes du Corps.

Kellermann, descended from an old Saxon family long domiciled in France, entered the French army as a private at 15.

Lefebvre, the son of a soldier, joined the celebrated Garde Francaise at Paris at 18.

Oudinot enlisted as a private at the age of 17.

Serurier joined the army at 13.

General Lafayette was 19 years old when he joined the American army.

Major-General Richard Montgomery entered the English army at the age of 18.

General Horatio Gates entered the English army before he was 20.

Alexander Hamilton, at 18, wrote the first open statement that the Colonies ought to be free and independent. At 19 he was captain of artillery.

Light-Horse Harry Lee was captain at 19.

General Henry Knox enlisted at the age of 18.

General Charles Lee entered the military service before he was 15.

Major-General James Clinton, when but 20 years of age, was captain under Colonel Bradstreet and fought bravely at Fort Frontenac.

The senior Senator from Minnesota, Senator Nelson, was in the Union army at 18.

The late Senator Daniel of Virginia was a private at 18 and an officer at 19.

Senator Martin of Virginia was in the Confederate army at 18.

Former Senator Kenna of West Virginia was in the army at 16.

Senator Bankhead of Alabama joined the Confederate army at 18.

Senator Warren of Wyoming entered the Union army at 17.

Senator Goff of West Virginia entered the Union army at 18.

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The Man

By John L. Hervey

The generalissimo of the allied forces has been made a marshal of France—a title seldom bestowed nowadays, but previously, since the outbreak of the great war, conferred upon Joffre, "the victor of the Marne." There is a halo of glory and story about the marshals of France. The title is, in a sense, the proudest of modern military distinctions. Yet by no means all its wearers have been worthy of it. And it remains to be seen just what degree of greatness that of the new marshal may be. At present, to an enthusiastic public, intoxicated with a rainbow of temporary successes which he has arched above a sky overcast with defeat's darkest clouds, the disposition is to acclaim him a military genius of the first rank.

Perhaps the most memorable of Napoleon's maxims was that famous one, "In war men are nothing; a man is everything!" A man—that is to say, a leader. Something which, until the advent of Foch, the allies manifestly did not possess; whereas, just as manifestly, Germany did possess one—several, in fact.

As the great war has dragged its slow and convulsive length along, it has been that crucial question of leadership which has crucified the souls of those who, whether upon or distant from the firing-line, knew and felt that unless they found a man—a leader—the cause of the allies was doomed. The great question was, therefore, "Will they find one?" And many were inclined to doubt it. To doubt it on that best of all grounds; historic ones.

Until the entrance of America into the conflict, the two nations bearing the burden of sustaining it were England and France—for Russia, after a disastrous exposition of incompetency, had fallen by the wayside. And students of military history were but too well aware that neither England nor France had produced a truly great commander for generations, and that neither of them had ever produced one of the first rank.

Six men are grouped in history as the world's greatest captains. Of these, three belonged to the ancient world—Alexander, a Macedonian; Hannibal, a Carthaginian; Caesar, a Roman; while three were moderns—Gustavus Adolphus, a Swede; Frederick the Great, a Prussian; and Napoleon, a Corsican.

We must descend to the second rank before we encounter either an Englishman or a Frenchman. The most famous of so-called English commanders was Wellington, but he was neither English nor England's greatest military genius. That title properly belongs to the Duke of Marlborough. Among Frenchmen we have three splendid figures—Turenne, the great Condé, and Prince Eugene, the last-named, it is true, in the service of Austria and co-commander with Marlborough of the Coalition forces that warred against Louis XIV, but nevertheless French-born.

Turenne was without doubt the foremost soldier of France, paralleling Marlborough among the Britons in this respect—and it is interesting to remember that it was Turenne who first detected the genius of Marlborough and predicted his coming fame, a fame that was gained after Turenne himself passed from the scene. But both men stand, as aforesaid, not in the first but in the forefront of the second rank, as commanders. It was long, indeed, before either England or France developed a military genius truly great. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance we discern famous fighters, the preux chevalier as represented by a Bayard, or the "mighty man of his hands," as represented by Coeur de Lion. But great generals, in the modern sense, we do not find. In France the nearest approach was, perhaps, Bertrand du Guesclin. Among Englishmen, the most talented was Sir John Hawkwood, whose career was that of a captain of mercenaries, a condottiere, in the civil wars of Italy.

It is not until we reach the eras of the Thirty Years' War and wars of Louis XIV that the great modern general emerges into history, the first and greatest of them in those wars being Gustavus Adolphus, the Swede, whose greatest opponent was Wallenstein, the Czech. Napoleon, by the way, considered Wallenstein a greater man than Gustavus, but he is almost alone in that opinion. Both passed in the early years of the Thirty Years' War and then in due time appeared that galaxy of brilliant figures which clustered around the throne of the Grand Monarque in the days when he was the arbiter of Europe. We may name first, Turenne and Condé, first in point of time and genius. Following them came Crequi and Catinat, both of high talent. But still more able were the hunchback, Luxembourg, a member of the princely house of Montmorency; and the polished and superb Villars, he of the famous epigram, uttered to Louis XIV as he was leaving the court for the front, "Sire, defend me from my friends! I can defend myself from my enemies!"

The interminable wars of the Grand Monarque ended in the impoverishment and exhaustion of France and a decadence of military talent. During the scandalous Regency there was no redeeming glory won upon the "tented field" to offset the internal disorders. With the still more scandalous era of Louis XV there came a final burst of brilliance in the exploits of Marshal Saxe, who, however, was not a Frenchman, but a son of August the Strong of Saxony, and one of his myriad mistresses, Aurora of Königsmarck. Treitschke bitterly arraigns Maurice de Saxe as a traitor and a renegade, fighting against his countrymen for foreign gold. He was the last grand military figure of the "old regime" and, in addition, the ancestor of that Aurore Dupin known to the world of letters as George Sand.

After the death of Saxe there is nothing glorious to write of the generals of France until the revolution. Those who fought against Frederick the Great made a sorry showing and defeat became the constant portion of what had been Europe's proudest army. Perhaps this was because les maitresses reigned at Versailles and Marly and its command became subject to the caprices of a Pompadour or a Dubarry. But with the revolution distinction once more emerged—men like Dumouriez, Moreau and Pichegru. These commanders were, however, as pygmies compared with the Corsican who soon relegated them to oblivion.

Napoleon, unlike most great captains, was devoid of professional jealousy—possibly because so well aware of the abysmal gulf that separated his own genius from that of the glittering galaxy with which he surrounded himself, the men who shine in history as "Napoleon's Marshals." And does not that very designation irrevocably place them? They were, most veritably, "Napoleon's." They belonged to him, were made by him, the by-products, so to speak, of his career. For the most part, when attempting independent operations, guided by their own talent and depending upon their own resources, they added little or nothing to their fame, when they did not decrease it. Yet their glory will not fade and many of their names remain "household words"—Murat, Ney, Soult, Massena, Lannes, Victor, Suchet, Marmont, Bernadotte, Bessieres, Mortier, Davout, Augereau and on down the line, a line of dukes and princes, of which two became kings. Yet Napoleon's own criticism was that the best generals who served as his lieutenants were Desaix and Kleber, both of whom antedated the empire—Desaix fell at Marengo, by a strange coincidence upon the same day that a fellah's dagger found the heart of Kleber, whom Bonaparte had left behind him in Egypt as commander-in-chief of the French forces there. The great talent of Kleber, said Napoleon, was in some degree handicapped by the fact that he was a lazy man and a voluptuary—but Desaix, had he lived, would have proved "equal to the greatest things."

From the Napoleonic period to the present day, France has produced no commander of distinguished merit, none that approaches any of these men above enumerated. We need only cite the most memorable names to be found—MacMahon, Canrobert, Bugeaud—to certify this fact. MacMahon, who arrived at Magenta in the nick of time to save the day, was made a marshal of France and a duke, in recognition thereof, by Napoleon the Little—but when in the Franco-Prussian war a few years later he was called upon to oppose Moltke, his reputation vanished like a wreath of smoke. And MacMahon, moreover, was but a courtesy Frenchman, as his name implies.

England has been at war most of the time, in some or many quarters of the world, since the firm establishment of the monarchy. There are critics who contend that Cromwell was one of the premier generals of history—but viewed

(Continued on Page 13)

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The Room of Revelation

By Margaret Bell

The room was in half-obscurity. I looked around to find a switch or gas-jet, a candle even. There was none. The doorkeeper noticed me looking about, and hobbled up.

"There is never any more light here than you see now. Each visitor is supposed to bring his own torch."

He was rather taciturn.

Someone came in. Quite a young man, I judged, from his figure, although his face was sallow and the cheeks and forehead heavily lined. He stood for a moment inside the door, frowning. There was something familiar about that frown. I seemed to have seen it before. He held the lantern which he carried high above his head, and began to walk slowly down the room, keeping very close to the wall.

I recognized him then. The deliberate, preoccupied slouch, the perpetual frown, the occasional nervous twitching of the eyebrows. He was a politician, a financier, a diplomatic wizard, one of the world's most successful men. I could not help speaking to him.

"What are you looking for?"

He jerked his head towards me, then jerked it away again. "Peace!" he shouted. "Peace of mind! It's the only thing I want. I've got everything else. It amused me to get them. But I haven't got peace, and that's what I want. I have an idea I can find it here. Do you know anything about it?"

He did not wait for me to answer, but went on around the room, peering into every cranny and corner.

I determined to question each person as he came in, so that I might find out the secrets the place was supposed to contain.

The next to enter was a woman—tall, elderly, distinguished. I noticed, when she held her lantern up, that there were tiny lines about her eyes, which were full of a vague restlessness. I did not have to speak to her. She spoke to me, almost despairingly, I thought.

"Oh, if I only could find someone who would tell me if there is any more of me than this!"

She struck her breast two or three times, so that the chain which hung from her neck rattled a little.

"For, you see, the beauty of this is fading. I feel that I am losing my grip on things. Is there nothing to compensate for all this loss? It isn't fair! There must be something else, or what's the use of it all? Why is it, when this goes, that so much more seems to go too? The power—that's it, power—— When that goes—— But I see you can't tell me. You are staring too. I suppose I must find out for myself."

She went on, quite quickly. Into her eyes had crept a look of fear.

An officer came in. I hesitated about addressing him. One does not question the military with impunity. He seemed dazed. Perhaps the dimness of the room worried him. To me it was becoming gradually more light, no doubt because I was becoming accustomed to it. I summoned my courage and went up to him.

"I wonder if I can help you to find what you are looking for?"

He looked sharply at me, a bit suspiciously, I thought. He did not answer at first, but stood scrutinizing me. At length he laughed, not pleasantly.

"I wish to God you could! But I'm afraid I must find it for myself. You see, it's like this. I've just come back from over there. Funny thing, but I'm really trying to find out what I've been out there for. Oh, I don't mean the obvious reason; the platitudinous answers; the same old 'No annexations' jargon; the overthrow of Prussianism; the freedom of the seas and all that sort of thing; the thousand and one flag-waving reasons which are given. They don't go down with me. If the overthrow of Prussianism as it is today is going to mean the importation of Prussianism as it will be tomorrow, then that's not good enough. If we are 'hunting the wild boar of Germany' to bring home his tusks to put into the jaws of our own insular bulldog, then we're only imitators. What's the end of it all? The big scheme, I mean. I came back for a bit of quiet, but I tell you it's tame over there compared with here. The whole air is screaming with voices—prophetic voices, threatening voices, voices of oil and voices of gall. Contention is so rampant that it amounts to contagion. What for? That's what I want to know."

He strode off abruptly.

A great many people were coming in now. Men in priests' robes, judges, civil servants whose faces I knew, pale-faced men in out-at-elbow garments, professors, propagandists.

Two figures in tall hats and very expansive waistcoats, talking in very loud voices, looked in at the door for a moment, then turned and walked away.

"Ugh, what a morgue!" one of them said. "Gives me the hump! Let's go to the club."

I was curious about the ecclesiastical figure in a long purple robe. He walked slowly, his head bowed so that his ponderous chin sank on his chest. What he was seeking he evidently expected to find on the floor. He came upon me as if by accident, rather than my own design. He saw the questioning in my own face. I have not been able to overcome this yet. As if I had spoken to him, he answered me in a low, murmurous monotone, as if he was speaking to himself.

"Yes, it's courage I seek. And it is not easy to find. Not easy. Courage to tell them that it is all a sham. Further and further from the original idea every day. Too much competition. Yes, it's competition. And show. Gilt and glamor and incense and gold-embroidered robes. No fisherman's blouse about it. No humility. No altruism. All show and fat treasuries. And conformity with what they expect. Not with what might be individual. There's none of that. No courage of convictions. All snobbishness and distinguished members. Time for a change. These seances and new thought and mystic quests. It has not been enough. Too scholastic. No spirit of prophecy. No simplicity. No sincerity. Jean d'Arc was a prophet, and they burned her. Ever since then they've been going from bad to worse. We must begin simply. Burn all the gilt and glitter, if need be. Things must come gradually. But it takes courage. Can I find it? I must go on trying."

A young girl, with a laughing face and very serious eyes, could not fail to attract the attention. She was wearing some sort of uniform or other. I happened to be near the door when she came in. The doorkeeper proved pleasantly garrulous this time.

"First time I've seen her here. Not often such young ones come in."

She heard him, and turned quickly. For a moment she was overcome by the self-consciousness which is natural to her age. She spoke, half-apologetically, I imagined.

"It is the first time I have ever been here, but I've been wanting to come for quite a long time. Ever since I started to work. The funny thing about it is that I don't know what I came in to find. It's a queer place, isn't it? Murky and dim. I'm hoping, when I do find it, whatever it is, that I'll know it."

"You'll be very fortunate if you do," escaped my lips.

She looked frightened.

"Do you mean to say that sometimes one does not? That they go on looking for years, perhaps? That would be dreadful!"

"You're very young yet."

"Oh, yes, but I couldn't bear it! Always waiting. Always expecting something. I don't know what—but it makes me feel so restless. If I could write or sing or paint, it might help. But sometimes I feel that I'd burst. Do tell me that—that you don't really think I may never know what it is."

Her look was so pleading that I did my best to reassure her—the usual age-worn phrases.

There were other women there, too, leaders in charitable works, an actress or two. Their faces were familiar to me. Mothers and wives and sisters; and those who were not wives, but were mothers; and others who would be mothers in a very short time. Pained faces and painted faces; the smart and the unsmart; bondwomen; parasites; Pharisees.

I left them at length, and stood in the doorway, looking back. Night was beginning to come down.

"There's a lot of them, ain't there?" the doorkeeper said. "Lately they've been coming in swarms. All sorts and ages. Never saw so many before."

"Thank God for that!" I said to myself. He must have heard me, though, for I could feel his eyes piercing my back as I went toward the street.

—The English Review.

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Poems About San Francisco

This effort in free verse appeared in "Bohemia" of June this year. It is one of the very few essays in vers libre inspired by our city.

228—ON RUSSIAN HILL

By P. F.

Beloved, from that height whereon we stood
The city stretched beneath our feet.
Beyond the shadows dark
The lights of Alcatraz
Flickered and flamed.
The moon, heaven high—
Her wake across the waters
A pathway made
Leading to Love
And Arcady.
One golden moment—then
Through the Gate
The chill grey fingers of the mist
Came creeping in,
Silently, and all enveloping;
Shutting out a light that flamed—
Closing the road to Arcady
Forevermore.

The Spectator

These Stirring Days

The dailies must publish many editions to keep up with the glorious war news of these stirring days. And between editions there are the bulletin boards to satisfy our insatiable appetite for the latest items of encouragement. So how can a weekly paper do justice to the swift progress of events on the different battle lines? New wonders of victory will have crowded upon us before this paper reaches its readers. Happenings to which the historian will devote volumes are today packed into a pithy dispatch. The surrender of Bulgaria. The panic flight of the Turks in Palestine. The forward sweep of the brave little Belgian army to Roulers. The tremendous hammering of Foch's lieutenants at the gates of Cambrai and St. Quentin. The epic bravery of the American advance through the wooded Hell of the Argonne. The mind whirls as it tries to take in all these amazing doings of our annus mirabilis. But let us try to maintain our equipoise. It is not over yet. While our hearts sing Te Deum let us pray with all our souls for complete and lasting peace.

"2000 Questions and Answers"

The Hearst papers which quit criticising the Administration only when their existence was threatened, have gone to the defense of George Creel in the matter of a publication called "2000 Questions and Answers about the War." You may have read about this book. Published first in Australia, it came to the attention of Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, who thought it would be a good thing to bring out an American edition. Shaw sent the proof sheets to George Creel, head of the Committee on Public Information, with the request that he examine them and write a foreword for the forthcoming volume. Creel wrote the foreword, and the book was published. A little later Creel awoke to the fact that the book was dangerous, and he wrote to Shaw about his discovery, suggesting that no second edition be brought out until changes were made in the text. Shaw saw to it then that the book was withdrawn from sale. Later on the book was examined by Professor Van Tyne of the University of Michigan. He reported its dangerous character to the National Security League, and thereupon there was considerable publicity about the matter. The impression got abroad that Van Tyne, not Creel, was responsible for the suppression of the book, and those who are always making war on Creel saw a chance to swat him. The Hearst papers ran to Creel's defense, pointing out that Creel's letter to Shaw objecting to the book considerably antedated the report of Van Tyne. The case for Creel is easy to make out—along these lines. But there is another side to the matter.

He "Glanced Through the Proofs"

When a writer undertakes to write a foreword for a book, what is the first thing he does? Clearly, his first duty is to read the book. That is so elementary that it need not be dwelt on. Did Creel read this book when Shaw sent it to him in proof sheets? He did not. He glanced through the proof sheets. He said so himself, in his letter to Albert Shaw. Here are his words: "While it is true that I glanced through the proofs of '2000 Questions and Answers about the War' before I wrote my foreword, it is equally true that I relied less upon my hasty reading than upon my absolute faith in you." Creel did his best to correct the blunder after the book was published, but is he excusable for merely glancing through proof sheets before writing a foreword to a war book, when the very fact that the war book contained a foreword by Creel was a notice to all readers that the book had the indorsement of our Government? Creel is a tremendously busy man, no doubt; but here was a job he could not afford to slight. Yet he glanced through the proofs and pinned his faith to Shaw, with what results we know. To my mind this is a side of the matter deserving much more attention than it has received. The Hearst papers would have a hard time excusing Creel's negligence in simply glancing through those proofs. Fortunately for Creel, not much attention has been given to this aspect of the affair. The squabble with Van Tyne diverted attention from it.

Hun Propaganda

Had Creel done more than merely glance through the proofs he would have discovered that "2000 Questions and Answers about the War" was reeking with Hun propaganda. How Albert Shaw overlooked that fact is a mystery; perhaps he, too, only glanced through the proofs, though that seems inconceivable, considering that he first suggested the American edition of the book. To show just how bad the book is I shall extract some questions and answers (with comment) from Professor Van Tyne's report:

Q. Do the best informed students of world polities feel that the war could have been avoided?

A. The war at first appeared to be the result of Germany's determination to grasp and make secure her "place in the sun" along lines quite similar to those upon which in the past has been built the British Empire, the French Colonial Empire, and the tremendous Russian expansion.

(Note the slur on the British and French.)

Q. Were all these Provinces (Italia Irredenta) under Austria?

A. Most of them were, but at one time (though little has been heard of this lately) Italian Irredentism was directed also against the French possession of the stretch of Mediterranean coast that includes the city of Nice

(Note the slur on France.)

Q. Did the German embassy issue a warning to passengers on the "Lusitania"?

A. The following advertisement appeared in

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the New York World and the New York Times May 1, 1915, seven days before the sinking of the "Lusitania" (quoted in full).

Q. Did Germany offer indemnity for Americans lost on the "Lusitania"?

A. Yes; while negotiations over the "Lusitania" case were still pending she stated her willingness to pay indemnity for the deaths of Americans.

(Nothing but these two items about this matter. No comment on the moral aspects of the affair.)

Q. How did Prussia become militaristic?

A. As a result of being licked too often. * * * Whenever France wanted to fight Russia or Austria the road led through Wurtemberg, Bavaria, or Prussia. * * * At last the Prussians determined grimly to fight for themselves, and it was under the inspiration of a burning zeal and love for home and country that the seeds of militarism were sown.

(The very meaning of militarism is disguised in this passage, and one is led to sympathize with it rather than otherwise.)

Q. Were German soldiers worse than others in the march on Pekin?

A. According to revelations made by correspondents who managed to get through to Pekin, and by officers after the trouble was over, there seems to have been very little to choose between the conduct of the various troops. Of all, the Japanese emerged with the cleanest record and the Tonkinese troops of the French with the worst. The Kaiser's message to Count Waldersee, who commanded the expedition, has, however, been everywhere reproduced, and consequently it has been assumed that the atrocities attributed to the international troops were all committed by the Germans.

(This is the worst out-and-out lie in the book, but many half-truths do as much harm.)

Q. Has war ever produced so much hatred as this one?

A. Always much the same kind of attacks as now on the Germans.

(Never in human history has a nation so aroused the moral indignation of the world as Germany has done.)

The Bolshevist Papers

Are the documents which George Creel gave to the press to prove that Lenine and Trotsky were crooks, genuine or forgeries? The question has been raised, because certain parties, not above suspicion themselves, have attacked these amazing papers. Certainly these disclosures seem almost too good to be true. George Creel vouches for their authenticity, and so does Edgar Sisson, who got hold of them in Petrograd. How Sisson got them remains to be told. He's a good newspaper man, and if he was not hoaxed he has scored the biggest "scoop" of the war. Sisson used to write for Collier's. In the more militant days of that paper he wrote a series of articles showing how Hearst and Brisbane were selling the editorial page of the American to certain theatrical managers in New York. The revelations were documented, and they hurt Hearst. But Hearst didn't bear Sisson a grudge; in fact, he hired him to run the Cosmopolitan. Sisson went from the Hearst service to the Committee on Public Information, and Hearst missed him so much that he begged Creel to send him back again. But Creel sent Sisson to Russia instead. And Sisson spent his time there to such good purpose that he enabled Creel to publish all those cynical documents which showed that Lenine, Trotsky and their gang were owned body, soul and breeches by Potsdam.

Is Alcohol Fit to Drink?

The prohibitionists never get tired telling us that alcohol is poison and that to take it into the system in spirits, wine or beer is injurious, no matter whether it is taken temperately or intemperately. This is a favorite statement with the bone-drys, and many people have come to believe that it is true, simply because they have heard it said so often. A few days ago Congressman Meeker of Missouri laid before the House of Representatives a lot of data bearing on this phase of the bone-dry fight. He had collected from the writings of medical authorities a number of statements about the food and medicinal value of whiskey, wine and beer. It may surprise some people to hear what these medical authorities say. Here is the opinion of Dr. Abraham Jacobi, "the Nestor of American medicine": "Physicians have always found

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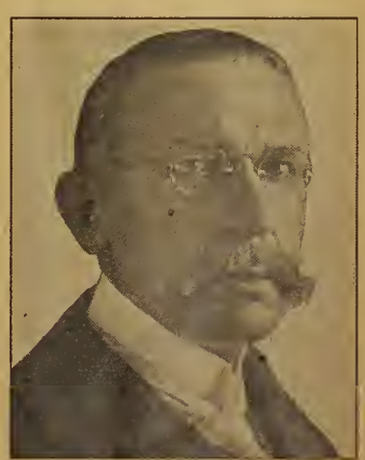
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More Money for Orphans

How many of us think of the poor orphans in connection with the high cost of living? I hadn't thought of them until the other day when I read that representatives of the asylums throughout the State had held a meeting for the purpose of planning an appeal to the generosity of the next legislature. When the allotment for orphans was fixed by law, the purchasing power of a dollar was a great deal more than it is now. The allotment has remained the same for years, but the dollar has depreciated. So the orphans are having a hard time of it. The monthly allotment for a full orphan is eight dollars and twenty-five cents. At the meeting recently it was brought out that the cost per capita of running the various orphan institutions was all the way from fifteen to thirty dollars a month. So it is plain that the State isn't doing what it should for these charges. The institutions represented at the meeting have appointed a committee which will prepare data for presentation to the next legislature. I don't think they'll have a hard time getting their just demand. Our hearts all go out to the orphans, and the idea of stinting them is repugnant to every real human being. The legislature will do the right thing, I'm sure.

Another War Diesase

What is Spanish influenza? We don't know definitely yet, but we shall know in time, for the best medical minds of the world are trying to find out. One thing is pretty certain, Spanish influenza isn't Spanish, any more than it is American. It is supposed that it was brought to Madrid by the crews of German submarines. And many think that it originated in German prison camps. At any rate, it's a war disease. War is hell, and one of its hellish characteristics is the spread of devastating diseases. Through all the wars of history diseases generated by unsanitary herding of men in the camps of belligerents have always produced epidemics which before that time had been little or not at all known to many of the populations affected.

War Epidemics of History

Going far back, we find that Athens was visited during the Peloponnesian war, 430-425 B. C., by a severe disease known as the Attic sickness, which cost many valuable lives, including that of Pericles. Some historians even ascribe to this epidemic the fall of the Athenian hegemony. During the Punic wars, the Carthaginian army was said to have been reduced by smallpox, and Hamilcar was forced thereby to raise the siege of Syracuse. In the year 165, the Roman legions before Seleucia were thinned by a similar scourge, the disease following the banners of the conqueror and conquered and spreading to Rome itself, where it worked havoc under the name of "Antonin's Plague." The Black Death which swept over Europe in the fourteenth century attacked the army of the Black Prince and forced him to abandon the siege of Calais. Syphilis at the end of the fifteenth century spread through the army of Charles VIII, invader of Naples, decimating it after the battle of Fornuovo. Since the seventeenth century the typhus scourge attached itself to the wake of armies, working its most notable piece of destruction with the Napoleonic hosts. In more recent times typhus has appeared in terrible guise in the Crimean war. According to reliable information, typhus cost England 16,000 men, France 80,000, and Russia 800,000. Typhoid fever has repeatedly become a pandemic of wartime, particularly in America

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

during the Civil war and in Europe during the Franco-Prussian war. In modern times dysentery has been a common affliction of warring armies and still remains a source of serious concern for medical staffs. Far less dangerous than any of the scourges enumerated above, Spanish influenza has its serious aspect in its possible impairment of an army's offensive efficiency. For this reason the medical staffs of all the allied armies are exerting every precaution to protect the allied front from infection. The disease reduces a soldier's vitality, so that he cannot fight, and makes him a ready carrier of the disease to others, unless he is instantly removed from the ranks.

Bell's Publicity Men

Theodore Bell has a staff of three publicity men, all the livest kind of live wires. They are Al Baum, "Bill" Jacobs and "Ed" Hurlbut. All three were actively engaged in the recent primary campaign of unhappy memory. Baum was chief publicity director for Mayor Rolph. Jacobs handled Heney publicity in southern California. Hurlbut directed the publicity part of "Black" Hayes' campaign. And wherever Rolph, Heney and Hayes may place the blame for their lack of success in the fight, they cannot attach any of it to their publicity men. Baum, Jacobs and Hurlbut are thorough-going newspapermen, known in every newspaper "shop" in the State, and turn out the kind of copy which editors find it a pleasure to handle. In the Bell fight, Baum will handle publicity in northern California, Jacobs in southern California. Hurlbut will attend to the advertising end of the publicity game. As Hurlbut set a new standard in educational advertising while he was with the Chamber of Commerce, we may look for some special features from him. If Bell builds an organization commensurate for strength with his publicity staff, Governor Stephens will have to "go some."

The Army Band

Those of us who love to wander over to the Presidio on Sunday mornings, to hear the concert that follows guardmount, certainly welcome the new order taking the band out of the reach of the colonel's or adjutant's whims and placing it on a more or less independent basis. Leaders will hereafter be lieutenants instead of noncoms, and the bands, increased to fifty pieces, including French horns, oboes and other uncommon instruments, will be capable of playing high-class music. We hope that the concerts will soon be made more of an event than an aftermath to guardmount. One of the oldest of army stock stories relates to a martinet promoted to adjutant who, as the band marched by, yelled at the slide-trombone players, "Come out together there, men!" Yet it was not so much of a joke after all. The band has traditionally been considered a sort of appendage. In time of war its members were consigned to ambulance duty. In peace, its highest ornamental duty, outside of guardmount and parade, was playing at officers' hops and colonels' birthdays (and in the old days any colonel with an atom of life was good for a birthday a month). But worst of all was the habit of adjutants and colonels selecting the programmes. I recall one old commandant out at the Presidio whose taste was peculiarly atrocious. On Sunday morning, he dosed us with instrumented hymns of the Moody and Sankey order. At special concerts we were sure of "Custer's Last Battle," with real pistol shots in its climax, "List to the Mocking Bird' or the "Suwanee River" as a cornet solo full of spit-note ornamentations. At any rate, even the most sentimental of us can view the passing of the old army band without regret, because something finer and better is to take its place. Soldiers will soldier, and leave music to musicians.

Sterling on the Cliche

George Sterling is having a little fun with the down-to-the-minute versifiers. Sterling is classic in his taste, and doesn't believe in the emancipation of poetry from all the laws of beauty. Sterling is strong for prosody; he reveres rhythm; he isn't afraid to use "thou" and "thee" in his verses. But the anarchists pride themselves on scorning all these things. More than that, they have a horror of the cliche, the stereotyped phrase. So has Sterling, by the way, but he doesn't proclaim his horror from the housetops. The poetical anarchs do. So when George finds them slipping he cannot help laughing at them. Here is a letter he wrote to William Marion Reedy:

San Francisco, September 5, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I write to you in considerable bewilderment, having heretofore been assured that "Poetry," of Chicago, was the foe of the threadbare phrase, the archaic adjective. Yet in a single copy (the August issue) I find these specimens of virginal imagination:

Red dawn
Last charge
Wee head
Weary brain
Love-light
Fragrant hay
Young green
Vagrant wind
Rustling grass
Dank odor
Tossing spray
Fading light
Fleeting feet
Red blood
Lonely nights
Deathless ire
Meadows wide
Slow refrain
Fair daughter
and
Gallant courage!

Add to those the "fresh young" Broadway turns

Largess
Paven
Crass
Perchance
Frore
and
Rathe

and you may possibly sympathize with such bepuzzlement as exists on my side of the Sierras.

Sincerely,
GEORGE STERLING.

Power Back from Washington

Supervisor James E. Power has returned from Washington, D. C., whither he went to press his application for overseas service. He was recommended for a commission as captain in the Ordnance Department, also for a commission as captain and disbursing officer in the Military Aeronautics Division. The latter would have given him overseas service, but on account of a slight physical defect, he could not qualify for duty abroad. He was therefore obliged to consider the first recommendation, as captain in the Ordnance Department. After consulting with several of his friends in Washington, he deemed it advisable to decline that commission, for the present at least, because he knew that the duties would consist of guarding munition plants and arsenals, and would confine him to service in this country. He felt that such commissions should more properly be given to young men who had seen service on the other side and had been invalided home for one reason or another. It is understood that there will be little difficulty in overcoming the minor defect referred to, and as soon as this is accomplished, Supervisor Power will no doubt revive the recommendation made for him in the Military Aeronautics Division, or possibly enter the Officers' Training Camp, in view of the fact that the age limit has now been raised to forty-five years.

Woods to Talk on "Mittel Europa"

Next Thursday evening, October 10, H. Charles Woods will give the fourth in his series of lectures on "The Cradle of the War" which have been given in the ball room of the Palace Hotel under the direction of Paul Elder. The subject for this lecture will be "Mittel-Europa—the Near East and Pan-Germanism." As a result of his yearly travels in Europe, especially in Germany, Austria and the Balkans, and through his many personal friends in European diplomatic circles, Woods has had the best opportunities for watching the gradual development of the Mittel-Europa scheme. Sidney Coryn, well-known war expert, will preside at this lecture, which is to be illustrated with maps and stereopticon views.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

One Hundred Years Old

Privileged indeed were those who shared with Mrs. Elvira Pickering Rixford the pleasure of celebrating her hundredth birthday anniversary. A great-grandmother, her descendants have won distinction in many fields, and though not all of them could gather together beneath her rooftree on Lyon street to congratulate her on her completion of a century of life (for in this time of war it is impossible to assemble families), yet you may be sure that all were with her in spirit. Mrs. Rixford is blind, but her mentality is unimpaired, her hearing is good, and her capacity for happiness is as large as though she were still in the prime of life. Her grandson Loring Rixford is in France with the Red Cross. Her great-grandson Halsey Rixford is a lieutenant in the aviation service. These were absent, as was young Major Loring Pickering of the aviation service who is her nephew.. The relatives present included nine great-grandchildren, three granddaughters, one grandson and two sons. The entertainment was chiefly musical, for Mrs. Rixford retains her love of music undiminished. Former Mayor Taylor, an old friend, wrote a poem in honor of the occasion, and Bishop Nichols was present to pronounce a benediction. Dr. Taylor's poem follows:

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE
inscribed to
ELVIRA PICKERING RIXFORD
1818—September 29—1918

'Tis just a hundred years ago
Since throbbing Life first said to her,
Here is my fateful flag, now go
And be my helpful minister.

And so she went and all these years
That flag she's borne in triumph high,
Undaunted by the direst fears
As hope still burned within her eye.

A hundred years she's led her line
In all the best of honored weal,
And with a soul that could but shine
As pure as gold, as strong as steel—

A line whose members breathe the air
Of nobleness in every vein,
Where God in lines supremely fair
Has writ their lives without a stain.

A hundred years life's paths she's trod
With service ever by her side,
With faith in man and faith in God,
And borne on love's empurpled tide.

Brave-hearted woman, how has she
In life's great battle made her way
Till years themselves dared not decree
A century's sum should be her stay.

A hundred years, O spirit great
Revered and loved thou art encrowned,
And as we bless thy happy fate,
We homage pay thee all profound.

War Talk

"How are things going at Verdun?"

"Splendidly! You're from Montdidier, are you not?"

"No, I was assigned to Toul, and believe me, it's a big job we've got on our hands."

"Are we making much progress in Picardy?"

"Indeed we are, and in the Chemin des Dames things are going with a rush."

"What do you hear from Noyon?"

"Very encouraging news, and from Soissons, too."

"Will we go over the top in Ypres?"

"No doubt about it; we'll win all along the line."

Reader, not two soldiers talking, but two Liberty Loan captains!

Roy Is Going Too

First "Jim" Woods, and now Roy Carruthers. Does New York intend to separate us from all our popular hotel managers? We don't like it. Yet we cannot ask them to stay. It wouldn't have been human of "Jim" Woods to turn down the princely offer made to him by the Bowman syndicate, much as he loved San Francisco and enjoyed his work at the St. Francis. And how can we expect Roy Carruthers to stay at the Palace when Statler asks him to take charge of the immense new Hotel Pennsylvania, now building in New York? The road upward almost always means parting with friends, and in the words of the old poem, "the one who goes is happier than the one who's left behind." Nevertheless, it was a tug for "Jim" Woods to leave us, and it will be a wrench for Roy Carruthers. We shall miss him, but we shan't forget him, and he won't forget us. I wish Roy Carruthers all sorts of luck in his big new job. There isn't the smallest doubt that he is going to make good.

Place of Pleasant Memories

The continued patronage of any place of public entertainment is in ratio to the pleasant memories which linger in the minds of its guests. It is because Techau Tavern is fairly alive with sparkling pleasure that those who know its charms go again and again. The latest attraction is the War Stamp Dances, so named because of the favors which are presented to the ladies, without competition: five-dollar War Savings Stamps. These dances are arranged for the dinner hour and again after the theatre. The gentlemen receive large packages of Melachrino cigarettes. The Show Girl Revue Corps gives vocal selections in the dance intervals.

At the Cecil

Count and Countess J. de Beaufort are stopping at the Cecil Hotel. Miss Sally Fox, who has been visiting Commander and Mrs. Peterson in Philadelphia, joined her mother, Mrs. George Ives. They will make their home at the Cecil. A group of friends partook of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crothers Sunday. Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. S. N. Simpson, U. S. N., are among the recent arrivals. A delightful luncheon was given by Mrs. Zeigler Wednesday. Major Aloe came up from Fremont Saturday and spent the week-end with his wife and son who are making their home at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton motored from Coronado Thursday and will spend the winter at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. George Cook are also among the recent arrivals. They will remain until the spring. Mrs. Virginia Maddox, who has been sojourning, left yesterday for San Jose. Informality marked the dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were hosts Sunday. Mrs. B. N. Rowley is being welcomed by her numerous friends at the hotel. Mr. Alfred Hocking of Honolulu has joined his wife. A dozen friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. George Safford Monday. Mr. F. G. Holden has returned after an absence of several months.

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The Stage

"The Little Teacher"

If you like a sweet play, with tenderness running through it, don't miss "The Little Teacher." If you like happy laughter and an occasional sympathetic tear, this is the play for you. It has an interesting, old-fashioned plot. It has bright, untainted lines. It has good characters who are rewarded, and bad characters who are punished. It has the nicest, the cutest, the most unspoiled children you ever saw on the stage. It hasn't a dull moment in its four acts. It inculcates kindness of heart, and patriotism, too, though it is not a war play. It is a play made in America for Americans who are not blase. Cynics won't care for it. Indurated sophistication will scoff at it. But those who are tired of the shameful plots and risque situations of so-called "snappy" farces will be delighted with "The Little Teacher." Maude Fealy plays the title part in a very appealing way. She is supported by an excellent cast of grown-ups and children. Go to see "The Little Teacher," and show by your presence that you like to see the American drama kept clean.

—Edward F. O'Day.

At the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill this week has pep, ginger, zip. There are mirth, merit, melody and scenic beauty. Albert Vertchamp is what the bill announces him to be, "a violin virtuoso," and his pretty accompanist, Miss Joyce Alberte, is a real pianiste. Both have magnetism and their act stands out in cameo relief. Another excellent pianist is Lew Pollak, who plays so fascinatingly that one is sorry when the Melette Sisters keep returning to the stage in handsome different costumes. They are pretty girls and agile dancers. Fisher and Hawley have a lively Jewish sketch. Wilbur Mack and company have another that contributes to the gaiety of the bill. Julius Tannen, in a funny line of chatter, gets continuous laughs. "The Girl on the Magazine" is held over from last week and goes as merrily. Last, but by no means least, are the brilliant four-minute Liberty Loan talks by our distinguished jurist, Justice Melvin, and by the eloquent Thomas Hickey.

—H. M. B.



ANNA FITZIU,

Beautiful Star of the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies, Who Appears in Joint Concert and Recital with Andres de Segurola, Famous Basso of the Metropolitan, at the Savoy Theatre, Sunday Afternoon, October 13, and Saturday Afternoon, October 19.

Symphony Season Opens

Judging by the record reached in the sale of members' season tickets, which is greater than ever before in the history of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra promises to be the most prosperous that that wonderful organization has yet known. The season opens on Friday afternoon, October 25, at the Curran Theatre, under the direction of the world-famous conductor Alfred Hertz whose brilliant work during the past several seasons has endeared him to San Francisco music lovers. The sale of season tickets for the public opens at the offices of the Musical Association in the Phelan Building on Monday morning. In order to take care of the demand expected, Secretary-manager A. W. Widenham who is in charge of the sale, has been provided with an expert corps of assistants. The sale of tickets for single concerts will open at Sherman, Clay's on October 21. Season tickets for the twelve Friday symphonies range from gallery seats at $6 to orchestra seats at $22; for the twelve Sunday symphonies they range from gallery seats at $5 to orchestra seats at $11, and for the ten popular concerts they range from gallery seats at $2.50 to orchestra seats at $9. The innovation of issuing season tickets for the "pop" concerts, as well as for the regular symphonies, last year proved most happy and the response this season has been marked. Conductor Hertz announces many novelties for the season in spite of the difficulties in securing scores occasioned by the war. The first programme which will be offered on Friday afternoon, October 25, and repeated on Sunday afternoon, October 27, will present Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, which has not yet been given here under Hertz's baton; Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne," and Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier." The programme will serve as the introduction of Rabaud to San Francisco, for nothing of his has as yet been given locally, as far as records show. Rabaud's opera, "Marouf," was given with conspicuous success at the Metropolitan last year. The programme for the second pair of symphonies will embrace Sibelius' First Symphony, Henry Hadley's symphonic fantasy and Goldmark's "Sakuntala."

"Common Cause" Coming

An event of great dramatic importance is about to transpire in the production of a play called "Common Cause," which is being given a simultaneous eastern and western presentation, the western premiere being booked at the Columbia Theatre for October 14. Gottlob, Marx and Pincus, realizing the need of the west for plays of today, have undertaken the production of this new comedy drama and promise a cast of nation-wide celebrity. "Common Cause" was written by Crane Wilbur, whose skill as a writer of drama is based on his experience as an actor. The play is an ingenious mingling of comedy and tragedy. The guns of the war are heard in the background and through the tendrils of a story that clings to the heart. Somewhat audaciously the playwright has given his heroic role to a German whose devotion to the home of "kultur" arises from memories of a youth spent on the eastern side of the Rhine. His late associations are American. He believes that the kaiser is right—that is, he believes so until his son, a captain of a German U-boat, returns to America in time to prevent his father from making a salute with the click of the heels in the presence of the kaiser's portrait. When the son, born in America, finishes telling his father what he has been forced to do under orders of the kaiser, and when there is visualized in the reluctant mind of the old man the shrieks of the women and children, who, like those of the "Lusitania's" burden, were plunged innocently to death—there comes from the soul of the old German an expression which will stir the souls of all who remember the Anglo-Saxon origin of America. It is a splendid annunciation of the principles laid down in the immortal messages of President Wilson and the denouement of the drama reconciles itself to the stoutest Americanism. The human quality of the play transcends race and creed and arises from a deep and sympathetic understanding of human nature. The company and the production will be up to the highest standards of dramatic art. The play should be sensational in its success. "Common Cause" will follow "The Little Teacher" at the Columbia.

Muratore's Concert

Lucien Muratore comes to the Exposition Auditorium tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. The mere announcement will stir the music lover. His concert promises to be notable in local musical history, because it will combine art and loyalty. He makes the trip to San Francisco under the management of Frank W. Healy, whose enterprise first introduced him to this city, which will not soon forget how Muratore sang "La Marseillaise." That he will do this monumental song by de Lisle is a foregone conclusion. He will not be permitted to omit it, because there will be as invited guests in the audience a thousand soldiers and sailors of America. The programme has been carefully selected from the best music of France, Belgium and Italy. His assisting artists on the programme are two soldiers whom Muratore brings with him, not on account of their wounds, but on account of their art. Alexandre Debruille is a violinist, and Georges Truc a pianist.

Abe and Mawruss, Movie Magnates

"Funnier than 'Potash and Perlmutter,'" was the verdict of the New York World on "Business Before Pleasure," the New York success



STANISLAS BEM,

The Favorite 'Cellist, Member of the Shavitch-Saslavsky-Bem Trio, Who Will Be Heard, With His Colleagues, at the Italian Room of the St. Francis, Next Tuesday Night.

which A. H. Woods will present at the Curran, formerly the Cort, Sunday night. It is the third, the funniest and the most successful of the notable series of comedies of which "Abe" Potash and "Mawruss" Perlmutter are the central characters. In continuing the episode in the careers of the famous partners in "Business Before Pleasure," the authors have transferred them from the cloak and suit to the movie business. In reviewing this play, Alan Dale wrote: "There were so many laughs that gradually one grew tired even of the laughter. I can recall nothing that has evoked such continuous mirth in a long time." The play will be presented by a characteristic A. H. Woods cast, including Jules Jordan as Potash, and Charles Lipson as Perlmutter, Helen Gill, Murray Phillips, Richard Barrow, William Macauley, Lizzie Wilson, Lottie Vernon, Doris Kelly, Olive Massey, Rita Howlett, Harry Hammill, Harold Skinner and others.

Fitziu and de Segurola in Concerts

The Savoy Theatre will be dedicated as a concert hall a week from tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, October 13, when Manager Selby C. Oppenheimer will start his concert season with the double attraction of Anna Fitziu, famous soprano of the Metropolitan, and Andres de Segurola, for ten years first basso of the Metropolitan. The combination makes a great concert offering. Songs, arias, duets and an operetta on the Mozartean order, will be on the programme. Emil J. Polak will be at the piano. The programme: Arietta di Leporello (from Don Giovanni), Mozart; La Jeune Princesse, Grieg; Segurola. Aria "Ritorna Vincitor" (from Aida), Verdi; Ballatella from I Pagliacci, Leoncavallo; Anna Fitziu. Dear Old Pal of Mine, Lieutenant Gitz Rice; I Will Give You the Keys of Heaven, Old English; Clavelitos (Carnations) "Spanish," Valverde; Segurola. The Bird of Wilderness, A. Horsman; Inter Nos, MacFayden; A Little Word, A. Woorhis; Anna Fitziu. Pesca d'Amore —duet, R. Barthelemy; Baracarolle from Les Contes d'Hoffmann — duet, Offenbach; Anna Fitziu and Segurola. "Grand'mere Avait Raison," playlette and lyrics by Marie de Sarlabous; music by Gabriele Sibella. Marquise de Montville, Anna Fitziu; Marquis de Montville, Andres de Segurola. A second concert with a programme entirely different takes place on Saturday afternoon, October 19. Tickets can be had at Sherman, Clay, and mail orders should be sent to Oppenheimer at his office in the Sherman, Clay Building.

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ANDRES DE
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"BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE"
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Mon., Oct. 14—The new AMERICAN COMEDY DRAMA, "COMMON CAUSE"

Shavitch-Saslavsky Trio Concert

The first concert by the new Shavitch-Saslavsky-Bem chamber music trio will take place in the Italian room of the St. Francis next Tuesday night. Vladimir Shavitch, pianist, Alexander Saslavsky, violinist, and Stanislas Bem, 'cellist, are thorough musicians. A long list of patrons and patronesses have volunteered to sponsor the three concerts announced for the Italian room of the St. Francis on the Tuesday nights of October 8, November 12 and December 10. Next Tuesday night's programme: Trio, op. 92, Saint-Saens; Sonata for violin and piano, op. 24, Lazzari, Saslavsky and Shavitch; Trio, op. 9, "Elegiaque," Rachmaninoff. This will be the first performance here of the renowned Saslavsky.

French Symphony Coming

France's premier symphony orchestra, "La Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris," will make its appearance in this city in November. The French High Commission got the approval of the United States Government for the tour. Steps will shortly be taken to start the campaign in this city for an appropriate reception of these distinguished musicians. They are eighty-six in number, and include personalities known the world over.

Pianist and Tenor in Joint Concert

A concert event of the early season will be the joint appearance of Yolanda Mero, pianist, and Lambert Murphy, tenor. Yolanda Mero has rapidly forged her way to the front. Lambert Murphy is America's foremost tenor, and ranks with the greatest in the world. Although a stranger to the West, he is known by proxy in every home by his talking machine records. Manager Oppenheimer announces that these two artists will give a joint recital at the Savoy Theatre on Tuesday night, October 31.

Private Peat Coming

New York calls Private Peat the Douglas Fairbanks of the lecture platform. He enlisted with the First Canadian contingent, went overseas in October, 1914, saw two years' service, was wounded severely, and has come back to tell about the war. Private Peat will give two lectures at the Savoy Theatre on Monday night, October 21, and Thursday night, October 24. He will also speak in Oakland, at the Municipal Opera House, on Tuesday night, October 22. These events are under the joint management of Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer. Tickets are now on sale at Paul Elder's and Sherman, Clay.

Mme. Doree at the Orpheum

Mme. Doree, who for some time has specialized in operatic singing acts and has brought many fine vocalists to vaudeville, has assembled the best aggregation of singers that has yet been under her management. Her new act, entitled "Mme. Doree's Celebrities," will prove a delightful surprise when presented next week. Her company of vocalists impersonate the famous song birds of the Metropolitan, including Caruso, Amato, Plancon, Bonci, Scotti, Melba, Tetrazzini, Destinn and Louise Homer. The effect is most realistic. Imhof, Conn and Coreene have a laughing success, "In a Pest House," so called from the number of pests that pester the occupants. El Brendel and Flo Bert will offer an absurdity called "Waiting for Her," which is an excellent medium for singing and dancing. Yvette and Saranoff entitled their offering "A Double Stringed Constellation." Yvette is a fascinating little chanteuse who has been singing to her own violin accompaniments for some time on both sides of the Atlantic. Saranoff used to be known as "The Gypsy Violinist." He has been featured in many Broadway successes. Nate Lincoln, the celebrated international card expert, will perform a number of novel and perplexing feats. Loscova and C. Gilmore will introduce a song and dance divertissement. Emerson and Baldwin will contribute a juggling exhibition. A new series of the Official War Review will be exhibited. Wilbur Mack, assisted by Gladys Lockwood, will appear in the comedy skit, "A Pair of Tickets," and Julius Tannen will amuse with a monologue.

"The Little Teacher" Continues

Cohan and Harris' production of Harry James Smith's delightful four-act play, "The Little Teacher," continues at the Columbia next week. The ever popular Maude Fealy, a favorite of long standing with San Francisco audiences, has the title role, surrounded by a large company of which a number are well known here. The usual matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

THE MAN

(Continued from Page 4)

comparatively such a claim verges upon the ridiculous. Edward I, the Black Prince, Henry V, are heroic figures of national British legend, song and story, but of small stature when measured with the world's great captains. Marlborough, as we have said, is the one commander of Anglo-Saxon race to whom we must all doff our hats. Yet even here a qualification must be noted, for much of his unparalleled success was, in the minds of the many critics, due to his collaboration with Prince Eugene. Based upon his separate operations, Eugene is often quoted as the greater general of these two renowned brothers-in-arms. But be this as it may, the student of the campaigns which culminated in Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet need not discount the genius of Marlborough, though, following the immortal portrait which Thackeray has limned of him in "Henry Esmond," he may despise him as a man. To this day French mothers still frighten unruly youngsters with the dread name "Malbrouck!" a singular testimony to the immensity of his fame among his enemies.

Wellington's fame is waning with the years. It was rather the Prussians than the Iron Duke that won Waterloo. And, minus Waterloo, who but British schoolboys would today be familiar with his deeds? Of later Britons, from Raglan to Roberts, which one appears more than parochial? The modern world is not moved to extravagant laudations of military operations which the white man conducts against the savages of Asia and the Dark Continent—and when, in the Boer War, British military talent encountered a different adversary, its terrible loss of prestige is alike so historic and so recent as to call for nothing more than mention.

Under these conditions, is it strange that the hopes and fears for a leader, a leader capable successfully of leading the allied armies to victory in a death struggle against the world's most marvelous military machine, a machine with leaders worthy of it, have for four years agonized the watchers of the skies of war? One after another British commander, applauded, belauded, apostheosized, was tried and found wanting. One after another French ones suffered the same fate. In the dark hour Foch was called upon to take supreme command and succeed where his predecessors had failed. He has begun by transforming what at first appeared like still another failure into at least a temporary success—a success which has made him a marshal of France, a success which has intoxicated two continents, but a success which is only an earnest of later successes which must come before we can accord him the laurels of the Great Leader who shall win the great war, or add his figure to the "thin red line" that began with Alexander and, for the present, ends with Bonaparte.

That "America must win the war" has become both a slogan and a superstition among us, as well, it would seem, as an inescapable fact. But what possibility is there, assuming she wins the war, of her doing so under a commander of her own? What may proceed from the womb of the future it is unnecessary to attempt to predict—but truly, only the most imaginative can indulge in dreams of an American generalissimo of the allied armies in the final hour. That the nation which produced a Washington in the eighteenth century, which produced a Grant in the nineteenth, is capable of producing their peers in the twentieth, is a belief and a hope which we may logically indulge. But provided the existence of such a man, what logical hope may we indulge of his ever attaining the leadership or the winning of the great war? Only something like an earthquake, it would appear, could give color to such an expectation. Unless that earthquake occurs, America's generals are, apparently, fated to remain subsidiary figures in the drama. But if the hour should strike in which one of them must assume a task in which all others, of other races, have failed—will he succeed? Let us believe, by the memories of Washington and of Grant, that he will—that if America must win the war, an American can lead her!

—St. Louis Mirror.

Lady conductor (to passenger who is monopolizing more than his share of room in the car)—Move up there, please.

The passenger unconcernedly continues to spread out.

"Will you move up, and make room for the other passengers, please?"

But the passenger is still indifferent.

Conductor (as a last resort)—Can any passenger tell me the German for "Move up," please?

A batch of recruits reached their new quarters late in the afternoon. By the time they had passed through the usual routine it was nearly midnight. Several of them were awakened at 4 o'clock the following morning to assist the cooks in preparing breakfast.

As one well-built, sleepy man got to his feet he stretched and yawned:

"It doesn't take long to spend a night in the army."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market developed a broader scope of activity, notwithstanding the restrictions placed on it by the Money Committee, and prices advanced throughout the list. There was a good investment demand, bringing several bursts of buoyancy. War news was the determining factor. Brilliant victories of the Allies on many fronts in Europe, North and South, found a reflected optimism in the views of traders. Perhaps a better appreciation of the purpose of banking interests in the application of a brake to speculative dealings had something to do with the freer operations. There is every indication that Wall Street in its mature analysis of the intent of the banking interests in circumscribing collateral credits, has come to the belief that no extreme drag on orderly trading is threatened. The Money Committee only seeks to discourage any attempt to capitalize any favorable war developments into a dangerous bull market, which might attract buying and thus divert the Liberty Loan investment in the hands of the public from its proper channels. The market's technical position is excellent, following the period of extensive liquidation, accompanied by price recessions through practically the entire list, and the banking interests appear willing to let values move uninfluenced, between safe and orderly limits. So long as fluctuations give evidence of being actuated by conservative demand, and supply the motive power, and the governing power is the investment demand or liquidation in the ordinary course of business, market authorities now feel assured the market will be left to work out its own destiny. There was a noticeable demand for the better class of rails, the past week, and prices moved up accordingly. Industrials, led by the oils, were in good demand. Mexican Petroleum and Texas Company showed signs of sky-rocketing. Railroad statements are showing up betted, and there's probability of an early adjustment of the situation, brought about by the new Government contract, which now has been signed by several roads. We are firm believers in an early peace, and believe that the market will respond to the favorable news from abroad. With the Liberty Loan well launched, money conditions will become more favorable, which can mean but one thing, a big broad bull market.

Cotton—The cotton market continues to mark time, awaiting the result of price fixing that seems to be expected in the near future, but as yet nothing definite has been done. The general opinion seems to be that the price will be fixed around the 30-cent level. Some are inclined to the belief that cotton will be treated the same as the cereals were last year, that is, if you wish to buy white cotton, you must take a certain amount of the low grades with the purchase. If this is the case, it will be unnecessary to fix the price, because this will distribute the low grades with the high grades. Last year, through an oversight, the Government used white cotton of a high grade for manufactured articles, when the low grades could have been used instead. It is true that under these circumstances there will probably be more cotton than can be spun in the United States, but it is also true that the world at large is extremely short of cotton, and the high prices prevailing abroad for cotton goods are bound to stimulate imports, if we can get the ships to move it. The war news the past week was such that it leaves no doubt in the minds of the trade that peace is not very far off; in fact, before the next crop is available. The present crop is so small that it would all be wanted at higher prices, and the Southern grower is in a position to hold his cotton, and he has higher prices in view. Of course, if the price is fixed, he will only get that price, but he does not have to sell. One of the Southern Senators expressed the opinion that he did not think any authority exists in the Government to fix a price on cotton. The War Industries Board has no control whatever of the subject. Of course, if the Government should really act as buying agent for foreign manufacturing interests, it could say what it is willing to pay, and farmers could accept or refuse as they saw fit. He further says that the War Industries Board will find this course impracticable, and will be compelled to let purchasers go on practically as they have done before. Speculation has quieted down considerably, the trade being inclined to await further developments.

What Is Doing in Wool

In spite of all kinds of Delphic utterances from official sources, the wool situation is becoming somewhat clearer. There is no more talk of there not being wool enough to supply military needs, and no one doubts that there will be ample for other requirements. For the coming winter and spring seasons there will be plenty of all wool fabrics, because they are already made. So clothing manufacturers keep on advertising garments of all wool made of domestic or imported cloths. In the buying of wool abroad the Army Quartermaster has determined to do this through his own agents in the future, and men have been selected to go to Argentina and Uruguay for the purpose. There is also talk of co-operation between this country and its Allies in the purchase of wool in South America. From South Africa wool keeps coming in, a single cargo received in Boston the other day containing nearly 10,000,000 pounds. Because of the need of moving Australasian wool, which has accumulated to an immense quantity, measures will soon be taken to shunt supplies from the Antipodes to Great Britain and this country. Little buying of fabrics is now in progress in the primary markets and the cotton warp cloths are still looked on askance by manufacturers and by retail dealers in garments.—New York Times.

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Letters

"The Silver Cache of the Pawnee"

This is a real adventure story of the old Santa Fé trail, which ran to Santa Fé from Independence, near Kansas City, across the buffalo country of the Great Plains, nearly as far as from New York to Chicago. At the time of the story, about 1835, this stretch of prairie was the undisputed territory of the buffalo and the Plains Indians: the powerful and war-like Pawnees, Comanches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Sioux. Through this dangerous country the Santa Fé traders took their long trains of heavy wagons, drawn by oxen or mules, requiring eighty or ninety days for the trip. The proud Indians had not yet felt the strength of the United States Army, and never was there a time or a country of more stirring romance, or bolder adventure. Hence this story of the two Benson boys, their father, and his stanch friend, Burley, is perhaps the best and most exciting that this master of Indian stories, Mr. Lange, has yet given us.—By D. Lange, illustrated by Harold James Cue. Price, $1.25. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

"At the Butterfly House"

Not since this author wrote the "Four Gordons" has there been a story so successfully combining the interests of a public school with the background of a charming home. It tells how Cary Dexter came to the Butterfly House, so called for a very obvious reason, how Candace Halliday lived in the gray cottage on Thorn Mountain, and how both girls were sophomores in the Rigefield High School, of which Mary's father was principal. The action covers the every-day events of a busy winter in a little town; its harvest supper, its first war-wedding, its church doings and home frolics, and tells how in the end a pleasant surprise came to Cary, and Candace realized her great ambition. The characters are delightfully real, holding attention through their extremely natural development; the story is touched with genuine humor and a note of courage, and its general attractive style makes it pleasant reading for the whole family.—By Edna A. Brown, illustrated by John Goss. Price, $1.35. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH-BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1918.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statment of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1918.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN.
(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

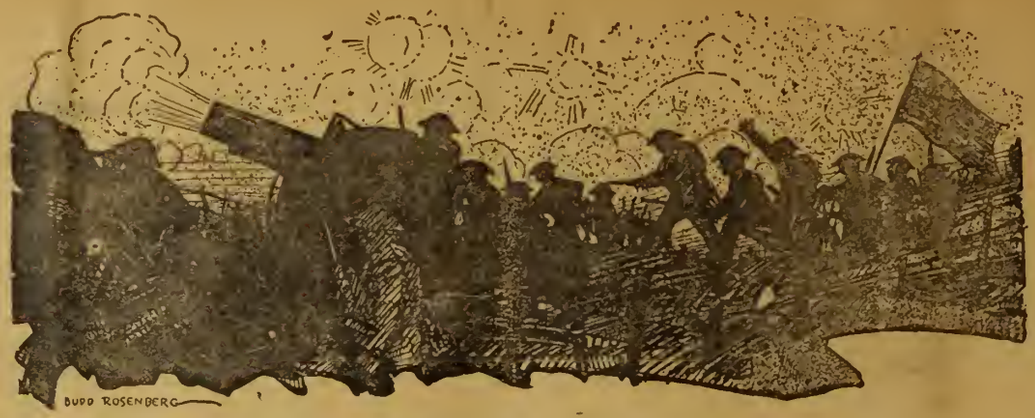
Estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceden, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Alfred Fuhrman, 2641 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased.

GENEVEFA SCHWEIZER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Fritz Schweizer, Deceased.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,
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"TOWN TALK"

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1364 | San Francisco-Oakland, October 12, 1918 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
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SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The President's Answer

Our President, who has Irish blood in his veins, exercises an Irishman's right to answer one question by asking another. "Will you discuss peace terms?" said Prince Max. "Are you sincere?" asks the President. "And will you get off all invaded territory? And besides, for whom are you speaking, the people or the junkers?" That is a rough translation of the President's sharp but careful text. It is a reply that is sure to make the Kaiser gnash his teeth, and Prince Max twist his waxed mustache in perplexity. What effect will it have on the German people? We think that its effect will be far-reaching. The German people know, in spite of the Kaiser's efforts to hide the truth from them, that President Wilson personifies the moralities and decencies of civilization—all that Germany has lost, all that Germany must recover, or disappear from history as the Carthaginians disappeared. The German people—that part at least which has not gone quite mad with militarism—will read between the lines of President Wilson's answer the sane world's present opinion of Germany. And who knows but that the German people will take the fate of their Kaiser and all his junkers into their own hands? We think that President Wilson was shaping future history when he wrote that terse reply.

* * *

Unconditional Surrender

However numerous and crass the errors and faults committed by Germany since the war began, I have none the less long persisted in the belief that our leaders would eventually show themselves possessed of a belated foresight . . . But since the first days of 1917 I have abandoned all hope as regards the present leaders of Germany. Our offer of peace with no indication of our war aims, the unrestricted submarine war, the deportations from Belgium, the systematic destruction in France, the torpedoing of English hospital ships have so discredited the governors of the German Empire, that I am profoundly convinced that they are forever disqualified for the task of elaborating and concluding a just and sincere international agreement. They may change their personal views, but they cannot remain the representatives of the German cause. The German people will only be able to atone for the grievous sins committed against its own present and future, against that of Europe and all mankind, when it is represented by other men with a different type of mind. To tell the truth, it is only just that its reputation throughout the entire world should be as bad as it is. The triumph of its methods—the military and political methods by which it has conducted the war up till now—would mean the defeat of the highest ideas and hopes of humanity.

These words were written by a German to a German in May of last year, and they are quite true today. They are from a letter addressed by Dr. Mühlon to von Bethmann-Hollweg. Mühlon had been a director of Krupp's. He had been told by Dr. Helfferich that Austria was preparing an ultimatum to Serbia which would be sure to precipitate war, and that the Kaiser had approved of the move. He had been told by Herr Krupp von Bohlen that the Kaiser wanted war, and that his Scandinavian cruise was only a blind. Disgusted with these things he had resigned from Krupp's so as to wash his hands of guilt, and subsequently had taken refuge in Switzerland. Thence he dispatched the letter to von Bethmann-Hollweg from which we have quoted. Dr. Mühlon is a German with a conscience. It would be interesting to know what he thinks of Germany's latest bid for peace. The chances are that he would agree with the rest of the right-thinking world that Germany can only start on the hard work of repenting her crimes and saving her soul from damnation by making an unconditional surrender followed by reparation.

* * *

The Bone-Dry Plotters

The prohibitionists aided by Governor Stephens and his campaign managers, hope to make the State dry on the second of January. They have placed on the November

"ON N'ARRETE PAS"

Heroic France, after four years of grim battling against the Hun terror within its portals, now senses the approach of real victory, and resounds to a new battlecry. Where the resolute watchword, "They Shall Not Pass," stopped the invader at Verdun and Rheims, Poilu and Tommy, Yank and Belgian now chant "On N'Arrete Pas" as they take Boche trenches from St. Mihiel to Passchendale. Germany's peace offensive, if partially designed, as suspected, to make the nation hesitate in the absorption of the Fourth Liberty Loan, is meeting the same "welcome" in America as the German troops are getting in France. As this is being written thousands of the smaller communities of the nation have already subscribed more than their allotted share of the new $6,000,000,000 war fund, and the entire State of Oregon, with its metropolis Portland, was reported "over the top" of its quota. In the most remote corners of the nation, the population has rallied unwaveringly to contribute to the complete success of the drive. The reasons why the Fourth Liberty Loan must be made an overwhelming sucess are no less obvious than were those applying to the three big loans which preceded it. Part of France is still in German hands, and all of Belgium is still ground beneath her heel. Does Germany think by her cry of peace to escape cheaply from the reckoning which is to be visited upon her for her crimes? America, France and England are too resolute in their determination to make an affirmative answer thinkable. American armies must continue to pour overseas; American ships must continue to bridge the Atlantic with munitions and supplies; American money must continue to finance her own and a large part of her allies' expenditures. "On N'Arrete Pas," meaning, Keep Him on the Run!

ballot a prohibition measure so bone-dry that it doesn't even permit the use of wine for sacramental purposes. They are urging the people of California to vote for this on the ground that as the result of wartime prohibition the State will go dry in July, 1919 anyway, and that we might just as well dry it up in January as in July. The argument is dishonest. Wartime prohibition is an emergency measure, a temporary expedient. Wartime prohibition will not destroy the vineyards; it will only suspend their cultivation. But if the initiative measure on the ballot passes, California goes into the dry column for good next January, and the winegrowers will have to root out their vines. The prohibitionists are exceedingly eager to get California into the dry column as quickly as possible. On account of the enormous sums invested in winegrowing, California is one of the hardest nuts the prohibitionists have to crack. If they succeed in cracking it, other States will be more easily persuaded to vote dry and thus hasten the day when the bone-dry amendment to the National Constitution may be passed. Once we have National prohibition, it will be next to impossible to get rid of it. Emergency wartime prohibition meets with the approval of all patriotic citizens; permanent prohibition does not. By confusing the two the prohibitionists hope to get many votes they could not otherwise count on. That is why we say they are dishonest. A vote for the prohibition amendment in November will not be a vote to help the Government carry out a war policy; it will be a vote to ruin thousands of families at the behest of our fanatics. California's winegrowers have a right to continue in business till the Government tells them that war conditions make it necessary for them to quit. The Government won't tell them that till next July. So let us see that they are not molested till then. Remember, a vote for that prohibition measure will be a vote for permanent national prohibition. It will be a vote utterly to destroy one of our most valuable industries, an industry fostered for years by State and national aid.

* * *

Prince Max and Health Insurance

We wonder whether Chester Rowell and the doctrinaires who follow his lead are rejoicing in the very latest champion of their Health Insurance scheme. We wonder whether they will use the utterances of Prince Max of Baden to persuade the voters to mark their ballots in favor of this German-made panacea. In his speech last Saturday to the Reichstag the new German Imperial Chancellor spoke thus:

> At the peace negotiations the German Government will use its efforts to the end that the treaties shall contain certain provisions concerning the protection of labor and the insurance of laborers, which provisions shall oblige the treaty making states to institute in their respective lands within a prescribed time a minimum of similar, or at least equally efficient institutions for the security of life and health, as for the care of laborers in the case of illness, accident or invalidism.

Here we have Chester Rowell's favorite remedy, Compulsory Health Insurance. The Fresno editor and the German Chancellor think alike in this matter. The rest of us suspect the Germans when they come bearing panaceas, as the Trojans suspected the Greeks when they came bearing gifts. Why is Prince Max so eager about spreading the gospel of Compulsory Health Insurance that he brings it before the world in his most important speech? Why has the Hun who deported thousands of Belgian, Serbian and Polish workingmen into slavery, become so solicitous about the welfare of the workingmen of all the nations? We should like to hear Chester Rowell explain the motives of his latest ally. Meanwhile, since reading that part of Prince Max's speech, we are more determined than ever to vote against Compulsory Health Insurance on the fifth of November.

Perspective Impressions

Science note: The Champagne climate is unhealthy for Huns.

Every time the Huns launch a peace offensive they propose an offensive peace.

Prince Max must think the Allies are a lot of Russian easymarks.

Do those Oakland boilermakers know that American soldiers fighting for $30 a month don't get a Saturday half-holiday?

Austria-Hungary says she "has made only defensive warfare." She lies. Who sent the ultimatum to Serbia?

Theology says that contrition without reparation is not true repentance. Theology is common sense. Will Germany please take notice.

"We must hit Potsdam a knockout blow," says Secretary Daniels. Bully for Josephus! The best thing he ever said in his life.

Worthington who swindled in the name of "the little children of the poor," got five years. He got off easy.

We have observed that when a United States Senator begins his remarks with "I want to say right here and now"—he almost invariably says something of a piffling description.

We want no bond slackers.

United States Senators inspire confidence when they agree wth the President.

We are learning all the time. Two months ago we didn't know what a "massif" was.

Towns we shouldn't care to own property in just now: Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople.

We hear a lot about "the fortunes of war." Well, the fortunes of war that don't excite our enthusiasm are those the profiteers are piling up.

Something about which we refuse to get excited: Senator Lodge was disappointed in the President's answer to Prince Max.

"We are under divine protection," says the Kaiser. Well, that was the medieval belief concerning the insane, and the Kaiser is undoubtedly paranoiac.

Petaluma farmers are using electric light to make their chickens lay. This is a case of the hick deceiving the chicken. In San Francisco it is the chicken who deceives the hick.

The "soshed Prohibitionists" and the "spifflicated drys" don't like the fun Ned Hamilton has been poking at them. Insincere men are generally thin-skinned.

Ring out, Bell, the passing of Stephens!

Prince Max's peace offer is a scrap of paper.

California mourns 640 noble sons who gave their lives for liberty.

If you haven't bought a bond yet, buy right away. If you've bought already, try to buy again.

The French are nearing the important stronghold of Laon. Laon, Macduff!

We are willing to bet that the German army is swearing something awful in Flanders.

Germany's steps towards peace are taken with cold feet.

Try as he will, Prince Max can't speak frankly on the paramount subject of righting Belgium's wrong.

The Cathedral of Rheims is at last safe from Hun shells. If the Huns waged civilized warfare it would never have been hit.

Prince Max speaks of his "political faith." So far we haven't seen anything but political perfidy in Germany, and we don't think the Huns have had a change of heart.

Varied Types

387—THEODORE A. BELL

By Edward F. O'Day

In the year 1859, Charles E. Bell and his wife Catherine J. Bell severed the strong ties which bound them to family and friends in Connecticut, loosed themselves from the New England traditions which they had inherited from their fathers and their fathers' fathers, and struck out westward for California and the opportunities of a new life. Though Charles E. Bell was a ship carpenter and brought his tools with him across the plains, the lure of the gold fields grew upon him as he approached California, and it was in the mines that he made his first effort toward the conquest of fortune. That first striving was not very successful, but it had an important bearing on his subsequent career, for it filled his soul with such a deep love of the Californian out-of-doors that he was never to be contented permanently with the cramped conditions of city life. And so, although he quit the mines to follow his old trade of ship carpenter in San Francisco and Mare Island, the year 1876 found him the happy farmer of a ranch near St. Helena, in Napa County.

Born in Vallejo on July 25, 1872, while the elder Bell was working in the Mare Island Navy Yard, Theodore Bell was a boy of four when his father downed ship tools and started to learn the congenial discipline of the plow. Charles Bell and his wife had been frugal and saving: they were able to buy the farm on which they set up their household gods. One of the first things Charles Bell did was to plant forty acres to wine grapes, and those forty acres in that favored wine country became the mainstay of the family. It was a large family, for the Bells were blessed with eight children. It was a hard-working family. It knews the ups and downs that come to tillers of the soil with fat years and lean. But it was a happy, God-fearing family, and it won the respect of its neighbors because it was brought up in the simple, sober, honorable ways that always command respect.

Theodore Bell attended the district school till he was sixteen years old. The boy's appetite for learning was insatiable, and the ever-increasing burden of chores in that growing family had not weight enough to crush out of him a steady, unfailing determination to keep at the head of his class. One day Charles Bell, with what emotions we may surmise, told his son Theodore that he would have to quit school for work on the farm. The sixteen-year-old boy cried bitterly, and has never forgotten the tragedy of that announcement. The glorious world of knowledge which had been opening to his eager gaze seemed shut against him forever.

But obedience, not rebellion, was the law of the household. Doubtless the boy sensed the hard necessity which had dictated his father's action, for boys are not unreasonable at sixteen if their training has been correct, and Theodore Bell's training had begun long since at the knee of a loving mother who was in every way a superior woman. So he threw himself with a will into the never-ending labors of the farm. He milked, he teamed, he followed the plow—he knew the whole hard grind of an acreage none too large for the support of two adults and eight healthy hungry children. It was virile, man-making work. It had not held Theodore Bell's undivided strength and attention very long before the old desire for knowledge swept over him with an urge not to be denied. If he could not go to school he would educate himself.

With that determination ambition awoke and took shape. He would educate himself for what? For the law and for public life. But first of all he would be a teacher, for he recognized in teaching the stepping-stone to the larger career. Every night, when the last task had been completed, and muscles ached, and bed was calling with an insistent voice, Theodore Bell tackled his books.

The ardor of such a boy can only be understood by those who know how strongly the impulses of a hard-worked, healthily tired young body can resist the overweight of a voluntary mental burden.

Theodore Bell was so successful at his self-set task that before he was eighteen he had qualified himself for a primary teacher's certificate. But he was too youthful looking to get a school. Instead, he went to work as a ranch hand at a dollar and twenty-five cents a day. It happened that the farmer for whom he worked was a school trustee with two daughters who had teaching ambitions. Here was Theodore Bell's opportunity. He taught the two daughters at night until he fitted them for their certificates. Meanwhile he studied algebra, natural philosophy, entomology and so forth to equip himself for a "first grade" teacher's certificate. It was a gruelling pace he kept up. There was no time for such a boy to waste, and every day while his hands guided the plow his mind was busy solving algebraic problems.

Full of admiration for this stubborn industry, the trustee got Theodore Bell a school near Calistoga. He taught there for a year and a half, walking three miles every morning and afternoon, reading Blackstone on the way. For now Theodore Bell was hastening to the accomplishment of his life-aim. When just past his twentieth birthday, he took the bar examination and passed brilliantly. But of course he had to wait a year for his license to practice. He had beaten time in the matter of his first teacher's certificate, and he had beaten time in the matter of his legal qualifications. All that young life of Theodore Bell was a matter of beating time. He had so much to do, and so little time to do it in, yet he was always beforehand!

Immediately after being admitted, Bell was appointed assistant district attorney. Next year, at the age of twenty-two, he was elected district attorney of Napa County. For eight years he continued in that position, with what success the people of Napa County are the best judges, and their judgment is expressed in the language of enthusiastic admiration.

One incident of that period merits special mention. Theodore Bell went out with a posse to hunt two stage robbers. He narrowly escaped stopping a bullet when the robbers made their final stand, but he shot one of the pair. Then he prosecuted them. One got life and the other twenty-five years. Bell had been kind to the two robbers while they lay wounded in the Napa jail. The time came when he obtained their release from the penitentiary on parole. They became Theodore Bell's fast friends. One of them is dead now; the other is fighting for his country on the Western Front, and Bell hears from him quite often. Is it necessary to add that when Theodore Bell advocates humanity towards criminals with a view to their reformation, he is not speaking as a doctrinaire?

Beginning with Democratic county politics, Bell rapidly widened and broadened the scope of his activities. In 1902 he was elected to Congress and served his term with the modesty that becomes a beginner in the halls of national legislation. In 1908 he was made chairman of the Democratic national convention at Denver, and delivered a key-note speech which not only aroused the convention to wild enthusiasm but profoundly impressed the Democratic leaders of the entire nation. In 1906 and 1910 he was the standard-bearer of his party in the gubernatorial contest, and his Republican adversaries found him a foeman worthy of all their strength and skill. In the Baltimore Convention which first nominated Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency, Bell fought for Champ Clark, because the solid delegation from California was pledged unequivocally to the Missouri candidate. When Wilson won the nomination, Bell fought just as loyally and effectively for Wilson as he had for Clark.

When San Francisco was measuring itself against New Orleans for the honor of celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal with a World's Fair, Theodore Bell was chosen by our first citizens to make the fight in Washington side by side with Julius Kahn. It was a delicate responsiblity, but these two men were equal to it. The Democratic leader and the Republican congressman had complete charge of all the necessary legislation. By the power of his personality Bell, single-handed, induced the representatives of the State of New York to indorse San Francisco's claims, and that was the deciding factor in the contest. In recognition of his successful fight in the House, Bell was selected to present the matter before the Senate committee. There wasn't a happier Californian living than Theodore Bell when San Francisco got the Fair.

And now we find him a candidate for Governor of California. His career has been brilliant. More than that, it has brought him true happiness, for he is a devoted husband and father. Will this career be crowned with the highest honor in the gift of his State? Let us hope so. In the prime of life, broad, liberal, abreast of the best thought of his generation, a born leader, a man of ideals, of tremendous energy and of executive ability, this son of a wine grower whose career has been carved out with indefatigable industry under the guidance of a fine mentality—this true Californian, Theodore Bell, would undoubtedly make one of the greatest Governors this State has ever known.

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The All-Highest

By Edward Garnett

The All-Highest, with a sheet of note-paper in his gloved hand, opened the polished door of his cabinet de travail, shut it, and passed down the silent saloon. His look was fixed, his walk was indecisive. Suddenly he arrested his steps, folded his right arm on his breast, and stood there, drawing himself up while he surveyed his Imperial figure gazing back at him from the great gilt mirror that hung on the further wall of the saloon.

Pellucid light fell upon the mirror, streaming through the open portholes, through which he could see a breadth of calm sunlit sea and the line of the cloudless horizon. The saloon itself with its walnut paneling inlaid with the Imperial eagle in ebony plaques, its green silk hangings, bronze lamps, and the great silver bowl full of roses that stood in the center of the long table, was empty save for that silent, updrawn figure intently regarding itself. On rising the All-Highest had dressed himself as usual in a yachting suit of blue serge, white-braided, with naval cap and tan shoes; but after lunch, while sitting at his desk staring at the lines of unfinished, erased sentences, he had thrown down the quill on the blotting-pad, and ringing for his valet had ordered him to lay out his favorite uniform as Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards. In uniform the War Lord had ever felt his spirit quickened, his speech sharpened, his bearing dignified. And now from that waiting image in the glass, with the Order of the Black Eagle gleaming on its breast, he sought the answer to his halting indecision. Should he or should he not, flash the signal of war?

The mine was laid. There on his bureau, hidden under a dozen confidential reports from the European capitals, lay the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia—ready. Nobody in the Wilhelmstrasse, not the Chancellor nor Herr von Jagow, yet divined its existence. The All-Highest had concerted it secretly with the high Austrian nobles—this determination to roll Serbia in the dust in revenge for the assassination of Sarajevo. The war eagles had gathered for the prey. The Central Empires were ready. Should he launch the thunderbolt? Peace or war was in his—the All-Highest's—hands.

The All-Highest threw back his head and saw the image in the glass repeating the gesture, challenging with keen falcon eye all who might dare to question his will. A wave of elation shot through the All-Highest volatile soul. He had sought the mirror to see how he appeared in the eyes of men, and his reflection had given him belief in himself! The Royal actor's lips parted in exultation as he scanned his own severe, haughty pose of majesty. There, surely, was the Man.

His faith was his Hohenzollern glory. All else he doubted. His will, his Imperial purpose, his wreathing his own brows with the laurels of his Hohenzollern ancestors, his declarations of "the Empor's word," of himself as "God's Vice-Regent upon earth," and "the Destiny of his House," all these were as flowing theatrical robes in which he wrapped his own instability. And yet, beneath his passion for the limelight in which his vanity postured, lay the arrogant craft of the Prussian official. But, despite all his sabre-rattlings, the All-Highest knew that no warrior was he! At parades, reviews, regimental banquets, yes! when his officers raised their glasses, shouting "Hoch! der Kaiser!"—then, indeed, he felt in his actor's soul that he was their War Lord, that he must some day lead the thundering squadron on the battlefield. But when night came and he was alone he recoiled from war and its bloody harvest of agony, disease, death. Truly, sincerely might he say that he had kept his people and Europe at peace.

But now for three years he had watched with growing distrust the tide of war-like feeling swelling, mounting fervently in the German breast. He had striven to keep it in check, not to be borne away lightly on the War Party's turbulent flood. And what was his guerdon? Hostile whisperings at his elbow, voices of dark disbelief everywhere, nay, even of veiled derision to his face. He, the All-Highest, was sneered at, accused of vacillating indecision. He who had never ceased working to establish the Fatherland's power over land and sea! He had ground his teeth in mortification. The voices had stabbed his vanity to the quick. He who had sworn that men should yet see and applaud him as Hero-King! For desire for applause was still, as ever, the pivot of his being.

And yesterday the wound to his darling self-love had been laid bare by the assassin's knife. The sanctity of the Royal person, the Kingship by the grace of God, the Divine Right of the Ruler, all had been struck at at Sarajevo. After his first wrathful incredulity the All-Highest had masked in icy calmness the deep stab, the laceration. He had seen in a flash his opportunity to be in the center of the world picture. As conqueror with his legions! to move with and hear the plaudits of the whole German people! They should see him as their defender, as Imperator Victor! His left, impotent hand sought the hilt of his sword as he murmured to himself his regimental watchword: "The dry powder and the sharp sword! Huzza for our object! Let us banish pessimists from our midst!"

Suddenly he started. A seagull circling round the yacht, close to the porthole, had emitted a melancholy, raucous cry. Was it an omen? The All-Highest frowned disdainfully, and lo! a sombre black shadow darkened the face in the mirror. It spoke to the Royal actor's sense of the Kingship's never-finished, unending toils and labors, of the Monarch's isolation, of his responsibility before God—for war. The words "Before God, I do not will it!" issued slowly from his parted lips, and the image, too, lowered its head in solemn acquiescence. War? The All-Highest shut his eyes, and in his lively fancy floated again his old vision of a great battlefield, another Sedan, littered with thousands of corpses, of men dying convulsed, amidst broken cannons, caissons, with groups of captured prisoners, while he, the War Lord, came riding slowly with his staff of Generals, gazing sternly from his visor upon the field of carnage. "Before God, I do not will it," he protested, feeling that he was the center of that terrible, yet glorious scene; and a mysterious sense of Fate seemed to swell in his heart as he heard the solemn German battle hymn float over the field, from all his field-grey legions. Often he had repelled that tempting picture in former years, yet now his words, "I do not will it," seemed to lift the burden of responsibility from the Imperial actor's heart. What if God willed it? And suddenly the All-Highest felt himself impelled onward by a mysterious inner force. Was it not Destiny, his Destiny? What was to be would be. Was it not his task to lead the German people through the flame and smoke of battle to their world destiny? A phrase from one of his speeches flashed into his volatile mind, "We are the salt of the earth. We must show ourselves worthy of our great destiny!" He smiled craftily, the whites of the eyes of the image gleamed in the mirror, his mouth was contorted affectedly beneath his thick moustache. Raising his gloved hand imperiously the Royal actor cried: "Ein frischer, fröhlicher Krieg!" And, to himself, as he tripped away from the mirror with mincing, king-like steps, the All-Highest repeated triumphantly: "This time none of them will be able to accuse me of indecision!"

* * * * * *

Did, indeed, the destinies of the civilized world, the fate of great Empires, the misery of millions of helpless families, the death and agony of tens of millions of brave men who had no quarrel with one another; did, indeed, the avalanche of destruction and ruin, and the vast catastrophe to European civilization, hang at the mercy of this little man mouthing and posturing before the mirror on the Imperial yacht? And at the mercy of his rival conspirator, the feeble, obstinate little man in Petrograd, walled in by his ring of crafty, retrograde politicians, obsessed by his inherited autocratic myopia!

Would the great avalanche have fallen upon Europe without the work of these little men's hands in releasing it?

Did the bloody carnage of a thousand battlefields hang upon the one's vanity and the other's irresolution?

The finger of Fate has turned bloody page after page. And pages as dreadful lie before us.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES SAN FRANCISCO 14

TAIT'S
is serving every day
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LUNCHEON
not duplicated anywhere for
65c
You have your choice of
Four salads
Six Roasts, Fish or Entries
including Vegetables
a number of
Desserts
AND THE BEVERAGE
YOU WANT

Poems About San Francisco

229—THE DAMNDEST FINEST RUINS

By Lawrence W. Harris

By some strange oversight, this, one of the most celebrated poems about San Francisco, has not yet appeared in this series. Perhaps it was overlooked as the eye overlooks familiar landmarks it has seen so often that it takes them for granted. Let me quote the words which prefaced the verses when they were first published in Town Talk, July 28, 1906: "At a Family Club jinks last week Larry Harris made his bow as a lyric writer. Nothing pretentious did Larry serve up for the edification of his club pals, but in his jingles he gave expression to a sentiment that set the audience on fire. Jack Noyes did the singing, and to the tune of 'On the Road to Mandalay' these are the words with which he excited his hearers to hysterical applause."

Put me somewhere west of East street, where there's nothing left but dust,
Where the lads are all a-hustlin' and everything's gone bust,
Where the buildings that are standin' sort of blink and blindly stare
At the damndest finest ruins ever gazed on anywhere.

Bully ruins—bricks and wall—through the night I've heard you call
Sort of sorry for each other 'cause you had to burn and fall,
From the ferries to Van Ness you're a God-forsaken mess,
But the damndest finest ruins—nothing more and nothing less.

The strangers who come rubb'rin' and a-huntin' souvenirs,
The fools they try to tell us it will take a million years
Before we can get started, so why don't we come to live
And build our homes and factories upon land they've got to give.

"Got to give," why, on my soul, I would rather bore a hole
And live right in the ashes than even move to Oakland's mole,
If they'd all give me my pick of their buildings proud and slick
In the damndest finest ruins still I'd rather be a brick.

War Time Incidents

By William Marion Reedy

On a train from the East. Twelve cars, one diner. You had to wait to get a seat unless you were first Johnny-at-the-rat-hole. I found the corridor at the diner blocked by an officer in khaki, his wife and child, waiting. Looking over their shoulders I saw that three chairs were vacant at a table in the angle made by the kitchen. "Why," said I, "there are three seats, sir." "Yes," said the officer, "but there's a nigger in the other one." I went in. The negro was a very respectable looking person, with an alert, intellectual air. He was looking over some papers while he ate, leisurely. I could see the papers were government papers. He was evidently on government service. But no one would sit at the table with him. The negro gave no sign that he noticed the ostracism. Everybody had significantly noticed him. And I —did I sit with him? I didn't have to, for just then one man got up from a two-seat table on the other side of the car and I took his place.

At a home I visited there was a young lady very popular with the land and sea forces. A fine car drove up and an officer of the navy came in to take the young lady to town. The car was driven by a "gob," that is to say a sailor. Would I go in to town with the officer and the lady? I would. I never lost an opportunity to ride past that wonderful statue to "Louis J. Heintz, founder of the progress and prosperity of the Bronx"—a statue with nose-glasses, and with a bronze figure of Fame writing Heintz's immortality on the granite pedestal—a statue more pretentious than any to many better known men in a region plentifully peppered with statues of, mostly, abominable and atrocious sculpture. Reaching town the time had come for lunch—on me. We debarked at an hotel and I bethought me the "gob" should be provided with lunch money. The officer divined my thought as I approached the "gob," caught my arm and swung me around almost violently. "Don't do that," he said. "The gob can buy a thousand of us. He owns the car. In our department we needed a car, made a request for one. Nothing doing. The 'gob' said, 'You can have my car.' He phoned for it and it's at our service all the time. Of course we let him drive us. Couldn't do less than that. He drives except when he's on the coal pile in his turn like anyone else. He's worth about $700,000." I was saved from a faux pas, but I made another. "Well, then, suppose we take him in to lunch with us," said I. "Oh, no; that wouldn't do. Discipline, you know, rank and all that."

On a Pullman. An army lieutenant in a seat vis-a-vis with a pretty girl. A look at the officer's face revealed that the hand of death was upon him. T. B. His eyes blazed in the face that was wasting so the bones suggested a death's head. His clothes were miles too wide for his shrunk form. A coughing fit came on—the sound was like an echo in a vault. The girl looked at him affrightedly, visibly shrinking against the back of the seat. After covering his mouth with a handkerchief, he spat in the cuspidor. The girl almost collapsed. He saw it, arose and went into the bath room. The girl was plainly relieved, but he came back and sat down again. I went to the lounge car for a while and he came there later. We left the lounge for the Pullman together. He sat opposite the girl. There was another spell of coughing. I went into another car to see a friend. Returning I found the girl sitting opposite my place. The officer was gone. Might she sit there? Certainly. This led to a talk. Oh, she was so scared, she said. That poor man! She knew it was wrong in her to feel as she did, but she just couldn't help it. She was so frightened. She had had a brother die of consumption and knew all about its infectiousness. That poor fellow didn't know. He was at a camp on Long Island. He caught pneumonia, he said, and was on his way to San Antone, where his brother was an army surgeon. He would soon be well, go back to his camp and then to the other side for a crack at the Germans. He was so sure that was to be the way of it. It was hateful to be so afraid of a boy who she was sure was a hero. She could just cry. She didn't want to let on about her feelings. And so on—the talk of a very nice girl, culminating with "Oh, I wish he could get to the trenches and get his end there in a charge; it would be so much better than to die the way he will die. To think that he doesn't know! His hope and faith are more terrible than anything. I wish I could tell him how I feel for him, but I can't—I can't even sit close to him." And she shuddered again. I wondered whether the most terrible thing about tuberculosis is not the knowledge the doctors have given us of it, that makes for such dreadful isolation of its victims. I thought that the horrors of war are not much worse than this.

On an up-town ferry, about 11 a. m., bound for the Jersey shore. In the crowd a man in a military cape, with a white navy cap, standing at the bow in a brown study. A good stiff wind blowing. It caught the cape on one side and blew it far back. There stood revealed an admiral's uniform. A young naval lieutenant came out of the shelter just then. His eye caught the uniform. He stiffened and gave a tremendously snappy salute. The saluted one did not see it, immersed in his own thoughts. The lieutenant saluted again. This time it impinged upon the consciousness of the saluted. He came out of his brown study and smiled.

"That's fine," he said, "you must teach me that."

The lieutenant reddened up and saluted again, eliciting no return. His confusion and wonder were distressing. The saluted one seemed suddenly to see a great light, looked at himself, smiled.

"Oh," he said, "pardon me. This is an admiral's uniform, but I'm not an admiral. I appear as one in a naval movie play we're making over here in Jersey. I'm an actor. Put on my costume over at home in the city. I'm sorry."

The lieutenant smiled and showed the play admiral the technique of the salute three or four times. "I've got it," said the admiral, "thank you. Don't forget to see me on the screen in 'All Hands on Deck' when it's released, and drop me a line telling me if I do the salute right."

"I sure will, sir," said the lieutenant.

The Spectator

Prince Max's Earlier Speech

We have all read Prince Max's speech to the Reichstag, and we have not been impressed by his assertion that Germany must have "a peace of justice, regardless of the war situation." That is tommyrot, and Prince Max must know as much. Peace is never made "regardless of the war situation." When one side wins a war, it dictates terms of peace. When a war ends in something like a draw, the war situation governs the terms of peace. We are going to win this war, so there will be no peace "regardless of the war situation." We shall give Germany a peace of justice, but it won't be justice a la Hun. To get closer to the real Max we must study a speech he made in December last to the Baden Diet. That speech attracted considerable attention at the time.

What Max Thought Then

Prince Max said in that speech that the idea that the Entente peoples of their own free wills had taken up arms to defend the liberty of the world was a discredited idea. He said they were the tools of their governments. In France the socialist Jaures had been murdered—Max thinks Jaures represented the people of France! And in England Earl Grey misled the people! Only a German who refuses to see the facts would say that. Prince Max went on to ask what right President Wilson had to say America was fighting for humanity. He admitted that we had a right to sell munitions to the Entente, but pointed out that we had proved "deaf to the call of Russian democracy," meaning of course, the Bolsheviki! Oh, you Brest-Litovsk!

Max Is Funny

Part of that speech of Max's was unconsciously comic. Thus he said that the Allies have taken upon themselves "the utterly grotesque role of wishing to liberate the German people from their tyrants." And here is where he becomes funny: "Why, the real trouble in Germany has been that the majority of Germans indolently accepted the authorities without any desire to be personally responsible for the Fatherland." There is a stroke of humor, the kind of humor a reigning German prince springs on the people. Max went on to say that this "indolent acceptance" would be a thing of the past after the war. He expressed this thought with the aid of several platitudes. I quote:

> We have the right to expect the highest for our national future from the great will to unity which has grown up in the field. The spirit of our political reformers, Stein and Hardenberg, today rises with warning and promise from the past. Whether this promise is fulfilled depends solely on the character of our people. In this age of confused catchwords, it must be said with all emphasis that institutions alone cannot guarantee the freedom of a people. There is only one real guarantee, the character of the people itself. But there can be no doubt that the longer the war lasts, the harder will be the rebirth. Not only with us, but with our enemy also. Among them, too, their flower is falling. Who could rejoice over this? We may come to the point where Europe will not be able to put forth the recuperative power necessary to close its fearful wounds.

Deceiving the Germans

In the face of the unity of command under Foch brought about by the Versailles conference and of the governmental solidity in all Ally countries, Prince Max unblushingly told the Diet of Baden this:

> We must not let Lloyd George and Clemenceau deceive us. The unity behind their fronts of which they speak does not exist. Forces are at work in France and England, which do not want a peace of violence, but only a peace compatible with the honor and security of their country. The enemy ministers have been the first to reveal to us how strong these forces are. Otherwise, why does Clemenceau threaten to court-martial all those who support a peace of understanding; and why does Lloyd George introduce censorship terrorism into the House of Parliament itself? There can be no doubt that a feeling is growing in enemy countries of which the Chauvinists are afraid. Its representatives may possibly come into power. But we must be under no illusions. Today they are still condemned to political impotence, and they may long remain so.

While not strong on facts, Prince Max is on safer ground when he indulges the moralizing vein. But how can we admit a man's sincerity in one thing when we have reason to suspect it in another. Was the real Max speaking when these words came from his mouth? I quote again:

> A fearful responsibility rests upon those who have to guide the destinies of the peoples. All have to share this burden who are living through the war at home with senses alert and burning hearts. Everywhere the forces of salvation are listening for each other, everywhere the world is weary of the moratorium of the Sermon on the Mount. Humanity longs that its end shall come before the war ends. The Christian who lately died, Sir William Byles, who spoke these terrible words—"the moratorium of the Sermon on the Mount"—was thinking, not of the inevitable horrors of the field of battle, but of the heathen way of thinking which so many intellectually distinguished men of all countries adopt almost with pride during the war. It must be that we depart from this coarsening before the war ends.

We are inclined to think that Prince Max is a canter, for he also said, in the face of all that has disgraced the warfare of the Huns, "Love of the enemy is the sign of those who are loyal to Germany."

That Armistice

Germany and Austria want an armistice. They won't get it, and by the rules of war they are not entitled to it. Major General Maurice thus explained the rules regarding an armistice, writing of Bulgaria:

"In case of a siege, when the besieged can obtain no help from outside and delay can bring them no advantage, suspension of hostilities while terms of surrender are being discussed is justifiable on military grounds, and to refuse it would be an inhumanity. But the situation of the Bulgarian armies is in no way analogous to that of a beleaguered force and an armistice is not a necessary preliminary to the opening of peace negotiations. There is no reason whatever why negotiations should not proceed while military operations are continued."

The situation of Germany and Austria is similar. If they want to surrender let them say so. But they don't want to surrender—yet. And they only want to negotiate long enough to catch their breath. With them the request for an armistice is simply a ruse de guerre.

Randall Is "Devoutly Thankful"

Congressman Randall, the rabid prohibitionist of southern California, is back from France. He is a candidate for re-election, and the odds are that he will be defeated, for he is a little too rabid even for some of the drys, and his primary upset was a great shock to those who looked after his interests while he was investigating the booze question on the Western Front. He has just made a statement in Washington which won't help him much with the fair-minded voters in his district. I am going to quote the statement in full:

> I have seen hundreds of thousands of our boys in France, England and Italy, as well as the soldiers of other nations, and no soldier in this war has the manly and intelligent appearance that our boys have. Not a single American soldier in all the trip did I see under the influence of liquor, and the conduct of every soldier was such as to make our country proud of him.
>
> Strong liquors are prohibited everywhere in France, and wine shops which violate this rule are punished. Furthermore, the sale of wine and beer to our soldiers is absolutely forbidden after 9:30 p. m. Wine is a national institution in France and to refuse wine anywhere causes one to be observed with suspicion as to one's sanity. In Paris the restaurants make a charge for wine whether you take it or not, and the only way to escape that is to buy some other drink.
>
> General Pershing realized the difficulties thrown around our men and established such safeguards as could reasonably be enforced. I am bound to say, however, that many thousands of our soldiers will come home with acquired wine and beer drinking habits and the surety that national prohibition will be in effect before they come back is one thing for which we should be devoutly thankful.

I call particular attention to the closing words of this statement. The nerve of it is characteristic of a bone-dry fanatic, of a Randall. The boys are coming home with temperate drinking habits—on his own sayso they are temperate. But meanwhile, Randall asks us to be "devoutly thankful" for the circumstance that national prohibition will prevent them from continuing the habit of wine and beer drinking. This fellow Randall believes in saving the temperate soldiers from themselves. In a way he is logical, because he is one of those bone-dry zealots who think that a beverage containing alcohol is evil in itself, just what the ancient Manichaeans (who were heretics and bad eggs) taught. But suppose the soldier boys don't want to be saved in despite of themselves? What then, Mr. Ran-

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dall? It is generally conceded that they are going to have quite a lot to say about the running of this country when they get home. Wartime prohibition will cease with their return. National prohibition by constiutional amendment, more than likely, will not be a fait accompli. The chances are that one of the first things our returned veterans will do will be to tell the Randalls "just where they get off." Meanwhile, some of Randall's constituents may embarrass him by demanding what he means by presuming to say how the country shall be regulated for the supposed benefit of the boys who risked their lives for it.

What "Tay Pay" Says.

Let me quote another statement on this prohibition business. It is from "Tay Pay" O'Connor's weekly news letter to the Chronicle. Says this distinguished Irishman:

> The second staggerer America has given England is the prompt closing of the breweries. It is impossible to convey to the Americans the absolute impossibility of any such action in England, where the habits of the people, especially the workingmen who are doing long hours of hard work in the mines, on the docks and in munition factories, would provoke a revolt if such a thing were attempted.

Our workingmen are not so different from those of Great Britain. In some shipyards beer is bought by the barrel and dispensed to the men by employers who realize that you can't quench a riveter's thirst with Coca Cola. The workingmen are patriotic, and will observe the rules of war time prohibition, but to many of them it will be a greater sacrifice to forego their beer and wine than it is for the professional or business man to give up his cocktail and his highball.

Harry Leon Wilson, Bohemian Playwright

The Bohemian grove play of next year will be produced in the last week of June instead of August, the usual time. The play is being written by Harry Leon Wilson, with music by Domenico Brescia. Wilson, I think, is the first professional dramatist to write a play for the Bohemian Club. The nearest approach to professionalism in this respect was Frank Pixley, but he is a musical comedy librettist, not a playwright. Harry Leon Wilson is equally well known as playwright and story-writer. His novels include "The Spenders" (which was a best seller in the palmy days of best-sellers), "The Boss of Little Arcady," "Bunker Bean," and "Ruggles of Red Gap." His plays, written in collaboration with Booth Tarkington, are "Cameo Kirby," "The Man from Home" and "Your Humble Servant." The last gave Otis Skinner an opportunity for one of his finest characterizations in the role of an actor of the old school. The subject which Wilson has chosen for his grove play is being kept a secret.

Bohemia Advances Its Season

There is an obvious reason for the advancing of Bohemia's annual merrymaking from August to June. June, if you know your calendar, comes before July, and on the first of July this country will start sampling the negative delights of wartime prohibition. A dry jinks in the Bohemian Grove is almost unthinkable—at least the members of the Bohemian Club won't have to think of it this coming year. Here is the way the glad news was told the members in a circular letter:

> Times have changed! After consultation with our patron good St. John of Nepomuk, our wise Owl has ordained that the MidSummer Encampment for 1919 shall be held, not in the sere and yellow leaf under the August moon when the valleys will be dusty, the hills brown and all the land parched, and dry, and thirsty, but during the last two weeks of June—whilst there is still moisture in the land and all nature smiles 'neath its influence in the rich green beauty of the early summer time. So Bohemians all! Remember! Prepare! Come! Let us all join in a good time, for when will there be another?

Grammar in Bohemia

This same circular letter conveyed to members of the Bohemian Club another bit of news not quite so welcome—the news of an assessment of fifty dollars, payable immediately. And in this connection the letter contains a sentence which has been the subject of considerable discussion among the crudite of Bohemia. After telling how the remitting of the dues of members in the service has decreased the club revenues, the letter proceeds:

> This, together with the higher costs of labor and supplies have made the course along which your Directors are

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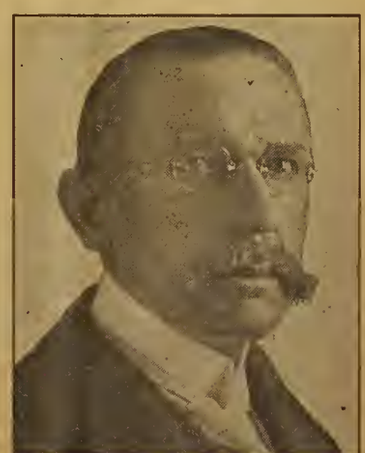
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guiding Bohemia's Ship of State indeed a rough and difficult one.

A certain daring spirit in the club pointed to this sentence the other day and declared that it was bad grammar. His statement made a sensation. Other members examined the sentence. Some said the critic was right, others were just as positive he was wrong, some observed a neutrality not only of words but of thought. The argument became a controversy. "This . . . have made." Can you say it? "This, together with . . . have made." Can you say that? An effort was made to find out who wrote the circular letter, the idea being to give the writer a chance to defend his grammar. But the effort failed, for such matters are state secrets in Bohemia. Finally, some members brought the letter home and had their school-going sons and daughters parse and analyze that sentence. Again opinion was divided. The controversy, in all probability, will be referred to Professor Henry Morse Stephens, Porter Garnett and Ned Greenway for final settlement. But if their findings don't please, a "grammarian's funeral" (as Browning would say) seems a likely event of the near future. The club hasn't had so much noisy disputation since Major "Jack" Shiels discovered that Othello Scribner had echolalia.

The Book Club and Ina Coolbrith

The Book Club which is to San Francisco what the Grolier Club is to New York, has just brought out for its members an edition de luxe of Ina Coolbrith's great ode entitled "California." One is tempted to use superlatives when speaking of the Book Club productions, yet the temptation should not be indulged too far, because artistic restraint is the dominant note of all the Book Club productions, and its members do not like extravagance of praise. Nevertheless, I feel that I must say that the Book Club has in this "California" produced a perfect book. I say it with less hesitation because the book was conceived in the mind of that great printer John Henry Nash, and made in that temple of typography, his printing shop. Nash who is a member both of the Book Club and of the Grolier, comes as close to making a religon of fine printing as a good Christian can without incurring reproach. A great admirer of Miss Coolbrith both as woman and poet, he threw a heart full of love into the fashioning of his latest masterpiece. No wonder Miss Coolbrith inscribed his own particular copy of the work with these words: "John Henry Nash, with the love of this lover of Books for this perfect work, Ina Coolbrith."

A Masterpiece of Typography

This "California," I must say for the benefit of bibliophiles, is an Imperial quarto bound in handmade Fabriano boards of a very soft gray-green color. The pages are of Italian paper too—a handmade Umbria. The type is Cloister Old Style Italic, recut from an early Italian face. The paginal decoration consists of a conventionalized poppy design drawn in the manner of the seventies (the period when the poem was written) by Lawrence B. Haste. In addition, the margins are delicately ruled. As the poppy is done in orange and the ruling in a delicate green, we have here a typically Californian color scheme of orange and olive. The frontispiece is a portrait of Miss Coolbrith drawn by Dan Sweeney from a photograph taken in the seventies. The whole thing is a delight to the eye and to the mind, a book to handle reverently, a book which those favored enough to have a copy will always cherish.

Miss Coolbrith's Introduction

At the request of Albert M. Bender of the Book Club, Miss Coolbrith wrote an introduction to her great poem. As only a small percentage of my readers will see this book (the edition is of five hundred copies, and of course none are for sale), I shall quote this most interesting foreword. Miss Coolbrith writes:

I have always believed that the Poet of the New World—of the World—was to come out of the West—from California. Why not? Would it be more strange that this broad land by the shores of the vast Pacific should produce the Supreme Singer, than that a little Island of the far Atlantic should have given birth to the Bard of Avon—to that kinglier brow than ever wore a crown?

For California is a Poem! The land of romance, of mystery, of worship, of beauty and of Song. It chants from her snow-crested, cloud-bannered mountain-ranges; it hymns thro' her forests of sky-reaching pine and sequoia; it ripples in her flowered and fruited valleys; it thunders from her fountains pouring, as it were, from the very waters above the firmament; it anthems from the deeps of the mightiest ocean of the world; and echoes ever in the syllables of her own strangely beautiful name—California.

The spell of enchantment which she wove about me from the day when—a little child—I entered her borders thro' the rocky mountain-pass from the long trail across the great plains, was not lessened by the after-vision of the Southland grape and fig, orange and pomegranate,—or the (so-called) deserts of sand and cacti, which the spring months covered with a carpet of bloom rivalling the richest dyes of the Persian looms. Rather has it increased with the passing of time.

And then, she is, as our brothers of France would say, of such a Bigness; is so stupendous! Surely, of her, greatness only should be born: why not the greatest of all,—the Master Singer?

With all this mind-enwoven, it was but natural, when

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

in after years I was asked by the University of California to contribute a poem for its Commencement Day, that I should seek to voice my belief. How inadequate the expression to the inner song only I may fully realize. Yet am I glad that the first Comencement Poem to be written by a woman for any university, is of, and bears the name of California.

Of the poem itself it is not necessary to speak at length. Nobody may pretend to a full knowledge of American poety who does not know it well. As a writer in the Lantern of happy memory said, "All that makes California passionately dear to Ina Coolbrith is gathered up into the sheaves of this ode which is the richest harvest of all her singing seasons."

Our Great Libraries

Before I leave the subject of de luxe books and John Henry Nash, I must mention that Nash is at present working on three beautiful library catalogues. One is for Mrs. Carolan who has one of the best collections of first editions and fine bindings on the Pacific Coast. This will not be a complete catalogue of the library at "Carolands" but a bibliographical valuation of some three or four hundred of the rarest titles on her shelves. It will be called "The Library at Carolands, a Bibliographical Appraisal, prepared for Harriet Pullman Carolan by Robert E. Cowan." Nash is also working on a catalogue of the first editions of English works in the library of W. A. Clark Jr. of Los Angeles. It will surprise many to hear that W. A. Clark Jr. is as enthusiastic a collector of rare books as his brother Charles W. Clark of San Mateo. The latter has already published for private circulation four large volumes of the catalogue of the incunabula and other rarities in his library. He is now engaged in the preparation of the fifth volume, which also will be printed by Nash. Clark lists, describes and collates every item for these catalogues, something very few collectors are capable of doing. Another work Nash is bringing out is a limited number of copies of "The Chest of Cigars," one of the most charming of Thackeray's Wagstaff Papers. This little book is being made for Thomas Nast Fairbanks of New York, vice-president of the Japan Paper Company, who will send it to his friends as a Christmas gift.

Supervisorial Amenities

Every Monday meeting of the Board of "Stupervisors" (as Ambrose Bierce used to call them) furnishes one or two gems of polite repartee. The last meeting found the Chesterfieldian Emmet Hayden calling the polished Joe Mulvihill "a roughneck." This was bright, this was keen, this was original. But Emmet is not the only alderman who puts the force of a powerful mentality into his verbal thrusts. There is also the intellectual Andy Gallagher who launched at Hayden this spirited jibe, worthy of Brinsley Sheridan at his parliamentary best: "The Government is going to put Hayden's face on the new nickel." After giving the matter the deep thought it deserves it is my positive opinion that the subtle wit bandied by the delicate fishwives of Billingsgate in their famous pink-tea encounters has nothing on the stuff the "stupervisors" sling at one another's beans.

Following Italy's Example

Those who went to the Park Sunday to be filmed by the Thomas H. Ince cameramen for the benefit of the boys in France, may have thought that this happy idea originated with M. H. de Young of the Chronicle, although I must say he never claimed the credit. It is interesting to remember that Italy set this example during the war in Tripoli. We have pretty nearly forgotten that little war on account of the world conflict which has driven so many things from our minds, but that little war saw the start of many down-to-the-minute military improvements. It was the first war in which airplanes played an important part. It was the first war in which commissary arrangements were brought close to perfection. And one of the innovations came just before Christmas when the Italian Government conceived the idea which was imitated at Golden Gate Park. Moving pictures of the families of soldiers were taken all over Italy, and on Christmas Day were exhibited to the soldiers fighting in North Africa. The thing was a great success, as well it might be, for Italy knows how to make fine moving pictures—witness that unsurpassed film, "Cabiria."

Los Angeles Waking Up

Down in Chemical Purityville, alias Bevo Junction, they have formed an Anti-Freak-Legislation Society. They are going to agitate for the repeal of the thousand and one blue laws that make Loce Angaluss the butt of jokes in more liberal communities, such as Des Moines, Atchison, Kokomo and Lincoln, Nebraska. The society is to start with an attempt to do away with the Sunday Closing ordinance. Their argument is that this blue law hurts business. There you have it. Los Angeles can stand a lot of morality as long as it doesn't hurt business. But just take one "Los Angeles gold piece" (slang for a penny) out of an Angeleno's purse, and he begins to weaken in his devotion to the higher piety. Hit him in the pocket nerve and he winces. The fact is, Los Angeles is losing the tourist trade on which it built its prosperity. The tourist who used to winter in Los Angeles has discovered San Francisco. He comes here for his good time, and when he wants a little southern winter climate he skips Los Angeles and goes to San Diego. Los Angeles is very much alarmed at this situation. So some of her citizens are veing converted to sanity. Hence the Anti-Freak-Legislation Society. We wish the society success. We shall be delighted to have Los Angeles come to its senses. It's a fine city, and it's a shame the puritans should have been permitted to wreak their rabid will upon it.

Mark Twain and Uncle Remus

Have you seen The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris? A very charming book, and to admirers of "Uncle Remus" a book of irresistible attractions. Harris used to maintain that the "Uncle Remus" stories were an accident in his career, and that he didn't deserve any particular credit for them, as he had simply collected them. This modesty aroused the ire of Mark Twain, and he wrote to Harris, praising the stories as works of literature. But Harris would have none of this. He answered Mark, insisting that he knew better. He wrote:

> I am perfectly well aware that my book has no basis of literary art to stand upon. I understand that my relations toward Uncle Remus are similar to those that exist between an almanac-maker and the calendar.

Whereupon Mark went back at him with this:

> You can argue yourself into the delusion that the principle of life is in the stories themselves and not in their setting, but you will save labor by stopping with that solitary convert, for he is the only intelligent one you will bag. In reality the stories are only alligator pears—one eats them merely for the sake of the dressing.

He Heard Sherman Say It

Before General Sherman's death, he tried to recall the when and where of his famous epigram, "War is Hell," and found no evidence that would establish the matter. But John Koolbeck, a Civil War veteran of Harlan, Iowa, now solves the mystery. He tells this story in Everybody's: "It was in '63, after the battle of Vicksburg," says Veteran Koolbeck. "General Sherman was commanding both the infantry and cavalry of the western department. At this particular time the army was crossing the River Pearl at Jackson, Mississipi, on a pontoon bridge. General Sherman sat on his horse at the water's edge in deep meditation. The infantry had crossed. Just as the cavalry—headed by General Winslow of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry (I was his aide-de-camp) started across the bridge, General Sherman suddenly broke his silence with the remark, 'War is Hell, boys.' He called it out to us in a loud voice. I was in the head line with General Winslow, so I heard him very clearly. We were going after General Johnson of the Confederate army, whom we had driven across the river. The realization that war is hell seemed to have come over the General suddenly. General Johnson had been worrying us. It was up to us to hurry after him and catch him. I think it was a sort of sympathy for his troops that General Sherman wanted to express in his remark. It seemed like an attempt on his part to let the boys know that he knew war wasn't any fun, too, and that he knew they'd go on just the same. I can remember it as if it had been yesterday." General Winslow is dead. The other members of his staff were considerably older than Mr. Koolbeck, so he believes that he is the only living man who heard General Sherman say "War is Hell," at the River Pearl.

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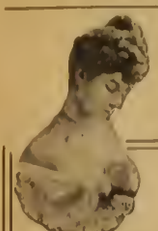
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Albertina Rasch at the Orpheum

Albertina Rasch, prima ballerina, assisted by Monsieur Paul Sandberry and coryphees, will present a series of beautiful and graceful dances at the Orpheum next week. Madame Rasch is one of the great dancers. She is not a second Pavlowa, nor a third Genee—she is simply Albertina Rasch. She is a fascination to the eye. Some months ago she toured Cuba with Madame Sarah Bernhardt and created a furore. James Watts assisted by Rex Storey will present "A Treat in Travesty." This is classic dancing so done that it is changed to comedy. It is a pantomimic caricature. Watts was a feature of the New York Winter Garden productions for several years. The Two Lightner Girls and Newton Alexander are a jolly trio. They show that refined songs cleverly and delicately sung are certain of success. Lew Pistel and O. H. Cushing in their skit "The Stranded Minstrels" waft a breath of old time minstrelsy. A new and thrilling series of the Official War Review will be exhibited. The remaining acts will be Yvette and Saranoff in "A Double Stringed Constellation;;' Julius Tannen in a new monologue; Imhof, Conn and Coreene in their laughing hit, "In a Pest House," and Madame Doree's Celebrities.

Orpheum and the Loan

The Orpheum Circuit has subscribed $100,000 to the Fourth Liberty Loan, thirty thousand of which goes to San Francisco. The Orpheum employees have also subscribed one hundred per cent and received the Liberty Loan Banner.

The Symphony Season

With the public sale of season tickets in progress at the offices of the Musical Association, in the Phelan Building, and the eighty instrumentalists of the Symphony Orchestra in daily rehearsal under Alfred Hertz, the activities of the great orchestra and its sustaining body have been unusually pronounced during the past week. The eighth season opens Friday afternoon, October 25, at the Curran. Hertz has expressed himself as delighted with the work of his organization in getting under way for the season. With few changes in personnel this is quite natural, for the men have played together under their brilliant leader for a long time. Those few privileged to be present at rehearsals, familiar though they may be with the energies of Alfred Hertz, are finding these events of great interest, with constantly recurring evidences of the wonderful faculty which Hertz possesses of charging his men with the spirit of a composition as he himself feels it. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham announces an unprecedented demand for season tickets for all concerts. The Friday symphonies will unquestionably be oversubscribed, because of the increase of membership in the Musical Association. Interest in the Sunday symphonies, when the concerts originally performed on Friday will be repeated, though at half prices, is unusually pronounced. That last season's innovation of having season tickets for the "pop" series has proved as happy as the scheme of concerts itself is likewise being evidenced by the rush for tickets in this department. Widenham urges those desiring to secure desirable locations for any series of concerts to make immediate reservation for fear of disappointment, as the final week of the season ticket sale opens on Monday. On Monday, October 31, the sale of seats for single concerts begins at Sherman, Clay.

Drama Returns to Alcazar

Joyously acclaimed by patrons of the Alcazar—past and prospective—is the news that this charming playhouse will revive its best traditions, and again become the abode of spoken drama. The new Alcazar company begins its permanent season on Sunday, October 20—at the matinee—with Thurston Hall and Belle Bennett at its head. Both are widely popular on stage and screen; both are eager to reenter a field where human personality and the human voice exert potent appeal. There is assurance of artistry in a company that also includes Gertrude Short, Emily Pinter, Ruth Ormsby, Mrs. Jules Wieniawski, Thomas Chatterton,

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Abe and Mawruss Continue

"Business Before Pleasure" which has been playing to capacity audiences all week at the Curran (formerly the Cort), enters upon its second week Sunday with every indication of continuing its big success. This new play is the third of the series about "Abe" and "Mawruss" and their wives and business associates. Jules Jordan plays Abe Potash, and Charles Lipson Mawruss Perlmutter. These are ably seconded by Helen Gill, a handsome "vampire," and Lizzie Wilson, an ideal Rosie Potash. The other players are Lottie Vernon, Doris Kelly, Rita Howlett, Olive Massey, William Macauley, Richard Barrows, Murray Phillips, Joseph Webber, Jules Unger, Harry Hammill, Harold Skiner and William Lambert.

Albertina Rasch at the Orpheum

Albertina Rasch, prima ballerina, assisted by Monsieur Paul Sandberry and coryphees, will present a series of beautiful and graceful dances at the Orpheum next week. Madame Rasch is one of the great dancers. She is not a second Pavlowa, nor a third Genee—she is simply Albertina Rasch. She is a fascination to the eye. Some months ago she toured Cuba with Madame Sarah Bernhardt and created a furore. James Watts assisted by Rex Storey will present "A Treat in Travesty." This is classic dancing so done that it is changed to comedy. It is a pantomimic caricature. Watts was a feature of the New York Winter Garden productions for several years. The Two Lightner Girls and Newton Alexander are a jolly trio. They show that refined songs cleverly and delicately sung are certain of success. Lew Pistel and O. H. Cushing in their skit "The Stranded Minstrels" waft a breath of old time minstrelsy. A new and thrilling series of the Official War Review will be exhibited. The remaining acts will be Yvette and Saranoff in "A Double Stringed Constellation;" Julius Tannen in a new monologue; Imhof, Conn and Coreene in their laughing hit, "In a Pest House," and Madame Doree's Celebrities.

Orpheum and the Loan

The Orpheum Circuit has subscribed $100,000 to the Fourth Liberty Loan, thirty thousand of which goes to San Francisco. The Orpheum employees have also subscribed one hundred per cent and received the Liberty Loan Banner.

The Symphony Season

With the public sale of season tickets in progress at the offices of the Musical Association, in the Phelan Building, and the eighty instrumentalists of the Symphony Orchestra in daily rehearsal under Alfred Hertz, the activities of the great orchestra and its sustaining body have been unusually pronounced during the past week. The eighth season opens Friday afternoon, October 25, at the Curran. Hertz has expressed himself as delighted with the work of his organization in getting under way for the season. With few changes in personnel this is quite natural, for the men have played together under their brilliant leader for a long time. Those few privileged to be present at rehearsals, familiar though they may be with the energies of Alfred Hertz, are finding these events of great interest, with constantly recurring evidences of the wonderful faculty which Hertz possesses of charging his men with the spirit of a composition as he himself feels it. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham announces an unprecedented demand for season tickets for all concerts. The Friday symphonies will unquestionably be oversubscribed, because of the increase of membership in the Musical Association. Interest in the Sunday symphonies, when the concerts originally performed on Friday will be repeated, though at half prices, is unusually pronounced. That last season's innovation of having season tickets for the "pop" series has proved as happy as the scheme of concerts itself is likewise being evidenced by the rush for tickets in this department. Widenham urges those desiring to secure desirable locations for any series of concerts to make immediate reservation for fear of disappointment, as the final week of the season ticket sale opens on Monday. On Monday, October 31, the sale of seats for single concerts begins at Sherman, Clay.

Drama Returns to Alcazar

Joyously acclaimed by patrons of the Alcazar—past and prospective—is the news that this charming playhouse will revive its best traditions, and again become the abode of spoken drama. The new Alcazar company begins its permanent season on Sunday, October 20—at the matinee—with Thurston Hall and Belle Bennett at its head. Both are widely popular on stage and screen; both are eager to reenter a field where human personality and the human voice exert potent appeal. There is assurance of artistry in a company that also includes Gertrude Short, Emily Pinter, Ruth Ormsby, Mrs. Jules Wieniawski, Thomas Chatterton,

John Burton, Clifford Alexander, Herbert Farjeon and others. The ambitious spirit of youth will not be lacking. To be an Alcazar favorite was once to wear the badge of professional success. It will be so again. Attuned to the public's craving for joyous, cheering entertainment is the opening play, "Upstairs and Down," a New York comedy success of national repute that is quite new here. It is by those brilliant social satirists, the Hattons, whose wit, daring and piquancy were disclosed in "Years of Discretion" and a more recent local sensation, "Lombardi, Limited." There could not be a happier, smarter or more up-to-date selection than "Upstairs and Down" with which to signalize the Alcazar's dramatic restoration. It will be followed by the latest releases of eastern stage successes.

Crane Wilbur's "Common Cause"

"You have become comrades in the 'common cause' of making the world a better place to live in," was part of the President's message to the Army students, and it is this message in a way that forms the background of Crane Wilbur's new comedy drama, "Common Cause," to be seen here for the first time Monday night at the Columbia. Here is a play of throbs, smiles and thrills dealing with conditions as they are found today in our country, and the author has handled the subject deftly, powerfully and with high success. He has shown us a small Atlantic coast city with its successful old German surrounded by Americans ready to lay down their lives for the country in which they live. He has taken two sons of a true-hearted American mother, placed them in a love romance with the two charming daughters of the old man who still reverences "His Kaiser" and has developed a play mingling smiles and thrills. Old August Koerner, played by that great character actor Henry Shumer, is a lovable old party despite his adherence to the land of his birth when all about him see the damning evidence of the Huns' work. Not until his eldest son returns from having been a bloody tool in the hands of the Kaiser and relates what he has seen, does the old man realize just what his "idol of Berlin" really is. The scene between father and son (Maurice Rose) is one of tremendous dramatic strength. Charming Nedda Harrigan is seen in the role of Ruth, the German's daughter, and her sister is played by Jean Traig. A splendid character impersonation is offered by Alfred Aldridge as the German propagandist in camouflage, and the part of the mother is played by Ethel Martelle. Others in the cast are Jack Rollins, Bert Hadley and William Garwood. The latter is seen in the role of the young American Captain, John Davis, and his tremendous speech at the close of the second act never fails to bring the audience to their feet. The production is under the direction of Gottlob, Marx and Company.

Murphy-Mero Recital

The coming joint appearance here of the young pianiste, Yolanda Mero, and the American tenor Lambert Murphy, is arousing lively interest. Yolanda Mero has already played in this city, where she made a profound impression a number of years ago. It is said that she has made decided strides, and is now playing in such a way that critics acclaim her the successor of Teresa Carreno. Lambert Murphy is a typical American. His concert work has been so successful that he has practically given up his promising operatic career. While this is Murphy's first visit to the coast, a special introduction is not necessary. He is known by his talking machine records. These artists will appear in this city but once on this tour, their joint concert taking place on Thursday night, October 31, at the Savoy, under Selby Oppenheimer's management. Mail orders should be directed to him at Sherman, Clay.

French Symphony Coming

The Paris Conservatory Symphony Orchestra will appear in this city at the Exposition Auditorium on Wednesday night, November 6. The concert will be the closing ceremony of Tri-Color Day. The orchestra consists of eighty-six musicians under that famous French musician, Andre Messager. Experts have pronounced them of first-rank quality. There is a steady growth here in the interest which is felt for these pilgrims from a battle-scarred land. They are coming with a message of affection for us from France. San Francisco is preparing to extend them a fitting welcome.

Fitziu and De Segurola This Sunday

San Francisco will be introduced to one of the newest and most wonderful of prima donnas at the Savoy Theatre concert hall tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, when the beautiful Anna Fitziu appears. This delightful singer has captivated eastern audiences, and in one short season since her return from European triumphs, she has succeeded in establishing herself among the foremost artists of the Metropolitan and the Chicago Opera companies. Anna Fitziu is accepted as one of the "great" singers. To her was entrusted the creation of the leading roles in Henry Hadley's "Azora," at the Chicago Opera House, and in Granados' "Goyescas" at the Metropolitan, and she carried off the honors of both performances. Certainly Manager Oppenheimer is inaugurating his season with a most unusual and fascinating star. Accompanying Miss Fitziu is the famous Andres de Segurola, who for ten years has been the leading basso at the Metropolitan. The combination of these two artists gives opportunity for a number of beautiful duetts, including a charming operetta written for this tour. Tomorrow's programme includes the "Ritorno Vincitor" aria from "Aida," the Ballatella from "Pagliacci," Horsman's "Bird of the Wilderness," McFayden's "Inter Nos," Woorhis' "A Little Word" and other lovely selections sung by Miss Fitziu; an aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Grieg's "La Jeune Princesse," Lieutenant Rice's "Dear Old Pal of Mine," "I Will Give You the Keys of Heaven," Spanish songs, etc., by de Segurola, and duets including a Bartholemey work, the Barcarolle from "Tales of Hofmann," and the sketch "Grandma Was Right."

Lectures by "Private Peat"

For the past two years no war lecturer has held the limelight more than the famous "Private Peat," the youthful Canadian who was among the first to enlist. He tells how the handful of Canadians and British, alongside the brave French troops, held the rush of the first Teuton hordes. He tells how, when the French Algerian troops failed, the Canadians had to fight one man against entire companies. He will give a series of talks, two of which are announced for the Savoy on Monday night, October 21, and Thursday night, October 24, and one in the Auditorium Opera House in Oakland, on Tuesday night, October 22. These events are under the joint management of Paul Elder and Selby C. Oppenheimer, and tickets are obtainable at Sherman, Clay and Paul Elder's.

Shavitch-Saslavsky-Bem Trio

The instant success of the Shavitch-Saslavsky-Bem trio at their initial concert at the St. Francis last Tuesday night places at the disposal of our music lovers a chamber music organization of the first rank. The second concert of the first winter series takes place on Tuesday night, November 12, and the programme will include a new trio by Charles Wakefield Cadman, and a trio op. 65 by Dvorak. A sonato for 'cello and piano by Cesar Franck will be played by Messrs. Bem and Shavitch. The third concert of the present series will be a December event.

Eddy Brown in November

Violinists will be much interested in the debut here of Eddy Brown, world famous American



HENRY SHUMER as the German and ETHEL MARTELLE as the American Widow in "COMMON CAUSE" at the Columbia Theatre.

violinist, who will be heard in recitals under Selby Oppenheimer's management during the latter part of November. Notwithstanding the true American ring to his name, Brown has conquered every European capital by his art. Violinists will love him, for he has the straightforward, honest American way of interpreting the masters.

Two More Muratore Concerts

Lucien Muratore, the great French tenor, with his assisting artists, Georges Truc, pianist, and Alexandre Debruille, violinist, will give two more concerts in San Francisco, the first at the Curran (formerly the Cort) this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m.; the second a popular concert with popular prices at the Exposition Auditorium on Thursday evening, October 17. We know that Muratore, Truc and Debruille are generous with their encore numbers, and there will be no end of encores at the coming concerts. Here are the numbers for the first concert: 1, Barcarolle, Faure, by Georges Truc; 2, Souvenir, Wieniawsky, by Alexandre Debruille; 3, Ballade from "Le Roy d'Ys," Lalo, by Muratore; 4, Zapateado, Sarasate, by Alexandre Debruille; 5, (a) "L'ane blanc," George Hue, (b) "Le temps des cerises," old French, (c) "Magali de Mistral," old French, by Muratore; 6, Rhapsodie, Liszt, by Georges Truc; 7, Aria from "L'Africaine," Meyerbeer, by Muratore.

Inspired by McCormack

Genius responds to the touch of genius. Two great instrumentalists were inspired to song-writing by listening to the singing of John McCormack, the famous tenor, who will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoons, November 10 and November 17. They are Fritz Kreisler and Rudolph Ganz, the great Swiss pianist. One of McCormack's successes of recent years is Kreisler's "The Old Refrain." Kreisler has also arranged and "dedicated to my friend John McCormack," two old Latin hymns, "O Salutaris," and "O Sanctissima." Another of McCormack's recent successes is "Love's Rhapsody," by Ganz, written for the tenor.

At the Fine Arts

The twenty-third concert in the second series of the "Co-relation of the Arts" Half Hour Musicales, given Sunday afternoons in the lecture room at the Palace of Fine Arts, will present a varied programme of songs and piano compositions rendered by the well known singer, Laurence Strauss, and Miss Therese Ehrman. This concert will mark the debut of the latter who has just returned from her studies at the Schola Cantorum in Paris where she completed her pianoforte studies under Blanche Selva. Miss Ehrman will render a group of Chopin compositions as well as a number by Debussy. Mr. Strauss will open the programme with a group of songs by modern composers including compositions by Bemberg, Debussy and Duparc, and in his second group of songs he will introduce one of Leo Ornstein's futuristic interpretations of "There Was a Jolly Miller," which will undoubtedly be the novelty of the programme. The concerts are free to the public and begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock.

Robert P. Troy to Lecture

Next Saturday, October 19, the "Half Hour" programme in the Paul Elder Gallery will be given by Robert P. Troy, who is to discuss "The Literary Scope of the Immortal Washington," a phase of his versatile genius which is generally overlooked. This Saturday Professor E. O. James is to give a "Personal Interpretation of Vachel Lindsay" from an intimate acquaintance with the poet. The programmes begin at 2:30 and are free to the public.

Everyone Goes to Techau's

It is interesting to note patrons of Techau Tavern enjoying the evening programme. Here is a family party. There, they are giving a farewell party to a couple of young lieutenants. The boys are having the time of their lives, dancing with the young ladies of their party and yet with an eye and an ear for the Show Girl Revue Corps. At the next table sit a newly engaged couple with "his folks." Over yonder is an old couple. That's the normal thing at the Tavern. During the War Stamp Dances, at dinner and after the theatre, five-dollar War Savings Stamps are presented to ladies and large packages of Melachrino cigarettes to gentlemen as favors.

Letters

"The Banker at the Boarding-House"

There has been a great need of a book on every-day finance. Nearly all have some money to invest; many lack experienced advisers. A high authority has met the need in a very pleasing way. After the style of the inimitable "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," the reader is taken into an aristocratic boarding-house. There, in a strangely interesting household, the central character is made to tell the nature and use of money, explain clearly the mysteries of banking and dealing in securities, show the dangers of the stock market, and give wholesome suggestions as to the care and handling of money, all in such a way that the teaching unconsciously strikes home. Here at last is to be found, in simple and understandable language, a pleasant and agreeable treatment of a most perplexing subject. The reader is pleasingly, often humorously, entertained, becomes engrossed in the plot, and then realizes that he has acquired an education in matters of vital importance.—By Montgomery Rollins, author of "Money and Investments," etc., illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Price, $1.50. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The past week was probably the most erratic week of fluctuations that we had for some time. One group of stocks would be advancing, while other stocks were going down, and it looked as if traders were trying to separate the war stocks from the peace stocks. Stocks of the leading industrials were under pressure for the greater part of the week, the Steel issues showing particular weakness. The reason that these issues would be the first to suffer from an abrupt ending of the war, because of the loss of profitable war contracts, was responsible no doubt for the selling of those stocks. The fact that these industries will be called upon to furnish materials running into billions during the reconstruction period of devastated Europe seemingly was lost sight of in the confusion that prevails among traders over adjusting their market position to the new conditions. However, the belief prevails in some circles that the selling of the Steels and other Industrials was not altogether the result of the logic of the general trading public, and the explanation was ventured that strong financial and banking interests were selling these stocks in an effort to keep the market from running away into a big bull market. The necessity for conserving credit at a time when it is also essential that money supplies be directed into the Fourth Liberty Loan, is patent to all, and the banking interests are a unit in their determination that it shall be done. The action of the market seemed to bear out this view, although the decline ran a little further than expected. The so-called peace stocks were strong and active at the outset, but near the close of the week a reaction set in that brought about a lower range, and the whole list sagged under pressure of the Steels. Even the Railroad list, that had shown pronounced strength on the peace talk early in the week, lost some of its advance. The outstanding feature in the market, however, was the strength of the Oil stocks, led by Mexican Petroleum and Texas Oil. The former showed pronounced strength, advancing more than ten dollars per share from the previous week's closing prices, and the latter was a close second in point of activity and strength. A general feeling prevails that the oils are the real peace stocks, and that oil is gradually taking the place of coal as fuel, and the demand for oil will be as great after the war as it was during the war, which has made these stocks look attractive. Then, too, the Mexican news was more favorable, and it is believed we have seen the worst of the Mexican troubles, and that the news from Mexico from now on will be more reassuring. The market seems to be going through a period of readjustment, and traders are trying to separate the peace stocks from the war stocks, yet no one can figure out just what is a peace stock, as all stocks have been benefitted more or less by the war. We are of the opinion that the market will buck and fill until after the Fourth Liberty Loan is out of the way, and then when money conditions again become more like normal, stocks will move upwards.

Cotton—Trading in cotton the past week was mostly a professional affair Outside business was small, and was mostly of a scalping nature. Very little was said regarding price fixing, and perhaps there will be nothing done, as long as prices are held at present level A good many in the trade who have expressed bullish ideas of peace coming before the next crop, are inclined to change their views and base their argument on the supply and demand situation. They now say that the crop, barring an unusual early frost, will be somewhat larger than previous estimates, and that there will be plenty of cotton for all requirements, figuring on the large carry-over from last year. The present money stringency all over the country is bound to make itself felt in the South, and holders of actual cotton that have been financed by Southern bankers will be called upon to liquidate their loans, and this will force a good deal of cotton on the market. Mills are not looking forward to any increase in business, and are only taking cotton as they require it. Exports of cotton show no signs of improvement, and the allotted space for cotton for the month of October shows a further reduction. The statistics from week to week continue bearish, and hedge selling is making itself felt on the Exchange. During the week continued favorable war news brought about rallies from time to time, but they were short lived, and after the buying spirit had spent its force a selling move would soon take the edge off the market. However, considering the high price at which all commodities are selling, cotton does not look high, and while every one seems to be bearish, they were just as bullish when prices were selling five cents per pound higher. The present bearish sentiment that now prevails in the cotton trade may bring about a further decline to around the 30-cent level for the distant futures, but we would not care to take the short side, and would rather wait for a decline on which to accumulate the futures.

Progress in American Dyemaking

In connection with the opening of the Chemical Exhibition during the last week came a timely publication by the Tariff Commission on the progress of the dye industry in this country. This is a matter in which all concerned may take pride for what has been accomplished in the face of many obstacles. But it is as easy to overrate as to underrate the results to date. At the start it was found necessary to concentrate on colors required in quantity which could be produced with comparative ease. This work has been so thoroughly done that the output for a long time has exceeded [illegible] so large quantities of [illegible] exported. In other directions [illegible] greater complexity of [illegible] because many intermediates [illegible] plosives, growth has not [illegible] at present, however, the [illegible] ing greatly toward [illegible] of synthetic indigo and [illegible] the alizarine and anthracene [illegible] latter shown by the National [illegible] ical Company at the [illegible] step in advance. Greater [illegible] ganda against the value [illegible] has been forced to stop [illegible] heard of sellers of goods [illegible] colors. As a matter of [illegible] to do so with Germans [illegible] getting solidly established.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER.
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1918.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statment of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1918.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN.
(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Alfred Fuhrman, 2641 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased.

GENEVEFA SCHWEIZER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Fritz Schweizer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 5, 1918.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,
Attorney for Executrix,
2641 Mission Street,
San Francisco, California. 9-28-5

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK
31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918 The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The past week was probably the most erratic week of fluctuations that we had for some time. One group of stocks would be advancing, while other stocks were going down, and it looked as if traders were trying to separate the war stocks from the peace stocks. Stocks of the leading industrials were under pressure for the greater part of the week, the Steel issues showing particular weakness. The reason that these issues would be the first to suffer from an abrupt ending of the war, because of the loss of profitable war contracts, was responsible no doubt for the selling of those stocks. The fact that these industries will be called upon to furnish materials running into billions during the reconstruction period of devastated Europe seemingly was lost sight of in the confusion that prevails among traders over adjusting their market position to the new conditions. However, the belief prevails in some circles that the selling of the Steels and other Industrials was not altogether the result of the logic of the general trading public, and the explanation was ventured that strong financial and banking interests were selling these stocks in an effort to keep the market from running away into a big bull market. The necessity for conserving credit at a time when it is also essential that money supplies be directed into the Fourth Liberty Loan, is patent to all, and the banking interests are a unit in their determination that it shall be done. The action of the market seemed to bear out this view, although the decline ran a little further than expected. The so-called peace stocks were strong and active at the outset, but near the close of the week a reaction set in that brought about a lower range, and the whole list sagged under pressure of the Steels. Even the Railroad list, that had shown pronounced strength on the peace talk early in the week, lost some of its advance. The outstanding feature in the market, however, was the strength of the Oil stocks, led by Mexican Petroleum and Texas Oil. The former showed pronounced strength, advancing more than ten dollars per share from the previous week's closing prices, and the latter was a close second in point of activity and strength. A general feeling prevails that the oils are the real peace stocks, and that oil is gradually taking the place of coal as fuel, and the demand for oil will be as great after the war as it was during the war, which has made these stocks look attractive. Then, too, the Mexican news was more favorable, and it is believed we have seen the worst of the Mexican troubles, and that the news from Mexico from now on will be more reassuring. The market seems to be going through a period of readjustment, and traders are trying to separate the peace stocks from the war stocks, yet no one can figure out just what is a peace stock, as all stocks have been benefitted more or less by the war. We are of the opinion that the market will buck and fill until after the Fourth Liberty Loan is out of the way, and then when money conditions again become more like normal, stocks will move upwards.

Cotton—Trading in cotton the past week was mostly a professional affair. Outside business was small, and was mostly of a scalping nature. Very little was said regarding price fixing, and perhaps there will be nothing done, as long as prices are held at present level. A good many in the trade who have expressed bullish ideas of peace coming before the next crop, are inclined to change their views and base their argument on the supply and demand situation. They now say that the crop, barring an unusual early frost, will be somewhat larger than previous estimates, and that there will be plenty of cotton for all requirements, figuring on the large carry-over from last year. The present money stringency all over the country is bound to make itself felt in the South, and holders of actual cotton that have been financed by Southern bankers will be called upon to liquidate their loans, and this will force a good deal of cotton on the market. Mills are not looking forward to any increase in business, and are only taking cotton as they require it. Exports of cotton show no signs of improvement, and the allotted space for cotton for the month of October shows a further reduction. The statistics from week to week continue bearish, and hedge selling is making itself felt on the Exchange. During the week continued favorable war news brought about rallies from time to time, but they were short lived, and after the buying spirit had spent its force a selling move would soon take the edge off the market. However, considering the high price at which all commodities are selling, cotton does not look high, and while every one seems to be bearish, they were just as bullish when prices were selling five cents per pound higher. The present bearish sentiment that now prevails in the cotton trade may bring about a further decline to around the 30-cent level for the distant futures, but we would not care to take the short side, and would rather wait for a decline on which to accumulate the futures.

Progress in American Dyemaking

In connection with the opening of the Chemical Exhibition during the last week came a timely publication by the Tariff Commission on the progress of the dye industry in this country. This is a matter in which all concerned may take pride for what has been accomplished in the face of many obstacles. But it is as easy to overrate as to underrate the results to date. At the start it was found necessary to concentrate on colors required in quantity which could be produced with comparative ease. This work has been so thoroughly done that the output for a long time has exceeded domestic uses and, so, large quantities of certain dyes are being exported. In other directions, because of the greater complexity of the processes and also because many ingredients are needed for explosives, growth has not been so marked. Just at present, however, the prospects are improving greatly toward assuring an adequate supply of synthetic indigo and of the dyes of the alizarine and anthracene varieties. Two of the latter shown by the National Aniline and Chemical Company at the exposition are a distinct step in advance. Gradually the German propaganda against the value of the domestic dye has been forced to stop, and less talk is now heard of sellers of goods refusing to "guarantee" colors. As a matter of fact, they never used to do so with German dyes. Our dyes are getting solidly established.

—New York Times.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1918.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statment of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1918.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN.
(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Alfred Fuhrman, 2641 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased.

GENEVEFA SCHWEIZER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Fritz Schweizer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 5, 1918.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,
Attorney for Executrix,
2641 Mission Street,
San Francisco, California. 9-28-5

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1365 San Francisco-Oakland, October 19, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Kaiser Is Answered

No mixed commission, but General Foch will arrange the terms of an armistice, if there is to be one. There won't be an armistice while Germany continues to shell life boats, burn towns, loot and enslave non-combatants. And there won't be any peace until Kaiserism and junkerism are destroyed. Will Germany please let us know that the German people, not the Kaiser and his coterie, want terms like these? Such is a free rendering of the President's masterly reply to Germany's note of the twelfth. It is a very compact document, and its eloquence is of that peculiarly strong kind which springs from things left unsaid but unmistakably suggested. What does the President mean when he says that the terms of an armistice must be left to the military advisers of the Allies? Simply that Foch will leave no door open to trickery. Foch knows what happened when Russia and Rumania laid down their arms before a treacherous, conscienceless foe. It is the general opinion that as conditions prerequisite to an armistice, Foch would demand the surrender of Metz, Strassburg and Coblentz which are the keys of Germany; that the Germans would have to lay down their arms and get out of Belgium and France; and probably, that Germany would be compelled to surrender her fleet and her submarine bases. In other words, Germany must make an unconditional surrender, as Bulgaria did. Will German do this? We can only answer in the familiar language of a certain advertisement, "Eventually, why not now"? So much for the terms of the armistice. But will Foch grant an armistice? That brings us to the second point of the reply. Foch won't grant an armistice while Germany pursues her damnable policy of frightfulness. Civilized warfare has never known a retreat like that of the German armies in Flanders and France. The torch is being applied to beautiful cities and towns in a mad fury of wanton destruction. The retreating armies are burglarizing as they go. And they are taking helpless civilians with them, in disregard of all international law. Meanwhile the particularly atrocious character of Hun sea frightfulness as instanced in the case of the Leinster makes us wonder whether German commanders are not insane with some form of diabolism. How can there be an armistice while such outrages continue? When a man unleashes a mad dog, we don't parley with the man until we have first shot the dog. And this brings us to the third point of President Wilson's reply. Kaiserism and junkerism—this is the mad dog of Germany. If Germany wants to parley, she must first shoot her mad dog, or we'll shoot her mad dog for her. There is no comfort for the Kaiser and his military party in that great reply of the President's. But there is comfort for the German people, if they have the grace to recognize it. Will they recognize it? Well, it would seem that important changes may be taking place in that unhappy country. The Kaiser, we have some reason to believe—but we must be slow in forming opinions where there is so little evidence permitted to reach us—the Kaiser is being discredited. The rattling of his shining sword is no longer music in the ears of all Germany. "Me und Gott" no longer satisfy a deceived nation. Let Germany get rid of her paranoiac, abjure the Moloch he worships, and kneel in tears before the altar of the true God, begging for forgiveness and help—then Germany will have begun the necessary process of purging herself from guilt, and she will see peace beginning to break like dawn after terrible nightmare-ridden darkness.

* * *

The March Through Berlin

We should insist that the troops of the allied nations shall march down Unter den Linden in Berlin, if not by force of bayonets, then certainly by arrangement made by the diplomats as a part of conditions upon which peace shall be restored.

When the distinguished Japanese lawyer Dr. Miyaoka made that statement in the course of his speech at the banquet tendered him in this city by the Japan Society of America, he expressed a thought that has been in many minds ever since August, 1914. It is a thought which has been in most American minds since our boys first appeared on the battlefields of Europe. When the man in the street thinks of the final, the inevitable victory he pictures that march of the Allies down the boulevards of Berlin. That march fascinates his mind. He knows just what that march will mean to conquerors and conquered. The man in the street is strong for poetic justice. He believes in the law of compensation. He has seen the Huns goose-stepping across ruined France and Belgium; he wants to see our fighters swinging through the streets of the Hun capital while the Germans silently look on and acknowledge that civilization is stronger than force. The man in the street, like Dr. Miyaoka, will be disappointed if that march through Berlin does not take place.

* * *

The Need of Retrenchment

Figures compiled by Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan show how enormously the cost of our State government has increased in the past seven years. There has been an orgy of extravagance at Sacramento. While good has been accomplished, it has cost much more than it should. Economy is out of fashion at the Capitol. Payrolls, more payrolls and still more payrolls—that is the slogan of our so-called public servants. Secretary Jordan's startling figures have introduced a big issue into the gubernatorial campaign. We mean the issue of rigid retrenchment. On that issue, we are told, Theodore Bell is going to put a great deal of emphasis. He will find the people in a receptive mood. In order to do their part toward winning the war every patriotic Californian has had to economize and retrench in his personal expenditures. So he doesn't look with favor on governmental extravagance. Doubtless, Governor Stephens will try to make the issue of economy his own. Indeed, he will have to do so in self-defense. But his position is awkward. As Secretary Jordan points out, the Governor is not only "hog-tied by his

taxeaters," but he has himself flouted economy by approving appropriations two million dollars in excess of the last budget. The Governor will not be helped in his campaign by some remarks recently made by State Controller John S. Chambers, an official of vision and constructive ideas. Says Mr. Chambers:

> The heavy increases in governmental cost during recent years are due in very large part to the lack of business efficiency in the conduct of government. . . . During the State government's existence there has been little effort to eliminate or co-ordinate as the years went by, bringing with them new developments and new responsibilities. We have met each new situation more as a thing apart than as related to the governmental structure as a whole. And as a result we have an edifice out of proportion, lacking unity of design, far too extensive, duplicating purpose, and unnecessarily costly in construction and maintenance.

Governor Stephens has had his chance to repair some of the defects of this edifice of government. He has neglected the opportunity. We agree that there is need of a new deal. We think Theodore Bell is the sort of man to give us that new deal.

* * *

Caruso, Rolph and De Wolfe Hopper

Let it be said without reservation that our Mayor knows how to advertise his native city. Boosting is the easiest thing he does, and perhaps the most graceful. Consider the most recent exhibition of his ready talent. De Wolfe Hopper was selling Liberty Bonds from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. Society in its pearl studs and diamond dog collars was a little slow about coming forward. It remained for a mere performer, the famous Caruso, to start the ball a-rolling. Caruso said he would take five thousand dollars' worth of bonds if somebody else would do the same. It was a great chance for our Mayor who was sitting in a box with his check book in his pocket. He rose to his feet and to the occasion. He met the steady gaze of a thousand lorgnettes, and the challenge of Caruso. "And who are you?" asked Hopper. "The Mayor of San Francisco, the City That Knows How," said Our Jim. The audience broke into applause, and Hopper delivered an impromptu panegyric on our fair city. It pays to advertise, and it is not often that a little judicious advertising can be linked with patriotism. We congratulate our Mayor on "putting it over."

* * *

Solf's Hobby

The German note of October 12 which President Wilson has answered so wonderfully well was signed by Solf. Solf is the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The foreign affairs Solf takes most interest in are colonial. Solf has a colonial programme for Germany after the war. It's a hobby with Solf, and he rides it hard. Here are the items in Solf's dream of Germany's colonial future: First, Germany can never be satisfied by the mere return of her former colonies; there must be a new partition. Second, The new partition must give Germany a larger tract of Africa than she had before the war. Third, Germany must get some of Belgium's African territory. You may be sure that Solf thinks this programme will be carried out. Germany is full of Solfs, and all of them are quite sure they are going to get all they demand some day or other. The present pickle of Germany worries them very little; they mount their hobby and ride into the land of dreams. Among other desirable things this war is going to give the Solfs the shock of their lives.

* * *

The School Amendment

We were going to write an editorial explaining why the so-called "school amendment" to the Charter should be voted against in November, but we changed our mind on reading Monday's *Chronicle*. The reasons given there are our reasons, so we shall simply quote here what the *Chronicle* said on the subject in the course of its detailed analysis of all the proposed amendments to the Charter:

"AMENDMENT 37 — This is the school amendment, and the only one of the bunch which has had any attention from any part of the public. The portion of the public which has looked into this subject is composed mainly of the teachers, who are fighting it tooth and nail. It is a detailed statute, comprising over five pages, and amending the charter in a great many places. We do not pretend to foresee all that might happen should the amendment be adopted, but we see enough to convince us that it should not be adopted now or ever. The schools we have are the schools that the majority of the people of this city want, and if they ever desire any different schools, they can get them through the present organization, as well as by any other. The State Constitution provides that every county in the State shall elect a superintendent of schools, who must be a resident. He is a state officer having state functions and subject to state law. Presumably the lawyers see some way to beat this provision, but it has not been explained. A few years ago some of the uneasy among us wheedled our merchants out of some thousands of dollars to pay for a "survey." A lot of schoolmasters came out of the East looking very wise, gave us the once-over, and went home and wrote a book, which few ever saw, and which tells us nothing that we did not know before. We are in favor of just such schools as we have now, only more so; their main point is the creation of a school board with power to import Eastern men with power to introduce more new wrinkles, from which we are happily still free.

"The worst part of the amendment is that it throws wide open our public schools to political jobbery. Under this law the proposed Board can create as many deputy superintendents as it sees fit to appoint and fix their salaries. It can create any number of vocational departments and as many deputies and instructors as it sees fit to employ for them. It will ultimately increase the expenses of the School Department over a million dollars a year and accomplish nothing now required. In fact, the amendment does not contain one new point in its favor. In form and substance it is utterly unfit to become part of the charter now or ever."

A Mystic as Soldier

By Siegfried Sassoon

I lived my days apart
  Dreaming fair songs for God,
By the glory of my heart
  Covered and crowned and shod.

Now God is in the strife,
  And I must seek Him there,
Where death outnumbers life
  And fury smites the air.

I walk the secret way
  With anger in my brain.
O music through my clay,
  When will you sound again?

The Johnson-Furgeson Duel

By Major Ben C. Truman

Here is a bit of Californiana for the scrap books of our readers. It is taken from Truman's "The Field of Honor," a rare book published in 1884.

Duels were frequent in California from 1850 until 1859, and very frequent from 1851 until 1854. The most notable fatal event—next to the Broderick-Terry affair—was the meeting between George Pendleton Johnston and William I. Furgeson, which took place with pistols, on Angel Island (San Francisco Bay), August 21, 1858, and in which Mr. Furgeson received a mortal wound. Mr. Johnston having died lately, a number of accounts of the unfortunate affair have been published, the following being from the San Francisco Morning Call:

On Friday last, the body of George Pendleton Johnston was laid away by his sorrowing friends for its final rest. With him disappeared one link connecting the old school of journalism with the new. Allusion has been made during the past week, in all the newspapers of this city, to his duel with State Senator William I. Furgeson. This was the great controlling event of his career, and is therefore deserving of more than the passing mention it has received. Its influence on his life and character never ceased or abated until his eyes were closed in death. He was a changed man ever after, and the shadow of that tragic event was to his soul like that typified by Poe's mystic "Raven;" the "midnight dark and dreary" of its coming was to him the fatal anniversary of the duel, when the shadow invariably deepened on his brooding heart. He was a Kentuckian, born and reared among a people whose traditions and sentiments not only accepted the duello, but exalted it as the tribunal of honor; and, while he would probably always have justified to his fellow-men the slaying of any one under its rules, his humane, generous heart could never let him rest in entire peace with himself under the knowledge that a human being had died through act of his. All his surroundings, as well as his antecedents, led him to the duel. He was not only born and reared in a State where "the code" was maintained and justified, but he emigrated to one where it was even more resorted to for the settlement of differences. The duello was never more popular anywhere, probably, in the decade from 1849 to 1859 than in California. . . . So many people had fallen or been injured that about 1856 the practice of duelling fell into disfavor and disuse. The Johnston-Furgeson affair gave it a new impetus, which culminated in the killing in 1859 of David C. Broderick by David S. Terry, who resigned the Chief-Justiceship of the State Supreme Court to engage in this famous duel. The parties to the first of these two affairs were both prominent men, and the part each had taken in the exciting political events of the three preceding years had made them widely known. Johnston had been a member of the Assembly, where he had taken a prominent part, among other things, in introducing and pushing to passage an anti-duelling act, to give force and effect to the constitutional provision on that subject. He was an ardent supporter of Dr. Gwin for the United States Senatorship, and opposed to the pretensions of Broderick, engaging in that contest with all his ardor and oratorical ability, which was considerable. In addition, he had rendered his decision as United States Court Commissioner in the celebrated case of the negro Archie, which created much feeling for its bearing on the question of slavery—the more by reason of its being a ruling by a Southern man in favor of the negro under one application of the fugitive-slave law; and finally he was Clerk of the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco. Furgeson was a remarkable man, then in the prime of life and the full flush of his splendid talents. The son of a carpenter, born in Pennsylvania, he removed to Springfield, Illinois, where he studied law under Colonel E. D. Baker, and rose to a level at the bar with such associates as Abraham Lincoln, David S. Logan, Baker, and others of that calibre; thence removing to Texas, and finally to Sacramento, in this State, where he took and maintained his position among the brightest men at the bar, excelling especially in the department of criminal law. Possessed of great ambition, a brilliant genius, one of the most eloquent and fascinating orators California has ever held in citizenship, he entered politics, and soon became one of the most conspicuous characters in public life here. Elected to the State Senate on the Know-Nothing ticket, he was in a sense a candidate for the United States Senate in the exciting session of 1855-6, but finally supported General Harry S. Foote, father of our present Railroad Commissioner of that name, upon the General's receiving the caucus nomination of the party. When the defection of Wilson Flint, one of the hold-over senators from San Francisco, who disregarded his party obligations and refused to vote for General Foote, prevented the latter's election and enabled Broderick to carry off at the next session the prize for which he struggled so long, only to find it a disappointing bauble when gained, Furgeson distinguished himself by the force of the withering invective with which he denounced the "recreant." Then Furgeson became more prominent by renouncing the Know-Nothing party, his constituents demanding his resignation, by his successful canvass for a re-election at the next polling, and lastly, by a remarkably able speech on squatter sovereignty shortly before his death, when he followed the Douglas wing of the Democratic party in the disastrous spirit of that time. Furgeson had one unfortunate frailty to which genius is often linked. Like many brilliant men of that as of all other times, he was addicted to strong drink. In his convivial hours—or days—he was hilarious to a point quite inconsistent with the dignity of the senatorial character, even drunken senatorial dignity, as understood here a quarter of a century ago, and some of his roystering performances had gained for him the nickname of "Yip-see-Doodle." During the senatorial contest above mentioned, General Foote was thrown into such a transport of rage by a taunting mention of "Yip-see-Doodle," on the part of Colonel A. J. Butler, that he seized his tormentor, a man twice as large as he, by the collar in a ludicrous effort to shake him. One evening about the middle of August, 1858, Johnston and Furgeson met in the old Bank Exchange saloon on Montgomery street. A joke by Furgeson, in which the names of ladies, friends of Johnston, were ludicrously introduced, was resented by the latter. High words ensued and weapons were drawn. Friends present interfered and they were parted. Johnston, who believed himself insulted, sent his friend W. P. Dameron to Furgeson the next day to demand an apology or satisfaction in the regular way of the duello. Furgeson refused the apology, was challenged, and accepted. It was first arranged that they should meet near Sausalito, but this was modified, and at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, August 21, they stood facing each other in hostile attitude in a secluded glen on the east side of Angel Island, near where the quarry now is. Every traveler on the ferry between this city and San Quentin Point has seen the spot. Washington and Dameron were the seconds of Johnston; Eugene L. Sullivan and J. M. Estill of Furgeson. Drs. Hitchcock, Angel, and White were in professional attendance, and besides these there were quite a number of spectators. The principals stood ten paces apart, resolutely waiting the word, which was in the usual form: "Are you ready? Fire! One—two—three. Stop!" After the interrogatory, both men answered firmly and exchanged shots at the word. Neither was harmed, and by mutual consent the distance was lessened. Again they fired without injury to either. The distance was again shortened, and a third time they fired ineffectually. At the beginning it was agreed that this should be the limit of the encounter, but Johnston insisted on an apology or a continuation of the fight. Furgeson was firm in refusing any sort of apology, and again the men faced each other, this time but twenty feet apart. The word was given; they fired simultaneously. Johnston's wrist was grazed, and Furgeson sank into the arms of his seconds, his right thigh shattered by the bullet of his adversary. While he was lying on the ground, undergoing surgical examination, Johnston expressed a wish to give him his hand before quitting the ground. Furgeson faintly replied that he was in the hands of his seconds. Upon their assenting, Johnston advanced and, grasping the hand of his prostrate opponent, said warmly, "Uncle Furg, I'm sorry for you." "That's all right," whispered Furgeson; whereupon Johnson remarked, "That's enough said between gentlemen," and left the ground with his friends. Furgeson was removed to this city, where he was attended by half a dozen or more of the best surgeons here, including Drs. Sawyer, Grey, Coit, Angel, and Bowie. They advised him from the first that his wound was a serious one; that with prompt amputation of the limb there were fair chances of his recovery, but without it a very slim chance. He replied that he would not part with his leg for the whole of California, and that he would take the solitary slim chance they intimated. He sank slowly; the wound began to mortify; and when finally, on September 14, the amputation of the leg was attempted, he died under the operation. His death created a profound feeling on this coast, for he was recognized as a man of remarkable talents and promise. The body was taken to

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TECHAU TAVERN

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Cafe, on the Ground Floor, Corner of Eddy and Powell Streets.

Some of Our Regular Features:

Five Dollar War Savings Stamps, presented as favors to our Lady Patrons, and large boxes of Melachrino Cigarettes for the Gentlemen, Every Evening after each Souvenir Dance. These are real gifts—no competition.

Informal Social Dancing every Evening, except Sunday, from Dinner until closing.

Between Dances, Entertainment by our modishly gowned vocal Artists in late song hits, Operatic Arias, Ballads, etc.

Celia

By J. L. H.

We are in despair about Celia—but there is absolutely nothing to be done.

Celia came to us six months ago and in that time has won our hearts completely. She presides in the kitchen, but she could just as easily grace the parlor. Perhaps you know the type—a type now seldom found in the American kitchen—the type most succinctly described as charming. Well—that is Celia.

Celia is twenty-three. She is Polish, pure Polish, in blood. She in no wise resembles the lower-class Pole, or Polack, but strangely resembles the upper-class woman of her race, a woman who has often been pronounced the most charming in the world. Celia is slim and graceful, very graceful, in all her ways and movements. She glides about the house more like a presence than a person, she is never obtrusive, never where she is unwanted, and always where she is wanted. When she enters a room, or leaves it, while she never tiptoes or slinks, you are scarcely conscious of her coming or going, unless you take particular notice. It is just her way. And everything that she does is done just that way.

It is also done perfectly. Celia is that rare and exquisite gem, a born cook. Everything that she prepares for the table is toothsome, and most things are delicious. Her pastry melts in one's mouth—and she has a way of doing potatoes that causes them to linger in the memory as a thing to dream of, an epicurean delight. The table, when she has laid it and served the breakfast, dinner, or tea upon it, is something that one hates to disturb the beauty of. It is not only well arranged, but there is, in addition, that touch of fine taste that lifts the ensemble to the plane of the artist's handiwork.

Beyond cooking, Celia knows how to do everything that there is to do in a well-conducted household, and do it more than well. It is impossible that a human being could be more scrupulously neat, more immaculately clean, both personally and in all that she does. No matter how mussy the work that she may happen to be engaged in, she never gets mussy herself. She never breaks anything, never tears anything, never loses anything, never burns anything. She is a wonderful manager and out of odds and ends will fabricate things almost worthy of a Parisian chef.

Without ever being effervescent, she is always pleasant and pleasing to have about. Her large brown eyes possess, perhaps, capacities for latent fire, but we have never seen anything but a soft glow in them. Below them is the soft oval of her face, with its complexion of an ivory but healthy pallor, her sensitively moulded lips and finely chiseled nostrils. Above is a fair, broad, but not low forehead, crowned with masses of rich brown hair with golden glints in it and waving naturally. For the masses of this hair millions of women of fashion would give any amount of money—while for her figure, which is aristocratically slim without being skinny or scrawny, they would give much more.

Celia spends very little upon her clothing, but in a plain gingham one-piece dress she looks the perfect lady. In her one party gown she is lovely. And in her wedding gown, of white net, which, incidentally, she made herself, unassisted, she is a vision. She put it on the other evening for us, after she had finished it, and her veil, that we might judge of them and her in them. And truly, there was no chancel or altar that she would not have adorned.

I said we were in despair about her, and of course you will understand that it is about her getting married. To lose such a jewel, after six months' possession, enabling the full appreciation thereof! The thought, the knowledge—for Celia goes next Tuesday—is something tending to drive the loser to a deplorable state of mind, with the temperature at 100 plus and "help" of any kind at any price among those things fast waxing unattainable. But we are not really grieving about that. No—it is about Celia herself. And, as I have stated, there is absolutely nothing to be done.

Celia and Frank have been keeping company for four years, and the priest has promulgated an ultimatum. Either they must get married or quit. And as Celia is one of the devoutest of Catholics, to whom the priest's word is law, and as she does not want to give Frank up, they are going to be married next week.

You will realize the tragedy when I tell you about Frank. Frank, by most of the people in the village (a village adjacent to a large city and classified as a "suburban town," inhabited chiefly by commuters) is regarded as a "bum." Just at present he is working on the railroad. A little while back he was driving an ice wagon. Previously he had done many other things similar. And a good portion of the time he seemed to be doing nothing in particular. He lives in a small room over the barber shop and eats at the lunch counter at the depot for the most part. His general appearance is sloppy, when it isn't worse. And even when he comes around in the evening to see Celia, he has that look of having slept in his clothes. Apparently he is as stout as a stevedore. I asked Celia why he wasn't in France and she said that Frank had been rejected from the draft because of some physical infirmity which made him unfit for service—I doubt if she knows just of what kind.

And this is Frank, whom she proposes to marry next week! He has absolutely nothing, except what he earns as one of the "gang" on the railroad. And she has nothing of her own. For Celia is one of a large family of children. She has been "working out" for four years now. At first, she was allowed only ten cents per week for spending-money by her mother. Later on this was raised to a quarter. She still takes her wages regularly home and her mother dictates how they shall be spent. Her total expenditure for her trousseau has not exceeded fifty dollars. She is an accomplished needlewoman and has hired nothing done. Her "things" are very simple and very simply made, though she looks charming in all of them. The only household articles that she will take into the "home" which she and Frank propose to make for themselves in a couple of cheap rooms somewhere are, so far as we know, some tablecloths and napkins of very modest quality which she is now, at stray moments, hemming beautifully.

"But, Celia," says her mistress, "how on earth do you expect to live? You have nothing, Frank has nothing—that is, nothing but his earnings from day to day or week to week. And you know how everything costs now! You do not expect to keep on working yourself, you say. But suppose that infirmity of Frank's should disable him? Or something else like that? Where would you be? What would you do? And by that time, you know, there may be more than you and Frank to provide for!"

And Celia listens respectfully and attempts few arguments in reply but steadily pursues her course, which is to end—or begin, as you will—with her marrying Frank next week. When pushed, she only says rather vaguely that "she can manage with very little until they begin to get ahead."

But how, in heaven's name, are they ever going to get ahead? How, particularly, is Frank going to do so? He never has so far—he has never been anything more than a "floater." Life as he has lived and is living it seems to please him, to satisfy him, very well. He has no trade or profession. And his reputation, in and about the village, is rather that of a "bum." Not that he has ever done anything really "bad." He hasn't. But he is that type, that sort, which, when they do something bad, never causes any surprise, but an "I told you so."

We have implored Celia to stay with us and promised her, if she would, that we would find her a husband much worthier than Frank of such a wife as infallibly she will make any man she marries. But to these propositions she turns a deaf ear. It is Frank she wants and Frank she is determined to have.

The problem is, I suppose, one of those old but inscrutable ones, phychological in part, perhaps almost psychopathic in some aspects, involving the sexual attractions and reactions. Nobody has ever explained these things, though many have attempted to. And nobody ever can. Perhaps some of the factors that enter into them can, in an obscure way, be "sensed"—but understood, rationalized—that is impossible.

The charming, ladylike, refined, almost deli-

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BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES SAN FRANCISCO 14

TAIT'S
is serving every day
an especially prepared
LUNCHEON
not duplicated anywhere for
65c
You have your choice of
Four salads
Six Roasts, Fish or Entries
including Vegetables
a number of
Desserts
AND THE BEVERAGE
YOU WANT

Perspective Impressions

Kultur burned Cambrai.

You still have time to take more Liberty Bonds.

The Hun asks for peace—with a torch in one hand and loot in the other.

One day the Huns plead for a "peace of justice." The next day they shell life boats.

We don't want to get in wrong, but—Wouldn't a lot of girls be safer against Spanish influenza if they covered their chests?

Bethmann-Hollweg, infamous for the "scrap of paper" remark, is being made Germany's scapegoat.

The Germans got into Belgium without the aid of a "mixed commission." Let them get out the same way.

President Wilson was not alone in answering the Kaiser. Our soldiers in France answered him too.

Bernhardi's books are now out of date.

Canon Cabanel is right: the Kaiser's Gott is not our God.

The Huns will pay a bitter price for the spoliation of Laon.

Remember when Teddy used to talk about Byzantine logothetes?

It is our opinion that this Prince Max fellow hasn't been much of a success so far.

A good way to get Spanish "flu" is to keep worrying about it.

Does anybody think that Colonel Roosevelt could handle the situation better than President Wilson? Does anybody think that he could handle it as well?

"No evacuation of Belgium without compensation," say the Berlin newspapers. We agree—compensation by Germany for the intolerable outrages she has inflicted on innocent Belgium.

It won't be a "made in Germany" peace.

The Germans are eating sawdust now, and will soon be eating crow.

The Kaiser's "will to victory" has a codicil, written in English and French.

"Flavescent frazzle" is the very latest to describe the condition into which we must lick the Huns. It won't be popular—too pedantic.

"The Germans," says Balfour, "are changing their constitution, but what they need is a change of heart." There you have it in a nutshell.

Most of the newspaper comics (so-called) extract their fun (so-called) from the spectacle of a man lying to his wife, and getting away with it.

Better read up on the Battle of Valmy. You'll find it in Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World." When your boy comes back from the Argonne, he'll know all about Valmy.

The Last Lesson

By Alphonse Daudet

That morning it was quite late before I started for school, and I was terribly afraid I should be scolded, for Monsieur Hamel had told us that he would question us upon participles, and I did not know the first thing about them. For a moment I thought of escaping from school and roving through the fields.

The day was so warm, so clear! The blackbirds were whistling on the outskirts of the woods. In Rippert Meadows, behind the sawmill, the Prussians were drilling. All these things were far more attractive to me than the rule for the use of participles. But I mustered up strength to resist temptation, and hurried on to school.

As I reached the town hall, I saw a group of people; they loitered before the little grating, reading the placards posted upon it. For two years every bit of bad news had been announced to us from that grating. There we read what battles had been lost, what requisitions made; there we learned what orders had issued from head quarters and though I did not pause with the rest, I wondered to myself, "What can be the matter now?"

As I ran across the square, Wachter, the blacksmith, who, in company with his apprentice, was absorbed in reading the notice, exclaimed.—

"Not so fast, child! You will reach your school soon enough!"

I believed he was making game of me, and I was quite out of breath when I entered Monsieur Hamel's small domain.

Now, at the beginning of the session there was usually such an uproar that it could be heard as far as the street. Desks were opened and shut, lessons recited at the top of our voices, all shouting together, each of us stopping his ears that he might hear better. Then the master's big ruler would descend upon his desk, and he would say,—

"Silence!"

I counted upon making my entrance in the midst of the usual babel and reaching my seat unobserved, but upon this particular morning all was hushed. Sabbath stillness reigned. Through the open window I could see that my comrades had already taken their seats; I could see Monsieur Hamel himself, passing back and forth, his formidable iron ruler under his arm.

I must open that door. I must enter in the midst of that deep silence. I need not tell you that I grew red in the face, and terror seized me.

But, strangely enough, as Monsieur Hamel scrutinized me, there was no anger in his gaze. He said very gently,—

"Take your seat quickly, my little Franz. We were going to begin without you."

I climbed over the bench, and seated myself. But when I had recovered a little from my fright, I noticed that our master had donned his beautiful green frock-coat, his finest frilled shirt, and his embroidered black silk calotte, which he wore only on inspection days, or upon those occasions when prizes were distributed. Moreover, an extraordinary solemnity had taken possession of my classmates. But the greatest surprise of all came when my eye fell upon the benches at the farther end of the room. Usually they were empty, but upon this morning the villagers were seated there, solemn as ourselves. There sat old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, there sat the venerable mayor, the aged carrier, and other personages of importance. All of our visitors seemed sad, and Hauser had brought with him an old primer, chewed at the edges. It lay wide open upon his knees, his big spectacles reposing upon the page.

While I was wondering at all these things, Monsieur Hamel had taken his seat, and in the same grave and gentle tone in which he had greeted me, he said to us,—

"My children, this is the last day I shall teach you. The order has come from Berlin that henceforth in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine all instruction shall be given in the German tongue only. Your new master will arrive tomorrow. Today you hear the last lesson you will receive in French, and I beg you will be most attentive."

My "last" French lesson! And I scarcely knew how to write! Now I should never learn. My education must be cut short. How I grudged at that moment ever minute I had lost, every lesson I had missed for the sake of hunting birds' nests or making slides upon the Saar! And those books which a moment before were so dry and dull, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my Bible-history, seemed now to wear the faces of old friends, whom I could not bear to bid farewell. It was with them as with Monsieur Hamel, the thought that he was about to leave, that I should see him no more, made me forget all the blows of his ruler, and the many punishments I had received.

Poor man! It was in honor of that last session that he was arrayed in his finest Sunday garb, and now I began to understand why the villagers had gathered at the back of the classroom. Their presence at such a moment seemed to express a regret that they had not visited that schoolroom oftener; it was their way of telling our master they thanked him for his forty years of faithful service, and desired to pay their respects to the land whose empire was departing.

I was busied with these reflections when I heard my name called. It was now my turn to recite. Ah! what would I not have given then, had I been able to repeat from beginning to end that famous rule for the use of participles, loudly, distinctly, and without a single mistake; but I became entangled in the first few words, and remained standing at my seat, swinging from side to side, my heart swelling. I dared not raise my head. Monsieur Hamel was addressing me.

(Continued on Page 13)

Poems About San Francisco

230—SAN FRANCISCO

By David Atkins

The following is taken from a volume of poems called "Field Notes" by David Atkins, privately printed in this city in 1915. This poem was inspired by the calamity of 1906.

Maternal, generous and pure,
Thou didst not close thine heart and chide;
Thy love o'erlooked; thine arms were wide;
And men were proud to own thy lure.

They came to thee from burdened lands—
Brave men that worthy were of thee;
And those that struggled to be free
Took heart to see thine outstretched hands,

Thy brow that stooped not to the gale,
Thy kindly eyes, unswerving, true;
Ah, eyes that were not meant to sue
For love they did not dream could fail!

Thy temple did not fail from age;
Its towers fell not stone by stone,
Till shafts unburdened stood alone,
Torn fragments of a splendid page!

But, victim to that same blind Fate
Which flung the mountains to the sky,
There was no god to hear thy cry
Who might be swerved by love or hate.

To the last day, thy doom unguessed,
Thine heart was tender toward the weak;
Now, stricken, let thy children speak,
Mother, whose blind eyes face the west!

Mother, thy sons are round thee still,
Forgive us our first, fearful greed;
One word, and we had given heed,
We lost the succor of thy will.

Ask of thy sons who knew thy lure,
And all the kindness of thine eyes;
Ask the long, filial sacrifice,
And we stand ready to endure!

The Spectator

Frank Jordan's Statement

The biggest shell fired in the gubernatorial campaign was the statement issued by Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan, a life-long Republican, explaining why he had publicly espoused the candidacy of Theodore A. Bell. Republicans who pretended that party regularity meant much to them, had accused Jordan of deserting his party when he announced himself as a backer of Governor Stephens's opponent. They also put into circulation the statement that Jordan's defection was due solely to the wet and dry issue. Behind their efforts to minimize Jordan's switch to the Democratic candidate, there could plainly be seen a great fear that other State officials might follow Jordan's lead. For they know that Governor Stephens does not excite the enthusiasm of many who are formally attached to his camp, and they were in a panic of dread lest Jordan start a stampede of lukewarm Stephens men to Bell. This was the state of affairs when Jordan gave his statement to the press. As I have said, it was the heaviest shell of the campaign, and it fell squarely on the Stephens camp, working havoc the length and breadth of the State. It was a cleancut declaration of principles. It was dignified. It was dressed with facts and figures, so it was very deadly. And it showed that the wet and dry issue was only one of many issues which the Secretary of State sees in this campaign. There has, at this writing, been no answer from the Stephens camp. Meanwhile, the statement was not read and forgotten. It is being circulated and studied. It is that most powerful kind of campaign document—a broadside of truthful, constructive criticism.

FOR MEN
Herbert's Bachelor Hotel and Grill
151-159 POWELL STREET

Jordan Vindicates Himself

In answer to those who sought to make it appear that their devotion to the Republican party was stronger than his, Jordan begins his statement with facts which expose the falsity of this claim. He has always been a Republican. What have they been? What have they done? He reminds them of the time they, as Progressives, kept Taft's name off the presidential ballot in this State. Of the time they, as Progressives seeking a temporary advantage, tried to make all voting in this State non-partisan—an attempt which was blocked when Secretary Jordan refused to throw out the referendum petition which they knew would spoil their plot. And of the time when Stephens and Young, who now pose as ardent Republicans, were elected to office on the Bull Moose ticket. Here is how Jordan begins:

I have been asked why I am for Theodore Bell for Governor, and I owe it to the voters who have supported me, as few men have ever been supported in California politics, to make a candid reply.

I shall cast my Republican vote for Bell because there is no genuine Republican candidate. Mr. Stephens is being run for Governor by a coterie which stands for tax-eating extravagance, favoritism and bone-dry prohibition, which are not Republican ideals.

I have been a regular Republican since I cast my first Republican vote for Blaine. I am one today. I want my regularity tested by my fidelity to the platform made up by Republican leaders in national convention. I stand on that platform, side by side with the Republican legislators California sends to Washington. I don't accept the State platform made by men who are Republicans for expediency.

At times I have been the lone Republican in the State Capitol. I was a Republican in 1910, when I was elected the first time. I was a Republican in 1912, when men who now pose as Republicans chicaned successfully to prevent California Republicans from having a candidate for President. I was a Republican in 1914, when I was elected the second time. I was a Republican in 1916, when men now seeking Republican votes tried to destroy Republican and all other party lines in this State—and they would have succeeded but for my official interference. I was a Republican when the present so-called Republican candidate for Governor ran as a Progressive and defeated a Republican candidate for Congress; when the present so-called Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor ran as a Bull Moose and defeated a Republican candidate for the Assembly. I was a Republican in August, last, when I polled the largest Republican vote on the ticket.

These erstwhile non-partisans and progressives cannot complain, if I refuse to acknowledge the genuineness of their Republicanism. They have made a football of the Republican party.

Exploitation of the State

Pointing out that our tax-eaters forget that they are the servants, not the masters of the public, Jordan goes on to pour some hot shot into three departments, the Banking Department, the Highway Commission and the Motor Vehicle Department. I miss my guess if Jordan is not armed with "dope" on other departments as well. Here is what he says:

But let us not attach too much importance to party regularity or even to political supremacy. There are matters vastly more important to consider. This State, in many respects the greatest State in the Union, is now suffering from inefficient administration. There is crying need for a new deal. We are now witnessing a flagrant abuse of power and place. The State is being exploited by men who ignore the truth that public officials are servants, not masters.

The State Banking Department is the most unpopular department, with one exception, in the State. Every banker in the State knows how that department heckles and tyrannizes; knows that its notorious partiality is expressed by arbitrary treatment of political enemies and obsequious deference to political friends.

The Highway Commission is open to the severest criticism. Its overhead expense is appalling. It has a monthly salary of $38,000 for 356 men at a time when all know that work on our highways is practically at a standstill. Political friendships are cemented with cement contracts. Contractors are annoyed into quitting their work and beggared if they persist in doing it.

The most unpopular department, bar none, is the motor vehicle department. Not a motorist in the State speaks a good word for it. It has been blown upon by scandal, it is inefficient, it is vexatiously slow, it is unaccommodating, notwithstanding the fact that it has 215 employees on its payroll at a monthly cost of $16,400. Its expenses could be split in two. Will they be, under the present regime? No; not until we have a change.

Our Intolerable Burdens

The Secretary of State then goes on to quote a few figures, easily comprehended by the voter. The enormous increase in the cost of State government is out of all proportion to the benefits which have accrued to the taxpayer. He points out that under our comparatively new system of State taxation, these burdens are borne indirectly, but none the less borne by the individual citizen. He says:

The people this year are talking business, not politics; they are interested in efficiency and economy, not in the ambitions of office seekers. Let them consider these figures:

From 1903 to 1910 our population increased 542,278. From 1910 to 1917 it increased 542,274.

From 1903 to 1910 the expenses of running the State were $73,000,000. From 1910 to 1917 they were $130,000,000.

In 1903 the expense per person was $4.82, in 1910 it was $5.21, in 1917 it was $7.68.

From 1903 to 1910 the total payments for the State by the State Controller were $109,000,000. From 1910 to 1917 they were $248,000,000. For the fiscal year of 1910 the entire expense of all commissions was $673,000. For the single month of August, 1918, the payroll alone of existing commissions was more than $300,000, or $3,600,000 per year.

Though there was no greater increase in population in the last seven years, the Controller paid out $138,000,000 more, and our government cost us $56,000,000 more. Why should it be? Because the tax eaters must be fed.

It is true that these burdens are saddled on us indirectly. Under the new system of taxation the corporations pay the State taxes—ostensibly. In reality the corporations collect the taxes from all of us. And they are much bigger than before, so much bigger that if we paid them directly we would mob the officials whose extravagance boosted the rate.

These are serious ills. It is time for the taxpayer to know that he has been paying for his own injury, not for his advantage. It is time for every Republican to realize that the present Governor will not mend the situation. While advocating retrenchment, he approved appropriations of $2,000,000 over the last budget. There is no hope but a change of administration. As long as Mr. Stephens remains in office the tax eaters will go on assaulting the payroll behind a barrage of altruism, purity and reform.

As to Prohibition

Jordan's statement of the wet and dry issue is a model of fairness and temperance. He takes high ground in protesting against the bone-dry initiative measure which the prohibitionists hope to pass in November. And he says with truth that the bone-dry plank inserted in the Republican platform at the recent State convention in Sacramento, has made the G. O. P. the prohibition party of California—a statement which makes the "soshed prohibitionists" (as Ned Hamilton delights to call them) grimace and splutter, but which they dare not deny, it is so patent to all men. Says Jordan:

Sincere—but I think mistaken—men and women dominating the recent Republican State Convention showed by their votes that they were willing, without consulting the best in their natures, to destroy the property of a hundred thousand fellow citizens—property that for years has known the fostering care of the State and Nation. They propose to destroy it without compensating its owners, and hypocrites are willing to help consummate the outrage.

A bone-dry plank has made the Republican party the Prohibition party of California. While the rest of us accept war time prohibition, they are in a hurry to enforce another measure which will bring irretrievable ruin to thousands of our most patriotic men and women. California is a great cosmopolitan society based upon personal liberty. Tamper with that personal liberty and you threaten the morale of California; you make good citizens rebellious, and you may make lawbreakers of those who have no inner consciousness of wrongdoing.

Try to enforce on all citizens the private habits of some, and you alienate the allegiance of good people who want to live their lives in their own innocent way. Many of our citizens have come to us from lands which have solved the problem we are trying to solve. They come from regions of temperate wine and beer drinking. Must they change their habits, which have done them no injury? I do not think we should invade the home life of the lowly. I have faith that our broad-minded men and kind-hearted women will not do injustice at the ballot box.

Jordan Proposes the Remedy

Finally the Secretary of State proposes his remedy. He points out that Governor Stephens cannot be expected to apply this remedy, but that Theodore Bell can. Here is how Jordan concludes his remarkable statement, one of the most arresting I have ever seen in any California political fight:

What is the remedy for State ills? Reorganization of commissions, consolidation of departments and bureaus. Revocation of arbitrary power. The right of appeal from an unjust decision. Rigid retrenchment everywhere. No man should be sent to the legislature unless he pledges himself to this programme. Governor Stephens cannot carry out this programme. He lacks initiative, decision, energy, the power to direct. And he is hog-tied by his tax eaters. What he lacks Theodore A. Bell possesses. Bell is young, energetic, able, enthusiastic, courageous and constructive. He has ideals, executive ability, and a mind of his own. That's why I am for him.

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DEPOSITS

April 1, 1909	$17,000,000
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Resources	98,956,647



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The Next Cardinal

There is much speculation as to who will succeed the late Cardinal Farley of New York. I have heard three names mentioned: Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, and Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago. All are big churchmen, and big Americans. Who knows but that all three will be cardinals some day? We who know and love Archbishop Hanna do not, perhaps, realize how high he ranks among the Catholic prelates of America. As an administrator, as a theologian and as a canonist he ranks very high indeed. Signal honors have been conferred upon him: witness his present trip to Baltimore to preach at Cardinal Gibbons's jubilee. Query: would the pleasure we should feel in his elevation to the cardinalate compensate us for the grief of losing him? I doubt it.

Van Loan Goes to Philadelphia

Charles E. Van Loan, one of the best and most popular story writers for the Saturday Evening Post, is to be the right-hand man of George Horace Lorimer in the conduct of that big weekly. Under Lorimer's editorial management the S. E. P. has been lifted higher and higher in its particular class until today it is like "Eclipse"—first, and the rest nowhere. Lorimer has always had a high regard for "Van's" ability—his editorial ability and literary ability. It is the latter kind of ability the public knows—men, women and children all over the country read "Van's" stories with avidity, his baseball, prizefight, racetrack and golfing stories. He is one of the few contemporary American writers whose short stories sell well in book form. As to his editorial ability—well, Van Loan has discovered more new writers for the S. E. P. than any other of its regular contributors. "Van" has no literary jealousies; he is generous in the recognition of talent, and always eager to lend a helping hand to the beginner who doesn't know the ropes. So the position which has been offered him by his admirer (and incidentally, by his strong personal friend) was won by solid merit. There is no question about "Van's" making good; he has made good already. He leaves Los Angeles for Philadelphia shortly. It goes without saying that he will receive a big salary. And it also goes without saying that editorial work will not prevent him from continuing to write those inimitable stories of his.

Statesmanship and Quotation

It seems to me that statesmen have always loved to quote. Is this to air their knowledge of things more precious than statesmanship, or to indulge their love of fine literature? A little of both, I fancy. Primarily, of course, one quotes to enforce one's own words with a higher authority. But that will not always cover the case of the statesman-quoter. Cicero frequently went out of his way to bring in a line from one of the old Latin epic or dramatic poets. Burke and Fox both made apt use of classical quotations. In their age of very polite learning, Dr. Johnson's statement was quite true, namely that "classical quotation is the 'parole' of literary men all over the world." It is not true today, though it had some remnant of truth not so long ago when Gladstone still brought elegant lines from Virgil and Horace into his Parliamentary speeches. I believe the learned Asquith and the ostentatious Curzon still follow the pleasant practice. For it is a pleasant practice, whether among statesmen or others. Quotations need not serve simply for example, authority or ornament, as Montaigne pointed out—"they carry sometimes, besides what I apply them to, the seed of a richer and bolder matter." In other words, they open doors and give us a glimpse into nobler halls than those which we are traversing. "By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote," said the wise Emerson. There you have the matter summed up. We had statesmen in California in the past who loved to quote, polished speakers like Colonel E. D. Baker for instance. We have not many statesmen today, and very few of them are conversant with polite literature. One of the last was Russ Lukens of Oakland who used to bewilder his colleagues in the State Senate—men like Frank Leavitt of Oakland, Ben Rush of Suisun and Gus Hartman of San Francisco—by quoting Homer, Virgil and Dante in the original text. His hearers never could understand what that sort of thing had to do with a bill to abolish the race track or to form an irrigation district! But Russ Lukens quoted for his own enjoyment. The only statesman in California now who loves to quote is Senator Phelan. It was the reading of a speech of his, generously garnished with quotations, which threw me off on this particular tangent.

Phelan's Quotations

I have just been reading the fine speech Senator Phelan delivered before the Commercial Club of this city some time ago. The subject was "France and the War," and there is a copy of it before me, reprinted from the Congressional Record. Senator Phelan did not learn to quote after he went to Washington. He had the

We are in this war to win, and we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

habit even when he was Mayor. Always a graceful speaker, he is particularly happy in applying the words of others, making them illuminate and enrich his context. Experience in Congress might almost deter a man from doing this, the quoting there is on such a primary school level. Southern senators are the worst offenders; their mouths are stuffed with "tags" from old elocution books and McGuffey's readers. They are actuated by the motive satirized by Young in his "Night Thoughts"—

> Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
> And think they grow immortal as they quote—

but the truth is, they only make themselves ridiculous. Senator Phelan avoids the pitfall of obvious quotation.

Referred to the Reader

How many readers, without having recourse to the popular pages of the much-thumbed Bartlett or other similar short-cuts to the appearance of erudition, can tell the authors of the quotations which I find in this particular speech of Senator Phelan's? Let us play this game of "authors" for a few minutes. Speaking of the honors the French Government had heaped upon M. Metin (who had just died in this city when this speech was delivered), Senator Phelan quoted:

> Since all must life resign,
> Those sweet delights which decorate the brave
> 'Tis folly to decline
> And steal inglorious to a silent grave.

Who wrote that? Speaking of our men dying on the field of battle, Senator Phelan quoted:

> Few survive to tell the story,
> Few survive to share the glory;
> How they vanquished side by side,
> How they conquered, how they died;
> But the land which gave them birth
> Crowns them monarchs of the earth.

Reader, who wrote that? In a very beautiful tribute to the hold which France has on every Frenchman, Senator Phelan quoted Mary Queen of Scots, and we'll suspend our game for a minute while I quote the charming passage:

> I remember my earliest school experience in San Francisco. I went to a little French school conducted by Madame Maum, on old Powell street; and I have preserved in a very feeble and poor way the instruction which I received at that time. I remember—and I will repeat to you—the story of Mary Queen of Scots who, after spending her honeymoon—the ladies will remember it—at Chenonceaux in the beautiful region of Touraine, like in many respects our own beloved California, was sent out of the country and soon gave up her life. And in leaving the shores of France, she said:
>
> > Adieu, charmante pays de France,
> > Que je dois tant cherir,
> > Berceau de mon hereuse enfance,
> > Adieu, adieu, te quitter c'est mourir.

By the way, has that lovely heart-cry ever been set to music? If not, it should prove a theme congenial to the muse of our own Lawrence Zenda. But to return to our game. Here is an easy one:

> First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
> Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.

Everybody knows where Senator Phelan got that. But who was the "general going into battle" who said:

> Oh Lord, be neutral. If we are sinners, they are not saints.

And here is another one:

> It is a splendid thing to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Only, Senator Phelan doesn't quote it with exactitude. But doubtless he believes with Gilbert Chesterton that to quote with accuracy argues that one goes to the book for the quotation instead of taking it out of one's head. To finish the game of "authors" I shall add a quotation from a more recent speech of Senator Phelan's—one on woman's suffrage delivered in the Senate. I think it will stump a number of my readers:

> She, who once the semblance of a scar
> Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
> Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
> The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
> Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

Giving Stanton His Own

By the way, in that speech on "France and the War," Senator Phelan rendered credit to whom credit was due in the matter of that immortal phrase, "Lafayette, we are here." Although it has been time and time again stated that our own "Charley" Stanton said the never-to-be-forgotten words, the legend persists that they are Pershing's. Says Senator Phelan:

> It was a Californian, my friend Colonel Stanton, who, when unexpectedly called upon to address the multitude before the statue of Lafayette given to the French by the school children of America—there, close to the Louvre, I remember it well—he looked about him for an inspiration, and not being a man of speech, he simply uttered the words than which none could be more eloquent, "Lafayette, we are here."

But it was not before the statue of Lafayette; it was at the tomb of Lafayette in the Picpus Cemetery whither General Pershing and his staff had gone to lay a wreath upon the grave.

Defending Short Men

At the luncheon of the Rotary Club last Tuesday, after the club had shown its patriotism by subscribing liberally for Liberty Bonds, there was a merry debate on the comparative merits of tall men and short. Harry Blatchly of the Commercial Art Company, a six-footer, spoke eloquently in defense of human skyscrapers, while Bob Donahue, the Rialto's most popular cigar man, took up the cudgels on behalf of the sawed-off fellows. Joseph E. Lee, the builder, presided, and rendered a Philadelphia decision. According to Bob Donahue who is the shortest man on the present Grand Jury—and one of its most valued members—men are often like cigars: the longer, the cheaper. He pointed out that David was short, while Goliath was tall; that Hindenburg is a big fellow, while Foch is little—in inches. "It's not a man's inches, it's his head that counts," averred the philosophical Bob, adding, "From the collar bone up I'm just as tall as any man in the room. The only time a tall men has an advantage," continued Bob, "is when he's looking at a parade. And the chances are, he looks over other people's heads to see a short, squatty general leading an army of six-footers. I notice that tall men always marry short women, and that the little ladies always boss their tall husbands." It was unanimously agreed that by these and similar arguments Bob had made out a tall case for the short fellows.

A Live-Wire Firm

It gives me pleasure to note here that my friends Walter Hood and Addison G. Strong have formed the firm of Hood and Strong, certified public accountants. The firm used to be Sully, Hood and Strong, but that partnership of three was dissolved on the first of July this year, and the new firm took its place. These two live-wires have offices in the Merchants National Bank Building, and while they are qualified for all sorts of accounting, they are rather making a specialty just now of federal tax matters, a difficult branch of their business which they have mastered completely. I wish Walter Hood and Addison Strong all sorts of success.

The Chronicle Scores

The Chronicle scored a big newspaper "beat" by publishing the 17,000 draft numbers in such a way that it was child's play for registrants to find their individual numbers. To do this the Chronicle staff had to put in a morning's overtime of brain-racking labor, but it was well worth the exertion. The Examiner and Bulletin published the numbers the way they got them from Washington, with the result that looking for your number in those papers was like looking for a needle in a haystack. The Call did not publish the numbers at all, perhaps dismayed at the stupendous task of making them serviceable. But the Chronicle tackled the big job, and, in consequence, every registrant bought a Chronicle last Friday morning. I congratulate the Chronicle on its enterprise.

Witter Bynner Comes to Berkeley

One of the most interesting announcements that have come out of Berkeley in a long time is to the effect that Witter Bynner will shortly join the faculty of the University as instructor in the Department of English. Is there any need to introduce Witter Bynner? He has been here several times, and has many friends in San Francisco, especially among the members of the Bohemian Club. It was Bynner who gave us a sensation—and gave some of us a shock—in the height of the White Slave hysteria, by publishing the one-act play "Tiger." That little play made "Mrs. Warren's Profession" read like a Sunday-school tract. Bynner was one of the two practical jokers who published "Spectra," thereby forming a new school of down-to-the-minute verse which all the highbrows took seriously until the hoax was acknowledged. The Harriet Monroes and the Amy Lowells and other pundits of the new poetry haven't forgiven him yet. His most serious poetical effort is the volume "Greenstone Poems" which, by the way, includes a beautiful poem on San Francisco. The formal announcement of Bynner's connection with the University lets us into a secret: Witter Bynner's first name is Harold. Seriously, Bynner is an acquisition, and I prophesy that his courses will be immensely popular.

Winfield Blake, Poet

> One little Thrift Stamp pasted in your book
> Makes a good beginning, but he has a lonesome look;
> Spend another Quarter, to purchase him a Bride,
> And Two little Thrift Stamps will nestle side by side.

Thus begins a Song of Thrift Stamps written by our versatile townsman Winfield Blake. A copy of it lies before me, and I'd like to quote it all, but it's copyrighted, and I don't want to get myself into trouble. It is patriotic, it is helpful, and it is very well done. I hail Winfield Blake the poet. I don't know whether there is music to this appealing song, but if there is, I should like to hear Mrs. Winfield Blake (Maude Amber) sing her husband's composition.

A Letter, and a Compliance

I have received a letter from one who signs himself "Alliteraricus" which I almost suspect to be a play on words as well as a pseudonym. He writes:

"Your delightful Perspective Impressionist said last week, 'We are willing to bet that the German Army is swearing something awful in Flanders.' When I read that, I immediately took down my well-read 'Tristram Shandy' from the shelf and turned the pages till I came to the

(Continued on Page 12)

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

An Influenza Wheeze

Do you remember when we had that last awful epidemic of influenza? And do you remember how the Bostonians came shortly afterwards? And when they gave us "The Serenade," you remember where the tenor sang that song of his to the bird in the cage? And then, do you remember how one of the comedians came on and took the cage, and told another comedian that it was his bird and that its name was Enza? And then do you remember how the other comedian asked him where he got this bird Enza, and he replied that he just simply opened the door of the cage and "in flew Enza"? Remember all that? My, what a memory you have!

The Sorrow of Chef Victor

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

An Influenza Wheeze

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Sunday—opening with a matinee—the first offering of the New Alcazar Company, headed by Thurston Hall and Belle Bennett, both favorites on stage and screen, will be the famous New York laughing success "Upstairs and Down," long awaited with keen interest. It is by those brilliant social satirists Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, whose "Lombardi, Limited" was so joyously welcomed. It is a comedy of mirth, wit and piquancy that contrasts the frivolities and flirtations of a novelty-craving idle-rich set and the doings below stairs of those who serve them, at a week-end house party on Long Island. This play of laughter, in accord with the public's present mood, has its silver thread of romantic love story. It is peopled with graphic types that give every member of the cast excellent opportunity. Mr. Hall personates the dashing international polo champion, Captain O'Keefe; Miss Bennett the lily among the society lotus flowers; Gertrude Short the ingenuous Baby Vampire; Mrs. Jules Wieniawski the sophisticated hostess, and Thomas Chatterton the cave man, with capital parts for Emily Pinter, Ruth Ormsby, Claribel Fontaine, John Burton, Clifford Alexander, William Quinn, Herbert Farjeon, George Stanley, Ben Hewlett and others. The comedy will be directed by Mr. Farjeon who staged the original New York production. It will be the Alcazar policy to change its play weekly, except when popular demand compels extension.

War Thriller at Orpheum

The very last word in stage realism is spoken by Langdon McCormick in his spectacular drama "On the High Seas" which will be presented at the Orpheum next week. McCormick is a wizard of scenic spectacles. "On the High Seas" concerns a merchant vessel carrying supplies to enemy submarines. The wireless operator refuses to play any part in the nefarious traffic, and is beaten and put in chains. A youth taken aboard from an open skiff proves to be a wireless man. When he learns of the ship's mission he attempts to "flash" the American warships in the vicinity, but is caught. A fire sudenly breaks out. The youth is begged to send out the C. Q. D., and this leads to the big scene of the play—the arrival of the American squadron and the engagement at sea. There are four scenes, one of which shows the monster dreadnaughts under full speed. The excellent company includes Robert Holden and Bennett Johnstone. Al Herman, black-face comedian, known as "The Black Laugh," will introduce a new monologue. The Misses Campbell, Honey and Georgia, will be heard in songs, chiefly of their own composition. Tom Smith and Ralph Austin, well known in musical comedy, have humorous songs, dances and amusing dialogue. Jack Alfred and company will appear in a new comedy skit entitled "Smile." James J. Morton does not contribute an act but announces each one in a very humorous and original manner. A new series of the Official War Review will be exhibited. The remaining acts in this sterling bill will be Albertina Rasch, premiere danseuse, assisted by Paul Sandberry and coryphees; the Lightner Girls and Newton Alexander, and James Watts in "A Treat in Travesty."

"Business Before Pleasure" Continues

"Business Before Pleasure" which has been enjoying capacity audiences since its opening, will enter upon its last two weeks at the Curran tomorrow night. The famous Montague Glass characters Potash and Perlmutter in their newest vehicle are placed in an entirely new environment and are the centers of an original story. The new comedy is an unbounding source of merriment. Jules Jordan and Charles Lipson as "Abe" and "Mawruss" are broadly comic, especially so in the amusing episode of the play when the dazed motion picture directors watch the several actors in the famous "If You Don't Want Her" from "The Music Master." The supporting cast is a most excellent one.

"Common Cause" Continues

"Common Cause" has created a furore at the Columbia, where it will enter upon its second week this Sunday night. Henry Shumer heads the cast, which includes William Garwood, Nedda Harrigan, Ethel Martell, Auda Due, Jack Rollens, Maurice Rose, Alfred Aldridge and Bert Hadley. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays. William H. Crane in "The Very Idea" is a Columbia attraction for the near future.

Saturday Afternoons at Elder's

"Some Influential Russian Writers" is the subject on which Suzanne Everett Throop will speak next Saturday afternoon, October 26, in the regular "Half Hour" programme in the Paul Elder Gallery. She is to discuss Checkhov, Gorky, Andreyev, Sologub and Artzibashev, and their connection with revolutionary thought. The lecture will begin at 2:30 and is free to the public. On Saturday of this week, Robert P. Troy is to tell of "The Literary Scope of the Immortal Washington."

The Spectator

(Continued from Page 9)

immortal passage: 'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my Uncle Toby,' and then I read on and on till bedtime. I thank the Perspective Impressionist for an excuse to spend an evening with Sterne. By the way, why not regale your readers with Eugene Field's delicious poem on the subject? Some of them many not know it."

A good suggestion, and I am delighted to comply. Here goes:

IN FLANDERS

Through sleet and fogs to the saline bogs
Where the herring fish meanders,
An army sped, and then, 'tis said,
Swore terribly in Flanders:
"—— —— —— ——!"
"—— —— —— ——!"
A hideous store of oaths they swore,
Did the army over in Flanders!

At this distant day we're unable to say
What so aroused their danders;
But it's doubtless the case, to their lasting disgrace,
That the army swore in Flanders:
"—— —— —— ——!"
"—— —— —— ——!"
And many more such oaths they swore,
Did that impious horde in Flanders!

Some folks contend that these oaths without end
Began among the commanders,
That, taking this cue, the subordinates, too,
Swore terribly in Flanders:
'Twas "—— —— —— ——!'"
"—— —— —— ——!"
Why, the air was blue with the hullaballoo
Of those wicked men in Flanders!

But some suppose that the trouble arose
With a certain Corporal Sanders,
Who sought to abuse the wooden shoes
That the natives wore in Flanders,
Saying: "—— —— —— ——!"
"—— —— —— ——!"
What marvel then, that the other men
Felt encouraged to swear in Flanders!

At any rate, as I grieve to state,
Since these soldiers vented their danders,
Conjectures obtain that, for language profane
There is no such place as Flanders.
"—— —— —— ——!"
"—— —— —— ——!"
This is the kind of talk you'll find
If you ever go to Flanders.

How wretched is he, wherever he be,
That unto this habit panders!
And how glad am I that my interests lie
In Chicago, and not in Flanders!
"—— —— —— ——!"
"—— —— —— ——!"
Would never go down in this circumspect town
However it might in Flanders.

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THE LAST LESSON

(Continued from Page 5)

"I shall not chide thee, my little Franz; thy punishment will be great enough. So it is! We say to ourselves each day, 'Bah! I have time enough. I will learn tomorrow.' And now see what results. Ah, it has ever been the greatest misfortune of our Alsace that she was willing to put off learning till tomorrow! And now these foreigners can say to us, and justly, 'What! you profess to be Frenchmen, and can neither speak nor write your own language?' And in all this, my poor Franz, you are not the chief culprit. Each of us has something to reproach himself with.

"Your parents have not shown enough anxiety about having you educated. They preferred to see you spinning, or tilling the soil, since that brought them in a few more sous. And have I nothing with which to reproach myself? Did I not often send you to water my garden when you should have been at your tasks? And if I wished to go trout-fishing, was my conscience in the least disturbed when I gave you a holiday?"

One topic leading to another, Monsieur Hamel began to speak of the French language, saying it was the strongest, clearest, most beautiful language in the world, which we must keep as our heritage, never allowing it to be forgotten, telling us that when a nation has become enslaved, she holds the key which shall unlock her prison as long as she preserves her native tongue.

Then he took a grammar, and read our lesson to us, and I was amazed to see how well I understood. Everything he said seemed so very simple, so easy! I had never, I believe, listened to any one as I listened to him at that moment, and never before had he shown so much patience in his explanations. It really seemed as if the poor man, anxious to impart everything he knew before he took leave of us, desired to strike a single blow that might drive all his knowledge into our heads at once.

The lesson was followed by writing. For this occasion Monsieur Hamel had prepared some copies that were entirely new, and upon these were written in a beautiful round hand, "France, Alsace! France, Alsace!"

These words were as inspiring as the sight of the tiny flags attached to the rod of our desks. It was good to see how each one applied himself, and how silent it was! Not a sound save the scratching of pens as they touched our papers. Once, indeed, some cockchafers entered the room, but no one paid the least attention to them, not even the tiniest pupil; for the youngest were absorbed in tracing their straight strokes as earnestly and conscientiously as if these too were written in French! On the roof of the schoolhouse the pigeons were cooing softly, and I thought to myself as I listened, "And must they also be compelled to sing in German?"

From time to time, looking up from my page, I saw Monsieur Hamel, motionless in his chair, his eyes riveted upon each object about him, as if he desired to fix in his mind, and forever, every detail of his little school. Remember that for forty years he had been constantly at his post, in that very schoolroom, facing the same playground. Little had changed. The desks and benches were polished and worn, through long use; the walnut trees in the playground had grown taller; and the hop vine he himself had planted curled its tendrils about the windows, running even to the roof. What anguish must have filled the poor man's heart, as he thought of leaving all these things, and heard his sister moving to and fro in the room overhead, busied in fastening their trunks! For on the morrow they were to leave the country, never to return. Nevertheless his courage did not falter; not a single lesson was omitted. After writing came history, and then the little ones sang their "Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu," together. Old Hauser, at the back of the room, had put on his spectacles, and, holding his primer in both hands, was spelling out the letters with the little ones. He too was absorbed in his task; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so comical to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and to cry at the same moment. Ah! never shall I forget that last lesson!

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve, and then the Angelus was heard.

At the same moment, a trumpet blast under our window announced that the Prussians were returning from drill. Monsieur Hamel rose in his chair. He was very pale, but never before had he seemed to me so tall as at that moment.

"My friends—" he said, "my friends—I—I—"

But something choked him. He could not finish his sentence.

Then he took a piece of chalk, and grasping it with all his strength, wrote in his largest hand,—

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

He remained standing at the blackboard, his head resting against the wall. He did not speak again, but a motion of his hand said to us,—

"That is all. You are dismissed."

CELIA

(Continued from Page 4)

cate Celia, spotless and immaculate in person and conduct, with a natural liking for a more or less luxurious environment, an innate appreciation for the courtesies, the comforts and the so-called "better things," picks out and cleaves to, regardless, the roustabout section-hand, ex-iceman and habitual floater. Frank, the hulking, sloppy bum, who sleeps over the barber shop, eats at the depot lunch counter and lives on the low plane of human animality that just escapes the disreputable and the vagabond.

Talking of "social problems," eh?

Of course I know what the sentimentalists will say. They will applaud Celia and draw glowing pictures of how she will "make a man" of Frank and the prosperity in which they will eventually abide "in their own home," etc., etc.—you know the rest. But, unfortunately for those rainbow chasers, there are the realities—viz., that of the Celias who marry Franks (and many of them have done so) not one in a thousand has ever made anything out of any of them that wasn't manifest beforehand. All they have achieved has been a squalid existence, but too often terminating in a tragedy, such a tragedy as you read of every morning in the papers, or as pass in endless procession, and always will pass, through the Court of Domestic Relations. We think so much of Celia that we cannot but try, and try hard, to see something different. But facts are facts. And the fact is that she has about one chance in a thousand.

How can a girl with the intelligence, the fine feeling, that she seems to possess, escape the conviction of this? Is she living in a dream just now? Apparently she is. And the awakening—but she is not thinking of that!

And this is the whole story about Celia. As I have said, we are quite in despair about it. But Celia is happy. There is only one thing that flecks her happiness. Being so good a Catholic as she is, she dearly longs to be married in church. But as Frank isn't a Catholic, she cannot, so they are to be married in the parish-house. I don't think that Frank is much of anything religiously—either Catholic or otherwise. If he were of the same faith as Celia, one might understand, perhaps, that this had drawn and kept them together. But he isn't, and that only adds to the mystery.

Yes—it's a funny old world, after all and all the while.

—Reedy's Mirror.

THE JOHNSON-FURGESON DUEL

(Continued from Page 3)

Sacramento for burial. A large delegation of prominent people from this city met it at Benicia and conducted it to the capital. It was laid in state in the Senate chamber, where, carrying out the dying request of his unfortunate young friend and pupil, Colonel E. D. Baker pronounced, in the presence of a great assemblage, the funeral oration, followed by an impressive sermon by Rev. J. A. Benton of the Congregational Church. A great concourse followed the remains to the grave, and the people of Sacramento erected a handsome monument which yet marks the resting place of their gifted but unfortunate senator. Of course the sentiment was now largely in sympathy with Furgeson and against his slayer, and it was asserted that the duel was unfair because Furgeson knew nothing of the use of the pistol. Without expressing an opinion in regard to this, Colonel Baker mentioned it in his funeral oration, stating that Furgeson had never fired a pistol till the day before the duel. The reply to all this is simply that he, as the challenged party, named the weapons. Before the latter's death Johnston left the city on the U. S. revenue cutter "W. L. Marcy," and it was said that he had run away to avoid responsibility for the duel; but upon being indicted by the San Francisco Grand Jury, under the anti-duelling act, of which he was the author, he came back to stand his trial. The Grand Jury of Marin County having also presented him for the same offence, he chose to meet his trial there, and surrendered to the authorities of that county. The trial took place before the Court of Sessions at San Rafael. The district attorney prosecuted, and A. P. Crittenden, W. H. Patterson, E. L. Gould, and T. W. Hanson—all since deceased—defended. The defence was that the wound was not necessarily fatal, and that if Furgeson had consented to an operation when advised to he would have recovered. The medical testimony supported this theory, and the defence succeeded in securing an acquital. The proceeding on the indictment in this county was dropped on the showing that the duel occurred in Marin County. So far as the law was concerned, Mr. Johnston was free from responsibility for the affair. He acted on the principles of a mistaken if chivalrous "code," which was inbred and inculcated in him, and justified him to his fellow-men who believe in or bow to that code. Men of coarser or less noble mould would have rested easy and content with such justification, but his gentle, humane heart never threw off the shadow of the tragedy. tragedy.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Moves of the Central Powers to bring about an end to the war before the Allies have overwhelmed them were reflected in the stock market when the process of switching the war stocks to the other issues was continued. While the Street is guarding against undue optimism over the prospects of an early ending of the war, opinion is general that the Allies' political and military strategy is slowly but surely blazing a way to Berlin. The fact that the market has held so well in the face of the peace moves during the week was a matter of comment, and was taken as indicating that banking and big financial interests will find other means to meet any situation in the market that will injure the Liberty Loan prospects. Toward the end of the week the course of the market would indicate that the trading public had found its feet again and was no longer floundering in the sea of uncertainty over the market position of some of the war stocks. Liquidation seems to have run its course in this class of stocks, and under the leadership of the oils and the shipping stocks, the market became strong and active, with all classes of stocks sharing in the advance. The Railroads that have been dull and inactive for so long a time finally woke up and prices were soon on a higher level. Judging from the action of the market, peace is considered a bull card, and while it will have a pronounced effect upon the price of some classes of stocks, the advance will help the balance of the so-called war stocks. We believe that peace is not far off, and advantage should be taken of the present low level to purchase the good dividend-paying railroads and the public utility stocks. The Steel companies will be running full capacity long after peace is declared, as the demand for steel will continue and the big corporation will be a good dividend payer. The equipment stocks look attractive at present prices, and no doubt will continue to prosper, as the railroads all need new equipment, and it seems to be the policy of the Government to keep the railroads in first-class condition. The Oil stocks have had a big rise, but there is room for further improvement. This class of stocks are considered peace stocks, and the demand will not be lessened by peace. We look for a big broad bull market, and believe the market is just getting under way.

Cotton—Continued good weather, resulting in an increase in the prospects for an important top crop and hedge selling incident to increased movements in the belt was the factor that brought about declines whenever the buying power lagged. The market felt the absence of stabilizing influence of speculative traders. The war news was favorable but was almost entirely ignored in favor of technical conditions, which were against an advance in prices. The pressure of hedge selling from the South, and the selling from Liverpool and trade interests, were responsible for the weakness which developed at times. On the declines, mill interests were the best buyers, and this buying checked the declines. The failure of the favorable war news to bring about a sustained advance in the market is regarded as significant in some quarters, but is explained by the fact that there are no speculative interests in the market. The market, for this reason, is going entirely on day-to-day developments, and these have all been favorable to decline. The hedge selling of the past few days has been the most important factor in the market and but for the trade buying, which checked the decline, the market would have gone lower. There is nothing we can see in the situation that we can construe as bullish, and as long as the weather continues favorable our crop will turn out larger than previous low estimates, which have already been discounted in price. Money is too tight to permit of any extensive holding, and with continued favorable weather for picking, an increased movement can be expected. The demand for actual cotton is only fair at best, and should receipts increase, cotton will pile up and add to an already bearish statistical position. We believe cotton is high enough, and would only take the long side on breaks, and then only for a scalp.

Alaskan Seals Increase

Quite a gain in the Government herd of Alaskan seals has been made in the last year, according to the preliminary figures for the current year's census of these animals on the Pribilof Islands. Figures received by the Federal Bureau of Fisheries show the approximate total at present to be 496,600, against 468,692 in 1917. The number of seal pups born was 143,005 and the number of breeding cows was the same. The average harem, based on a count of seven rookeries, was 26.76. The census figures did not include 33,881 seals taken during the present year. By the terms of the North Pacific Sealing Convention of July 7, 1911, 15 per cent of this year's "take" of skins belongs to the Canadian Government and a similar proportion to the Japanese Government. There will be no actual delivery of these skins, but under a provision of the convention their market value will be credited to the respective governments as an offset to certain advance payments made to them by the United States.

Dozens of old graduates were back, and they talked a lot about themselves and a lot more about others not so fortunate as to attend. "Most of our old crowd are married and happy," said one. "Married, anyhow," said another, with the grin that always accompanies this silly joke. "I accept the amendment," returned the first speaker, "but chiefly on account of poor Billy Tompkins. He had an unfortunate marital experience." They hadn't heard of it and begged for particulars. "Why, the girl he married turned out to be a professional pickpocket." The man who had first spoken sighed, but his eyes twinkled. "Well," he observed, "I guess the rest of us drew some pretty clever amateurs—what?"

Passing through a military hospital, a distinguished visitor noticed a private in one of the Irish regiments who had been terribly injured.

To the orderly the visitor said: "That's a bad case. What are you going to do with him?"

"He's going back, sir," replied the orderly.

"Going back!" said the visitor in surprised tones.

"Yes," said the orderly. "He thinks he knows who done it."

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Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91319.

U. K. POPIK, Plaintiff, vs. ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROSE POPIK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complain in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

G. C. RINGOLSKY.
Attorney for Plaintiff,
805 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-10-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91472.

BEATRICE CURTIN, Plaintiff, vs. PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: PATRICK CURTIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1918.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statment of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24. 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1918.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN.
(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No.91471.

LENA WOODS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM WOODS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Chronicle Building. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Alfred Fuhrman, 2641 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased.

GENEVEFA SCHWEIZER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Fritz Schweizer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 5, 1918.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,
Attorney for Executrix,
2641 Mission Street,
San Francisco, California. 9-28-5

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1366 | San Francisco-Oakland, October 26, 1918 | PRICE, 10 CENTS

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Influenza and Worry

There is an old story to the effect that once upon a time the black death raged in Bagdad. and that the Grand Vizier reported to the Sultan one morning that already ten thousand had died of the plague. "Say rather," replied the Sultan, "that one thousand have died of the plague and nine thousand of fright." There is a hint in this that all of us should accept. The Spanish influenza has taken a heavy toll in San Francisco, though not nearly as heavy a toll as it might have taken were we not blessed with an unusually healthy climate. There is nobody in San Francisco today, we hope, who fails to treat this pandemic seriously. We are all using precautions against contracting or spreading it. But let us not be frightened about it. Let us not worry about it. Worry is one of the ills that affect both mind and body. Worry deranges orderly mental habits, and lowers physical vitality. Other things being equal, the person who worries is more apt to catch an infection than the person who does not worry. So let us be careful, but not panicky. We are called upon for courage these parlous times, and courage supposes a cheerful demeanor, a heart not cast down, a mind not oppressed by worry. Fight the Spanish influenza with all your resources, but curb by every means in your power the dangerous inclination to worry.

* * *

In the Time of Boccaccio

While the plague was raging in Florence a party of ladies and gentlemen fled the danger, took up their abode in a beautiful suburban villa and passed the days in gallantry, music and story-telling. While their fellow-citizens were dying by thousands these poco-curantes regaled one another with a series of tales most of which were voluptuously immoral and many of which were revoltingly indecent. Such is the ground work of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. We do things better nowadays. The counterparts of those men and women do not fly the Spanish influenza. Men and women of exactly the same station as those Florentines are now serving their fellow-citizens. The men are working at Red Cross headquarters; the women are tending the sick. There was a private conscience about such matters in Boccaccio's day, but there is a public conscience as well in this age. The word "service" was much abused by doctrinaires in the epoch before the war; but the service of one's fellows is a duty all, or nearly all, recognize in this period of stress. We do not live for ourselves alone, and we are happier for our altruism. The corporal works of mercy, to use a religious phrase, were never so widely performed as in this year of Our Lord 1918.

* * *

A Study in Camouflage

Of course Germany meant that an armistice should be arranged by the "military advisers"! German atrocities? The very idea! Let's leave the question to "neutral commissions." As for the German Government, why that's been all made over. The people now rule in Germany! So let's get together and arrange an honorable peace. Stripped of its high-falutin' verbiage, that's the substance of the latest German answer. It is an insult to the intelligence of the Allies. It is a study in camouflage, but so awkward that it deceives nobody. If there is an armistice it will not be arranged by any vague "military advisers" (which phrase of course, in the German mind, includes Hun military leaders), but by Ferdinand Foch, our conquering generalissimo. We don't need any "neutral commissions" to convince us of German atrocities by sea and land. No neutral commission can bring back to life the thousands of women, children and non-combatant men foully murdered by the Hun barbarians. No neutral commission can add to what we know already of the enslavement of civilians, the ravishing of women and the looting of homes in northern France and throughout Belgium. Do the people now rule in Germany? We have the word of Solf for it. Can we believe Solf or any other German bureaucrat? The German leaders have shown themselves to be the most cynical liars the civilized world has ever known. There is only one answer to this note in the minds of Americans: Let Germany make an unconditional surrender, and then we'll tell her our terms.

* * *

Over the Top

At this writing the subscriptions have not all been added up, but we are assured that San Francisco went well over the top in the Liberty Loan drive. We took it for granted that San Francisco would do no less. Since August, 1914, when the world-war started, this city has subscribed enormous sums for all sorts of war relief funds, international, national and local. It has subscribed so much that many times the man in the street has wondered where all the money came from. We are a very rich community, and we are generous with our money. When it was announced that San Francisco's quota for the Fourth Liberty Loan had been fixed at one hundred and eight millions, some people shook their heads and thought it was too much. It took hard work to raise the money, yet it flowed in steadily. We have never had a better illustration of what can be accomplished by cheerful and hearty team work. The men who managed the drive in this city are entitled to a lot of credit, but let us not forget the women, and the Boy Scouts. The women worked as never before, and they did wonders. And the youngsters in khaki, our soldiers of tomorrow, excited the admiration of all by their manly efforts and their very real accomplishments. It is interesting to compare what San Francisco was called upon to do with what was expected of Los Angeles. In round numbers the Los Angeles quota was forty-three millions, sixty-five millions less than ours. The quota of our southern sister city was based, of course, on her bank clearings. She went over the top handsomely. We congratulate her, but she will pardon us if we do a little thinking about her spasmodic assumption of metropolitan airs. We won't mention the subject—far be it from us to touch on anything about which she is sensitive; but we cannot help thinking about it, just a little!

The Election Issues

Attention is directed to Theodore Bell's gubernatorial platform which is published in this issue of Town Talk. It is not the sort of political platform to which we are accustomed. There is no cant in it. The personality of the man is written into every line of it. It is manly, it is forthright, it dodges no issue. it is constructive. It hits hard at extravagance and tax-eating. There is no molasses to catch flies in this document. Governor Stephens has never put forth anything like it. Governor Stephens is engaged in the difficult feat of carrying water on both shoulders—or perhaps we should say, he is trying to carry water on one shoulder and liqour on the other, for while his following is very dry in the southern part of the State, it is very wet in and about San Francisco. Which reminds us that readers of this week's Town Talk will find in another section the text of the bone-dry initiative measure and the official arguments pro and con. This issue of the campaign is bound up with the gubernatorial contest. Theodore Bell is trying to save the vineyards, not from war-time prohibition but from permanent and total destruction. War-time prohibition will not make it necessary to root out the wine grapes; the initiative measure will, for if passed it will put California once and for all in the column of bone-dry States, and thereby hasten the advent of nation-wide prohibition. Theodore Bell is fighting that initiative tooth and nail; Governor Stephens is for it. To vote for Stephens and against the initiative is to be inconsistent; to vote for Bell and against the initiative we conceive to be the duty of every right-thinking Californian who sincerely loves the best interests of his wonderful State.

* * *

What Our Fighters Read

The statistician is overseas, and has been compiling figures concerning the favorite reading of our fighting boys. He has tabulated a hundred thousand volumes placed at the disposal of a million and a half of American Hun-hunters, and thanks to his pencil and his Burroughs we know just what the "doughboy" and the "goof" prefer when they have time to read. In fiction the favorites are Zane Grey, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Rex Beach, Jack London and Harold Bell Wright. The discordant note here is Harold Bell Wright, but we are thankful that we didn't find Robert W. Chambers listed in his stead. In humor the boys like Mark Twain, Stephen Leacock, Streeter (the author of "Dere Mable"), Irvin Cobb and Bairnsfather's cartoons. It would be pedantic to find fault with that list. It is particularly pleasing to find Leacock in the quintet; many would have said offhand that his delightful foolery appealed only to older minds. In poetry we find three names: Kipling, Service and—old Omar. If Fitzgerald were alive today, we cannot help thinking that he would blush at his own popularity, with more reason than Thackeray blushed when he visited a school and heard the prize pupil recite "Little Billee." Detective stories have a table all to themselves; the favorites are Conan Doyle, Anna Katherine Greene, Phillips Oppenheim, Louis Vance and Arthur B. Reeve. From the French our boys may learn to add Edgar Allan Poe to this list, and perhaps Gaboriau. The most popular war books are "Over the Top," "Private Peat," Gerard's first book, Ian Hay's "First Hundred Thousand," and Pat O'Brien's entrancing narrative. When the boys have been over there a little while, perhaps, they will want the sterner stuff of Barbusse's "Under Fire." Under the head of "helpful books" we find three favorites: "Cabot's "What Men Live By," Wilson's "When a Man Comes to Himself" and Fairbank's "Live and Laugh," surely an arresting trio! And finally, under the head of "literature" (though indeed there is some mighty good literature in the other lists) we find Shaw, Wilde and Emerson. The list in its entirety shows a very healthy taste. Our boys over there are mostly boys—we must not forget that. But when they come home they will be men and veterans. Then, doubtless, they will read meatier books than most of these we have mentioned. Their curiosity excited by foreign scenes, they will perhaps read history; and having found their souls, they will want more soul-satisfying poets than Kipling, Service and Omar. But let us hope they will never outgrow Mark Twain and Emerson.

Perspective Impressions

Leave it to Foch.

Unconditional surrender is still the word.

For a nation which has none, Germany is very sensitive about honor.

The Berlin rioters seem to be giving the Kaiser a taste of Kultur.

It may puzzle the Kaiser to find that every American is from Missouri.

We should like to know how good the Kaiser is at reading handwriting on the wall.

Although his name appears in the papers every day, most people never heard of Willie Meehan.

Everybody but the Huns and the Turks will be disappointed if the Turks are not driven out of Europe for good.

Thanks to Spanish influenza, a lot of people are discovering that an evening spent at home is not insupportable.

The French may yet achieve "revanche" on the field of Sedan.

The movement to rid the ocean beach of its ugly and insanitary shacks is one we hope will succeed.

Yes, San Francisco knows how.

The Huns denying cruelty is like Satan denying sin.

The British have been lacing the Huns at Valenciennes.

Is there a happier man in the world than King Albert?

About the only thing Germany hasn't denied thus far is "spurlos versenkt."

We fancy Wilhelm is beginning to entertain doubts about the divine right of Kaisers.

We like the way the Duke of Devonshire put it: "We shall not negotiate terms of peace, but dictate them."

Germany finds our President as determined to keep America in the war as he once was to keep her out.

The idea sought to be conveyed, perhaps, is that Germany's sea murderers shelled life boats absent-mindedly.

American Indians hold twenty millions of Liberty bonds. Wonder what foreigners who cannot separate an Indian from his war paint and tomahawk think of that?

We suspect that that congressional committee will give Brisbane "a good time."

The small boy finds the influenza mask a blessing. He only has to wash half his face.

For a man who was in the State Senate so long, "Dick" Welch is strangely sensitive on the subject of junkets.

"The enemy is at our gates," says Prince Max. Yes, and if the gates are not opened the enemy will go over the fence and in.

It's a good thing that influenza microbe doesn't attack ankles. If it did, every girl in town would be exposed to infection.

Has the Kaiser any doubts about the future of Alsace-Lorraine? If he doesn't know that it's going to be French territory, Hindenburg can enlighten him.

The present relations of Crothers and Older remind us of Kipling's lines:

"The sins ye do by two and two
Ye must pay for one by one."

The "stupervisors" gravely propose to summon "Billy" Abbott, attorney for the United Railroads, and ask him whether it is true that he was seen talking to Emmet Hayden in the lobby of the Palace Hotel.

Where I Stand

By Theodore A. Bell

Independent Candidate for Governor

The age of political platitudes is passed. The straddler is not entitled to the people's confidence. No man is fitted for the high office of Governor unless he has the courage to make an honest decision and to stand by it. There shall be no vacillation now or hereafter, so far as I am concerned. I realize that the war occupies the forefront of everyone's mind, and it would be a matter of sincere regret to me if my candidacy were to impair in any way the united thought and effort which are required to meet our nation's needs. Bearing this in mind, I shall briefly sketch the platform upon which I shall rest my case. The term of Governor being four years, it is certain that questions of both war and peace will occupy the attention of the next Governor. During the war period, if Governor, I shall place every ounce of personal and official power back of the President in the vigorous and triumphant prosecution of the war.

America is fighting for the most sacred rights of mankind. She has been called upon to resist force with force, in order that the people of all lands may be insured a chance to prosper, according to their capacity. All growth is from the inside, and when a nation such as Germany seeks by military force to impose her will upon others, there is no alternative left to liberty-loving people but to destroy, root and branch, the system that would enslave the world. President Wilson has become the world's greatest moral leader, and in common with my fellow-patriots, I accord to him the first claim to my affection and service. Let me digress for a moment to say, in order that any false impressions may be dispelled, that in the Presidential campaigns of 1912 and 1916 I addressed many public audiences in aid of his candidacy, and the high ideals and policies which he has pursued, as President, have commanded my support as a citizen.

Should the people of California entrust to me the great powers of Governor, they need not fear that those powers will be used for aught but the nation's good. There are some things affecting the vital interests of the State that must be fearlessly discussed. I am not looking for any votes through concealment or false pretenses. My views shall not be colored for the sake of any public office. I am opposed to absolute prohibition and I believe that the adoption of the bone-dry measure on the November ballot will stain the fair name of California with dishonor. When the middle-of-the-road prohibitionist seeks to destroy the vineyards of California, simply for the purpose of advancing a propaganda, he violates that principle of justice that should guide and control every real man in his attitude toward his neighbor.

There isn't a vineyardist in California that would not place the vine upon the altar of national sacrifice; but to force the thousands of husbandmen of this State, who have been invited and encouraged by the State to invest everything they have in this world in the culture of the grape, to tear up their vineyards to satisfy blind fanatics, or even well-meaning zealots, is to challenge the red blood of every man that believes in a square deal. My opposition to absolute prohibition goes further than the preservation of our vineyards. I believe in temperance, but I do not believe in prohibition, except in so far as it may be regarded necessary as a war measure. Our aim always should be to remove intemperance. If I believed that legislative prohibition were conducive to temperance, I would unhesitatingly give it my support, if some form of compensation were accorded to our State-fostered viticultural interests; but I believe it will not promote genuine temperance, and just so long as that is my conviction, I am going to oppose it, irrespective of personal considerations. The prohibition movement has produced a brood of political hypocrites—men who believe one thing and profess another. They are driven by the basest of mental forces—fear. I dismiss them with my pity. Prohibition leads to secret drinking and other secret vices, a secret violation of the law. It is then that drinking becomes a sin.

I am against paternalism, and in a paternalistic scheme of government sumptuary laws are in class "A." I believe in educating the human mind to habits of industry and sobriety, and I have no patience with any legislative nostrum that proposes to cure all the afflictions of humanity. Total abstinence ought to be taught in our schools and inculcated at the parent's knee. Virtue in all these things should rest, just as much as possible, in voluntary personal decision and private judgment. We are not adding anything to the sum total of goodness by an endless multiplication of laws. My idea is to teach, teach, teach, not legislate, legislate, legislate. Let us have enough laws to protect the individual in his right to grow, develop, expand, responding to the creative impulse within him. But let us stop there, lest we relapse into systems that American freedom and democracy were born to destroy.

I believe that communities should have the right to determine whether liquor should be sold and under what conditions. The Wylie local option law is a good law. If elected Governor, I shall certainly do all I can to see that this law is enforced, wherever it may be adopted. In order that no personal professional motive may be imputed to me, in my opposition to prohibition, I want it distinctly understood that I have never been employed by, nor have I represented, any liquor interests. In 1913 and 1914 I did some work for the viticulturists of California. Since that time I have had absolutely no connection with any interests affected by prohibition.

I am opposed to State health insurance. It would entail a tremendous expense upon the State, and I believe that it would not accomplish the desired results. This is no time to enter fields of experiment and vague speculation. We should seek to lessen, not increase, the burdens of taxation.

If chosen Governor, I shall make "Economy and Retrenchment" the motto at the State Capitol. This does not mean that our State institutions will be neglected. They must be maintained in the highest possible state of efficiency. Nor does it mean that our principal commissions will be disturbed. I am not going to turn back the hands of the clock in California. We must go ahead, not retreat, but I want to encourage progress of a sound, solid and enduring character. Such commissions as the Railroad Commission and Industrial Accident Commission will receive my hearty support. The same may be said of the Commissioner of Corporations. The wisdom of creating this office has been demonstrated by the efficient and universally approved manner in which this law has been administered by Mr. Carnahan.

We have a large number of smaller commissions that may well be consolidated in the interest of economy.

The plan proposed by Secretary Lane for providing homes for returning soldiers should be carried out. It will not only mean a greater development of our natural wealth, but it will also help to solve a great problem when our armies are disbanded.

It should be our constant policy to develop the inexhaustible wealth of California. Let us get as many people as possible back to the soil. The work of our State University should be extended so that Southern California may have a State agricultural farm similar to the one in Yolo County.

California cannot be developed without capital, and it will be my constant policy to encourage investments in this State and to afford equal protection to those investments when made. Every legitimate business will be met with a smile and not a frown.

I am in favor of an amendment to our constitution that will permit our school system to be supported entirely out of the State funds that are now collected from corporations, thus reducing our county tax rates very materially. The State fund shows a large surplus, and if we practice rigid economy in our State administration, the present source of State revenue will be ample to support our elementary schools without one cent of county taxation.

I have always believed in organized labor. It has immeasurably improved the condition of the masses, promoted the well-being of society and afforded a means by which a better understanding could be secured between the co-operative forces of labor and capital. I voted for equal suffrage in California, and I am strongly in favor of the constitutional amendment granting national women's suffrage.

There is nothing that can increase the general welfare of our State more than good highways. If elected, I shall do everything in my power to complete the present system and to extend it.

I regard it as the first duty of a Governor to rigidly enforce the laws of the State to the end that the rights of all may be properly secured. If any bad laws should be inadvertently enacted, the only way to get rid of them is to repeal them, not disregard them. All vandalism must be destroyed in California, and every I. W. W. in the State that believes in "direct action" or plots against the peace or security of the State or nation, should be promptly brought to justice and meted drastic punishment.

If honored by election to the Governorship of my native State, I shall enter upon the duties a free man. I would not accept the office under any other conditions. I would rather remain a private citizen, free to think, free to speak, free to act, than accept this high office at the expense of my independence. In more ways than one I am an independent candidate. Let no person vote for me under any other assumption. If the people think I am big enough for the job, and they like my views, I shall welcome their support. If not, I am content to go back to my law office the day after election and resume my profession, happy in the thought that I made a campaign free from all deception.

Grey

By An Old Maid

I'm writing this in my room in the third floor back of our house in an up-town side street. There is a mirror opposite the bed, a mirror with a fancy gilt frame that would look ugly, I suppose, to any one who isn't used to it. Then there's the green print of Psyche at the Pool on the one wall and the green print of a ship in a storm on the other. From the wash-room comes a stale smell of bristle and hair. I've lived with that smell as far back as I can remember.

I can see, from my window, about five back-yards, separated by dirty white fences. Beyond them are hunched the red-brick backs of four or five houses, all alike, all looking as if they ought to mean something but don't, somehow. There are seldom any people at the windows. Between the roofs and my window there is just enough sky for me to tell what kind of weather it is.

All this is not very interesting. That is because it is part of my life. The life of an old maid is a life in which nothing interesting ever happens. It is the story of the third floor back, of girls who aren't girls any longer, who sit at the upper windows of dark, old-fashioned, genteel houses, and wait, and wait, and feel themselves hemmed in tighter and tighter by the stupid backs of the houses across the yards, until they never get out. And finally they forget to think at all, but just squat there stupidly, like the houses they stare at.

Most people think that nothing is tragic that isn't grand and swaggering. But the saddest sort of tragedy is the tragedy of dreariness. Because it rots you away. I think I should not have minded going through trouble, like Camille, or Juliet, or Lady Macbeth. I never felt sorry for them, or horrified at them, or anything like that—only envious. I wonder how they would have stood being old maids.

People are quite sure I must be biting my nails off because I can not get a husband. They never say it, of course. But they show that they are thinking it—some by the way they pity me, and others by the way they grin at me. When I go to see the girls I used to know who are now married, they begin by babbling away about their babies and their dresses and what they are doing, and their husbands, and what a cozy cottage they are going to take for the summer. We gossip about clothes, and about shopping, and about our friends. Then they ask me what I have been doing. They have a sensitive, pained sort of expression on their faces when they ask it. They know I haven't been doing anything. I have no husband and baby to talk about. They feel I must miss a husband and baby horribly. I hate to be pitied.

But I hate being laughed at most. That is why I always stay awake for hours after the family gatherings, thinking and thinking, and getting more and more bitter. They smile at me in such a queer way. It is something like the way father smiles at the old tailor when he comes for father's suits. Father began down where the tailor began, but Father made money, enough to buy this house, and to stop working, now that he is old. So he smiles that queer smile of his when the tailor comes It is the smile of success for failure. That is the smile my sisters and nieces turn on me. Sometimes the men have it, too, but I think they learn it from the women.

They think I am unhappy because I have failed to get a husband and children. That is not the reason. Really it isn't. I don't like children much. That sounds like a dreadful thing to say, I know. In all the novels and plays the one real virtue that they seem to think an old maid is fit for (outside of what they call her "virtue"; but they don't really consider it a virtue at all) is to make a fuss over other people's children, and wish, in a low-light, soft-music sort of way that she had children of her own to make a fuss over.

Well, I shouldn't like children of my own—at least, not little babies. I don't like babies. I'm not nearly as sentimental as I'm supposed to be. I'm not sentimental at all. I'm hard, I think, harder than most married women. And I'm growing harder and more crabbed every year. I can feel that. That is part of being an old maid. I am just past forty now. I used to think that was quite old.

I don't miss a husband, either. Not the way people think. The thought of a man living in the same room, sleeping with me in that bed—well, I shouldn't like it. No, it's not a feeling of shame, or anything silly or girlish of that sort. I just shouldn't like it. I used to think I wanted to get married. But I know now that I don't want a husband, that it has never been a husband that I have wanted.

Of course, when I am out with people who are smiling at me or pitying me, I sometimes think I really want one. Ideas are catching. When people all think the same thing about you it's hard not to agree with them.

Then when I am visiting a friend and her husband comes home and things brighten up and get exciting and the two of them seem suddenly to have become very important and central, I sometimes get envious. But it isn't for her husband I envy her; it's for her home. At times like that I feel that I want a home, too, where I can be in the middle of things, instead of way off in a chilly corner.

Then there are times! I don't know why I shouldn't say it. People think we're just dishes of skimmed milk. Well, we're not. We're animals, just like men—and women, married women. And there are times—sometimes days. . . .

But that is different. It isn't as if I really wanted a husband.

I used to want a husband when I was a girl. And I had no doubt whatever that he would come sailing along some day, and take me away with him. I used to talk quite confidently about "when I'm married." It was a real time to me, waiting for me somewhere ahead, just as real a time as next year.

I didn't have any particular ideas about what it would be like being married! I just knew it would change everything and make things bright and breezy and very much alive. Whenever I tried to imagine what it would actually be like to be married, I would think of things that didn't really have anything to do with it at all. There was John Drew, the way he looked making his first dashing entrance in "The Taming of the Shrew," at Daly's—the thought of him would always rise up in my mind. And then there was Fifth Avenue, on a bright Sunday morning in October or November, with good-looking married couples walking along to church, the men with their silk hats shining very bright and the women stiff and rustly. Then I always had a vision of myself stepping out of a carriage—that was before the days of automobiles—and going into the nicest of stores to shop for silver and furniture. Things like that.

And there was always a thrilling feeling—it is something like the way you feel when you are riding through the Park Avenue tunnel. You get little glimpses of sunlight every few minutes, and you have a happy feeling that in a few minutes you are coming right out of the tunnel and that soon you'll be rushing through the bright, windy, open country.

It was not until a couple of years ago that I woke up to the truth. I had known for some time that wrinkles were forming at the side of my eyes and that some of my hair was dropping out, and that men didn't look at me in that funny smiling way any more, as if I were a glass of wine, but looked past me most of the time, as if I were a perfectly good piece of furniture. But the idea that marriage didn't lie somewhere ahead of me—why it just hadn't occurred to me. I had mapped out the geography of my life for all when I was a young girl On that map all the brightness lay ahead of me. It had never occurred to me that my geography might be all wrong.

It came over me suddenly, early one spring morning. I remember there was a cat picking its way along the back fence, and I was watching it sleepily. When it was out of sight, I turned around, and, without meaning to, happened to see my face in the mirror. I caught myself off my guard, and saw my face, for the first time, I think, as it really is. It wasn't the wrinkles, or the gray in my hair (there are only sixteen gray hairs). It was just the way my flesh hung loose around the right side of my chin—flabby, and sallow and old, somehow. Perhaps I wasn't

(Continued on Page 13)

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Buried Treasure

By Eugene Parry

The other evening I heard a man remark that he hoped that a few professors would be sent to Constantinople in view of the possibility of rescuing ancient manuscripts from the city, if and when it was attacked. If an occupation of Stamboul does give opportunities of exploration, the professors may find something. For romantic rumors have always been afloat as to the piles of "lost classics" stowed away in crypts and lofts and mosque libraries, jealously guarded from the Giaour eye like the Secrets of the Harem. There may be nothing in it. The eloping Byzantines who came to Italy with bags full of texts in the fifteenth century may have brought away everything that was worth bringing. Ecclesiastical vandalism was not a peculiarly Western product, and a race of monks who expurgated the Anthology according to their own canons not merely of morality, but also of taste, may have destroyed by the time of Constantine XI much that existed in the time of Constantine I. It is, however, worth remembering—what we frequently forget—that a really considerable portion not merely of the minor, but also of the major classics are still "lost." We may have Homer, Virgil and Plato virtually in bulk, and quite enough Euripides to keep Professor Murray busy; but an enormous amount of literature, famous in its day, has disappeared.

The greater part of the Greek drama and poetry has gone. Possibly the pre-Homeric songs and hymns were not known even to the Greeks of classical times; and unless, which is doubtful, the "exponents" of "oral tradition" were in the habit of taking and burying gramophone records, they are beyond recall. But the epic writers who, in Mr. Kipling's elegant phrase, smote the bloomin' lyre after 'Omer, have also gone. We have some names. There was the "Little Iliad," the "Nostoi" of Agias, and Arcitinus' "Sack of Troy"; and there were epics by Strasinus and Eugammon of Cyrene. Hesiod alone remains of the Boeotian epic writers, and we may be forgiven a sentimental regret for the loss of the works of Epimenides, the Cretan Rip Van Winkle and Old Parr, who went to sleep for half a century and lived altogether for nearly three hundred years, being very deservedly deified for his feats. Only scraps remain of Callinus (who is said to have invented elegiacs), of Tyrtaeus (le Begbie de ses jours), and of the great lyrist Aleman. The reputation of Archilochus of Paros, who flourished in the seventh century before Christ, was still very great in the days of the Roman Empire; Longinus (or whoever wrote the "Treatise on the Sublime") had a very high opinion of him, and Horace and others speak of the poisonous power of his satire, which is alleged to have driven his successful rival in love to suicide. He passed this valuable gift on to his celebrated disciple Hipponax of Ephesus; in this case the victims were sculptors who had made too faithful an image of the bard. The immoral moral poems of Theognis are gone like the songs of Orion, that maritime Orpheus. Anacreon and Sappho, famous as they are, we have to take almost entirely on trust from the ancients. What has been found of Sappho's does not shake her reputation as one of the greatest lyric poets in the world's history. The works of her alleged suitor Alcaeus have disappeared; Stersichorus and "pure Simonides" are in little better case. What we have of Pindar is only a torso, if a sublime one. Leonidas of Tarentum, the contemporary and fellow-countryman of Theocritus, we know only from a few exquisite things in the Anthology. Almost the whole of the later lyric poetry has vanished. Philetas of Cos was reputed a prince of erotics. The fame of young Archias spread over the whole Western world while he was still in his 'teens. Then there was Lycophron, and Callimachus whose vast "output" is now represented by a small residuum. He was both an Alexandrine and a librarian; but he came near perfection at times, as in the well-known lament for Heraclitus, so perfectly translated by the late William Cory. Meleager, whose own epigrams, delicate and poignant, are amongst the brightest flowers in the Anthology, made a collection of the best short poems of his own time and the ages before him. We have not even that, but only an expurgation of an expurgation of it, with much of the original good verse omited, and a considerable amount of Byzantine work added which can neither please the taste nor edify the mind.

It is impossible here to go in detail into all the departments of literature, but the losses are everywhere great. Our history of the Greek theatre is built on hearsay. Aristotle knew, and considered as the root whence Greek comedy sprang, a poem called "Margites," which was fathered on Homer, who had a back of Baconian breadth. A few lines survive. The first distinguished figure of the great Attic tragedy was Phrynichus, who was heavily fined for unmanning his audience by the devastating terror of his "Sack of Miletus." His tragedies are lost. Of all the tragedies of Aeschylus but a tenth or a twelfth survive; of Sophocles a still smaller proportion; and even of Euripides only a third is extant. Of the other tragedians, Ion at least, whom Aristophanes and others praised highly, would be worth recovering. We have no plays by Susarion, who perhaps founded the old comedy, or by the very popular Cratinus and Eupolis; and of Aristophanes we are only acquainted with a fifth. The comic playwrights of the decadence, the pre-Socratic philosophers, the early prose writers, the orators, the historians, have all in great part perished. What, in reality, were the prose and verse of Empedocles like? Theopompus, the sardonic historian, was mentioned in the same breath as Herodotus and Thucydides. Many other historians of great repute in all periods have disappeared; and those we do possess we possess only in fragments. Some of the most valuable of Plutarch's Lives have vanished. The greatest loss from the political scientist's point of view is undoubtedly that of the vast and exhaustive account of various constitutions drawn up by Aristotle and his pupils. They are said to have collected and arranged particulars of no fewer than a hundred and fifty of such constitutions, the "Polity of Athens" being but one from this vast array. "He made," as Sir Frederick Pollock has said, "a full and minute study of the existing constitutions of the Greek cities, and thus collected a great body of information and materials, unhappily lost to us for the most part. And we regret the loss all the more keenly in that we know how accurate Aristotle was." Lastly, there are the romances, books of travels, and pseudo-scientific works. The Milesian tales were collected and written down in Greek and translated into Latin. We have them in neither tongue, nor the similar short stories emanating from Ephesus, Cyprus, and elsewhere. The familiar Widow of Ephesus is probably a specimen. This tale has been told under many skies. Pornographic tales are things that the race does not "willingly let die," and from what we know of the epidemic nature and persistence of this kind of story it seems likely that, what with the mediaeval French and Italian collections, not to speak of the Arabian and Chinese tales, we are familiar with more of the Milesian contes than we are aware of. The origins of the Greek novel cannot now be traced owing to the loss of early fictions. Judging by the quality of the novels (mostly about love and pirates) that have been transmitted, we have not suffered greatly by the disappearance of so many of the later romances; but some of the collections of prodigies and wonders must have been entertaining.

With the Latins losses are not so numerous, nor could they be so important. Of Lucilius the satirist, the friend of Scipio and the admired of Horace, there remain but a few lines. Another early lost poet is that P. Licinius Tegula who was considered one of the first of comic writers. He flourished about 200 B. C.; and Livy stirs our imaginations when he relates how during the Macedonian War the Decemvirs ordered a hymn by Tegula to be sung all over Rome by thrice nine virgins. The immediate reason was that everybody had been alarmed by the birth of a pig with a human head, a lamb with a pig's head, a five-footed calf, and several hermaphrodites: certainly an unusual crop. The greatest writers of the great Roman Age survive bodily, but half of Ovid's not very delightful but extremely informative Fasti have gone, and Tibullus is very incomplete; whilst there are many poets, highly praised by Horace, Propertius, and others, who survive only in fragments or not at all. Amongst these are Mark Antony's prolific son Julius; Titius Septimus; Plotius, and Tucca, who were given by Augustus the ticklish job of editing and "cutting" Virgil after he was dead; Varius, whom Virgil commended to Maecenas; and above all perhaps C. Calvus Licinius, who died before he was thirty, one of the most famous men of his time.

(Continued on Page 13)

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Poems About San Francisco

231—THE EXPOSITION

This poem inspired by our World's Fair of 1915 is from a privately printed volume of verse called "Field Notes" by David Atkins.

By David Atkins

Late on the marshes fell a charm,
Magic unmeasured, free of harm.
What care attended the long brew
Not half of those who quaffed it knew;
For love and pride and wit and art
Each in the cauldron played its part.
It filled the child's unchained desire
That broods in all our hearts like fire;
It touched the thoughts of lonely men
Drawn from wide field and marshy fen,
And left a vision sharp and sheer
That dreams could never quite make clear;
It gathered from the southern snows
Such harvest as the Arctic knows;
Twixt Cancer's line and Capricorn
The island-nurtured trees were shorn;
And splendours of a younger sun
Were from deep-buried opals won;
Deep seas were dredged for perfect pearls;
And where the furthest flag unfurls
Were found furs, ivory and spice;
It took our old folk in a trice
Back from this hard-won rooting place
To ancient fields that bore their race;
To children treasure-houses gave—
Transcending Ali Baba's cave—
Which held a moment their vast dreams;
It caught the voice of living streams
Flung backward from the sculptured stone,
And set great buildings round with trees
Such as tell off the centuries.
Ah, wit and pride and art and love,
Still their own magic make and prove!

The Spectator

Debating Health Insurance

Compulsory Health Insurance was debated at the last meeting of the Commonwealth Club, and at the conclusion of the debate the members went on record as opposed to the measure by a vote of 88 to 29. There was a good deal of pleasantry in the debate. Chester Rowell said, in arguing for the measure:

"I had the rather startling experience of finding it in the Fiji Islands this spring."

Whereupon David Atkins retorted:

"In the Fiji Islands, where they have health insurance, they also have a law by which the natives on steamer days must wear trousers, and these types of legislation are not what we want in California."

But Rowell had the last word:

"It is not trousers they are compelled to wear on steamer days; it is shirts. Those Fijians may sometimes put on a shirt, or even a necktie, to dress up, but never trousers!"

Telling Stories

The raconteurs of the Commonwealth Club exercise their gentle hobby even in so dry a debate as one on Compulsory Health Insurance. Harris Weinstock told this story:

An old colored mammy recently talked to a member of her family, and said: "You know that there President Wilson—he sure am the smartest pusson what ever lived. You know what he done do? He done get up one morning and before the close of that day he done take all the railroads away from all the people who owned them, and he done guv them to his son-in-law. He sure am the smartest pusson what ever lived."

And David Atkins told this one:

There was a teacher who was trying to persuade her children that they should be grateful to God for all the gifts they had and asked them one by one to enumerate the things for which they should be thankful. One child said she thanked Heaven because she had nice, long curly hair; another child thanked Heaven because her father had a job in the Accident Commission. There was one boy, a small orphan, he was red-headed, freckled, and snub-nosed, and not in any way handsome. When the teacher came to him and asked him what he was thankful for, he said he had nothing to thank God for, adding, "He pretty near ruint me."

Both sides told good stories, but the opponents of Compulsory Health Insurance got the verdict.

Roosevelt Praises a Book

The declared intention of Colonel Roosevelt in his present strenuous activities is to save this country from a future either "czaristic or Bolshevik." Whether we are threatened seriously with either or both of these evils, I don't pretend to know, but the peril, whether real or imaginary, is keeping the colonel very busy. And yet, he is not too busy making speeches and writing political articles to have time to discover a new book. Nothing affords the stormy petrel of Sagamore Hill such delight as an opportunity to introduce a new book to the public. He has done this time and time again—too often perhaps to make the impression he would like to make. Just now it is a book about Guiana called "Jungle Peace," written by William Beebe who has been in the war and whose thoughts turned from the horrors of No Man's Land to the comparative security and quietude of the untamed, beast-ridden wilderness. Writing for the literary section of the New York Times, Colonel Roosevelt gives this book unqualified praise as a masterpiece destined to library immortality. Roosevelt is nothing if not enthusiastic, and in the present case his enthusiasm sets him talking about Theocritus and Virgil, the folk-songs of the Russian and Turkish steppes, Chaucer, the Minnesingers, the Nibelungenlied, the "bestiaries" of the Middle Ages, Bruce and Le Vaillant, Gilbert White's "Selborne" and Waterton's "Wanderings"—the better to provide a background against which Beebe's "Jungle Peace" may be seen in what he regards as its proper proportions. Roosevelt is generous with praise—a pleasant characteristic.

Teddy and Gladstone

Although Colonel Roosevelt has recommended many books to the public, it cannot be said that any one book stands out as actually owing its success to his praise. When the titles of the celebrated "pigskin library" which he took to Africa with him were made public, readers undoubtedly sought out some of those volumes and read them, but these were books of solid classical standing, not undiscovered masterpieces. I do not think that Roosevelt has a "Robert Elsmere" to his credit. When Mrs. Humphrey Ward published that religious nobel, readers were cold until Gladstone wrote about it in the British press. Then the book became a best-seller on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet today it is a dead book. This was not the first or last time that the "Grand Old Man" made a reading public for an author. Before that, as Bailey Millard has reminded us in the Bulletin, Gladstone had picked up one of Ambrose Bierce's books from the barrow of a second-hand dealer, and had made Bierce's London reputation. This sort of thing got to be a hobby with Gladstone, and he was trying to make literary reputations in this way to the end of his long life. Perhaps Roosevelt took his cue from Gladstone; perhaps it is just his superabounding enthusiasm which makes him

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want everybody to enjoy the books he enjoys. I wonder whether he will succeed in popularizing Beebe's "Jungle Peace"?

Iniquitous "Twenty-Two"

Every person, firm or corporation, which manufactures, imports or sells intoxicating liquors after the 31st day of December, 1918, except denatured alcohol, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished for the first offense by a fine of twenty-five dollars and imprisonment for twenty-five days; and for a second offense by a fine of fifty dollars and imprisonment for fifty days; and for each subsequent offense by a fine of one hundred dollars and imprisonment for one hundred days.

There you have the measure by means of which the prohibition fanaties and "soshed prohibitionist" hypocrites, aided by many sincere but mistaken people, seek to make the State bone-dry on the first of January next year, thereby destroying at one stroke the wine-growing industry which has been built up through the hard work of good citizens and under the fostering care of the State and nation. It will be noticed that this measure does not even except the use of wine in California for sacramental purposes. If this measure passes, it will be necessary for those Californians of whose religious worship wine is an integral part, to go to the courts for relief. Such action was necessary in Oklahoma, and though the courts of that State finally decided that it was unconstitutional to ban the use of wine sacramentally, the bone drys fought bitterly against such an interpretation of the constitution. Doubtless they will do the same in California. It is interesting and enlightening to read the official arguments for and against this iniquitious measure. They are to be found in the pamphlet printed for distribution among all registered voters. But few voters will wade through this pamphlet of sixty-four pages, so it is worth while to set forth the arguments here.

Study These Reasons

The official spokesman for the bone-drys has a queer idea of "argument," as will be seen by the subjoined. His harping on the Kaiser, the Huns, etc., would be funny were it not so dishonest. This measure has nothing whatever to do with war-time prohibition, a temporary expedient which is still before Congress. No patriotic Californian will say a word against war-time prohibition, or against any measure deemed necessary for the winning of the war. But this "Number Twenty-two" on the ballot is entirely separate and distinct from that national war-time measure. It is an attempt on the part of the bone-drys to swing this State into the dry column for good and all. It ought to be defeated.

Argument in Favor of Prohibition Initiative Act

This act was initiated by the people of California as a protest against the waste of food products, transportation, fuel and man power by the breweries and wineries that are the chief aids of the Kaiser in America and the greatest obstacle to the winning of the war.

The duty of the patriotic American is plain. We must drive the Hun from our gates. The destroyer of food and purveyor of poison is not only a public menace and a public nuisance, but he is a traitor to this country in time of war.

The issue is plain. Either the Rominger act, with ballot title "Liquor Regulation," or the bone dry act, with ballot title "Prohibition," will be endorsed by the people at the polls. The first will be supported by the solid liquor forces. The "Associated Wine and Beer Industries" have raised a fund to "put it over." This fund was contributed by the whisky interests as well as the wine and beer interests. These interests are friends and comrades of centuries. They have come down the ages hand in hand, and, as the devil has joined them together, let no man put them asunder. They must rest in the same grave.

This world is going dry. No nation engaged in the world war has failed to slaughter or disable the enemy at home before it felt strong enough to engage the enemy abroad. Even Germany stopped the brewing of beer. Our own nation has a dry army and a dry navy and has stopped all distilleries except those manufacturing industrial alcohol and alcohol for use in munitions of war. Why should California fail to keep step with the grand march of the centuries and turn about and face the rear?

The Federal Amendment is practically certain to be ratified. In that event California will go dry. Why should her sister states to the number of thirty-six pull her into the joy ride on the water wagon? Why not get in voluntarily with honor instead of as an unwilling guest?

The dry forces are on the aggressive. They have no apologies to offer. They are right and are bound to win because they are right. The Bone Dry Prohibition Act will wipe out in California 107 rectifiers, 71 breweries, 1072 wholesale liquor houses and 13,736 saloons, bottle houses and wine rooms. Not one of these damnable institutions has any right to live a single day. They waste energy and destroy efficiency.

The war uses man power. Those who remain at home must double their productive capacity. This requires the highest efficiency and the man who destroys this efficiency in any way is the best friend of the Kaiser in America.

Vote "Yes" on ballot title "Prohibition." Vote "No" on ballot title "Liquor Regulation." Let no one tell you to vote for both. That would be fatal. You thereby defeat yourself and the cause.

G. F. RINEHART,
Manager Bone Dry Federation of California.

Argument Against Prohibition Initiative Act

The people of California are fortunate this year in being able at the coming general election to express themselves quite clearly on the prohibition question. There are two initiative measures on the ballot. Number 1 is the so-called "Rominger bill," which does away with saloons and strong drink, and therefore may be called a strict regulatory or temperance measure. Number 22 is the prohibition or so-called "bone dry" bill, which prohibits the manufacture, importation and sale of any beverage that contains any alcohol at all. It is the radical, extreme proposal of people who would not alone interfere with the personal liberty surrounding the home and the individual therein, but would interfere as well with the religious liberty and the right to worship God according to the ritual of many of our churches which have used wine for ages in their ceremonies. I have not arrived at that stage or state of mind in matters affecting religion which would impel me to dictate to my fellow citizens the manner in which they should worship the Creator. I believe the vast majority of the people of the State think as I do on this subject, and will promptly and more positively than ever before defeat this prohibition measure. It will suffer the more decisive rejection because the people are permitted an alternative on the same ballot which corrects the abuses of liquor and at the same time does not stop the moderate and temperate use of light wines and beers with meals.

Aside from my objection on the broad ground of individual and religious liberty, I am opposed to the prohibition measure from the viewpoints of conservation, consistency and common sense. Does conservation contemplate the destruction of $150,000,000 worth of property in California at a time when the earning capacity of our people and our lands must be maintained for the good of our government in its great war needs? This is no time for destruction, and when you bring it about, you dwarf the ability of our people to follow their patriotic impulses and make it physically impossible for them to lend their financial aid to help win the war.

On the score of consistency, think of the years and the money spent by government and State in inducing immigration to California for the purpose of settling our valley and mountain lands, and changing our barren and wooded areas into picturesque landscapes by the cultivation of grapes, hops and barley. Is it consistent to have brought about this condition after years of effort, only to brand it now as illegitimate?

Finally, taking the common-sense view, what will "bone dry" prohibition do for us that will not be accomplished by regulation such as the so-called "Rominger bill" prescribes? The one destroys property ruthlessly; the other corrects the abuses and leaves property whole and unimpaired. This is the time when the world-wide conditions confronting our people necessarily call for the best we have in us. Let's build—not destroy.

Vote "No" on number 22.
HILLIARD E. WELCH,
President Lodi Nat'l Bank.

Brazen Dishonesty

There are some blatant untruths in that statement of Rinehart's. This act was not "initiated by the people of California" but by a handful of fanaties and bigots. It is not a war measure but a measure put forward by men who are more interested in smiting the Demon Rum than in smiting the Hun. The makers of wine are not "purveyors of poison." It is not true that "this world is going dry." This world is becoming more and more temperate in spite of the activities of intemperate bone-drys. Germany did not stop the brewing of beer. When German barley gave out, Germany used substitutes in beer-making, and there was general complaint throughout Germany because the beer made from willow-bark and other substitutes gave the German beer-drinkers liver trou-

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ble and indigestion. Beer-making goes on in Germany. No country at war has attempted bone-dry prohibition. It is not true that "our own nation has a dry army." The soldiers are not permitted to drink here, but they may drink beer and wine over there, and they do drink it. There is a rum ration in the British army; a wine ration in the French and Italian armies. Was there ever such a piece of flagrant dishonesty offered to the voters as an "argument"?

"Literary California"

Comes now the very welcome announcement that Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels' book "Literary California" will be ready for publication by the Harr Wagner Company on November 4. This book is a companion volume to Mrs. Mighels' invaluable "Story of the Files," and like the earlier volume, it is the fruit of many years of patient collecting, collating, research and composition. It will consist of representative pieces in prose and verse by the best writers of California, and will be a storehouse of treasures for those who wish to appraise the literary output of our State. To quote George Douglas of the Chronicle, "Mrs. Mighels believes that California is as golden in her words as in her flowers and sunsets, her mineral wealth and bank deposits, and this being so, our immortality is assured." All who have a true interest in California literature will want to have a copy of this forthcoming book.

Braley Lived in Montana

Though by reason of lack of space the biographies prepared for Mrs. Mighels' book had to be omitted, the matter has been preserved and is a most interesting contribution as it stands, to "unpublished literature." Some of the letters written by the authors are full of "pep." Berton Braley, for instance, whose poem "The Exile" is to go into the book though Mr. Braley is not a Californian, wrote—"I'm not a Californian, but I did live in Montana for four years."

Belasco Not a Poet

David Belasco was written to for a loan of the manuscript of the Francis Powers play "The First Born," and his secretary answered that the manuscript had passed out of Mr. Belasco's possession years ago. (Probably Charles Frohman owned it.) Thomas Curry, the secretary, also wrote: "Unfortunately there are no selections from Mr. Belasco's writings that can be sent you. He does not indulge in poetry and most of his writings are along strictly theatrical lines or else are in play form. There is one short speech, a farewell to California, in 'The Girl of the Golden West,' but it is very doubtful if it would answer the purpose." And he was right. The selection as abstracted from its setting had no point.

Occupations Changed

A good many writers who made considerable stir when the town was twenty-five years younger, have since moved away, and many of them went into other lines of labor. Even during the last ten years such things have happened. Blanche Partington who used to do the music and drama for the Call, is a Christian Science practitioner, as is Josephine Bartlett. One of the best-known short story writers of the early eighties was Sheldon Borden who, after he completed his law studies here, went to Los Angeles and became a sparkling legal light. Judge Borden was not born in our State though he made it his adopted home. He came here from Alabama, and studied in the Hastings College of the Law. Judge John Garber encouraged the young law student to persevere in literature, after reading a story of his in "The Argonaut" —"A Dinner Table Divorce." But though the youth continued to write short stories, vers de societe and miscellany for the weeklies, he preferred later on to give his whole attention to the law. When asked to tell a few facts about his San Francisco experiences for "Literary California," he wrote: "At that time (1881-1885) the Wasp was edited by Ambrose Bierce and the Argonaut by Jerome Hart; I often wondered how some of my compositions 'got by' such literary martinets, especially the former, who on one occasion returned a supposedly satirical article, on which I had expended much toil, with a single word endorsed thereon—'Unfunny.' Of another contributor he said the article offered was 'Opulent with a penury of wit!' Mr. Hart was more polite but nearly as caustic when the occasion warranted; both treated me as well or better than I deserved."

Not All Natives

A number of writers here who were thought to be natives of the State were revealed in their biographical notes to be but adopted sons and daughters—also some were discovered to be natives who had never advertised the fact. Elwyn Hoffman who has written some splendid verse and has been often represented in Town Talk's pages, was born in Pleasant Valley, Nevada County, and is a lineal descendant of John Stark of Revolutionary War fame. On his maternal side he traces connection to Daniel Boone, hero of "The Dark and Bloody Ground," so wonderfully pictured in Winston Churchill's novel "The Crossing." Hoffman has contributed much to the newspapers and magazines and in all shows the effect of his early environment and his love of out-of-doors and the "green things growing." He derives his literary taste from his mother who wrote poems. From Alabama came Mrs. I. Lowenberg, author of "The Irresistible Current" and "The Nation's Crime." "I was born in a little village called Prairie Bluff, near Mobile," relates this well-loved and active club-woman. "When I was six years old my parents moved to Cape Girardeau, a town in Missouri on the Mississippi river, 150 miles below St. Louis. I was educated in the Convent of St. Vincent. When I was nearly fifteen years old I came with my loved ones to San Francisco, the golden shores of California, where I have since resided." Ella Costillo Bennett whose "Abelard and Heloise" was published by Elder, was born in Memphis, Tennessee. She migrated to Denver where she worked on the newspapers and contributed to Eastern magazines. A few years ago she came to San Francisco and joined the literary colony.

Marion Angellotti and Others

Miss Marion Polk Angellotti, now in France doing Red Cross work, is somewhat of a literary luminary with the distinction of having had the Saturday Evening Post publish her serial, "The Firefly of France," which has been filmed. She is a native daughter of California, born in San Rafael, her father being Judge Angellotti. In 1911 Miss Angellotti published her first book, "Sir John Hawkwood," which had run serially in "Adventure." Later came "The Burgundian," and then "Harlette." The Century Company published these. Miss Angellotti's muse runs to tales of adventure, and she is a great student of history, especially enjoying the careers of the old swashbuckling heroes. Frances Charles, one of the "six greatest" of George Wharton James' classification, and the author of "The Country God Forgot" and other sellers, is a native of San Francisco. Mrs. Charles is a charming woman, modest in appraising her own talent. She is a not a rapid writer. She is domestic, enjoying her home and interesting herself in the children of the neighborhood. She lives in the Richmond District. Marion Hill, generally claimed as a native daughter because she made her first bid for literary honors when a schoolgirl here, is a Southerner. Her father was Barton Hill, the eminent actor of the old California

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August 31, 1918	67,753,850
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Stock Company. Her brother Charles was also gifted in letters, though along scientific lines. He wrote many scientific articles for the magazines. Marion Hill is the creator of those delightful kids "The Petison Twins." I recall when she won the prize offered by our school department for the best short story. Everybody was pleased when the announcement of the award was made. Geraldine Bonner, also a "Californian writer," is a native of New York. Charles Phillips, the poet-editor who wrote the Magdalen play for Margaret Anglin, was born in New Richmond, Wisconsin.

Where Some Newspaper Men Hailed From

"Ned" Hamilton is a genuine native son—born in San Jose. Mount Hamilton was named after his father, the Rev. L. Hamilton. He is a graduate of our State University, class of '81. George Homer Meyer is a native son, his father, Lewis Meyer, having been a gold-seeker of '49. Much of Homer Meyer's early life was spent on his father's Sonoma county ranch, the romantic environment of which was pictured later in his novel "The Nine Swords of Morales." John H. (Jack) Wishar is a New Yorker by birth and was a medical student before he changed to a newspaper career. He has traveled all around the world. Lionel Josephare is a native of St. Louis, but has been in newspaper life here for so many years that he feels himself a San Franciscan. He worked on Harper's Weekly in New York for some time. Porter Garnett is a native San Franciscan, son of Louis Garnett, writer on political economy. Garnett is rather a literary man than a newspaper writer though he has done a lot of newspaper work. He selected the inscriptions for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Richard Barry, the war correspondent and author, ran a newspaper in Santa Barbara, but before that he taught school. He was born in Wisconsin. Edward W. Townsend, creator of "Chimmie Fadden," came to California from Ohio, and was a mining engineer before he took up writing. Martin Egan was admitted to the bar and is a good lawyer as well as a successful war correspondent. Frederick O'Brien and Ben Allen of Hoover's staff both worked on San Francisco papers at one time.

Other Local Writers

Fremont Wood came from Iowa to California when he was but fifteen years of age. San Francisco was the first large city and the only seaport he had ever seen. The new fascinating wonders of the place tempted him to send back descriptive letters to his home-town papers and the editor referred to him as "Our California Correspondent"—much to the boy's gleeful pride. Mr. Wood, like Alec Robertson, Charles Turrill and other well known San Franciscans, was a Lincoln School boy. He can tell many interesting anecdotes of the days of his boyhood in our town. Born on a farm, when he turns to verse Mr. Wood naturally sings of rural scenes. Judge Melvin, a newspaperman before he became a Supreme Court Justice, was born in Springfield, Illinois, but was only ten when his parents came to California, settling in Napa County. In 1878 they moved to Oakland and in 1889 Harry graduated from the University.

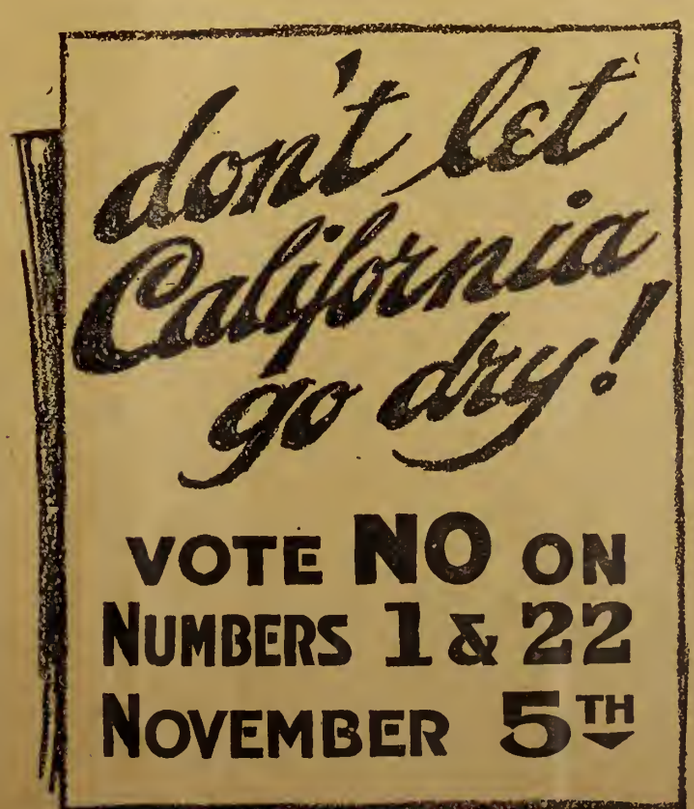
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Native Californians

Maurice Samuels, poet-dramatist, with "The Florentine" and "The Wanderer" to his credit, is a native son of San Francisco. He graduated from the University of California in 1893. He generally lives in New York, but all his relatives are here. Camilla Kenyon, author of "Spanish Doubloons," was born in San Francisco. Ruth Stocker who has won success as a short story writer, is a San Franciscan, and was educated at the Irving Institute. She is of old pioneer stock, her grandfather having been an officer of Commodore Sloat's party at the occupation of Monterey. Albert Sonnichsen whose books are known abroad as well as in this country, is a native Californian. Yet Katherine Osbourne, in her book "Stevenson in California," wrote: "We have yet to look to native sons and daughters for native genius." She forgot Jack London! "Billy" Meloney whose sea stories in the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines rival those of Peter Kyne and who deserted the Bulletin to seek his fortune in New York some fifteen years agone, was born in San Francisco. William Brown Meloney of metropolitan note is just "Billy" who did the water front details for his paper here. Ariadne Holmes Edwards, a song writer and composer who was made a member of the Board of Managers of the Three Arts Club of Philadelphia, is a native of Placerville. She lives in New York. Helen Adelaide Van Loben Sels, author of "The Blue Jays of the Sierras," published by the Century Company and quite a seller, is a Californian. She will have a new book published soon. Professor Josiah Alvord Royce, the noted Harvard lecturer, is recalled by old-timers of Grass Valley as a small, freckled boy who went barefoot and carried the milk to the customers of his father's modest dairy. He was born in Grass Valley.

Some Other Names

Charles Elmer Jenney whose poems made a programme for an entire afternoon at a meeting of the California Literature Society at Miss Ina Coolbrith's one Sunday, formerly lived in Fresno, but later moved to Colfax. He is one of the best-known botanists of the State. Horace Annesley Vachell, the English novelist, for many years liked to be considered a Californian, when he lived in the South and afterwards here. His wife is a daughter of Chauncey Phillips, a California land operator on a large scale. Henry Milner Rideout, creator of the charming "Boldero," married a Sausalito girl. Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, has a poem to James G. Fair in which he expresses his gratitude to the millionaire for saying "Now, help yourself" in a dark time for Crawford, and helping him on his feet again. But Fair is not the only San Franciscan of millions who has helped poets. One could mention James V. Coleman, James D. Phelan, and one or two others. One of the pioneer divines who became an editor and did some valuable newspaper work here and as correspondent for eastern papers was Rev. C. A. Buckbee, father of Sam and Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. Curry of Dixon and Mrs. W. S. Bliss of Piedmont. He was a native of New York, but always looked upon this State as his home. None of his family took up writing as a profession, but Dr. Buckbee continued to do newspaper work up to the time of his death, though he was seventy-nine then. Hugh Burke, later vice-president of the Veterans' Home at Yountville, but for many years filling editorial positions on the dailies, in a reply to the letter asking him for something to publish in the Mighels book, said: "A contribution signed and entitled 'Why a Chair of Draw Poker Should Be Established at the State University,' which appeared in the first or second number of the Argonaut was more widely copied and stolen than any other thing written in California by



myself." But he had no copy of the story—few newspapermen preserve their "good stuff." Only diggers into the files of the past ever see these stories that might well have been saved by their writers in scrap-books. The late "Pop" Cahill had saved one or two clippings of his early humorous correspondence, but not his best stuff. He was a wonderfully witty writer, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and came to California in 1872.

Right Man in Right Place

Manager Thomas J. Coleman of the St. Francis made no mistake when he appointed Richard Prosser assistant manager and placed him in charge of the hotel's publicity. That is the unanimous opinion in newspaper and other circles where "Dick" Prosser is known and esteemed. A newspaperman of many years' experience, Prosser leaves the desk of assistant city editor in the Chronicle local room to go to the St. Francis, but he does not go in ignorance of the hotel business, for he was a hotel reporter for several years and in that position, as in the executive one he is leaving, he achieved a very notable success. As successor to Guy Rowell who left the St. Francis to go to New York, Prosser will have a big and responsible job, but there is no question that he will make good. I congratulate "Tom" Coleman on getting him. With the announcement of Prosser's appointment came the news that "Charley" Baad moves from "behind the counter" to a position "on the floor" of the St. Francis. Baad is one of the most popular of the St. Francis men. He is a tower of strength to the hostelry. In both appointments we can see the same motive: the utilization of men who have a wide acquaintance, locally and among travelers. Another change that will please St. Francis patrons is that by which "Jim" McCullough, having disposed of his profitable news stand in "Peacock Alley," returns to an executive position with the hotel. "Jim" has a legion of friends, and they are delighted to see him rejoin the St. Francis staff.

Allan Pollok at the Palace

Frank Drum has become president of the board of directors of the Palace Hotel Company, succeeding the late Fred Sharon, and the first public act of the board to be announced since his election is the appointment of Allan Pollok to take the place of Roy Carruthers. Carruthers leaves shortly for New York to take charge of the Hotel Pennsylvania, and he will carry with him the best wishes of a host of friends and admirers. The monster addition to the Statler string of hostelries will not be open for several months, but Roy will be very busy directing the finishing touches. Meanwhile Allan Pollok is receiving many congratulations. As he himself has expressed it, "It's like coming home." Pollok was on the Palace staff under the late Colonel Kirkpatrick, and later on was the first manager of the St. Francis when that hotel rose on the west side of Union Square in "the center of the city's life and color," as Alvah Wilson was so fond of saying. We may look for a great deal of good-natured rivalry between the Palace under Pollok and the St. Francis under Colman who is just beginning "to strike his stride."

Teaching Practical French

Out of their self-sacrificing labors as volunteer French teachers to San Francisco soldier boys, the Misses Rebecca and Josephine Godchaux, sisters of our popular Recorder, have evolved a little book which will be a boon to many. They call it "Our Method of Teaching Practical French," and it is pleasantly dedicated to "Our Boys." There is no royal road to French any more than to any other branch of learning, but there are ways of smoothing the path for the feet of beginners, and one of these ways was made clear to the Misses Godchaux as the result of their experience with the "doughboys." Each lesson in their attractive little book consists of a conversation, a vocabulary relating to the subject of the conversation, and some grammar. They state in the preface that they have tried to "eliminate the superfluous and absorb the essential," and there is no question that they have succeeded. Those of us who struggled with French verbs and the intricacies of French grammar long before we ever dreamed of attempting to converse in French cannot but wish that we might have had a book like this. It is sure to be popular.

Charley Nelson Speaks

Supervisor Charley Nelson does not indulge in any of those personal remarks which are so dear to the hearts of some of our city fathers. But Charley is not without distinction. A great orator is Charley, but not trammeled by the old-fashioned conventionalities of speech. Charley was making a speech in the Mission one night not so long ago, and this is how he uttered his exordium:

"I have just came from the Board of Supervisors where we were solving some preplexing problems."

Vote "NO" on Proposition No. 22

(Bone-Dry Prohibition)

CONGRESS has decreed that "war-time" prohibition shall become effective on July 1, 1919.

PROPOSITION No. 22 would dry up California with her 350,000 acres in grapes, on January 1, 1919.

OUR GRAPE GROWERS NEED THOSE SIX MONTHS offered by Congress to adjust themselves to "war-time" prohibition.

We believe the people of California, by a great majority sentiment, will refuse to discriminate against their own State and will protest to the end against the destruction of our great grape industry which has been fostered and encouraged for more than half a century.

Appealing to that spirit of loyalty and justice, we urge every fair-minded citizen to

Vote "NO" on Proposition No. 22

CALIFORNIA GRAPE PROTECTIVE ASSN.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Stanton a General

When Charley Stanton of San Francisco left the United States on Pershing's immediate staff, he was a major. The first thing we knew, he made that immortal speech "Lafayette, we are here" at the grave of the Revolutionary hero in Picpus Cemetery, Paris, and became the most famous man in France. Then we heard he was a lieutenant-colonel. Then a colonel. Now comes word that he is a brigadier general. Everybody who knows Charley Stanton is delighted to see him get deserved promotion. But just the same, when he comes home a hero of the war, you'll hear a lot of people call him Major. As Major Stanton he won his place in our affections, and as Major Stanton we will continue to think of him even if etiquette demands that we address him publicly by the more imposing designation.

Mrs. Bourke Cockran

Mrs. Bourke Cockran is coming to California for the Winter. She was known to us before her marriage as "one of the Ide girls," and very popular in this city which she visited several times. It was Mrs. Bourke Cockran to whom Robert Louis Stevenson made over all right and title in his birthday. The little girl used to complain that as she was born on Christmas she did not receive birthday presents like other little girls—that her Christmas presents did duty as birthday presents as well. To remedy this distressing situation, Stevenson resigned his birthday in a very impressive pseudo-legal document which will be found in his collected correspondence, together with some charming letters to the present Mrs. Bourke Cockran.

Exit Delmonico's

New York's most famous restaurant, Delmonico's, is bankrupt, and all who know New York traditions are mourning. Delmonico's was established the year Andrew Jackson was nominated for the presidency against John Quincy Adams. It is related that Lincoln was so delighted with its hospitality that in 1863 he invited Charles Delmonico to be his guest at the White House. All our presidents since Jackson have been wined and dined there. It has appeared many times in literature, having honorable mention in the pages of Dickens and Thackeray, among others. It was a dignified place, and did not succumb to the cabaret craze—that may help to account for its closed doors.

An Appeal for Nurses

In the fields of France, red with poppies and uglier things, German bullets are tearing the fine bodies of men you know, of men you love.

True, the bullets come from defeated, retreating Germans — Germans who deservedly are paying an enormous price for every Allied soldier they harm. But the bullets and the shells of the vanquished are no less destructive — when they strike—than those of the victor.

Flying steel and flying lead make wicked holes in human flesh. But the holes are mendable—almost always mendable.

If they are treated in time.

If there are nurses enough.

If the wounded have the spirit and the will to live.

On this last score we can feel assured. Our men are fighters to the marrow. Not one among our wounded, however ill, but would rise from his cot and plunge again into battle with a high heart. Not one but curses the day he was forced out of the line and longs for the day he can reenter it. Our men have the spirit to live. The spirit that will not die. There is no doubt about that.

So the welfare of the wounded depends on the other two conditions! Will the wounds be treated in time? Will there be nurses enough?

And these two conditions devolve upon you.

Immediate attention to lesser wounds will also save countless lives. Neglect of an injury is more dangerous than the injury itself. It is imperative therefore that our army have unlimited medical resources. And the chief of these is the army nurse.

The Medical Corps and the Red Cross need twenty-five thousand nurses and recruits. They need them as quickly as they can get them. Their need is your need. And it is yours to fill.

If you are a nurse enlist for service now.

If you are unskilled enter a training school now.

If you can't go, help others to go.

One Way of Love

Pretty girl,
Windy day;
Skirts awhirl,
Fine display;
Millionaire
Gets a peep—
Haughty stare,
Cannot sleep,
Mutual friends
Introduce.
Girl unbends—
Bridal noose.

At the Cecil

Captain E. Talbot and Lieutenant R. M. Lhamon, U. S. N., entertained informally at luncheon Wednesday. Charles Walker of Salt Lake City has joined his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Foote, at the Cecil. Mrs. Stafford Parker has closed her home and will winter at the hotel. Informality marked the dinner given by Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Clapp Tuesday. Mrs. R. E. Jones arrived this week from Cincinnati, and will spend the winter as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Evans. A half dozen friends partook of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell at dinner Tuesday. Lieutenant and Mrs. John Butler, who have been sojourning at the Cecil for several months, will leave shortly for the East. Mrs. Morton Butler of Evanston, Ill., and Mrs. Mary Converse, who have been visiting this charming couple, will accompany them to New York. Mrs. Finlaw was hostess at luncheon Wednesday.

Techau Tavern Luncheons

It is remarkable how, in the face of the many food restrictions, the menus at Techau Tavern are maintained at the high level which has always been characteristic of this cafe. Business men who may be relied upon to seek out the best luncheon places, go in great numbers to the Tavern and are most complimentary in their comments on the noon-day meals. The menu varies each day and is always liberal and appetizing. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the ventilation of the Tavern is perfect.

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The German Spirit in Music

By Ernest Newman

What we call perversion, in most matters of morals—putting aside the more obviously pathological cases—is perhaps nothing more than what I have called regurgitation, an over-full current of feeling returning upon itself, lashing itself into a whirlpool, and beating up to the surface all sorts of sand and slime that in the normal condition of flow would remain unnoticed on the river bed. Is it fantastic to explain in this way something of the moral perversion that the Germany of our own day has exhibited; and is it too paradoxical to trace something of that perversion to the influence that music has so long had upon the Germans?

The glory of German music for three hundred years has been its humanism. With all its faults of occasional excess of sentiment, not only in the secular but in the religous field, German music has been, above all other music, that of the heart. Prejudice must not blind us to the fact that for the supreme expression of virtually every one of the fundamental emotions of humanity it is to somewhere or other in German music that we have to go. The emotions kindled in us by the sweetness and pathos of childhood, the emotions of the adolescent lover, the wisdom and philosophy of old age, the agonies and consolations and aspirations of religion, the mystery and the pain and pitifulness of death, all these have been, broadly speaking, expressed better in the German music of the last three centuries than in the music of any other nation. Nor is there any other race in the daily life of which music has played anything like so large a part. The only approach to this universal absorption in music has been the Italian passion for opera; but in Italy the musical passion has exhausted itself in opera. Germany has not only had by far the greatest of operas but the most tremendously expressive music in every other genre—the sonata, the symphony, the symphonic poem, the requiem, the Mass, the passion, chamber music and the song; and all these have entered into the daily life of the average German. Without committing ourselves to any too-facile analogy between individuals and races, it is still possible to hold that in one sense a nation's emotions can grow senile or degenerate as an individual's can: that is to say, if these emotions are persistently directed into the same artistic channels, and are not purified and vivified from time to time by the mingling with them of fresh currents either from within the nation or from without, the substance of them is bound to become at once weakened and coarsened. That, in general terms, is what we have recently witnessed in connection with German music: the lack of a fresh outlook upon life has on the one hand led composers like Max Reger into a merely decorative treatment of standardized patterns, while on the other hand it has compelled the more emotional composers to ladle out the conventional expressions of these emotions in ever thinner and more obviously sentimental forms. And it is imposisble to believe that this gradual sterilization of the expressive powers of the German composers has not been paralleled by a sterilization of the conceptual powers of their hearers.

The connection between fine artistic feeling and right living is no doubt a very slender one. But in nations as in individuals the connection is closest in the simpler and slenderest in the more complex types; a Bach or a César Franck can show nothing of that divorce between the man and the artist that we have, for example, in Wagner. Musically the German mind, from sheer variety and intensity of feeling over so long a period, had undoubtedly become rather complex; and it seems a reasonable supposition that with the latter-day German in general, musical emotion had become something of the mere game, the mere imaginative manipulation of images, that it is in the minds of artists who, like Wagner, combine the utmost sensitiveness to beauty and nobility in art with the utmost insensitiveness to the ugly and the ignoble in themselves. In neither case did the art react upon the life, making this the saner and sweeter for its daily contact with ideal things; and in each case the subject was so image-drunk as to be quite incapable of perceiving his own moral rottenness. Wagner was always pathetically certain that he himself was as noble, as unselfish, as pure as the ideal creations of his art; and one explanation, I am convinced, of that phase of the stupidity of the German that so astonishes the rest of the world, that strange inability to understand why he is held in loathing for some of his bestialities in this war, is simply that he has been music-drugged—he carries over into practical life, as Wagner did, the false notion of himself that has been bred in him by his absorption in the ideal beauty and nobility of music. No European nation, for instance, has sung so beautifully—I mean, of course, in music—of the love of the grown man or woman for the helpless child; one could easily point to a hundred incomparable expressions of this feeling in German music, and even the smaller Germans of today, who have no great fund of originality in them, can often set a profound chord vibrating in us by some little song of childhood. The phychologist who is also a pathologist can see nothing contradictory in the race to whom the intimacies of simple home-life have meant so much in music being the same race that has taken a fiendish delight in the torture and murder of women and children; the same men who could bayonet Belgian babies in the afternoon would no doubt be capable of spending the evening in a maudlin crooning of a cradle song of Brahms or listening to the Siegfried Idyll. It is simply that the merely artistic emotion has become so grossly swollen with use that it not only fails to connect organically with the equivalent emotion in actual life, but surrounds this so completely with its own flabby and sodden tissue as to cut off all the blood-nourishment that would normally flow into it.

We must not paint, of course, with too large a brush, or, if we are compelled to do so for a moment, we must make it clear that what we are coloring is a scene on the scale of the theatre, not a drawing minutely done to plan. In detail, this analysis of the German spirit in its relation to music is open to many modifications. In the race, as in the indivdual, the normally psychological and the pathological will often be interblended. Strauss, I think, is a proof of this; he may well be, indeed, for future generations the very symbol of the Germany of our day. In some parts of his later work there is a depth of feeling and a philosophical wisdom that no other living composer can come near; but there are portions also of this later work in which there seem to be concentrated, as in the scapegoat of old, all the sins, all the dirtiness, all the brutalities, all the morbidities of his race and time. I remember being struck years ago by the strange unpleasantness of the scene in the "Rosenkavalier" in which Ochs' boorish retainers chase the female servants of Faninal; it is a piece of satyric coarseness for coarseness' sake that would be possible today only to a fellow-countryman of Wedekind. Only a German imagination, again, could have been delivered of so hideous an abortion as the Clytemnestra of Strauss's "Elektra"—an evil old woman made deliberately more disgusting and repulsive, not merely mentally but physically, than is called for by anything in the psychology of the Elektra saga. We cannot help seeing at work here a sheer lust for nastiness. This is something, be it noted, quite different from the attraction that the Salome subject had for Strauss. He took over the repellent wax figure that Wilde's cold chemistry had made for him, and—perhaps unconsciously, by the sheer rightness of the as yet uncorrupted artistic instinct in him—humanized it, made it not only tragic but pitiful. But his Clytemnestra, and, in a large part, his Baron Ochs, point to the existence in his imagination of something of the same momentary passion for the nasty as urges a dog to roll over and over in the filth of his kind. Strauss, I say, will some day be a symbol not only of the music but of the very soul of the German nation of today. In that soul the most horrible extremes meet, the most terrible antinomies are possible; and we may not be far wrong in tracing that duality, and the perversion to which it gives rise, to the surcharging of the German soul with barren musical emotion and the depriving of it of the more seminal humanisms that a broader and finer culture has given to other nations. Wyzewa, with his almost uncanny foresight, noted nearly thirty years ago, among the many contradictions of the German soul, its blending of "la tendresses et la brutalité." The antinomy exists to some extent in all of us, but not to the same extent in any other races as in the German—music-drugged, as I have called it, and shod in its sleep with iron by its militarism. Of such a mixture of tenderness and brutality what could come but moral perversion, such fineness of nervous sensation as their sentimental musical life had given them merely serving to suggest greater ingeniosities to their cruelty? In this way, perhaps, we can explain some of the German brutalities of which the sheer diabolism would otherwise be inexplicable—such as those that attended the first flight home of the Russian residents in Germany at the outbreak of the war when gangs of frightened men and women, after days of harrying of all sorts, were shut up for the night in a slaughter house still hot with the blood of its victims, and a woman, before being carted to her destination in a cattle truck, had torn from her the bandages that covered the wound of an operation of a little while before, with the result that the wound was poisoned and she died of "une fièvre putride." As I read of maniacal filthinesses of this sort, I am reminded of the vulgar bloodlust of the scene of the murder of Aegistheus in "Elektra," and of what is indeed to me the pictorial symbol of all that is German and therefore all that is worst in that opera—the design on the cover of the vocal score.

GREY

(Continued from Page 4)

feeling well that morning. I don't know. But it was right as if somebody had shouted out—as if I had shouted out, at the top of my voice, "You're getting old." It came to me with a horrible shock. I wasn't to have any real life at all. After all this waiting, there wasn't to be any coming out into the middle of things. Just this ugly little room here on the third floor back, with the stale smell of bristles and hair from the washroom, and my stale old self sitting at the window. That was to be my life, till I die.

And my husband—the one that will never come—when I thought of him, I felt so angry, rather than sad. I was as angry as I had been once as a young girl when a funny little man who had promised to take me to a dance forgot all about coming for me. I felt as if I had been cheated.

For weeks after that morning I went around with a horrible sense of the meanness and sordidness of my life, particularly of this house and everyone in it. My father seemed queerer and stupider than ever, almost crazy at times. Sometimes he would forget the simplest things, and make just the wrong remarks when strangers were around. I think that was the first time that I took a positive dislike to my mother, too. I grew to hate her worry and fuss about nothing, her sadness about petty things, her talk about things that didn't matter. I felt that I couldn't stand living with people like that, off in a corner all my life. My sister was the worst. She won't admit that she is an old maid, not even to herself. She knows that she will never get the chance to get away from here and really live. But she pretends to believe she will. Her cheerfulness is the ghastliest thing about her. It isn't real. When she smiles, her eyes get dim like a drunken man's, and the whites of them get muddy and the lines about her mouth get ugly and grotesque. You often hear people talk about the courage it takes to be cheerful. I don't think I ever saw anything as cowardly as my sister's smile.

Oh, but the room is the worst. The smallness and the barrenness of it! And how hard the outlines of those houses are across the yard, against the dirty smoke-colored sky. And everything so quiet, I sometimes feel like dropping my ice-water pitcher down into the yard just to wake things up, to make things a little more like life.

The idea of getting out and doing some sort of work has come to me. Some of my friends have done that and have succeeded. One is a teacher; one has gone into business and is now at the head of a firm, just like a man; and one is a settlement worker. They have escaped and gotten out into the world. When I am with them I feel as if I had escaped, too, and gotten out where things happen. They aren't old maids. They are just women who have not married. People think there is no difference between the two. But I am an old maid and I know there is. The trouble with an old maid isn't that she is not married to a man. The trouble is—if you can put it this way—that she is not married to the world.

Well, I have not been able to find the right sort of work. I know now that I shall never find it. I make all sorts of excuses to myself. But the real reason is, just—that I can't. Nobody has ever taught me how to work. Nobody expects me to work. When I think of leaving this house early in the morning and going downtown somewhere and making my way all alone, it makes me feel chilly and helpless. The whole idea of it seems as preposterous and unreal to me as the idea of escaping from his cell must seem to a prisoner who has been a long time in prison.

I still talk about doing things. But that is only because even the talking seems to be a sort of bridge between me and the world. I know I shall never do anything. I have been sitting here too long in the quiet, thinking of nothing in particular, and watching those stupid houses across the yard. Something inside of me has rotted away.

I know my life will become narrower and meaner as time goes on. I know my father will get a little crazier, and my mother a little fussier, and my sister a little ghastlier, and that my room will get smaller and stuffier, and that I shall get gloomier, every year. But I shall stay here for all that. And while I'm sitting here I'll know that outside—over there, somewhere, are life and work and men and women and the wind sweeping across the open country.

People should not have hidden things from me. I though that life would be a short uphill climb of preparation, and then I'd be up on a broad flat sunny table-land and have lots of time to look around and see things and do things, before the short, sharp descent. But it hasn't been that way at all. I was on what I thought was the ascent when suddenly I found myself going downhill. That is all there has been to it. Oh, it's all wrong.

It hasn't been fair. It hasn't been a bit fair.

BURIED TREASURE

(Continued from Page 5)

Of Latin drama we possess only a skeleton: a long list of "missing" could be given, but Ennius, Naevius, and Accius will suffice. In historical literature there are chasms everywhere. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, were but the most familiar of them filled up, our knowledge of Roman history would be doubled, and our knowledge of the outlying countries very much increased. What we have of Livy is only a quarter of what Livy wrote. Several books of Tacitus—probably amongst the most engrossing—are missing; so also, in varying degrees, the works of Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, old Cato, Suetonius, Velleius Paterculus, Mucianus, Varro—to mention only the most familiar names. And so on to the end of the catalogue. Much of the miscellaneous work of the Empire has perished, and a tear may at least be shed over the absent portions of Petronius.

There may be nothing to be found in Constantinople. The legend may also be baseless that unique manuscripts are possessed by the monks of Mount Athos, who so pleased Gibbon by their mystical habit of staring at their navels and seeing a great light. But much of value may yet be recovered elsewhere. After several barren centuries excavations, principally in Egypt, have in the last twenty or thirty years recovered a good deal. The "Polity of Athens" (attributed to Aristotle) and the Bibliothèque National speech of Hyperides have come to light. The poems of Bacchylides made a "sensation" in 1897. M. Lefebvre's fragments of Menander (thirteen hundred lines) were quite enough to weaken the dramatist's reputation in 1905; and since then there have been beautiful fragments of Sappho and a Satyric drama by Sophocles, an example of an art form of which the "Cyclops" of Euripides was the only specimen we previously knew. All this while Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, and other archaeologists, have been disinterring vast masses of records of small literary merit, but of immense value for the light they shed upon social and economic organization and customs. But enormous scope for discovery remains, even outside Egypt. As in Egypt anything of classical Greece may lie, so in another place "lost" Greek and Latin books of the best periods may be hidden in abundance. "All that is necessary," said a writer in the "Classical Review" a few years ago, "in order to bring about discoveries greater than those of Poggio is for the Italian Government to refrain from building an ironclad, and with the money thus saved to dig up Herculaneum, where countless papyri may still be preserved by the friendly mud which enveloped the town before it was overwhelmed by the torrents of lava on which the squalid suburb of Resina now rests." What digging has been done at Herculaneum in the past has produced many fine bronzes, marbles, and paintings, but the particular Roman whose library has been unearthed had an unfortunate and unaccountable penchant for the works of Philodemus of Gadara, a boring philosopher who would not have left the world much poorer had he run down a steep place into the sea, like so many of his fellow-citizens. But Vesuvius may have preserved much that man has destroyed. Even a Chestertonian Optimist could scarcely hope to recover from Herculaneum works written after Herculaneum was buried. Yet almost anything of the great Greek and Latin eras may be there, and the Italian Government can scarcely be congratulated on refusing (from parsimoniousness) to do the digging itself and (from jealousy) to allow foreigners to undertake it. The expense would no doubt be considerable, owing to the depth and hardness of the deposits. But a few hundred thousand dollars would probably be helpful; and, at worst, an auction of the "finds" would certainly recoup the Government. In the last resort one might have thought that there would have been enough wealthy persons in the world interested in archaeological discovery to put up the money even if the Italian Government does insist—as it insisted when Professor Waldstein formulated his scheme—on keeping the "loot." But possibly not just at present.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market closed the week in a happier frame of mind than on any day since trading was upset over the prospects for an early end of the war. Prices had advanced healthily throughout the list, and the volume of trading was on a large scale compared with recent dealings. While short covering helped along the advance, the non-war order shares were in active demand on the news of the great military successes in France. In addition, incentive for no longer sacrificing the Steel and Equipment shares seems to have been furnished in the optimistic views of banks and industrial leaders that any near readjustment from war conditions would mean an enormous business for this country. In this frame of mind Wall Street closed the week in a mood that augurs well for a big broad bull market the coming week. As all the new developments from the battlefronts and the capitals of Europe indicate confusion in the ranks of the enemy's armies and political advisers, those shares which have been labeled peace stocks were the favorites in the trading. In the case of Marine Preferred, however, which ordinarily has been classed as a war stock, its advance was due to renewed reports that the deal with the British interests had been closed. Buying of Mexican Petroleum, which scored a phenomenal advance, was reported to be due to the accumulation of holdings by two large rival interests, which have been active in the stock for some time. The other oil shares were influenced to some extent by the rise in Mexican. Shares of the Gas Producing Companies sold at new high levels. Other public utilities were strong and higher. The motor stocks became quite active under the leadership of General Motors. There was more interest in the buying side of the railroad shares, led by Southern Pacific. The latter was strong on rumors that the company was about to dispose of some of its oil holdings, and that the proceeds were to be used in the distribution of an extra dividend to the stockholders. The market gave a good account of itself the past week, and with the Liberty Loan out of the way, money conditions will no doubt become easier, which should pave the way for a much higher market. Stocks are not high, and most of them offer an excellent opportunity to investors at present levels.

Cotton—Speculation in the cotton market has fallen off considerably the past week, due to the activity in the stock market. Stocks were active, and as there was nothing new to cause activity in the cotton market, the active trader who wants action has left the cotton market alone, and has switched his operations to stocks. The favorable war news did not seem to have any effect on cotton, outside of a temporary rally. The final effect of the increased prospects for peace through victory, or by negotiations, was negligible, but there was more optimism in the bull camp, and some of the traders were inclined to believe that they were at last getting a line on the true inwardness of the thing. The technical position of the market is also increasingly favorable to the long side. The announcement from Washington that price fixing would very probably be decided in the negative, as a result of the reports being made by the Investigating Committee appointed by the War Industries Board, tended to complete the elimination of that phase of the situation as a bear factor. The traders also recalled that the weekly weather report was unfavorable to a top crop of consequence, and that was considered as wiping out another bearish factor. However, there seemed to be plenty of cotton for sale on all rallies, and most of it was said to be for the South, in the way of hedging sales. The demand for actual cotton is not urgent at the moment, and the receipts at the ports are quite liberal, so much so that the present demand from the mills does not take care of it all, and this means cotton is piling up, which makes a bearish condition statistically. The market is in a sort of a rut, and will probably continue a trading affair until something in the way of news brings about activity, which will attract the cotton speculator back into the market. Cotton is not high at this level, yet it could easily sell lower before an advance comes. We would only buy cotton on the breaks, taking profits on the rallies for the time being.

Amerean Toys

A movement has been started in the toy industry of this country to improve the quality and standard of American-made toys from the standpoint of their artistic as well as their commercial value. The Toy Manufacturers of the United States of America, Inc., the largest association of toy manufacturers in this country, and the Art Alliance of America, which recently held an exhibition of American toys in an effort to get manufacturers and designers to work in closer harmony, are laying plans now for a larger exhibit, to be held in this city probably during next February, at which it is expected that a very large proportion of the domestic manufacturers will be represented. A better opportunity will thus be efforded American designers to criticise and make suggestions and for manufacturers to profit by these suggestions and criticisms. Harmony in colors is coming to be looked upon as one of the most important characteristics of any toy. The work of designing toys involves practically every art and trade there is. Mechanical and electrical engineers are needed in the toy industry, no less than are designers of women's hats and gowns. Artists and portrait painters are required, no less than naturalists and those familiar with plumbing.

The designing departments maintained by most manufacturers have in the past devoted more attention to the work of simplifying manufacturing processes, it is said, than to the matter of getting out an article or a combination of colors which has a real artistic value. Now, however, the importance of work of this latter sort seems to be more generally recognized and is being given more attention everywhere. The early results of these efforts are already showing themselves in the toys that are now being turned out. "If American toy manufacturers are to hold the trade they have been able to get since the war started in 1914," pointed out one authority in this city, "they have got to add beauty, harmony of colors, and other artistic qualities to the other characteristics of American-made toys. It remains for American designers to do their share from the artistic standpoint."

—New York Times.

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Letters

A Good Book for Boys

"In "Under Orders," Harold S. Latham has produced for young readers of twelve years and upward a lively and timely story which is, at the same time, free from improbabilities and exaggerations. Primarily it concerns a section of the life of Timothy Titus Scarboro, sixteen years old, who is at the beginning an usher in a cheap theatre. Tim had been orphaned when he was only seven, and thrown on his own resources. He was under the nominal guardianship of a half-sister who took her obligations lightly and, though the boy was ambitious and industrious, he suffered for the lack of advice and guidance. He was neither naturally selfish nor inclined to dishonesty, but all his associations had been with the class who question every act with its relation to their own profit, and who regard any piece of trickery as justifiable provided one could "get away with it." It was none too soon that Tim was introduced to a boys' club where he learned the community spirit as well as some individual lessons in right conduct, all of which were incidental to the fun of the club itself. Just to mention a few points, the boys gave a minstrel show, they established summer camp, and they took hold of a campaign for the sale of Thrift Stamps with such vim and vigor that they practically carried it out almost alone. They are all real boys, too, as full of mischief as American youngsters usually are and as ready to be useful when they see the way to put their energies into real, helpful work. From the Macmillan Company.

"Hindu Fairy Tales Retold for Children"

Mrs. Griswold, a well-known sociologist and lecturer, has recognized the beauties of many of the Hindu folk stories, unknown to American children because no one of sufficient scholarship to understand them fully has taken the pains to present them in a form to be enjoyed by young readers. They are of men and animals, both serious and humorous, with always the logical and right ending which must be true of folk stories to cause their survival through so many generations of tradition. Kindness, justice, and generosity are constantly emphasized. Of course they have to do with the reincarnation of the great Buddha, the parallelism between whose life and that of Christ is in many ways so notable. Mrs. Griswold has added something actually new to the always limited number of really high-grade books for children.. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

"Toggles, An Outdoor Boy"

Without being in any way related to that happily extinct family of "goody-goody" children, Toggles, in his own small way, manages to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," and his grandfather's farm is for him a sort of childhood forest of Arden. For him and his wise grandfather simple things take on new and sometimes astonishing meanings and small adventures become significant. Birds, bees, and buttercups are less things than companions and playmates in a life that at heart is always kindly, because God is in his Heaven and all must be right with the world. The child who knows God's outdoors from actual living in it will find his understanding of it deepened, and his love for it increased by reading this book; the little shut-in will find it one of the consoling substitute for winds, woods and sunshine. By Frederick F. Hall. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

"On the Overland Stage"

This story for boys, by a well-known writer of Western life, depicting life in the Middle West during its stirring days of settlement, is a picturesque and true chronicle of Western development—telling of the rise of the great overland stage route which extended from St. Joe, Missouri, clear across to Sacramento, California, during the sixties, and was the forerunner of the railroads. Terry's father enlists to fight in the Civil War, and Terry and his mother establish a store and way station on the stage line. Here they encounter many interesting characters, among them the pony express rider, Billy Cody, who was later to be known to fame as Buffalo Bill, and Sam Clemens, who made his mark as Mark Twain. Next Terry gets his chance to handle the reins for a trip or two behind the prancing team of six, on the overland stage; and he meets the great Ben Holladay, stage king and forerunner of the railroad kings of a later day. There are likewise brushes with Indians which are brimful of peril, and other excitements galore, awaiting Terry and his many boy friends clear up to the last page. It is a clean, snappy, wholesome story presenting a fine pen picture of an important period in our nation's growth. By Edwin L. Sabin. From Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 91627. Department No. 12.

JOHN H. BRICHNAC, Plaintiff, vs. MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAE GRIVICH BRICHNAC, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 19th day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

BYRON C. PARKER, Attorney for Plaintiff,
503 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix ot the Last Will and Testament of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Alfred Fuhrman, 2641 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased.

GENEVEFA SCHWEIZER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Fritz Schweizer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 5, 1918.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,
Attorney for Executrix,
2641 Mission Street,
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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1367 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 2, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

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Literature and Thirst

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The Rage of the Politicians

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A Letter From Martin Merle

The Clockwinder on Stephens

The Influenza Epidemic of 1889

Did James Marshall Die a Pauper?

Hold the Hohenzollerns, by Gertrude Atherton

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, November 2, 1918 No. 1367

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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The Rage of the Politicians

According to a keen observer who recently returned from the national capitol, all the politicians in Washington have been saying that politics was adjourned, but nevertheless all the politicians were doing politics with all their might, and all the politicians were "hitting the ceiling" at the mildest intimation that they were doing politics. This is not surprising. A politician is a politician in year and out. War cannot separate a politician from his politics. It is his bread and butter, also his dessert. This is so well known that nobody was surprised at the great Republican flare-up which followed President Wilson's appeal for a Democratic Congress. But while the Republicans are foaming with rage, and the Democrats are extracting from the situation all the political advantage possible, the rest of us remain quite calm. The politicians may be disregarded just now. There is a pretty general agreement among ordinary people that in the present promising condition of the war, if we must have politics we prefer the Wilson brand. President Wilson is our leader, and we have the utmost confidence in him. We are willing to listen to him in such a minor matter as this of the political complexion of the next Congress. We may not swallow his programme whole in this minor matter, but we are not going to permit the rage of the politicians to infect us. For political purposes the Lodges, the Smoots, the Gilletts and the Fesses—excellent men, but incurable politicians—have suddenly lost confidence in the President. They are afraid, for political purposes, that Germany may bunco the President. They may set their minds at rest. Germany hasn't buncoed the President once since we went to war, and the President has been growing sterner and more unyielding in his attitude toward Germany right along. To the politicians we say, "Stand by the President and forget politics. Don't lose faith. Don't pretend to lose it, just for political purposes." Even Mr. Taft cannot quite accept the latest action of the President. "Aut Caesar aut nullus," he quotes warningly. But the American people do not regard President Wilson as a Caius Julius. It is beside the point for Mr. Taft or Mr. Will Hays to review what the Republicans have done since the war started. All the Republicans in Congress are not Julius Kahns, and besides, the Republicans should not claim any special merit for their patriotism. We expect both Republicans and Democrats to be one hundred per cent patriotic. The country is saying to Democratic and Republican politicians, "A plague o' both your houses. Stop wrangling for power. Stop jockeying for position. Act so the boys in France will be proud of you. Support the President." England had to get rid of politics before she struck her winning stride. When the Opposition under Asquith tried to unseat Lloyd George they were laughed at and humiliated, and had to eat their words. France had a similar experience. She had to be very rough with her politicians before Clemenceau and Foch brought the dawn of a better day. The people ask the politicians of America to keep their tempers and be reasonable. Let them try to think how petty all this bickering will seem twenty years from now. They are saying a great many foolish things for which they will be sorry later on. When the boys come home they won't ask whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in power; they will ask what we've been doing for them while they were away saving the nation. The man who pleads that he might have done more but was too busy doing politics will cut a sorry figure in their eyes. So let us keep on adjourning politics, even if the handful of politicians does not. We know, if they do not, that the country is safe in President Wilson's hands. We know, if they do not, that there is no danger of a negotiated peace which will favor Germany. We know, if they do not, that peace terms will be formulated at Versailles, not in the cloak rooms of Congress. And we have a very strong feeling that as a result of his appeal for a Democratic Congress, the President will get a patriotic Congress of mixed political character which will realize that it must support the President without regard to politics. And that, we suspect, is about what the President is trying to get.

* * *

Reason for Distrust

When Uncle Sam is collecting taxes and has a suspicion that a taxpayer of slippery reputation is not making a proper return, he walks into that man's private office and has a look at his books. And then, if he suspects that the books have been juggled, he digs deep into that man's business. Germany and Austria-Hungary are very slippery to deal with. They have cheated and lied so much that they have no remnants of reputation left. Right now they are pleading for peace, and they insist that they have earned it because they have made a great many internal reforms. They assure us that the people, not the autocrats, now have all the say in Germany and Austria. We cannot take their words. We must have proof. Uncle Sam must have a look at the books!

* * *

The Bully's Progress

Four years ago Austria sent to Serbia the most insolent ultimatum that one civilized nation had ever addressed to another. It was purposely framed in such impossible terms that its rejection was a foregone conclusion. To avoid war Serbia accepted most of its drastic provisions, and offered to have the rest passed upon by umpires. Whereupon Austria unsheathed the sword, and the world was flooded with blood. We learned afterwards that the Austrian ultimatum had been drawn up in Germany, and that it was the means Germany adopted to precipitate the war for which the Kaiser and his junkers had been itching so long. Austria was the tool of Prussia in this, as in other historical incidents. Now Austria is pleading for peace, crawling on her stomach and crying to President Wilson for peace. Here we have the bully's progress from swaggering insolence to cowardly whining. Peace will be bestowed on Austria in the course of events, but it will not be peace of soul. According to the law of compensation (which is perhaps the working out in this world of the decrees of Providence) Austria will have to pay indemnity to the world's sense of justice for the Armageddon she started.

* * *

Bell for Governor

Never was candidate for Governor of California handicapped like Theodore Bell. An eleventh-hour candidate, he got into the fight during the Liberty Loan drive when it was impossible to expect people to listen to politics. When the drive was over, the influenza epidemic swept over California, and all public meetings were prohibited. To make matters worse, Theodore Bell was stricken with the disease. For his campaign he has been compelled to rely upon his friends, upon printer's ink and three-cent stamps. That he should have been debarred from making a canvass was particularly unfortunate because he is a vigorous speaker and has a winning personality. However, the people know Bell quite well. They know many good things about him, nothing that is bad. And they

have been given every opportunity to study his platform. It is a manly, sincere, straightforward and constructive document. His protest against the iniquity plotted by the fanatical foes of our vineyards has found an echo in every generous breast. His promise to substitute a policy of rigid economy for the present policy of wild extravagance has arrested the attention of all who feel that the burden of taxes has become unbearable. His loyalty to our President is so unimpeachable that his candidacy has won the endorsement of Senator Phelan who, by virtue of his position, is the leader of the Democratic party of California. We honestly think that Theodore Bell will make one of the best Governors the State has ever had. We hope he will be elected. We urge our readers to vote for him.

* * *

The Hungarians

If the Hungarians really achieve independence, what will they do with it? How will they behave to the people of alien races in Hungary? The questions are important. We used to think of the Hungarians as a down-trodden people, of the Austrians as persecuting the Hungarians because the latter strove, under Kossuth, for their old liberty. Kossuth won our sympathy for the Hungarians. But for a long time we overlooked the fact that in Hungary half the population consisted of Slav and Rumanian peasants who nursed a race patriotism of their own, and rose again and again against their Magyar masters. After 1866 the German Austrians took the Hungarian Magyars into equal partnership, and the Hungarians had no more need to struggle for their liberty. They became the rulers of Hungary, a country of several tongues and races. How did they deal with the Slavs and Rumanians? Sympathetically? No. The Magyar oligarchy promptly proceeded to oppress the Slavs and Rumanians. Until we find that the Magyars have thrown off their old despotic habits, we shall be slow to enthuse over the changes which are working in Hungary.

To President Wilson

By Robert Bridges

Poet Laureate of Great Britain.

See England's stalwart daughter who made emprise
'Gainst her own mother, freeborn of the free;
Who slew her sons for her slaves' liberty;
See for mankind her majesty arise!
From her new world her unattainted eyes
Espy deliverance; and her bold decree
Speaks for Great Britain's wide confederacy—
The folk shall rule if only they be wise.
Ambition, hate, revenge, the secret sway
Of priest and kingcraft shall be done away
By faith in beauty, chivalry and good.
One God made all, and will all wrongs forgive
Save their hell-heart, who stab men's hope to live
In mutual freedom, peace and brotherhood.

Perspective Impressions

Vote for Bell and rigid economy.

Vote against Stephens and tax-eating.

Teddy's speech must have tickled the Kaiser.

Don't forget to vote "No" on Compulsory Health Insurance.

Vote for the vineyards and against the fanatics, the hypocrites and the bigots.

Now Mayor Rolph is calling people vulgar names. That comes from associating with the "stupervisors."

Every politician believes in his soul that he could win the war more quickly than Foch, Pershing and Haig.

"The Kaiser is a film hero," says Maximilian Harden. Maybe, but neither as handsome as Francis X. Bushman nor as funny as Charlie Chaplin.

Roosevelt's statement that the President has contradicted himself reminds us that it was Roosevelt who gave that celebrated "two cups of coffee" explanation of his own inconsistency.

Who took the lid off Dr. Buckley?

It seems to be all orff with Ludendorff.

Almost any kind of peace terms would suit Turkey.

Teddy just simply can't keep quiet. Give him a "flu" mask.

The "flu" bug is called the Pfeiffer bacillus. Obviously a German germ.

The personification of law-abiding reluctance: a Christian Scientist wearing a "flu" mask.

Frank Simonds puts it well: We have achieved unity of command; now let us have unity of demand.

The Germans say the President has adopted a policy of brutal force. How brutal force must jar their sensitive nerves!

We are informed that the King of Siam now wears American garters. Perhaps he read that statement, "No metal can touch you," and thought they would make him bullet-proof.

Hiram Johnson is not standing by the President.

Bet you didn't read all of Teddy's New York speech.

It is well to remember at this time that the Kaiser has been indicted for murder in the British courts.

The American people don't think of President Wilson as head of the Democratic party, but as leader and spokesman of this nation.

Since the beginning of the war, American tonnage on the seas has more than doubled. Will von Tirpitz please put that in his pipe and smoke it.

Asquith and his followers were afraid Lloyd George would get the credit of victory The Republicans fear the same thing with regard to President Wilson.

The German governor of Alsace-Lorraine says the future of the province is "an internal question." Here we have the ostrich with its foolish head buried in the sand.

German Cruelty in Africa

By Charlotte Cameron, F. R. G. S.

Germany must not get back her African colonies, said Arthur Balfour a few days ago. Here is a London woman who agrees. She is a writer and traveler, and is in this country to speak for the Red Cross.

I hope that the Americans, who entered this war for freedom and democracy, will not let the natives of the German colonies in Africa be given back to their slavery.

Those colonies must never be given back to the Germans. Their treatment of the natives ought to make that impossible. No matter how much they palaver about it, on no conditions whatever must the Germans be allowed to hold those lands and enslave those natives again.

The Germans in their African possessions have been cruel to the natives; they have oppressed them; they have forced them to work, and by ruses they have forced them to work without pay. They have not respected their rights as human beings. They treat them as so many chattels.

I was struck in the German colonies—German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, the Kameroons, and Togoland—with the depressed, down-trodden air of the natives. They had the air of not being their own masters. I soon learned that they detest the Germans. And I learned some of the reasons why.

In the first place, the Germans did not treat the natives as free men. They made slaves of them. The natives in the German colonies were forced, as soon as they came in from the bush to one of the towns, to go to the labor bureau and register. There they got little metal disks with numbers on them, and no native was allowed in a German town without his numbered disk around his neck. The Germans went out into the bush and brought the natives in to work for them and registered and numbered them, as so many pieces of property, in this way.

Another thing that showed the attitude of the German masters toward the natives was the fact that the natives in the German colonies were not allowed any privacy. A German could go into a native hut at any time. He could examine anything in the hut and order the natives about. And if he found a bit of dirty water (or for the matter of that, if he didn't) he could fine the native 20 marks!

That is about $5 in your money, and, of course, the native never saw so much in all his life. Naturally, he couldn't pay his fine and had to work out the money on some public labor. He was very apt to be set to work on the roads. In consequence of this practice, the German colonies had excellent roads!

It shocked me very greatly to see how the German officials could go into the natives' houses at any time, and how the colonists had no respect for the natives' privacy or personal lives, because in our colonies that is one of the things we are very strict about. We are very careful to respect the natives' privacy, their religion, their personal affairs.

Another thing that shocked me was that the Germans were allowed to strike the natives. In the British colonies no one is allowed to strike a native, no matter what the native does. Any one who strikes a native is fined $25. In the German colonies in Africa I found that the law was that a German might hit a native up to twenty-five strokes. As a result, when a German master or landowner or official was out of temper he could take it out on his servants or native workmen or any native he wanted to hit. The native had no redress at all.

But the Germans thought they were very just. When I reached Windhoek, the capital of German Southwest Africa, a so-called court was being held and a German farmer was being tried for having killed a native. There was a good deal of palaver about it, and at the end of two hours the man who had killed the native was fined! And the officials said to me, "Just see, Mrs. Cameron, how careful we are about justice here!"

There are none of the cruelties and atrocities that have horrified the civilized world in Belgium and invaded France that they have not practiced constantly on these poor blacks who could not rise up against them. I think they would have risen if they had had any chance of success. But they were held down with a rod of iron.

The Germans in these colonies were openly immoral, and they treated the native women abominably. A German planter would have a regular harem of native women and live the most degraded life imaginable without having the least shame about it or making the least attempt at concealment. But his own immorality was not the only thing that was dreadful; the Germans did not want to be bothered with native children, and so when a German settler found that one of these native women he kept in his compound was about to become a mother, he either cast her off and sent her back to the bush with a bit of money, or just quietly poisoned her. And not only did they treat the native women shamefully; they insulted and degraded their own wives. I knew an Englishwoman who married a German planter from one of the African colonies, and went out to help him, as she thought, settle the land. When she got there she found that he had half a dozen native "wives" on the plantation. She remonstrated, and for a while he behaved fairly decently; then he got to drinking, and not only returned to his former habits, but tried to force her to receive these degraded women in her house and join in their drinking bouts. When she refused, he told her she could go to the bush! She did run away from him, and succeeded in getting to friends in an English colony.

These German planters used to go back to Europe with a little money, tell the women they met at home that they were kings out in Africa, and make the women who married them think that they were going out to the colonies to live like queens. Queens! The men are kings, to be sure, but the wives are not even queens of their own households.

In some cases attempts have been made to educate some of the natives. The Governor of the Kameroons made particular efforts to establish schools and teach the natives German and other things. But the natives would not or could not learn German. It was simply impossible to force it on them, or into their heads. Whether they really could not master it, or simply didn't want to, I don't know. But the attempts failed! The natives have a funny kind of pidgin English made from the few words they picked up from the English settlers, and, though it made the Germans furious, they would speak nothing else.

I really think myself that the Germans have wanted to exterminate the natives. I wonder how many have been killed. No one knows. Here is one thing they did: The chief of the Bell tribe, who was really the native King of the Kameroons, Manga Bell, had a young son, Manga Bell like his father. The Germans had sent this young chief, who was beloved by his people, to Germany to be educated. He came back in a German uniform. He reached home just a little while before the war broke out, and his people were so glad to see him that they brought him flowers and offerings, and carried him around the town of Duala on his throne. Well, soon after that came the war, and although that young native, who had been educated in Germany, had done nothing to merit even suspicion, on the night that we bombarded Duala the Germans took him out and shot him!

A good many natives in Togoland have escaped and got into the British or French colonies near by. I used to go on long trips into the interior with the native "trains" of thirty or forty men, and I used to try to talk with the natives as much as possible. As I said, I was struck with their down-trodden air and their hatred of their former masters. In the French colonies, on the contrary, I found the natives contented and well treated. I spent some time in the French Congo, and was very much pleased with everything I saw.

But the great contrast that struck me most forcibly was that between the enslaved natives of the German colonies and the happy and prosperous citizens of the negro republic of Liberia. There, under the protection of the United States, the black people are cheerful, free, contented. I spent some time in Monrovia, the capital, and was much impressed with its happy atmosphere. It made the naked, oppressed natives of the German colonies seem all the more pitiful by comparison.

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Literature and Thirst

By Filson Young

It is one of the few privileges of the dyspeptic that he thoroughly understands what thirst is, and consequently thoroughly enjoys the quenching of it. Not for him the moderation of the exasperating well-balanced man who, in the hottest weather, only moistens his lips with a little water, or at the most washes out his mouth, but does not swallow the cooling liquid. No; the dyspeptic requires his drinks to be very long, and either very cold or very hot, and when the dyspeptic hears the tinkle of ice and glass, and sees the dullness of frost on the outside of a tumbler, he knows that one of the pleasantest physical sensations procurable for him in this world is at hand. His imagination is stirred, not only by the thought of liquid matter passing down his throat, but by the artificial differences of temperature which he is about to produce; by the idea of a cold glacial stream being poured into the arid desert of his system.

In all imaginative people—and in this matter the imagination of the dyspeptic is hypersensitive—the sensation of thirst is almost as much a literary sense as it is a physical one; it is extraordinarily stimulated by words and ideas. Most of us know some particular food or drink, the desire for which is stimulated in us by reading about it. But the writing must be skilful, or if not skilful, artlessly good. The cruder method of the stage produces the same effect; all smokers have experienced the almost overwhelming desire to smoke which comes upon them when someone lights a cigarette on the stage: and on me, at any rate, those strange and rapid restaurant meals of the fashionable theatre, when a party sits down at a table and is whirled through six courses in about five minutes, surrounded by champagne bottles in ice buckets and trays of liqueurs, have an absurdly exciting effect. It is an entirely imaginary hunger which I suffer on these occasions, for if I were to be suddenly led forth and given a seat at the feast, I probably could not eat anything; but sitting helplessly in my stall, half an hour after dinner, I suffer all the pangs of starvation. And the literary stimulation of these symptoms is exactly the same thing on a somewhat higher scale. Tobacco, food, and drink are the things which most lend themselves to this kind of treatment—one may call it verbal hypnosis. It is a science as yet only partially understood by advertisers; when it is fully understood advertisements will only be written by the most skilful and imaginative literary artists.

The treatment of food and drink in literature, and especially of drink and thirst, is one of the most interesting of the minor literary studies. Some of the greatest authors, and some who have treated the subject most freely, have never understood it. Dickens, for example, who was a master in the literary treatment of the more homely kinds of food, never really understood drink. "Pickwick" is full from cover to cover of brandy and water, hot and cold, but chiefly cold—a most nauseous drink, and, what is more to the purpose, not one of the drinks which lends itself to true literary treatment. It is only the very simplest drinks that are suitable, because it is not appetite or the palate which can be appealed to by verbal hypnotics so much as the elementary sensation of thirst. Water is easily, therefore, the chief substance for which desire can be created by the literary method. The Bible contains all the classical examples of the treatment of water, whether in the form of seas, or rivers, or streams, or fountains, or mere reviving draughts. And next to water, which really stands by itself as one of the elements, the best drinks for literary purposes are milk, tea, and coffee. The point is not so much whether you like these drinks above all others, as whether, if you read about them in skilful writing, you may be brought to imagine that you greatly like and desire them. Personally, I think milk is a delicious drink, although many people do not like it; but I could guarantee to make it appear delicious to anyone in half a page of writng. The last word on tea was not Cowper's much quoted and rather artificial "cups that cheer but not inebriate"; but Lamb's simple phrase "whole goblets of tea" which in a quite incredible way can produce in the ordinary reader in an armchair all the sensations of fatigue, heat, and refreshment by tea. Coffee comes into a rather different category; for literary purposes it should never be used in connection with thirst, only in connection with cold, as a heating and reviving thing. The proper group of words is "hot coffee and rolls," which, even used with moderate skill and a little atmosphere of wintry weather, or exposure to a snowstorm on the top of a coach, will generally produce an overwhelming desire for coffee in the minds even of people who dislike it. But there, for English readers, the list almost ends. You can make a Frenchman thirsty by writing about wine, but not an Englishman; and beer, when you have run all the changes on "nut-brown" and "foaming tankards," is a strangely disappointing stuff for literary purposes. I like beer very much, but I have never been made thirsty for it by reading except in one case, where a character of Arnold Bennett's who is drinking beer keeps wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and ejaculating at intervals one word, "Beer!"—nothing else. This, I think, must be accepted as the correct treatment of beer in literature.

Thackeray stumbled heavily in the matter of drink in his books; "potations of cold brandy and water" is a phrase which he frequently employs—a phrase both deplorable in itself and for the images it conjures up. Meredith seldom condescended to anything beneath vintage champagne and the greater wines of Burgundy and the Rhine; but he deals with nothing so simple as thirst, and he keeps you waiting for your drink while he spins long and highly artificial essays on the philosophy of bubbles. Thomas Hardy, on the other hand, is faithful to cider, which in his hands, but in his hands only, becomes one of the classical literary drinks worthy to rank with the wine of Greece, the water of the Bible, and the tea of Charles Lamb. Such things as lemonade and ginger-beer are utterly useless for literary purposes; the nearest thing that one could get to them would be lime-juice—but you must not call it lime-juice; you must call it "the juice of a fresh lime squeezed into a tumbler of cold spring water." As a matter of fact, lemon-squash is a far pleasanter drink than lime-juice; but by the literary method I would undertake to make ten people want to drink lime-juice for one that I could make want to drink lemon-squash.

This literary stimulus of appetite is a very real thing. I remember that when I was a very little boy I used, in the interval between breakfast and going to church on Sunday mornings, to be given a book called "Line upon Line" to read, and I used regularly to go through the following remarkable ritual. I used to turn up the passage about Elijah being fed by the ravens; the words in the narrative were: "And the ravens used to bring Elijah bread and meat." There was a woodcut of the prophet sitting in a kind of rocky grotto in a dressing-gown and very long beard, with the ravens giving him in their beaks slices of bread, apparently cut from a loaf, with slices of what looked like sirloin laid upon them. When I had read this passage and looked at the picture I used to go down to the larder where certain foods were always prepared in advance on Sundays. Among them was a plate containing slices of a kind of currant-bread buttered; one of these I used to abstract and eat, carefully arranging the others so that its absence should not be noticed. I represented to me the bread and meat of the picture. No other substance would have been of the least use to me; there were many things I liked better in the larder, but it was for this that the sacred work had created an appetite, and this alone which would satisfy it. The time must have been about an hour after breakfast, so it cannot have been genuine appetite; it was false, or literary, appetite.

But let me put my own theories to the test. Probably you do not like buttermilk, or more likely you do not know what it really is. Fast disappearing now in the days of patent separators and agricultural co-operation, it was in my childish days an honored drink in Ireland, and among the poor more than that—"food and raiment both," as I have heard an old peasant ejaculate after a deep draught of it, while indeed some surplus drops were adorning his coat.

(Continued on Page 14)

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M. Seguin's Goat

(Dedicated to Pierre Gringoire, a Paris Poet)

By Alphonse Daudet

You will always be the same, my poor Gringoire! After being offered a position as reporter on a good Paris journal, you have the pluck to refuse it. But just look at yourself, poor boy, with your doublet full of holes, your breeches wearing out and your face thin with hunger! That is what the love of fine rhymes has brought you to—the results of ten years' faithful service among the pages of Lord Apollo.

Be a reporter, you fool! Be a reporter! You will make a fine penny, you will dine every day at Brebant's, and you will be able to present yourself on the days of the first performances with a new feather in your hat.

No? You won't? You want to be free till the end? Well then listen to the story of M. Seguin's goat. You will see what profit there is in wanting to be free.

M. Seguin had never had much luck with his goats. They all got lost the same way—one fine morning they would break their ropes, go off into the mountains and up there the wolf would eat them. Neither the care of their master nor fear of the wolf would hold them. For they were independent goats wanting, at any price, liberty and plenty of air.

Poor M. Seguin, who never understood the nature of his goats, was desperate. He used to say: "It's no use. Goats get weary here and I shall never be able to keep any." But he was not easily discouraged and after he had lost six goats, he bought the seventh. This time he took care to choose a very young goat, so that she would more easily become used to living in his meadows.

Ah! Gringoire, what a beauty she was, this little goat of M. Seguin! What a beauty, with her pretty eyes, her small beard like that of a sous-officier, her black, shining hoofs, her zebra-striped horns and her long white hair. She was almost as charming as Esmeralda's kid, you remember, Gringoire. And she was as docile, so caressing, lettting people milk her without once putting her foot into the jug.

M. Seguin had behind his house an enclosure surrounded by hawthorns. That is where he put his new boarder. He tied her to a stake, in the best part of the meadow, taking care to give her plenty of rope and coming often to see if she were well. The goat was very happy and browsed the grass so heartily that M. Seguin was delighted. "At last," thought the poor man, "I have a goat that will be content here."

But M. Seguin was mistaken.

One day she was looking up at the mountain. "One must be happy up there," she thought. "What a treat it must be to jump in the heather without this cursed rope that hurts my neck. It is for donkeys and oxen to graze in an enclosure . . . but we goats must have room."

And from that moment the grass of the enclosure seemed tasteless to her. She grew weary and lean and gave little milk. All day she would pull at her rope, turning her head toward the mountain and bleating sadly.

M. Seguin noticed that there was something wrong with his goat, but he did not know exactly what it was. Then one morning as he finished milking, the goat turned round and said in her own goat-language:

"Listen, M. Seguin, I am pining away here. Let me go up into the mountain."

"Ah! Good God! This one, too," cried M. Seguin astounded, and the shock was so great that he dropped the jar. Then, sitting in the grass near his goat:

"So, Blanquette, you want to leave me, too!"

And Blanquette replied: "Yes, M. Seguin."

"Have you not enough grass here?"

"Oh, no, M. Seguin."

"Perhaps your rope is too short. Shall I loosen it?"

"It is not worth while, M. Seguin."

"Then what do you want?"

"I want to climb the mountain, M. Seguin."

"But, poor goat, don't you know there is a wolf up there in the mountain? What will you do when he comes?"

"I will knock him down with my horns, M. Seguin."

"The wolf is not afraid of your horns. He has eaten older goats with much stronger horns than yours. Do you remember poor old Renaude who was here last year? A master-goat she was and wicked as a he-goat. She fought with the wolf all night and then in the morning the wolf ate her."

"I am sorry for poor Renaude, but never mind, M. Seguin, I want to climb the mountain."

"Great Providence," cried M. Seguin, "what are they doing to my goats? But no, I will save you against yourself, you rascal! And for fear that you should break your rope I will shut you in the stables where you will stay from now on."

And then M. Seguin took the goat to a dark stable of which he closed the door carefully. Unfortunately he had forgotten the window, and as soon as he had turned his back the little goat jumped through it and ran away.

You are laughing, Gringoire? Forsooth! Of course you side with the goat, you, against this good M. Seguin. But we shall see if you will laugh in a moment.

When the white goat arrived in the mountain she was received like a little queen. The old pine trees had never seen anything so pretty. The chestnut trees bent low to the earth to caress her with the tips of their branches. The golden broom opened before her and gave as much perfume as it could. All the mountain entertained her.

You may guess, Gringoire, that our goat was happy! No more rope, no more stake—nothing to prevent her from romping about and nibbling the grass as she pleased. And the grass—it was up above her horns—delicious, fine, varied, a thousand different sorts of grass. It was quite different from the grass of the enclosure. And flowers! Big blue bells, purple digitals with long chalices, a forest full of wild flowers of intoxicating odors. The goat, half drunk, kicked and rolled in it and tumbled down the slopes pell-mell among the fallen leave and chestnuts. And then all of a sudden she would jump up and be off head first through the woods and bushes, now onto a peak, now down to the bottom of a hollow road. One would have thought that there were ten of M. Seguin's goats in the mountain.

And she was afraid of nothing, Blanquette. She would jump in one leap great torrents which splashed her all over with spray and foam. And then all dripping she would lie down on some flat rock and let the sun dry her. Once as she came to the edge of an upland with a flower of the "cytise" in her teeth, she saw far below in the meadows the house of M. Seguin with the enclosure behind. It made her laugh to tears.

"How very small," she said, "how could I ever have lived there?"

Poor little goat! Seeing herself so high, she thought herself at least as big as the world.

Anyway it was a fine day for M. Seguin's goat. About noon she came upon a herd of chamois, eating wild-vine with a fine appetite. And the little truant with her white robe created a great sensaton. She was offered the best place in the wild-vine and all the gentlemen were very courteous. It even appears—but remember, Gringoire, you must keep this to yourself—that a young chamois with black hair fell in love with Blanquette. The two sweethearts got lost in the woods for an hour or two, and if you want to know what they said to each other, go and ask the chattering brooks which run invisible in the moss.

But of a sudden the wind became cooler; the mountain grew purple; the evening was coming.

"Already," said the little goat, and she stopped surprised.

Far below the fields were drowned in the mist. M. Seguin's enclosure disappeared in the fog, and of the house one could see only the roof and a wisp of smoke. She listened to the bells of a herd on its way home and she felt very lonely. A gerfalcon, going to his nest, brushed her with his wings on his way. She started—and then she heard a long howl in the mountain. She thought of the wolf for the first time that long day. And at the same moment a trumpet sounded far away in the valley. It was M. Seguin making his last attempt to call her back.

Come back! Come back! sounded the trumpet.

But Blanquette had no idea of going back. She remembered the stake, the rope, the hedge of the enclosure, and she felt that she would never get used to that life again and that it was better for her to stay where she was.

The trumpet stopped sounding.

(Continued on Page 14)

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Poems About San Francisco

232—THE GOLDEN GATE

By Hu Maxwell

The following poem is from a volume "Idyls of the Golden Shore" by Hu Maxwell, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.

Where the mountains break abruptly from their domes of mist and gloom,
Down to vernal vales and valleys, bright with flowers in their bloom,
Where the ocean's waves grow milder as they sink into their rest
In that harbor's placid stillness, at the Gateway of the West;
There a beauteous city rises, looking over all below,
O'er the images of mountains, pictured where the billows flow
Slowly, grandly, and unbroken through the rock-embattled strait,
From the wide and dreary ocean, landward through the Golden Gate.

City, resting in thy beauty on thy ocean-fretted hills,
Like an Oriental vision, vivid as when slumber fills
All the world with fairy phantoms; City on the shining shore
Of thy greenland occidental, thou art beauteous evermore!
Thou art sitting at the portal of this summer-blooming land,
With its clear and crystal rivers rushing o'er the golden sand;
Thou are proud and regal, City, sitting on thy throne of state,
Hailing ships from every ocean sailing through the Golden Gate.

Guard them well, as thou hast guarded in the years which are no more;
Hail them welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the shining shore!
Smile across the waste of waters; let the mirror of the deep
Limn thee, City, in thy beauty, till the waves are lulled to sleep;
Till the billows cease their raging on the rocks and reefs afar,
And are dreaming in the beaming of the gleaming vesper star.
Beckon gladsome words of welcome from thy queenly throne of state
To the sails that come forever sweeping through the Golden Gate.

O what thousand myriad thousand sails from earth's remotest seas,
Driven long before the tempests, have come swelling with the breeze
Gladly to the promised haven underneath the friendly hill
Safe at last from the tornadoes that the roaring ocean fill!
O what hopes and what ambitions, and what longings and unrest
Have come proudly up the harbor of this Venice of the West!
O the hopes and disappointments—spirits crushed by iron fate,
Bright a moment, hoping, longing, sweeping through the Golden Gate!

Gate of Beauty, bid them welcome. Mock not hope that runneth wild;
Thou hast sheltered and protected many and many a truant child,
Kneeling down to thee in blindness, offering himself to thee;
For thee leaving home and country out beyond the stormy sea.
Shore of Brightness, thou hast bidden them to come from every clime,
Hast allured them with the vaguest dreams e'er told in prose or rhyme;
And they hearkened to thy whisper, and with boundless hope elate,
Came they, borne by sails of silver, sweeping through the Golden Gate.

There are histories unwritten, stories never to be told,
Dreams unrealized and fading like the fantasies of old;
There were hopes that are no longer, with their idols they have died.
On the desert and the mountain they have perished side by side;
Highest aims were those that counted least in summing at the last;
Schemes that wove the stars in garlands have to every wind been cast.
Vain! But ignorance had blessed them; burnished gilt concealed the fate
That was lurking in the very shadows of the Golden Gate.

Golden Gate, thou shining portal of the beauteous land and fair,
Thou the minion of the ocean, seas, and islands everywhere!
Were it well to wish that ever thou mayst be as in the yore,
Isle-Calypso of the nations, weary dreamer's Lotus Shore!
Is the mystic spell yet broken? Has the vision vanished yet?
Art thou still the sunlit haven, though a thousand suns have set?
By the ocean art thou waiting, and ambitious still to wait
For the Future's fleets and navies, O thou wondrous Golden Gate!

The Spectator

An Old Ailment

It won't comfort the sufferer, but it may interest him to know that this so-called Spanish influenza is a very ancient ailment. It was described in the works of the ancient physicians. In 1403 and 1557 the sittings of the Paris law courts had to be suspended through it. In 1427 sermons had to be abandoned on account of the coughing and sneezing. In 1510 masses could not be sung. Epidemics occurred in 1580, 1676, 1703, 1752 and 1757, and their cessation was supposed to be connected with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The Italians in the seventeenth century ascribed it to the influence of the stars; hence the name influenza. The French name grippe came into use in 1743. Among the later epidemics were those of 1762, 1782, 1787, 1803, 1833, 1837, and 1847. It appeared in fleets at sea away from all communication with land, and to such an extent as to disable them temporarily for service. This happened in 1782 in the case of an English squadron which had to return to home waters from the coast of France in consequence of influenza attacking the crews. This is particularly interesting, since the present epidemic is supposed to have started among the sailors on German submarines who brought it to Spain, where it got its name and whence it spread over Europe and thence to America. During the nineteenth century there were several epidemics, or rather pandemics of influenza. The worst was that which began in 1889.

Its Rapid Spread

The influenza pandemic of 1889 which most of us remember too well, began in May in three localities widely separated: Bokhara in Central Asia, Athabasca in the north-west of Canada, and Greenland. About the middle of October it was reported at Tomsk in Siberia, and by the end of the month in St. Petersburg. During November Russia became generally affected, and cases were noticed in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London and Jamaica. In December it was epidemic over the whole of Europe, along the Mediterranean, in Egypt and over a large part of the United States. By February, 1890, the back of the epidemic was broken in Europe, but meanwhile it had spread to South Africa, Honolulu, Mexico and South America. It was prevalent in China, Japan, Ceylon and India, Australia and New Zealand. By the summer of 1890 it had reached such isolated islands as St. Helena, Iceland and Mauritius. Toward the close of the year it was reported from central Africa, the interior of China, Abyssinia and Kashmir. In the course of fifteen months it had traversed the entire globe. Fortunately no single locality suffered severely for more than a month or six weeks. There was a recrudescence of this epidemic in 1891, and milder epidemics followed for several years.

How It Travels

A writer who saw the epidemic of 1889 break out in Bokhara had this to say: "The summer of 1888 was exceptionally hot and dry, and was followed by a bitterly cold winter and a rainy spring. The dried-up earth was full of cracks and holes from drought and subsequent frost, so that the spring rains formed ponds in these holes, inundated the new railway cuttings, and turned the country into a perfect marsh. When the hot weather set in the water gave off poisonous exhalations, rendering malaria general." On account of the severe winter, the people were enfeebled from lack of nourishment, and when influenza broke out suddenly they died in large numbers. Europeans were very severely affected. Russians, hurrying home, carried the disease westward, and caravans passing eastward took it to Siberia. An authority on the subject declared of that epidemic that it prevailed independently of climate, season and weather; that it moved in a contrary direction to the prevailing winds; that it traveled

along the lines of human intercourse, and not faster than human beings can travel; that in 1889 it traveled much faster than in previous epidemics, when the means of locomotion were very inferior; that it appeared first in capital towns, seaports and frontier towns, and only affected country districts later; that it never commenced suddenly with a large number of cases in a place previously free from disease, but that epidemic manifestations were generally preceded for some days or weeks by scattered cases; and that persons brought much into contact with others were the first to suffer. These conclusions have all been confirmed by what we know of the present epidemic. It has spread more rapidly over the world this time because travel by land and sea has been so enormously speeded up.

The Clockwinder Bobs Up

Judge of my surprise the other day when a caller was announced, and on the heels of the office boy the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock walked into the editorial sanctum and plumped himself into my most comfortable chair.

"Well, well, well!" was all I could say.

The Clockwinder didn't say a word. He pulled off his "flu" mask (which was very becoming to his peculiar style of beauty), reached into his back pocket, produced a flask and took a long pull.

"Influenza medicine," he said finally, after smacking his lips more heartily than one usually does after a dose of what the doctor orders.

"May I take a look?" I said, reaching for the bottle.

As I suspected, it was nothing but aromatic spirits of Kentucky.

"A great 'flu' medicine," said the Clockwinder. "The doctors don't all prescribe it, but they all take it. The influenza bug is harmless when he's soused, and I am careful to keep him spifflicated."

"Where have you been," I demanded.

"In Los Angeles," the Clockwinder answered. "Electioneering for the greatest Governor we've had since Hiram Johnson."

"You old fraud," I exclaimed. "You're not for Stephens."

"As an employee of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners," he answered gravely, "of course I'm for Stephens. In my official capacity I'm for the Old Man and I'm bone-dry."

"You're an old hypocrite," I said.

"What's a little hypocrisy among friends?" he queried, without showing the least resentment. "Hypocrisy is very popular among us Stephens men. Only we call it liberality. Down in Los Angeles I took my 'flu' medicine regularly, but I didn't display the bottle in the presence of editors. Up here it's different."

Conditions in Los Angeles

"How are things in Los Angeles?" I asked.

"Everything is lovely in Bevo Juncton," said the Clockwinder. "They're a little tired of being good down there. They're trying to repeal the Sunday Closing ordinance. But there's lots of fun, even on Sunday. The day is largely devoted to bean-hunting."

"What kind of hunting is bean-hunting?" I asked.

"A noble sport," said the Clockwinder. "You know, beans are very expensive just now. There are a lot of bean fields along the shoe-string strip between Los Angeles and San Pedro. Well, the best people of Los Angeles go out to the bean fields on Sunday with sacks and glean what the bean harvesters overlooked. Pick the beans up bean by bean."

I looked my incredulity.

"Fact," said the Clockwinder. "Any Sunday you can see the limousines parked along the bean fields, and the best people—members of the California, Jonathan and Country Clubs—crawling over the fields in search of the elusive bean. There are fifty-two Sundays in the year, I believe. Well, in a year you can gather a small sack of beans. But every bean picked up is a fraction of a penny saved. Oh, it's great sport. But it's dry work, thirsty work. Thank heaven, they have the Raines law sandwich in Los Angeles."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Why," said the Clockwinder, "with a meal down there you can get a glass of wine or beer. So all the bars in the hotels have tables where they serve the Raines law sandwich with a drink. I tried to eat one once, but it made me sick for two days. Besides, the waiter didn't like it. The sandwiches go with the drinks by virtue of the law, but they are not supposed to be eaten. Don't let anybody tell you that you have to go out to Vernon to get a drink. Bevo Junction knows how to evade a law."

A Tribute to Stephens

"Do you really like Stephens?" I asked, looking the Clockwinder squarely in his good eye.

"I love dear old Grandpa Stephens," said the Ferry philosopher. "I love him for his generosity. Most governors are stingy about their authority. Not Stephens. He distributes it with a liberal hand. He divides it between that sterling character E. T. Earl of Los Angeles, the holy Doctor Gandier, and those constructive statesmen Al McCabe and Martin Madsen, not to mention several others. If one governor is a good thing, a lot of governors is better. We have a whole slew of governors in California."

"But they say he has no pep," I objected.

"Why, he's plum full of pep, jazz and ginger," said the Clockwinder. "If you had been present the morning he made a roar about signing a Hoover food card in the Hollywood hotel you'd know that he's a sleeping volcano."

"Why doesn't he appoint a Railroad Commissioner?"

"He will in due time," was the answer. "It's an important job, and he must look over the field. He's as careful about his appointments as Pardee used to be. You remember how the old Doc used to deliberate in such matters. Same with Stephens. He's slow but sure."

"Some of his local followers are whispering around that he's liberal on the booze question—likes a toddy now and then. What about that?" I asked.

"The Governor has never bought me a drink, so I can't say," replied the Clockwinder. "Why don't you ask Ned Hamilton? He seems to have a line on the 'spifflicated bone-drys,' as he so wickedly calls them. Or ask Ray Benjamin. He's close up to the Guv."

"How can you be for a professed prohibitionist?" I asked with some impatience.

Before replying, the Clockwinder took another swig of his "flu" medicine, wiped his chin with his mask and winked at me.

"Me and you is good friends," he said finally, "so I won't camouflage. I'm for Stephens till next Tuesday. Then I'm going to the booth, and in the privacy of the little cubbyhole where nobody can see me, I'm going to swap horses—meaning, between you and me, that I'm going to vote for Bell."

After which burst of confidence the Clockwinder departed without speaking another word.

A Letter from Martin Merle

Martin Merle, author of "The Light Eternal," the Santa Clara Mission Play and one of the

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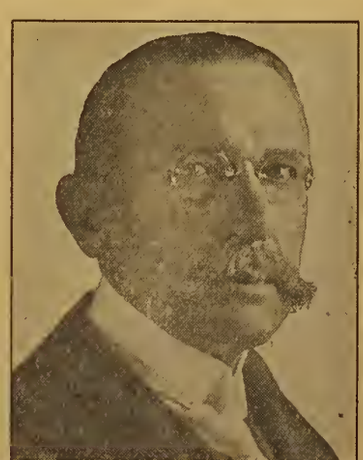
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"farm plays" of The Family, is in France as one of the Knights of Columbus workers. In an interesting letter he tells me that he is attached to the First Pursuit Group, U. S. A. Air Service. Lieutenant Frank K. Luke of Prescott, Arizona, the American "ace of aces," is a member of this unit: Raoul Lufbery and Quentin Roosevelt belonged to it. Merle describes Luke as "some go-getter." "The K. of C. is doing splendid work," Merle writes, "and I am happy and proud to be one of their organization. I travel very much a la Barnum and Bailey, with a "big top," and so far I have been showing to capacity business at all performances, which are continuous all day long. We supply, free of charge, smokes of all sorts, milk chocolate, chewing gum, stationery, games, playing cards and all that goes to make the recreational life of the soldier more interesting. On very cold afternoons I have one of the mess cooks prepare a huge cauldron of hot bouillon, made from cubes, and haul it up to the hangars where the enlisted men (mostly mechanics) are working, and they wallow in it to the 'steenth degree of appreciation and enjoyment. One day I wrapped a number of packages of Camel cigarettes—the American soldier's one best bet over here—in monogrammed K. C. paper. These were taken out by five of the pilots who flew over the columns of advancing American troops in the front line and dropped them to the men in the trenches." Merle says he has been in Paris twice. "One day, when I dropped into a barber shop in the Rue Scribe, who should walk in immediately after me but Peter Clark McFarlane. A few days later Redfern Mason dropped in at K. C. headquarters in the Place de la Madeleine. We reveled in 'home town talk'—honestly not intended as a pun."

Did Marshall Die a Pauper?

According to Miss M. A. Kelley of Kelsey, El Dorado County, James Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, did not die a pauper, stories to the contrary notwithstanding. Miss Kelley who proposes to start a Forty-Niners' Museum at Hangtown (Placerville), and to preserve Marshall's blacksmith shop at Kelsey, says Marshall owned the hotel where he died, also two gold mines, the "Big Sandy" and the "Gray Eagle." Miss Kelsey says she knew Marshall well. If she is right, history will have to be rewritten, for most of us have read of the dire poverty in which the old man died. The story as familiar to many, was told by Thomas Dykes Beasley in his interesting little book "A Tramp Through the Bret Harte Country." Beaseley's authority was W. H. Hooper of Coloma, a pioneer of 1850. Beasley writes:

> Marshall was a very human character. Late in life the State legislature granted him a pension of two hundred dollars a month. This sum being far in excess of his actual needs, it followed as a matter of course that his cronies assisted him in disposing of it. In fact, "Marshall's pension day" became a local attraction, and the Coloma saloon—still in existence—the rendezvous. These reunions were varied by glorious excursions to Sacramento, his friends in the legislature imploring him to keep away. After two years the pension was cut down to one hundred dollars per month and finally was discontinued in toto—a shabby and most undignified procedure. Opposite the saloon, at some little distance, is a conical hill. For many years Marshall, seated on the steps of the porch, had gazed dreamily at its summit. Shortly before his death, addressing a remnant of the "old guard," he exclaimed, "Boys, when I go, I want you to plant me on the top of that hill." And "planted" he was, with a ten-thousand-dollar monument on top of him!
>
> The poor old fellow died in poverty at Kelsey, near Coloma, August 10, 1885, at the age of seventy-five. It is a sad reflection that a tithe of the money spent on the monument would have comforted him in his latter days; for the blow to his pride by the withdrawal of his pension, still more than the actual lack of funds, hastened his end. . . . In common with the majority of the old miners, he saved nothing and never profited to any extent by the discovery that will keep his memory alive for centuries to come.

How Bernstorff Appeared Then

I picked up, the other day, a magazine published in February, 1909, and as I turned its pages rather mechanically I chanced upon an article on Count von Bernstorff. He had just arrived in Washington as successor to Ambassador von Sternberg, and this article sought to introduce him to America. In the light of what we know today, it was an amazingly inaccurate introduction. The writer of the article laid emphasis on von Bernstorff's "un-Machiavellian accessibility," adding that "the receptivity of the Count's attitude renders him too prone to admire the abilities of those he meets." Contrast that statement with what we all know now! The writer speaks of von Bernstorff's "unforced sympathy with America and all things American." And then we find this delicious forecast: "The 'note' of the German Embassy here under Count von Bernstorff will be quietness." Quietness! The quietness of explosions in munition factories quietly ordered and quietly paid for by von Bernstorff. Reading further, I learn that von Bernstorff's mission was to impress upon us "the idea of German good faith, German honesty, German anxiety for the peace of the world, German willingness to respect the rights of others to a place in the sun." That was in 1909. German propaganda was busy then, and it was the more dangerous because we did not suspect it. Whether this articles was propaganda or not I don't know. But we Americans have always been too willing to take people at their face value. We take visiting foreigners that way: you have only to recall the way we went wild over Prince Henry of Prussia. And when one of our own nation springs into mushroom celebrity, we take him that way too. If you discount seventy-five per cent the character sketches of the "men of the hour" you find in popular magazines you are not being too cautious.

Gandier's Camouflage

In a signed letter, which has been widely circulated through the State, Dr. D. M. Gandier, head of the dry forces of California, says: "The newspapers report that a hulletin just being issued by the University of California says that wine grapes can be used for making syrup more profitably than for making wine, and that with slight changes the wineries can be used to make syrup. This would seem to remove the last obstacle to prohibition in California." This statement is misleading, to say the least, and smacks of the usual prohibition propaganda. It is true that grape syrup can he made from grapes. But it is also true that only a small part of our wine grapes could or would be used for syrup purposes. The making of grape syrup is no new discovery. It is as old as the ages, and if production of syrup were a profitable business in normal times, every winery in the State would have been manufacturing it long ago.

The Truth of the Matter

On August 27, Professor Frederic T. Bioletti, in charge of the viticultural laboratory of the Agricultural Experiment Station at the University, in an open letter to Congressman Charles N. Randall (who had made similar misleading statements in a telegram to the President) wrote: "At the present high prices of wine grapes, of labor, and of all materials, it is difficult or impossible to interest grape growers, wineries or sugar factories in a totally new and untried product. My conclusions, based on what I know or believe on the subject are: (1) That prohibiton of wine making would destroy the value of the wine grape vineyards of the State and ruin most of the growers. (2) That if wine making is not prohibited, the manufacture of grape syrup offers a very promising means of utilizing a considerable portion of

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our crop of wine, table and raisin grapes, that portion which is at present wasted in great part owing to some defect which makes it unsuitable for the purposes of the main crop; and (3) That the manufacture of grape syrup can become a considerable industry only after years of effort and trial by the producer and of education of the consumer, unless very materially aided and hastened by large governmental encouragement." For sweetening power, grape syrup can be no commercial competitor of cane or beet sugar in normal times. The grapes themselves would cost the syrup producer more than finished sugar costs the refiner. With that condition, can any sincere citizen believe the cry of the fanatical prohibitionists that "Syrup is the salvation of the vineyardist"?

The Death of Hugh Thompson

Hugh Thompson belonged to a newspaper family. His father was a newspaperman for years before Cleveland made him Minister to Brazil. His uncle "Bob" Thompson made the Santa Rosa Democrat one of the great, influential papers of the State. Hugh Thompson was one of the best reporters San Francisco ever knew. His skill in ferreting out news was almost uncanny. I don't believe he was ever "scooped" in his life. He was more than a reporter; he was a writer, and his handling of a big news story was always impeccable. When the "copy" came from his typewriter it needed no editing; the "story" was always told for all its strength in nervous, dramtic English. His newspaper experience brought Hugh Thompson in contact with all sorts of people, and he never once forfeited the respect of an acquaintance, for he never betrayed a confidence, never sensationalized, never did an injustice knowingly. Hugh Thompson had a big heart, and was a warm friend. He leaves many sorrowing friends. May he rest in peace.

Markham's Tribute

Edwin Markham has been touched deeply by the sublime heroism of France. Indeed, he could not be a poet and remain cold to that soul-stirring phenomenon. Markham contributes to McClure's this fine poem:

THE FATE OF FRANCE

As dawn's last dreams are vanishing from me
The thrush comes singing in the orchard tree.
Then as I start from the slumber road
The earth sweeps on with its sorrow load—
Over me crashes the sense of her mischance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

I rouse my soul: I plunge into the day:
Bargain and barter in the usual way—
Rip open letters pouring from the mail—
Smile where I triumph, ponder where I fail.
Yet all goes by me like a misty trance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

When all floors murmur with departing feet,
I lock the door and take the throbbing street.
The great crowds thunder round me and depart;
But over it all I hear a cry in my heart
That bodes the ruin of all the world's romance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

And in the evening hush of home, I hear
Beyond the Marne the marching heroes cheer:
I see brave lines that waver and gain breath
To hurl their valors into the front of death.
Their glad cry thrills me like a lifted lance:
The whole world's future is the fate of France!

Lines by Mrs. Meynell

Alice Meynell, the great English poet, does not write often, and does not write much. Hers is a rare inspiration, and choice as it is rare. See how much she puts into these four lines, the latest I have seen from her magic pen:

"LORD, I OWE THEE A DEATH."
Richard Hooker.

Man pays that debt with new munificence,
Not piecemeal now, not slowly, by the old,
Not grudgingly, by the effaced thin pence,
But greatly and in gold.

The Newest Poetry

William Marion Reedy whose St. Louis Mirror introduced the "Spoon River Anthology" to the world, is running another verse serial. It is called "Songs of the Unknown Lover," and the author's name is withheld. Here is a sample "poem" from this newest anthology:

A STRANGER

I left before you could love me . . .
You would have hung upon me
Like a wash-cloth on a wall.
For the look in your eyes
Was as soft as the underside of soap in a soap-dish.
It is not you.

The Death of Lecocq

The papers paid little attention to the death in Paris of Alexandre Charles Lecocq who died last week at the age of eighty-six. And yet Lecocq gave as much pleasure, if not more, to a former generation than Franz Lehar gave to this with his "Merry Widow." For Lecocq was the author of those entrancing light operas "La Fille de Madame Angot" and "Giroflé-Girofla." The first, produced in Paris in 1873, ran for four hundred nights, was quickly translated into English, and won tremendous popularity all over the English-speaking world. That success was repeated when "Giroflé-Girofla" was produced in 1874. Lecocq wrote many other light operas which had great success. Old-timers probably thought that he had died years ago.

War Insurance

The State Council of Defense issues a timely bulletin on the subject of war insurance. It reads as follows:

Some soldiers and sailors are dropping their war risk insurance because the relatives they named as beneficiaries have failed to receive insurance certificates from Washington. Such action is entirely unwarranted and detrimental to the best interests of the fighting men and their loved ones. Because of delay in receiving insurance certificates, many soldiers believe that they are paying for insurance protection

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which they are not receiving. This is incorrect. Government insurance is effective regardless of the receipt of the insurance certificate provided proper application has been made and premiums are being paid. The certificate is no part of the contract of insurance; it is merely evidence that the contract exists. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department is mailing insurance certificates as rapidly as possible. To date more than two and a half million certificates have been sent forward and the daily output is constantly increasing. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance now has on its books more than thirty-five billion dollars of insurance, and is receiving approximately one billion dollars of new insurance every week. It is unnecessary to write to Washington asking for your certificate. It will come in due course. You do not need the certificate to prove that you have taken out the insurance or to prove that you are the beneficiary named by a soldier or sailor. Every officer and man in the military and naval service of the nation has the privilege and the opportunity of buying up to $10,000 of Uncle Sam's insurance. This insurance is protection for him and for those that are dear to him—both for the present and for the future. If you are the relative of a man with the colors, it is your duty to see to it that he avails himself of this Government protection, and that when he has obtained it, he holds on to it.

Cinderella No Hun

It seems that quite a number of school teachers throughout the State are worried about Cinderella. They think she is of Hun origin, and ought therefore to be banished from our schools. I am surprised at the school marms. Have they never read Perrault? I believe the students of folk lore have listed some three hundred and forty-five forms of the Cinderella story in all languages, but our English version comes directly from the "Cendrillon" of the great Frenchman. Indeed, it was an error in translation which introduced a very attractive new feature into the English version. In Perrault Cinderella lost her "pantoufle en vair" or fur slipper. The translator mistook this for "pantoufle en verre" or glass slipper, and a new element was added to the story. Cinderella is not a Hun.

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22

Yes	
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This drastic measure would prohibit the manufacture and sale of wine for sacramental, medicinal or beverage purposes on January 1, 1919, whereas Congress has decided our grape growers should have until July 1, 1919, to adjust themselves to "war time" prohibitition.

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"Nocturne"

By Austin Priestman

I lift her from her little bed,
  She wriggles, smiles, blinks in the candlelight,
And lays her head
  Upon my breast, and puts her arm, the right,
Around my stronger arm; lets her left hand,
  Small, uncontrolled through sleep,
Rest on my bare neck; thus in waking land
  My lamb will nestle to her father's keep.

Turning her head, she catches sight
  Of Mother, and at once she smiles again;
On sheets clean white,
  Over her lap, her mother with restrain
Places her, makes sweet her clothing; she swings
  Her head and eyes to find
Her father, make sure he is there, then clings
  To mother's breast, and slips into sleepland kind.

Hold the Hohenzollerns

By Gertrude Atherton

As the Prussians, no matter what their speciousness, will endeavor to "put one over on us," would it not be a good idea before we agree to terms of any kind to insist upon the Kaiser and Crown Prince giving themselves up as hostages? They are quite capable of forming a dummy republic, and then, when they found the moment opportune, "restoring" the Empire, plus kingdoms, Grand Duchies, etc. Even if we insisted upon the presidency of Liebknecht we could not feel safe, for although he would not willingly become a tool, he might not be able to help himself. As long as the army exists the dynasty rules, and what power has Liebknecht to let the world know his real attitude?

It is terrible to contemplate that Germany may find a way, with her damnable cunning, to wriggle out. I have never had the least fear since the first battle of the Marne that she would not be conquered eventually. In the centuries when it took years for news to travel into Gaul or up to Britain it was a simple matter for the Prussian hordes to gather their forces and conquer as they listed. But in these days when the whole world is bound together by talking wires it is an historical impossibility for barbarians to conquer civilization unless they make it in the first rush. Perhaps it were better to say that it would be an historical error, which no more could intrude itself into the law of modern progress than witch burning or cannibalism.

But many of us are appalled at the thought that modern humanitarianism, idealism, altruism, any old thing—also out of place at this crisis in the world's history—will save them from the excess of suffering they have inflicted upon the races upon whom they forced this war; save their pride, their smirking conceit, fail to make them realize to the full what criminals and cowards and outlaws they are.

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince might be staked out in the ruins of Rheims Cathedral, forced to sleep on straw and exposed to the elements. The Tower of London is far too good for them.

I wonder if people realize the impudence of the last note of Germany. It is equivalent to the promise of a dishonest nurse to a refractory charge who must be got to bed at all costs.

"Yes, darling, I will leave the light on, buy you chocolates tomorrow, let you slap little sister, see that you cut out arithmetic, and play hookey; only for heaven's sake go to bed now, as it is for your own good."

The little boy goes to bed, the lights are put out, the door locked, and nurse goes out to spend the evening with her beau. The next day little brother finds the same old world peopled by the same old tyrants.

Francis Thompson

By Katharine Tynan

One looks back now with an odd, sharp regret to the days when a meeting with Francis Thompson was a common, every-day matter. He was of the great talkers, and he would walk up and down the drawing room at Palace Court clutching his dirty little pipe between his fingers while he poured out his flood of argument. Coventry Patmore thought his prose better than his poetry and his talk better than either, but Patmore loved to startle; he was, perhaps, hardly in earnest in these opinions. I'm afraid that we used to poke fun at the poor poet, a fun which was perfectly aware that its object was a genius. He took the fun very well. I hope it keep well within limits. He had such queer, odd, unworldly ways that one had to poke fun at him. He had written one of his poems for me, "The Fall of the Leaf." I had had at least one long, precious letter from him before I was married. He had been humbly and simply delighted with my praises of his poetry. But in those years, when we met constantly at Palace Court and he came to see me occasionally, I don't think I got in any real personal touch with him. Perhaps I did not try. But looking back from this distance it seems to me that he was preoccupied with the Meynell family. There was one man and one woman and one family of children for him in the world and all the rest were "moving shadow-shapes that come and go." The Meynell children used to play tricks on him in a perfectly affectionate way. If he discovered the tricks—I think the real deliciousness of them was his unconsciousness—he never resented them. I don't think he thought they could do wrong. Had he a sense of humor? I have no memory of anything which indicated its possession. He was the cause of humor in others. The child-likeness of his adoration for his friends made one smile while one applauded and appreciated.

He never minded when Mrs. Meynell, arriving an hour late for lunch with him in her train, would come in with profuse apologies: "Oh, dear K. T., I am so sorry. Francis would not get up, although the children have called him at intervals of five minutes ever since 9 o'clock this morning." He did not extenuate his habits. That calling at five-minute intervals was a teasing prank which the Meynell children, thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Meynell, with her air of

> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized

would shake her dear head over those pranks, although occasionally one would be rewarded by the fresh, delightful peal of laughter which one used to lie in wait for. When it was caught it repaid one for some failures. It was never missing for the sallies of a child like her grandson, Toby, who is now in the Palestine campaign, after a year in the Struma Valley.

Francis Thompson was in fact a strayed angel. Behind his mustard-colored suit and his little dirty pipe it was:

"Turn but a stone and start a wing . . ."

You can see it well enough in the portrait of him at the age of eighteen, which is pre-

fixed to the "Selected Poems." He ought to have been caught into a mediaeval monastery where he could have spent his life as a mystic among mystics contemplating the Supreme Beauty. But perhaps in that case the poetry would have lost the human element learnt through much suffering.

"Dream-Tryst," "The Hound of Heaven" and "In No Strange Land," in these, if he had written nothing else, is warranted Francis Thompson's right to stand by Shelley in English poetry. That strange air of his in a world hung with mists and dreams! To his sickly body, racked with more pain than any one guessed, opium brought her poppies. They never degraded the poet in any serious sense. His songs of experience are songs of innocence. As for the strange cloudy web which lies over his poetry, veiling its splendor in mystery, why, Thompson ate opium that the sober world should rejoice in his dreams forever.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Hadley's "Bianca"

Henry Hadley—our friend "Hank" of the Symphony Orchestra—had a new opera produced in New York recently. It was called "Bianca." Anxious to learn what success it achieved, I read carefully what H. E. Krehbiel had to say about it in the New York "Trib." I find from this acknowledged expert in music that "Mr. Hadley's work is an effort in the striving to habilitate vernacular opera, and a specially laudable one because it is an original creation and not an adaptation of a foreign score." "An effort in the striving to habilitate" means something, or rather, is meant to mean something, but what an atrocious "derangement of epitaphs" it is! Mr. Krehbiel proceeds: "Unhappily, though Mr. Hadley keeps a current of somewhat agitated tune running through the new opera, he seldom permits his voices to float upon the surface and eschews articulated vocal melody." And further: "As for sentimental song, there is but one approach to it, and that achieves its purpose in a measure not by merit of sincerity or beauty of expression, but because it affords relief from the wearisome and invertebrate declamation which precedes it." I take it that Mr. Krehbiel means that "Bianca" has orchestral but not vocal melody, and that "Bianca" contains a sort of a kind of a sentimental song which is not good but much better than what goes before. If this is Mr. Krehbiel's meaning, why did he wrap it up in so many folds of verbal gauze? Is he afraid his precious thoughts will catch the "flu"? We are further told that "Bianca" is "barren of ensemble until the close." Then Mr. Krehbiel returns to that matter of orchestral melody: 'Mr. Hadley hitches melody to melody (they are mostly in oldtime dance rhythms) in his orchestral score, and by dint of modulation nuances in dynamics and color deftly maintains interest in them. They are pleasing, even if they are not marked by distinction." Finally, the critic pays a tribute to Hadley's industry, but denies him the possession of genius. Not a word as to how the audience received the opera. Whether the audience applauded it, or was bored we are not told. And that, with all due respect to Mr. Krehbiel and his technical knowledge, is much more important to us who had not the pleasure of hearing "Bianca" than all this patter about "modulation nuances in dynamics and color." Too many music critics regard music as an esoteric subject only to be discussed in hieroglyphics. They write as if they were afraid we common people would find out something. I hope "Hank's" opera was a huge success. He's a composer of fine talent, despite Mr. Krehbiel.

"Flu" Fighters

All honor to our women and girls for the hard work they have done fighting the epidemic. It is heart-warming to learn how ladies of leisure have become angels of mercy in this time of trouble. It is not surprising, of course, for new thoughts, new ideals have taken possession of our women and girls, as of our men and boys, since we went to war. But fighting "flu" is not nearly as exciting as doing war work, and it is often very dirty and exceedingly dangerous work. Our women and girls have never faltered. To single out a few where many have done wonders may seem invidious, but I must mention specially the work of the Red Cross Motor Corps consisting of girls organized along military lines to aid in the hard work which had to be done to stay the ravages of the epidemic. Here are the fine girls who did this labor of loving kindness: Captain Kamm, Lieutenants Garret, Brandenstein, Treat and Keeney; Privates Ayres, Baker, Bertheau, Buchanan, Boyd, Clampett, Casserly, Davidson, Evans, Grant, Hathaway, Hirschman, Landreth, Lewin, Newman, Podesta, Pope, Prather, Raisch, Roos, Schweitzer, H. Son, B. Son, Stein, St. Goar, Tubbs, Van, Ward, Williams, Winslow, Pearson, Bibbero and Yerington.

At the Cecil

The Cecil Hotel is growing more and more popular with the Service set. Lieutenant and Mrs. R. E. McCorkendale of the United States Navy who arrived here Saturday, are receiving a warm welcome from their friends. Miss Grace Smith of Seattle has been visiting Mrs. Lafrenze. Commander Lafrenze is on a submarine in France, and his attractive wife will remain at the hotel until he is ordered home. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton gave a dinner of ten covers Thursday. E. R. Phillips of Quincy, Mass., was among the arrivals Monday. A luncheon and bridge was given by Mrs. John Charles Doyle Thursday. Miss Newcomb is visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. McCorkendale. Mr. and Mrs. Jutte have returned from their honeymoon. They were the complimented guests at a luncheon given by the bride's mother and sister, Mrs. Frederick Mead and Miss Mary Mead. Friends of Mrs. Brunning enjoyed her hospitality at dinner Monday.

Stage Women Still Helping

The Stage Women's War Relief of San Francisco has sent a thousand dollars to the parent organization in New York as a contribution toward the financing of a movable gas hospital in France. The Stage Women's War Relief was given an opportunity to finance such a hospital, and embraced it gladly. Various cities were asked to contribute to the fund, and the local branch responded generously. The local organization is planning a bazaar to be held in December. It will be a "bag bazaar"; that is, the articles for sale will all be bags—leather, silk, linen—all sorts of bags for men and women. People who are interested are requested to contributed bags for this bazaar. Quite a number of prominent actresses have already promised to co-operate.

Perfect Ventilation at Tavern

"A man must eat," remarked a certain California politician. But it's just as well to be careful where you eat. No use going into stuffy little cafes when you can just as well go to Techau Tavern, where the ventilation is perfect and you can enjoy your meal in security. The Tavern luncheon menu was never better than at present. It seems to be a matter of pride with the chefs to get up extra fine dishes just to show that the Food Administration can't make the restrictions so severe as to diminish the delight of a Tavern meal by one iota. A different special luncheon each day prevents any monotony.

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Music Changing With the War

By David Bispham

The extraordinary events at present taking place in the world will undoubtedly have a great effect upon music. In what way it will change the output is not as yet apparent, but such a cataclysm cannot take place without producing a profound effect upon every mortal happening. It may be that some sensitive people, such as musical composers are, will be so shocked as to be scarcely able to set pen to paper at all, while others will be so exalted by the tragedy of the war as to produce compositions of such grandeur as never before have been heard. Up to the present time, however, all that we see is a superficial, though no doubt well intended, mass of songs and instrumental pieces, emanating from those whose musical attainments are not of the highest order, though their intentions are undoubtedly of the very best, and they themselves are overflowing with a patriotism which in itself is superb, but which in its expression lacks that depth of thought which alone can cause any work to have more than an ephemeral existence.

Some songs there are which seem immediately to have made an enormous appeal, such as "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Over There," but in the case of the latter song one may confidently say that Mr. George M. Cohan, having had the inspiration to build a song upon the familiar trumpet call which prevails throughout its refrain, did not rest until, by very hard work, he had produced what he knew would be a success, for such is the characteristic of a man trained to please the public.

One must not make the mistake of supposing that all music used to arouse patriotism was written with the idea of the present condition in which the world finds itself. "Tipperary," written before the war for vaudeville performances, is known to have been so strenuously applied to war purposes as to become for some reason so objectionable as to be withdrawn. Elgar's magnificent melody, made into the song "The Land of Hope and Glory," had not war as its inspiration. It is an episode in the coronation march written for the accession of King Edward VII to the throne of England. Nothing in recent music has been finer in its tragic bearing than the symphonic work produced less than two years ago at Carnegie Hall by Bloch, the French Jew. Yet it is not war music; it is Biblical music, in which the lamentations of the Chosen Race are again poured forth with Jeremianic intensity. Yet there is sure to be a number of fine songs, odes, choral pieces, symphonies and operas resulting from the emotions now excited in every breast. Great poems have been written and greater may be expected, which, in their turn, will doubtless inspire musicians, and we may look for still greater things in the future. As yet, however, they have not appeared, in this country at least, though it is said that in England music is being written by some one, of a name hitherto unknown, whose power of expression is unsurpassed by any one of our time, unless by Richard Strauss. Indeed, the individuality and character of this music is such as to lead those who have seen it to suppose that Strauss, having taken refuge in England, is continuing his extraordinary labors there under another name. It is known that he was opposed to the war and refused high honors offered him by the Kaiser if he would side with the government in its declaration and prosecution of hostilities.

American composers have had their thoughts turned away from the pursuit of their calling, the younger ones being engaged in war work and doing nothing of consequence; but it is to be hoped that their elders may keep alight the musical torch that so illumines the pathway of mankind. Whatever may be the trend of composition in America, it is very sure that 99 per cent of the music of German origin, for so long heard in our concert rooms, will be conspicuous by its absence during the approaching season and for a long time to come. Even the best songs by the most approved Germans are being put aside, for the present at least, and in some ways this may be a good thing. It may serve to eliminate from our concert programmes much music, which but for its foreign flavor would have been immediately recognized as being inferior, while a great deal that is eminently worthy of attention written by our own American composers, who for so long have been struggling from under the shadow of the German colossus, will now be brought forward.

I am the last one, however, to advise the banishment of certain classics by a dozen or so of the great musical minds of the world merely because they happen to have been born from a century to two and a half centuries ago in a country with which we now find ourselves at war. But there is one thing in which American music is being greatly benefited, and that is by the insistence upon the use of the English language instead of German in song. I have for years been an ardent supporter of our native tongue instead of foreign languages whenever such a course is practicable, and I shall be heartily glad if one of the results of the war shall be the careful study of English, both in song and speech. This is not such a small matter as may be supposed; the mountain is not laboring to bring forth a linguistic mouse; but this is only one of the results of the operations of nature, which affect art, and, indeed, pass all understanding.

Stage and Screen Comedy

By Mark Swan

Wherever in Thespia two or three of the faithful are gathered there is sure to arise the ancient argument between the actor and the "screen-hound" as to the merits of their respective arts. Each claims that the medium of expression in the service of which he happens to be drawing salary is far and away the superior of all others.

Having written some comedy for the stage, and not a little for the screen, the writer wishes to add his testimony to the cause of the speakies as against the movies in the production of laughter.

A comic story presented on the screen does not amuse as successfully as a comic story presented on the stage. The audiences do not laugh as heartily at screen comedy as they do at stage comedy. Select the best screen comedy ever filmed, running half an hour or an hour and a quarter, and it can be matched by any theatregoer with an ordinary memory by at least ten which held their audiences for two hours and a quarter.

There are several reasons for the superiority of the mirth-provoking elements of laughter on the stage. The first and most important is the human element of the performance. The living characters are there before the audience, from no part of the auditorium are they distorted. Then, the voice of the actor is a great asset. It is much more amusing to head a good comedian deliver a humorous speech, with all the accompaniment of whimsical expression and appropriate action, than to read the same speech on the screen, either after the psychological occasion for it has passed, or before it has arrived.

The screen comic actor can't do it and say it at the same time. The comic appeal which the actor condenses into one crisp moment must be divided, on the screen, into two expressions several seconds apart. That is why no comedy line can possibly have the same value on the screen as it has on the stage.

Another advantage of stage comedy is the use of the sustained scene. The hightest artistic ambition of the comic actor is to "get 'em going" and "keep 'em going." Actors of experience, being given a good scene by the author, can keep an audience rocking in their seats with laughter for an indefinite period—10, 12, perhaps 15 minutes.

They do this by building and polishing; by perfecting in every tiny detail tones, expressions, and movements—and, most, of all, by cutting. Every interruption to a continued movement of the scene must be taken out until there is not one superfluous second.

But the moving picture camera has a magazine which holds film enough for only a short scene—usually two minutes; so the directors have been compelled to adopt precisely the opposite to the stage method to get comedy—that is, short comedy scenes—constantly interrupted by sub-titles or with flashes from five to ten seconds long, forcing the audience to readjust itself instantaneously to a new group of characters, or to words which stop action of the main scene.

This limitation is inherent in the making of comedy pictures and will always hamper the comedy workman.

As a matter of record, screen comedy seems to be passing into innocuous desuetude. Undoubtedly there is sincere and human comedy both in lines and action in many of the feature pictures presented by the higher grade of stars; but, specifically, the one-reel comedy, which used to be a feature of the bill in every motion picture theatre, is now almost conspicuous by its absence.

The better-grade theatres seem to have eliminated it, presenting to their audiences a frankly burlesque cartoon. It still may be found in the

cheaper houses; but even the low-brow no longer laughs at it. Undoubtedly the producer and director—and, in a lesser degree, the scenario writer and actor—are at fault; the result of their joint labors, as placed before us, is exasperating.

Most of their efforts are impossibly vulgar. Their characters are of the lowest class. We will instance the young lady out walking with her impossibly tough husband, who takes advantage of a momentary lapse of attention on his part to allow herself to be kissed by the nearest passer-by! The husband, on discovering it, contents himself by kicking the new-made affinity and goes happily along with his wife until the next extra-marital indiscretion. Here we have the ethics of the Senegambian bushman presented as humor.

The stories are never real and with not even the slightest semblance of truth. The situations are never credible. The charcaters seem to think that if they don utterly impossible and soiled garments they will become exquisitely amusing, when a visit to the nearest picture house would show them their mistake.

Most of the comedies offered a suffering public now are burlesques of melodrama. And the one thing the camera should avoid is burlesque. It sets down what it sees in black and white; and travesty is of too gossamer a quality to be treated like the multiplication table.

So, also, we have the endless band of comic crooks, followed by the endless parade of idiotic policemen. And the air is pregnant with the humming flight of the whimsical pie; all of which takes us back to the year one, but is not funny now.

If those who make these comedies for us would take the trouble to sit through them and listen to the audible comment of the spectators they would learn that the criticism can be expressed in one trenchant sentence—"we've seen it before!"

Where is the screen artist who will recognize the use—and abuse!—of the film as applied to comedy? Who will put before us an amusing and plausible story? Who will compel us to laugh with them as well as at them? Who will deliver us from the clumsy, inept and unfunny thing called short comedy?

LITERATURE AND THIRST

(Continued from Page 4)

But the buttermilk of my memory is associated with the most wonderful larder, lying deep in the stone outworks of an ancient house, lit dimly at one end by a door veiled with boughs of jasmine, and giving on to a walled garden, and at the other end opening, by mysterious partitions, into a storeroom sacred to the mistress of the house, where one was given delicious things to eat, and whence there came always a faint odor of spices. Out of the glare of the strong sunshine and play among the salt spray and surges of the shore I would come as a child into this magic world of coolness and darkness. At the far end of the larder stood always a great crock or jar kept half full of buttermilk, with a dipper hanging on the side, and cups and glasses always there for the use of the thirsty children of the house. Out of the glare, I say, from one's toiling play by the loud seashore, one would hurry for a moment into this cool and fragrant darkness. The crock was very thick and of a coarse substance, allowing a certain amount of evaporation, so the buttermilk was always very cold. The dipper would be seized, and the cold depths of the crock gently agitated; up would come the dipper, dripping snow and milk and ice; the cup would be filled, a deep breath fetched, and the nectar, cold, astringent, and aromatic, would be drained with great gulps and sighs. The dipper would be returned and sink with a gurgle into the buttermilk; and children emerging from the larder would appear to be wearing a small white mustache. And as we came out thus from the cool darkness, the wind and the sun and the sea, rough playfellows of our childhood, would greet us like brothers.

Innocent, delicious draught! More potent still than any drug to conjure visions of gardens and the sea, and to bring back the dream scents of salt and honey and jasmine and verbena; but powerless as any cup of Circe, or any draught of Lethe, to quench that most divine of thirsts, the thirst of the soul for its own youth, and the good things that are gone.

M. SEGUIN'S GOAT

(Continued from Page 5)

Then the goat heard behind her a noise in the leaves. She turned round and saw in the dark, two short, straight ears and two shining eyes. . . . It was the wolf.

Enormous and seated on his haunches, he was devouring her with his eyes in anticipation. As he knew that he would eat her he was in no hurry. Only when she turned round he laughed wickedly.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! M. Seguin's little goat." And he passed his red tongue over his dripping lips.

Blanquette felt that she was lost. For one moment, as there flashed into her mind the story of Renaude who had fought all night only to be eaten in the morning, she thought that perhaps it would be better to let him eat her at once. Only for an instant and then she lowered her head with her horns well forward, like the brave little goat that she was. Not that she had any hope of killing the wolf—goats don't kill wolves—but only to see if she could fight as long as Renaude.

Then the monster started toward her and the little horns danced. Ah, that brave goat! With what a heart she fought. More than ten times, without stretching it, Gringoire, she obliged the wolf to fall back to take breath. During these brief truces, she would hastily pick up a blade of the grass which she enjoyed so much and then come back fighting with her mouth full. From time to time she would look at the stars twinkling in the sky and would say, "Oh, if I could only hold out until dawn."

One by one the stars went out.

Blanquette increased her efforts and the wolf pressed the attack. A pale light appeared on the horizon. The crowing of a cock was heard from a farm.

"At last," said the poor animal, who had only waited for the dawn to die, and she lay down in her fine white fur all stained with blood. The wolf jumped on her and ate her.

Good-bye, Gringoire! The story I have told you is not an idle tale invented by me. If you ever come to Provence our farmers will often talk to you about the "cabro de mossu Seguin, quet set battegue touto la neui cmé lou loup, e pici lou matin lou loup la mangé" (M. Seguin's goat who fought all night and in the morning was eaten by the wolf.)

"E pici lou matin lou loup la mangé."

Do you understand, Gringoire?

THE TWO LOVES

When night was to begin,
Where the log-fire hisses,
I covered Jeannie in
From head to foot with kisses.

There in the glow
And the flicker of the ingle,
I gave her for to know
How a man loves single:

I gave her for to know
When the heart needs mating,
How hard a road to go
Was the long, lone waiting.

Her face was all a mist,
Her dear eyes tear-laden,
To find herself so kissed,
And man so love a maiden.

Ah, but she did love!
With kind lips so quiet,
While my heart above
Was all storm and riot.

And looking deep I saw
In all its woman's meaning,
How her heart would draw
My heart to have its leaning.

For my heart was fain,
Oh, fain to be a-mating;
But her's saw the pain
Of the long, lone waiting.

So there, in the light,
Beside the dying ember,
I gave her all that night
My kisses to remember.

A cold dawn came,
Then parted our embraces;
We blew the ash to flame
On tear-wet faces;

We drank the last cup,
And we shared the last platter,
And pale light went up
And birds began to chatter.

And then she ope'd the door,
And there I left her standing,
As I went down to the shore
To the ship beside the landing.

And far out from sea
I saw her apron flutter,
As her hand waved to me
The word she could not utter.

"Oh, a man's love is strong
When the heart finds its mating;
But a woman's love is long,
And grows when it is waiting!"

—Laurence Housman.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The movement of prices in the stock market last week was governed entirely by a confusion of ideas over the prospects of the earning power of the various active stocks in the list in the event of any sudden ending of the war. Trading, however, was largely of a professional nature, operators for the decline taking advantage of the trend of affairs in the war zone to depress the price of those industrial issues which it is believed would be the first to feel the effect of a cessation of war business. That a change of heart came over the market regarding these issues was evident on Friday when those stocks hardest pressed during the week made up a good part of their losses. During the hasty selling that began in the previous week, no count was taken of the fact that while a brief period of readjustment will follow the end of the conflict, the companies whose stocks were under pressure will be among the first to feel the rebound in business and world trade. The optimistic news of Judge Gary and other leaders in finance and industry had much to do with the change in sentiment. Toward the end of the week the railroad issues were more conspicuous in the trading, while buying of the oils, shipping, motor and public utility shares was at all times spirited and at advancing prices. The steel and equipment shares were the target, while liquidation in these issues was continuous, prices gradually stiffened toward the close of the week. The motor stocks under the leadership of General Motors came to the front and scored a good advance, although like the balance of the list, there was some recession at the close of the week. The action of the Banking Committee in refusing to lend more than 7 per cent on Stock Exchange collateral served to check speculation, as it means customers will be asked to put up more margin, and will, no doubt, restrict speculation, for which the rule was intended. Sentiment is decidedly bullish on the market, and unless we had restrictions of some kind to check the market, the market may become a runaway affair, and in the end prove disastrous to the speculator. We believe the market is on a sound basis and prices will work higher, even on a restricted money basis, and believe operations should be confined to the peace stocks.

Cotton—The cotton market was under pressure most of the week, but in the final trading prices recovered about all the loss. There was no new development of importance in the news, but there was more uneasiness, and the fact that the situation is far from settled became more apparent. Bulls refused to recede from their expectations of a settlement, and for that reason offered very little cotton. At the decline there was some speculative buying, and also some trade buying that brought about the recovery. Spot conditions were prominent, and the firmness displayed was the subject of comment. The diminished flow of cotton into sight was a feature of the spot situation and caused some apprehension in quarters which have banked on the willingness of the grower to sell at existing levels. Reports from the South indicate that there is no division of opinion there with regard to the effect of peace on cotton prices. They are confident that prices will go higher, and some of the growers look for 40-cent cotton. This position is not considered unreasonable by traders, and the fact that the growers entertain a notion of that sort is considered an important factor, even if their hopes are not realized. The weather has been rather favorable for the growth of a top crop, and it is now believed that the final figures on the crop will show some improvement over earlier estimates. The weather is also favorable for picking, but this is somewhat backward, owing to the shortage of labor. The market seems to be marking time around the 30-cent level, and trading is mostly by the local professional element, who seem to be satisfied with a small profit on either side.

Efforts to Cause Distrust

It may not be amiss, in connection with the matter of foreign trade, to call attention to efforts to excite distrust which pop up every once in a while. Some of these are quite likely due to an obsession coupled with ignorance. In this category come the labored and rather tricky statements issued by the high tariff advocates at periodic intervals trying to show that Japan is taking advantage of the war to cut into American trade abroad or to swamp the domestic field with its products. The only basis for this claim seems to be that Japanese exports have expanded, as was bound to hapen, and that more raw silk, tea and hat making materials have been coming from Japan hither. It is only necessary, as against this, to call attention to the fact that the great bulk of what Japan sends here is either raw material or other products not otherwise obtainable. Besides this, the exports from this country to Japan now far exceed the imports from that country. In the seven months ended with July those exports were $173,242,225, while the imports were only $161,286,455 in value.

Another of the statements, also originating from high tariff sources, is calculated to foment distrust of another of this country's allies—Great Britain. As is well known, the British have bought the Australasian wool clip and will probably also control that of South Africa. The prices paid are low as compared with those set in this country. "Now," say the high tariff people, "behold British trickery. By getting their wool cheaper they will be able to undersell Americans and others in woolen goods in foreign markets." As against this, it is only necessary to recall that this government is getting British-owned wool at virtually the original prices, and so also are the French, Italians, and Japanese. Whatever may be said about the British, they are certainly "playing fair" to all those associated with them in arms, and they will continue to do so.

—New York Times.

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Peter, Joan and H. G. Wells

By Sarah Connell

H. G. Wells' book, "Joan and Peter," though it is cast in the form of a narrative, is hardly to be classed as a novel, for Joan and Peter are little more than lay figures upon which to drape the author's ideas of education, what it is and what it ought to be. The children, really cousins, are brought up as brother and sister, and are, we may take it, representatives of the top round of the upper middle class, that portion of the community from which most should be expected since they are neither hampered by the restrictions of poverty nor handicapped by the reactionary forces of precedent and custom of the titled class. Thrifty ancestors had accumulated sufficient of this world's goods to relegate the vulgar question of "earning a living" completely out of sight both for themselves and their immediate connections. The parents had died while the children were yet too young to miss them and after some vicissitudes they came under the guardianship of an uncle who devoted himself to educating them, and though he really did take a serious interest in trying to secure for them the very best, was obliged to admit to himself that he had made a bad failure of the enterprise. Mr. Wells (or shall we say Uncle Oswald?) made the common mistake of assuming that education means schooling and that children's minds are blank pages upon which the schoolmaster may write as he wills. On the contrary, even before children reach the first stages of the kindergarten their education has made considerable progress and any practical teacher knows there is as much erasing as writing to be done. In this case, though the parents left the children at the ages of two and four years, they had established an environment. Without special ability in any direction, they were yet hovering on the outskirts of literary and artistic bohemia. Not being obliged to occupy themselves they had abundance of time for fads and foibles, and "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Feminism was just coming into fashion. One aunt was "advanced" and wrote daring feministic trifles. The children were sent to a freak school where bare legs and "artistic" costumes were the chief part of the curriculum and where their mates were all from freak households, and at eight and ten, when Uncle Oswald finally took hold of them, they already had a decided bias in that direction. In the eyes of their devoted guardian they were remarkable children, the elite of the earth and capable of any thing, but one must make due allowance for his prejudices. Also, Oswald as a young man had been in the naval service, but an act of heroism which won for him the V. C. also disabled him so that he was retired, and moreover, disfigured him so that, morbidly sensitive of his appearance, he had found a new occupation for himself in the subjugation and civilization of Central Africa. He had been so long apart from his kind that he was excusable for finding his wards inconceivably brilliant in comparison with the primitive negro picaninnies. A search for schools such as "ought to be" revealed none and an interrogation of schoolmasters proved unsatisfactory. There are none perfect, but after all, schools like other institutions are as good as the people want. The Uncle Oswalds should know that none of them are established as health resorts. Schoolmasters expect to clear expenses even if they do not accumulate fortunes and to that end the largest possible attendance is desirable. Children are sent to school for two reasons, one of which weighs as heavily as the other. They are to learn and their parents and guardians are to be relieved of trouble. Guardians seldom inquire too minutely into what is taught or supposed to be taught, and accept the reports of masters as final. Masters or proprietors of schools know only too well that if their pupils are hard-pressed in any direction they will complain at home, parents will be "bothered," and to save themselves from annoyance the pupils will be transferred. That means loss of prestige and reduced revenue. Even in the primary grades of our American free schools "strikes" are known when youngsters in socks and pinafores have their infant wills crossed. Uncle Oswald might have come nearer to establishing his ideal if he had consulted with other parents and guardians and had come to agreement with a sufficient number of them to have dictated terms to a good schoolmaster or established a school of their own in which the branches they wanted could be taught and the subjects they disapproved of could be discarded. In spite of his efforts, however, his Joan and Peter were children of their age, and in spite of college and all the rest of their advantages, they were pleasure-loving animals not concerned about anything but excitement and good times. The earth to Joan furnished places where she could dance, and for Peter "mucking about" was in general enough of an occupation. History and geography were subjects they had got done with at school, and politics of no interest whatever. They appear to have had no friends, but only casual acquaintances, and as for good, old fashioned Ten-Commandment morality, there wasn't a ha'porth of it in two generations. And then, out of a clear sky, as far as any of them could see, came the war, which, apparently at any rate in the eyes of Uncle Oswald, was divinely appointed to complete the education of his Joan and Peter, open their blinded eyes to the real meaning of patriotism and service, and so, through them, bring about a new heaven and a new earth. Uncle Oswald never appears to have dreamed that, but for his disfiguring accident, he would have been only another Peter himself and Joan, a little further advanced with the times, just such another as the adored girl in schools and schoolrooms. Homes must co- of his own youth. Education is not all acquired operate and parents and guardians restrain and curb. We cannot order a devastating war every few years as we burn off the weeds from a neglected field. In education as in everything else, eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and eternal vigilance means sitting up nights with a club! Perhaps the greatest fault to be found with schools is that they undertake to do too much, while the parents sit back complacently and look on. Private business is shifted upon public shoulders, and what is everybody's business is nobody's. The result is that every now and then some Uncle Oswald arises to bewail shortcomings and then subsides and waits for the evils to cure themselves. This is not by any means the first time that Mr. Wells has undertaken to remodel the world. He used to write good stories once. From the Macmillan Company.

Letters

War Poems by Mary Davies

"The Drums in Our Street" is another small volume of poems inspired by the war. The author, Miss Mary Caroline Davies, has three brothers in active service, one of whom, now serving at an American base hospital, was discharged from a battery of the Canadian Field Artillery after receiving wounds which disabled him, so Miss Davies is peculiarly well fitted to voice the feelings and thoughts of women who must remain at home while their boys, be they sons, husbands or brothers, are at the front. One is impressed by the high spirit of courage and pride which masks the grief of tragedy. Tears may come by and by, but now we must hold our heads up and march on. Of sentiment there is abundance, but of morbidness and sentimentality not a line. The temptation to quote

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is strong, but once begun there would be no stopping place. It would require nice discrimination to select even a few titles from the table of contents.

YOUNG DEATH

Men always said that Death was old,
A slow, bent man with wrinkled hand
Who with a shining sickle, stern and cold,
Went reaping through the land.

But now we have learned bitterly
They only spoke with ignorant tongue,
This year has touched our eyes and now we see
That Death is fair and young.

With other drilling lads he stands
Shoulder to shoulder in the street,
As stern his mouth as theirs, as quick his hands,
As eager his young feet.

Above their heads there hang the prayers
Of mothers. Boyish hearts beat bold.
Ah, hardly can we tell his face from theirs . . .
Would God that Death were old!

From the Macmillan Company, New York.

A Stirring Salt Water Yarn

The New England fishing fleet has long held the enviable reputation of having the most seaworthy craft afloat for their size, the best manned and the most skilfully and daringly handled in every contingency. As an old and once popular ballad has it:

Oh, Newf'undland and Cape Shore men, and men of Gloucester town,
With ye I've trawled o'er many banks, and sailed the compass round;
I've ate with ye, and bunked with ye, and watched with ye all three,
And better shipmates than ye were I never hope to see.
I've seen ye in the wild typhoon beneath a southern sky,
I've seen ye when the northern gales drove seas to mast-head high,
But summer breeze or winter blow, from Hatt'ras to Cape Race,
I've yet to see ye with the sign of fear upon your face.

There must be few readers with appreciation of a good sea tale who are not familiar with J. B. Connolly's half dozen books published in the early years of this century, and now comes Raymond McFarland, keeping up the tradition, in "Skipper John of the Nimbus." John Deane was a hard-used boy in the days when orphan children without means were "bound out" to any one who wanted their services for a bare return of "board and keep" until they reached majority, or were handed over to relatives to be dealt with at pleasure. John fell into the hands of an uncle when he was five years old, and though one might naturally suppose that an orphan coming into the home of a childless relative in comfortable circumstances would enjoy at least the minor luxuries of life, the facts were just the contrary, for Captain Seth Hinds was a skinflint and so eager to get the last ounce of present service out of the lad that he could not see the ultimate advantage of encouraging ambition. John Deane's ambition was to go to sea and become, in time, a master mariner. Seth Hinds saw in him only a rough chore boy who need not be paid for his services. Moreover, Hinds had no scruples about employing dishonest means to cheat his nephew out of the chances that presented themselves. So here is a stirring narrative of how a friendless boy made friends, how he seized his opportunities in spite of opposition, and how, by thrift, careful management and some daring, he became, in the course of a few years, the master and owner of a fine craft and the acknowledged "best man" sailing from his home port. Those younger readers who have never known of, and the older ones who have forgotten the trying times of the American fishermen when dealing with Canadian authorities will find some interesting chapters where the "Nimbus" was forced into the hands of the Canadian revenue men. Then, there are the details of seining and saving the mackerel, the races for port, the clever sailing in both storm and sunshine, and some courageous rescues where quick thought, quick action and a willingness to risk anything to save a life, so characteristic of the seiners and trawlers, are convincingly vivid. Meanwhile, Uncle Seth Hinds ashore is not idle, and both Skipper John and members of his crew find exercise for their brains in discovering what he is up to and devising means to circumvent him. "Newfoundland and Cape Shore Men and Men of Gloucester Town" all figure in the story, which is a rattling good one, more apt to please men than women, and sure to appeal to any boy with a drop of salt water in his veins. As a crowning virtue, there is not a girl in it, neither on board the "Nimbus," where she would be out of place and in the way, nor ashore, where stopping to philander would only obstruct and hinder the narrative without adding to its interest. This is a wholesome and vigorous story of a kind of which we have altogether too few. Let us have more like it. From the Macmillan Company.

Tom Nolan, the counsellor, for years kept the New York bar laughing at his drolleries. Once he was arguing a case in behalf of some sailors, and in the midst of an exhaustive display of nautical lore he was interrupted by the court. "How comes it, counsellor, that you possess such vast knowledge of the sea?" "Does your Honor think," responded Nolan, "that I came over in a hack?"

The Deckers were entertaining callers one afternoon, and while the grown-ups were talking the baby crept on the floor. Suddenly there was a loud bump and a wild wail. It came from the direction of the piano. "Oh, Earl, the baby has hurt himself!" cried Mrs. Decker. "Run quick, dear." The young father had already dashed toward the piano. He dropped on his knees and groped under the piano for his injured offspring. Presently he returned. "He fell down and bumped on one of the pedals," he reported. "Oh, the poor darling! Is it a bad bump?" asked one of the guests. "No," he answered, "fortunately his head hit the soft pedal."

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have thought up a witticism for you to tell at the club."

"Do I have to tell it?"

"Of course not. But you'll miss a great chance if you don't. It's this: Baseball players ought to be put into the navy instead of the army. Now ask me 'Why?'"

"Why?"

"So they can steal submarine bases."

Pangs of jealousy were in Miss Coldfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and could not resist giving a thrust.

"I hear you've accepted Jack," she gushed. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me."

"No," answered Jack's financee. "He once told me that there were a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

The customer was paying the merchant an account and handed over a wad of twenty $5 bills.

Carefully the merchant placed the notes on the counter, and wetting the tip of his finger he counted them one by one.

"I noticed," remarked the customer, smilingly, after the merchant had placed the wad in his inside pocket, "that you didn't 'flick up' the last one.

"No," was the canny reply, "I dinna dae more than look at the last one. That's guid enough for me without touchin' it; there might be anither underneath it."

"May I ask how old you are?" said the vacationist to the old villager.

"I be just a hundred."

"Really? Well, I doubt if you'll see another hundred years," said the other, trying to make conversation.

"Wall, I don't know so much about that," was the ready response. "I be stronger now than when I started on the first hundred."

Archbishop Magee of York, after staying at a hotel, had an extortionate bill presented to him by his host, who after receiving payment, solicitously inquired if his lordship had enjoyed the change and rest. "No, I have had neither," replied the archbishop; "the waiter had the change, and you've had the rest."

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Estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of Alfred Fuhrman, 2641 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRITZ SCHWEIZER, deceased.

GENEVEFA SCHWEIZER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Fritz Schweizer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 5, 1918.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1368 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 9, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, November 9, 1918 No. 1368

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

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Governor Stephens

To Theodore Bell and Governor Stephens we extend our sincere congratulations—to the first, on the campaign he made; to the second, on his election. This paper supported Bell to the full of its ability, and we were disappointed at his defeat; but we trust we are not lacking in that common fairness which salutes the success of a worthy opponent. Theodore Bell would have made a splendid Governor. Unfortunately for him (and, we think, for the State), the well known General Apathy was in command of the election. Bell had the Liberty Loan drive, the influenza and the intense interest in the war to contend with in his canvass which, perforce, had to be made by correspondence and newspaper advertising within a period of time altogether too short. Governor Stephens began the canvass with the strength accumulated in a thorough-going primary campaign. Every speech he made for the Liberty Loan helped him with the voters, not because it demonstrated his patriotism (which not a single soul could call in question), but because it made him better known, and the Governor has the qualities of geniality, kindness, suavity and homeliness which people like in any office-holder. In other words, Governor Stephens occupied an entrenched position, and Theodore Bell was granted a certain small number of days to assault and take it. The time was too short. Yet Bell accomplished much. Through his platform and his statements he succeeded in keeping certain important issues before the people of California—issues which the people are not likely to forget until reforms are instituted. The chief one was the issue of rigid retrenchment in State government. The figures which Secretary of State Frank Jordan compiled and which Bell made the basis of his demand for economy, shocked the taxpayer. We had known that our State government was extravagant, but we had no conception of the length to which that extravagance had run. Bell and Jordan have placed it before us in such a startling light that we shall not rest content until there is a drastic overhauling. Bell told us the remedy: reorganization of commissions, consolidation of departments and bureaus, rigid retrenchment everywhere. Here is a programme which Governor Stephens cannot afford to ignore. He was elected on his own merits, but his platform was made for him by his opponent. He must curb the tax-eater, he must save our money. To do these things he will need the help of the Legislature. At this writing we know little of its personnel. We hope, however, that the men sent to Sacramento will be alive to their responsibilities, that they will co-operate with the Governor for the good of the State, and that the next four years will be a period of true reform along lines of economy and increased efficiency.

* * *

The Vote for Prohibition

We are surprised that the vote against bone-dry prohibition was not larger. That measure was the most outrageous ever submitted to the voters of California. It proposed to beggar thousands of good citizens and to destroy one of the greatest industries in the United States—the wine-growing industry of California. Its intolerant provisions did not even make the usual exception in favor of the use of wine for sacramental purposes. The duty of the voters was clear in this case, yet for some time the returns kept us in doubt as to the result of this most fanatical of all drives on personal liberty in our State. Though balked of their purpose, the bone-drys were not defeated with sufficient decisiveness to discourage them, so we shall undoubtedly have another bone-dry offensive at the earliest opportunity. We hope that the organizations which made the fight against this iniquitous measure will continue their campaign along educational lines. The best time for propaganda is between elections when people are in a calm, receptive mood. Teach the people of California what their vineyards mean to them!

* * *

Will Germany Accept?

At this writing the terms upon which Germany may have an armistice have been formulated and are in the hands of Marshal Foch. We may be sure that these terms are at least as drastic as those which Austria accepted. Will Germany accept them? We are inclined to think that she will not. Our guess—and it can only be a guess—is that the war party (which is by no means crushed) will rally sufficient German opinion against their severity to enable the junkers to carry on the war. The junkers have not yet been punished sufficiently to realize that their case is hopeless. No doubt they are willing to fight on ever-shortening lines of resistance, even to stand a siege. We may accept their decision with equanimity. We suspect that our soldiers and the soldiers of our companions-in-arms will hail such a decision with a good deal of satisfaction. There is a pretty widespread sentiment that Germany has not been strafed sufficiently, and that the war should end on German, not on French and Belgian soil. Germany needs a dose of the bitter medicine she administered to France and Belgium. The longer the war lasts, the greater the likelihood that she will get it. We should like to see the Allied armies march into Potsdam, level the Kaiser's palace to the ground and put in the terms of peace a provision that its ruins shall not be touched for twenty years. As the old Romans would say, Germany ought to pass under the yoke.

* * *

Austria Out

To the long list of sound drubbings administered to Austria during the centuries has been added the soundest and most deserved of all. Readers of the great Irish story writer William Carleton may remember a character who used to complain that he was *blue-moulded for want of a batin'*. He got his beating. Austria itched for a beating, and Italy accomodated her. And when the remains of the old Triple Alliance had become the Cripple Alliance, the Allies told Austria the terms on which she would be permitted leisure to lick her wounds. They were severe terms, but Austria could do nothing but accept them. What a figure she cuts today! Pummeled by her foes, dismembered by her children, the once proud empire is slowly expiring. There are no regrets. She took the sword, and she perishes by the sword. All that has happened to her during the last four years followed with stern inevitability the truculent ultimatum she sent to her weak little next door neighbor Serbia. In the words of the song made famous by that lamented master of ragtime, Ernest Hogan, Austria may now "go 'way back and sit down." But we doubt if there is enough life left in her, even for that.

* * *

Fake Atrocities

The Committee on Public Information issues a useful warning aginst the circula-

tion of fake stories of German atrocities. It is pointed out that many of these stories come from German or pro-German sources, and that their circulation is cunningly calculated to cast doubt on authenticated cases of Hun frightfulness. This is a plausible trick. Fake atrocities when disproved become a powerful weapon of Hun propaganda. The argument based on them is shrewd and arresting. "We have," the German Government may be supposed to say, "we have exposed such and such a story of atrocity as a fake. In due time we shall show that the reports of atrocities in France and Belgium are also fakes." That would be the line of argument, and it would deceive many simple people who do not realize how subtly tricky the Germans are. As a matter of fact, whatever stories of German atrocities have been published with the official *imprimatur* of the Allies may be regarded as proved and documented. But the fake atrocities which have harrowed up our souls from time to time do not come from official sources. At best they are transmitted in letters from our soldiers; at worst, they are invented in this country by German propagandists. So let us beware of these fake atrocities. As the War Department has said:

The request is designed to prevent vitiation of the unimpeachable case which has been established against him (the enemy) by the British Bryce report and the findings of other official agencies which have investigated instances of his cruelty. Publication of charges of atrocities that are not susceptible of proof would enable him to make a propaganda attack upon the proven cases.

* * *

The United War Fund

A new drive begins Monday, and it is to be hoped that San Francisco is ready to do her part as generously and quickly as she has in all previous drives. The organizations banded together in the United War Work Campaign need $170,500,000 for their necessary activities. San Francisco's part of this huge sum is $1,270,100. After the enormous sum we raised for the Fourth Liberty Loan, this seems only a little money. To raise it will be almost child's play if everybody in San Francisco does his part conscientiously. The money will be divided among organizations doing work for our soldier boys—the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, the War Camp Community Service, the American Library Association and the Salvation Army. These organizations are great instruments of good, a fact which need not be impressed upon those who have boys of their own in the service, for the greatest tributes to these organizations are to be found in soldiers' letters. The work must be continued for a long time after the war is over—it will end only when the last soldier has been demobilized. The country is asked to contribute $170,500,000 to keep our soldiers happy, to uphold their morale. Be ready on Monday to do your proper part. Be generous in your contribution, or, at least, be just.

Perspective Impressions

Now to chloroform the Sick Man of Europe.

It is more important than ever to beware of German propaganda.

America is glad that her soldiers helped drive the Austrians from Venetia.

In what part of Europe are you going to spend next year's vacation?

Many people are fond of Mayor Rolph, but not fond enough to take their pencils with them to the polls.

Drastic terms, those given to Austria. But not as drastic as the terms Austria submitted to Serbia four years ago.

Maximilian Harden says the Kaiser is unnecessary. One of the best examples of conservative under-statement we've ever seen.

The Italians having occupied Trent and Trieste, Italia Irredenta was a thing of the past before the armistice was granted to Austria.

Several city officials ought to be recalled for their mismanagement of the garbage situation. And "mismanagement" is a very mild word.

The weakest, vaguest, most straddling editorial on the liquor measures that was published in California during the late campaign, appeared in the Examiner of Monday this week.

Down in San Jose a chubby cheeked youth of eighty-nine applied for a marriage license to wed a girl of forty-three. In the circumstances the best we can wish this laddie is a short life but a merry one.

Let's adjourn politics again.

Did Hiram's support help or hurt Health Insurance?

The electorate would rather have rum than Rominger.

Who were the 38,000 people who wanted to make over our school system?

It is reported that Henry Ford has been defeated. We have no tears.

Think of Scott Nearing being a candidate for Congress! Of course he was beaten.

Whether Congress is Republican or Democratic, it must stand by the President.

Meyer London, the only Socialist in Congress, was defeated. A sign of the times.

Compulsory Health Insurance got what it deserved, and its champion, Fresno Chester, was rowelled by the spurs of the voters.

We congratulate the school teachers on their successful fight. Our people have confidence in the teachers; that's why No. 37 was defeated.

You have read many things in the Examiner about "Buster" Tait, the swimming marvel, but the fact that he is the son of John Tait has been carefully ignored. Why?

It seems that Ham Lewis is to take his pink whiskers back to private life. Certain Chicago newspapers blew the breath of political vitality into Ham, and when they stopped blowing he collapsed like a busted balloon.

Every time an election is over we heave a sigh of relief.

Mittel Europa? Mittel Europa? Where have we heard that name?

What ever became of the wiseacre who was sure this war would end in a stalemate?

Make up your mind that the war isn't nearly over while Crowder keeps on calling for more "selects."

That airplane scandal was bad enough, but not nearly as bad as we were given to understand.

The know-it-all who used to say that there never could be a revolution in Germany is not very talkative these days.

Sometimes we are inclined to think that happiness, in a republic, is in inverse ratio to the frequency of political campaigns.

Comes now a scientist who proposes to grow wings on human beings. If we ever grow a pair, we shall use them to fly away from damphool scientists.

When the election returns are all in, the politician who has failed to save the country sleeps just as soundly as the politician who has succeeded.

When complete victory has come and peace is with us, some people will say, "Yes, but the President should never have appointed George Creel." These are the people who keep their families in a state of constant irritation by worrying about "the principle of the thing."

An Englishman Sizes Us Up

By W. P. Wilson

I have spent six months in America, have addressed scores of meetings, answered hundreds of questions, and arrived at one or two conclusions. Before the war the English sphere of influence was divided into an Empire, with a Republic in what theologians call a state of schism. Today the two sovereignties, hereditary and elective, remain distinct, but there is intercommunion and interchange of pulpits. In London King George reviews American troops and discusses things with American labor leaders. At Washington President Wilson sees not only Lord Reading, but Sir Robert Borden of Canada, with whom he decides finance, and Mr. Hughes of Australia, who has much to say about the Pacific Islands. Technically, the United States is still without an ally, but in political, naval, military and economic affairs she is today one organism with Britain. That bond includes the Latin races, both of the New and the Old World. The Empire which Rome licked into shape, with its logical extensions in the western hemisphere, is again leagued together, and strives against that middle Europe whose tribes were never permeated by the Roman sense of law. Milwaukee, with its Germans, feels the pressure as much as Manpheim, and Milwaukee has surrendered. She subscribes to the Red Cross, she holds her quota of Liberty Loan, and her sons obey the draft.

Many German militarists believed that hammer blows would break the prestige and the power of Britain. It is true that in finance and commerce we do not retain our former pre-eminence. Where we used to lend to New York we now borrow. While America is building merchantmen, ours are sinking. Of our material assets we have been called upon to make immense sacrifices. But it is not Germany that gains our heritage. We share it freely with friends and comrades who speak our language. Had there been no war the center of gravity for credit and commerce must have passed in any case from a divided and burdened Europe to lands across the sea, where nations live without such friction and waste of effort. Germany has only hastened an inevitable tendency. By drawing her sword she has obliterated her own chances of challenging the vast resources of North and South America. She has made it probable—and some would say certain—that, as the American communities forge ahead from strength to strength, they will reinforce whatever is for the best—and this is much—in Britain's mission among the peoples.

Neither the United States nor Britain has yet understood the other. I am myself typical of our Parliamentary ignorance of American history. On the other side a vigorous but recent propaganda has begun to dispose of schoolbook misconceptions. Most thoughtful people here now realize that German troops fought at Bunker Hill, that Canning suggested the Monroe Doctrine, and that British battleships were helpful in Manila Bay. If in future years we dislike one another, it will be less because of the past than because of what we are here and now—it will be due to incompatibility of temper. Much will depend on how American and British soldiers get on together, and on the spirit in which, after the war, emigrants leave our shores. Much also will depend on our relations with countries far distant from America. We do not sufficiently realize that the United States is international in texture. The opinion of us in Ireland affects the opinion of us in Boston. When we capture Jerusalem we win one-quarter of New York. When we hurry to the help of Italy there is a thrill in Cleveland, on Lake Erie. And what we should try to understand is this—it is not the governing classes of Europe, not even the middle class, that find homes in America. It is the poor. America is the chance in life that Europe denies. And friendship with America means, therefore, in the long run, sympathy with the down-trodden nearer home—a keen appreciation of those causes which drove families to America. Ecclesiastical privilege, honors, hereditary titles may seem to be quite harmless. But my experience is that they are producing or maintaining quite a wrong impression of England. In many respects—for instance, labor—we are years ahead of America in the slow march of evolution. Yet the fact is veiled by anachronisms which nobody defends—which lie only on the surface. Take, for instance, the Established Church. Our best friends in America are persons of British descent. There are one million "Anglican" Episcopalians—less than half the number of Lutherans. But of Baptists there are six and a half millions and of Methodists seven and a half millions. Presbyterians and Congregationalists are more than three millions. Even Quakers are a hundred thousand. Britain cannot expect to be entirely popular as long as Englishmen, wherever they receive the warmest welcome, have to explain, as well as they can, why the dominant faith of American Christians, as represented in the old country, is officially regarded as inferior. Despite all the Catholicism that there is in the United States, I have not heard one whisper against the action taken by France when she disestablished religion. On the contrary, the peculiar enthusiasm for France feeds on this constant sense that, in respect of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," the two democracies think one thought.

Between England and America problems of precedence do not arise. Only those who have breathed the air here can realize how gracious was the compliment paid by an elder to a younger and still sensitive sister when "the Stars and Stripes" flew over the Houses of Parliament on a level with the Union Jack and of equal size. The American Eagle is a concession to King Jingo, but, whether as flag or anthem, the Star-Spangled Banner means to America all that has made America; and no people, so rich and numerous, has ever saluted so fervently a regalia so simple. Pageants are a national cipher which we do well to study. Britain, being small and homogeneous, fears the rut, and aims, therefore, at diversity, maintains many colleges and public schools, cultivates cranks, and is patient with minorities. America is large and varied; to her the objective must be unity. Through four years of anguish she had to fight for it. Her parades and drives and patriotic anniversaries are as instinctive in their sagacity as the universal ceremonies of the Roman Church. The East has industries, the West agriculture. New England in the North is intellectual; Georgia in the South is sometimes illiterate. But by asking everybody to do the same thing on a given date, by singing one song and displaying one flag, Americans become nation-conscious. That, for the moment, is enough of achievement for her. Delicate compromises, unwritten traditions, cabinets of responsible ministers, and municipal corporations will come later on as finishing touches. But, hitherto, it has been the President, and loyalty, and sharp forceful decision.

The tendency to standardize is universal. Without a standard, few ships could be built; with it, an immense tonnage is launched. An Englishman used to have his automobile made to order. An American must select one of a type or go without. The machine-worker is cheap; the machine-maker is a multi-millionaire. One reason why, unconsciously, Englishmen get themselves disliked is that they will do things differently. It is literally true that Canadian employers put up the notice: "No Englishmen need apply." We are so apt to know better—to cross the road at an angle instead of straight—to walk upstairs when there is an elevator—to write letters when there is a telephone—to hire a taxicab when baggage can be sent by express. In these little details there is a touch of heresy of dissent—the dissent of superiority. It is not etiquette only that we infringe, it is a principle—a theory of life, a custom of the mind. Frenchmen are quicker to adapt themselves to equals. And on equality Americans insist.

The Britain that I left was a land of inquiry, spiritual doubt, even disillusionment. Everywhere men were mistrusting the miraculous. The America where I landed was still glowing with a childlike faith in mercy and righteousness and freedom and virtue. Germany smiled and sneered. She now trembles. The people that England sends to America must beware of Germany's error. For instance, they must remember, if they are in uniform, that no American soldier may today take alcohol. That is the rule, and it is not for guests to break it. With all respect to "Punch" and Captain Bairnsfather, I am not quite certain whether the British Army deserves the long succession of jests

(Continued on Page 13)

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The Eighteenth of July

By Major Robert L. Denig

This description of the fight which turned the tide and saved Paris was written by a major of the Marines in a letter to his wife in Philadelphia. It will go into the archives of the Marine Corps in Washington.

It was hot as hades and we had had nothing to eat since the day before. We at last entered a forest; troops seemed to converge on it from all points. We marched some six miles in the forest; a finer one I have never seen—deer would scamper ahead and we could have eaten one raw. At 10 that night, without food, we lay down in a pouring rain to sleep. Troops of all kinds passed us in the night—a shadowy stream, over a half million men. Some French officers told us that they had never seen such concentration since Verdun, if then.

The next day, the 18th of July, we marched ahead through a jam of troops, trucks, etc., and came at last to a ration dump where we fell to and ate our heads off for the first time in nearly two days. When we left there the men had bread stuck on their bayonets. I lugged a ham. All were loaded down. Here I passed one of Wass's lieutenants with his hand wounded. He was pleased as Punch and told us the drive was on—the first we knew of it. I then passed a few men of Hunt's company bringing prisoners to the rear. They had a colonel and his staff. They were well dressed, clean and polished, but mighty glum looking.

We finally stopped at the far end of the forest near a dressing station, where Holcomb again took command. This station had been a big fine stone farm house, but was now a complete ruin—wounded and dead lay all about. Joe Murray came by with his head all done up; his helmet had saved him. The lines had gone on ahead, so we were quite safe. Had a fine aero battle right over us. The stunts that those planes did cannot be described by me.

Late in the afternoon we advanced again. Our route lay over an open field covered with dead. We lay down on a hillside for the night, near some captured German guns, and until dark I watched the cavalry, some 4000, come up and take positions.

At 3:30 the next morning Sitz woke me up and said we were to attack. The regiment was soon under way, and we picked our way under cover of a gas-infested valley to a town, where we got our final instructions, and left our packs. I wished Sumner good luck, and we parted.

We formed up in a sunken road on two sides of a valley that was perpendicular to the enemy's front; Hughes right, Holcomb left, Sibley suport. We now began to get a few wounded; one man, with ashen face, came charging to the rear with shell shock. He shook all over, foamed at the mouth, could not speak. I put him under a tent, and he acted as if he had a fit.

I heard Lieutenant Overton call to one of his friends to send a certain pin to his mother if he should get hit.

At 8:30 we jumped off with a line of tanks in the lead. For two kilos the four lines of Marines were as straight as a die, and their advance over the open plain in the bright sunlight was a picture I shall never forget. The fire got hotter and hotter, men fell, bullets sang, shells whizzed-banged, and the dust of battle got thick. Overton was hit by a big piece of shell and fell. Afterward I heard he was hit in the heart, so his death was without pain. He was buried last night and the pin found.

A man near me was cut in two. Others when hit would stand, it seemed, an hour, then fall in a heap. I yelled to Wilmer that each gun in the barrage worked from right to left, then a rabbit ran ahead, and I watched him, wondering if he would get hit. I told Wilmer that I had a hundred dollars, and be sure to get it. You think of all kinds of things.

About sixty Germans jumped up out of a trench and tried to surrender, but their machine guns opened up, we fired back, they ran, and our left company after them. That made a gap that had to be filled, so Sibley advanced one of his to do the job; then a shell lit in a machine gun crew of ours and cleaned it out completely.

At 10:30 we dug in; the attack just died out. I found a hole or old trench, and when I was flat on my back I got some protection. Holcomb was next me; Wilmer some way off. We then tried to get reports. Two companies we never could get in touch with. Lloyd came in and reported he was holding some trenches near a mill with six men. Cates, with his trousers blown off, said he had sixteen men of various companies; another officer on the right reported he had and could see some forty men, all told. That, with the headquarters, was all we could find out about the battalion of nearly 800. Of the twenty company officers who went in, three came out, and one, Cates, was slightly wounded.

From then on until about 8 p. m. life was a chance, and mighty uncomfortable. It was hot as a furnace, no water, and they had our range to a "T." Three men lying in a shallow trench near me were blown to bits.

We had a machine gun officer with us and at 6:00 a runner came up and reported that Sumner was killed. He commanded the machine gun company with us. He was hit early in the fight by a bullet, I hear. I can get no details. At the start he remarked: "This looks easy—they do not seem to have much art." Hughes's headquarters were all shot up. Turner lost a leg.

Well, we just lay there all through the hot afternoon. It was great—a shell would land near by and you would bounce in your hole.

As twilight came we sent out water parties for the relief of the wounded. Then we wondered if we would get relieved. At 9 o'clock we got a message congratulating us, and saying the Algerians would take over at midnight. We then began to collect our wounded. Some had been evacuated during the day, but at that we soon had about twenty on the field near us. A man who had been blinded wanted me to hold his hand. Another, wounded in the back, wanted his head patted, and so it went; one man got up on his hands and knees. I asked him what he wanted. He said: "Look at the full moon," then fell dead. I had him buried and all the rest I could find. All the time bullets sang and we prayed that shelling would not start while we had our wounded on top.

The Algerians came up at midnight and we pushed out. They went over at daybreak and got all shot up. We made the relief under German flares and the light from a burning town.

That night the Germans shelled us, and got three killed and seventeen wounded. We moved a bit further back to the crossroad, and, after burying a few Germans, some of whom showed signs of having been wounded before, we settled down to a short stay.

It looked like rain, and so Wilmer and I went to an old dressing station to salvage some cover. We collected a lot of bloody shelter halves and ponchos that had been tied to poles to make stretchers, and were about to go when we stopped to look at a new grave. A rude cross made of two slats from a box had written on it:

Lester S. Wass,
Captain U. S. Marines,
July 18, 1918.

The old crowd at St. Nazaire and Bordeaux—Wass and Sumner killed, Baston and Hunt wounded, the latter on the 18th, a clean wound, I hear, through the left shoulder. We then moved further to the rear and camped for the night. Dunlap came to look us over; his car was driven by a sailor, who got out to talk to a few of the Marines, when one of the latter yelled out: "Hey, fellows! Anyone want to see a real live gob—right this way." The gob held a regular reception. A carrier pigeon perched on a tree with a message. We decided to shoot him. It was then quite dark, so the shot missed. I then heard the following remarks as I tried to sleep: "Hell; he only turned around"; "send up a flare"; "call for a barrage," etc. The next day further to the rear still, a Ford was towed by with its front wheels on a truck.

We are now back in a town for some rest and to lick our wounds. As I rode down the battalion where once companies 250 strong used to march, now you see fifty men with a kid second lieutenant in command; one company commander is not yet 21.

After the last attack I cashed in the gold you gave me and sent it home along with my back pay. I have no idea of being "bumped off" with money on my person, as if you fall into the enemy's hands, you are first robbed, then buried perhaps, but the first is sure.

In the first fight 103 of the men in my old outfit were killed or wounded. The second fight must have about cleaned out the old crowd.

To picture a fight, mix up a lot of hungry, dirty, tired, and bloody men with dust, noise, and smoke. Forget the clean swords, prancing horses, and flapping flags. At night, a gas-filled wood, falling trees and bright, blinding flashes—you can't see your neighbor—that is war. In the rear it is all confusion. The general told me, "Hurry to such a place, all goes well, we are advancing!" His staff miles away, all clean—one was shaving, another eating hot cakes—we had not had a hot bite for two days. As I reached my jumping off place, wounded men, killed men, horses blown to bits—the contrast!

We advanced ten kilometers, with prisoners and guns, and the bells rang in New York for the victory, while well dressed girls and white-shirted men, no doubt, drank our health in many a lobster palace.

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The Neighbor

By Marion Allen Seiffert

"What am I doing with this spade and pick, in the hot sun?" It was a frowsy old woman that spoke. "You're the new minister, ain't you? Well, it's a story that's bound to come to your ears sooner or later, and you might's well hear the right of it. I'm going to move the graveyard wall three feet farther south.

"Did you notice a white house on your left before you started up the graveyard hill? And a little gray house next to it? Well, the white house was John Mark's house, him lying in this grave here, and the gray one is where I live. John Mark's been lying here since twenty years back. He died of a sunstroke the month before we was to be married. I'd a lived in that white house if he'd lived. Pattersons rented it then, but they moved out two years ago and it stood empty a spell.

"Then one day last March a stranger moved in. She was a little, sharp-nosed woman. I went to see her the first day she came, and I couldn't make her out. I didn't stay long, and when I got up to go, I dropped my handkerchief. I stooped to pick it up, but she was too quick for me. She snatched it up, blew her nose on it and said: 'Excuse me, but this seems to be my handkerchief!' I was too dumbfounded to speak. I went out of that house kind of dazed. Not that I minded so much, though it was one of my best, but the nerve of her! Laugh if you want, but it left me feeling queer!

"That was in March. We had an early spring last year, if you remember, and all the fruit trees was out early. My white crab, right next my neighbor's yard, was as pretty as I ever saw it. White at first, it was, then pinker every day. I used to lay awake at night thinking I could smell the blossoms through the window, and thinking how pretty it looked. Then one morning if I didn't see my neighbor up a ladder, breaking great sprays and branches off—crack—crack—and tossing them onto the ground.

"I called out: 'What you doing up that crab-apple tree?' and she says, pecking down through the leaves, and speaking as smooth as cream: 'I thought they'd brighten up the house, and what's the use in letting them fade on the tree? Besides, I never was a hand to put up jell.' But she came down the ladder, all the same, and I went indoors too mad to speak.

We didn't meet again close by. I began to hate the sight of her, and took to using the side door, away from my neighbor's place. By and by it was Decoration Day. I got up a little after daybreak to gather my white lilacs. They are the finest anywheres around here.

"Well, when I got out into the yard every lilac was gone. There wasn't a flower left in the place. I knew well enough who had stolen them! There was nothing to do but gather every bud and leaf I could find, for I couldn't let the day go by without putting something on John Mark's grave, though never before did he have just leaves. When I got half way up the hill I could see somebody kneeling at this very grave. I could tell it way off by the poplars I planted here when he died. I'd come here every Decoration Day for twenty years with my white lilacs, and now somebody was here ahead of me!

"When I got closer I saw it was my neighbor. I went right up to where she was kneeling and said: "What right have you got here at this grave?' She looked at me and then got up. There was a mean look and a smart look in her eye. She said: 'My cousin on my mother's side, John Mark, lies buried here. I'm his next of kin, and so I come to fix things up for Decoration Day. But I must say I think this lot looks kind of bare. I think I'll plant nasturtiums and petunias here next week."

"I saw red for a minute, then I felt tears running over my face—they was mad tears, but I couldn't bear to have her see me cry and know she had made me, and I rushed right across the grave, trampling the lilacs all I could, and I slashed right in her face with the branches I was carrying. Her hair streamed down over her eyes, and I could see it was grayer than mine. She turned and ran off, I following her. I chased her down the hill and every time I got close enough I slashed at her with the branches. When she turned into the lane she tripped and fell, but I whipped her up again.

"The leaves were most all whipped off by this time and she ran as if the devil was after her. The sand made heavy running, and I was half choked with the dust she raised, but I kept close at her heels, lashing out, half-blind. At last she reached her gate. I staggered up the walk, but she was too quick for me—she slammed the door in my face and locked it. I sat down on her front steps to get my breath. I wondered what I would of done if she hadn't got inside. I felt satisfied as it was, and went off chuckling. I'd paid her out for once.

"We never met nor spoke again. She died in the fall. It was a comfort to me all winter to look over at John Mark's house and know it was empty. This spring I gardened in peace and watched my crab-tree bloom, knowing nobody would break the blossoms off, and I watched my lilacs come out, and saw they would be in their prime for Decoration Day, as usual.

"I was up early to pick the flowers, and came up to the grave, the first time since last summer. And what do you think! There was not one but two graves in the lot! His grave is right up against the graveyard wall here, so there was only room for one grave beside him, and that was where I'd always planned to lay. At first it gave me a turn, like I was already dead, to see that grave there! Then something made me feel I was still alive. I roused myself to read the name on the board. It was my neighbor's name. She beat me in the end.

"I've talked to the sexton about it, and he says he wunt move her. She really was his next of kin, and it's against the law to dig up bodies. So I am tearing down the wall on the other side, so's to make the lot wider. It is hot weather for digging, though, ain't it?"

War Made Opportunity.

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Poems About San Francisco

233—UNION SQUARE

By Daniel E. Doran

This sonnet was published in the San Francisco Call on October 23 of this year.

A touch of green amid the gray of town,
A touch of green, a living green that brings
To life the spell of half remembered things;
Of green of fields, where pipe the thrushes brown;
Of trees, where nests of orioles hang down;
Of verdant hills, across whose heights there wings
At dawn the lark! Where sweet the linnet sings
One hymn at dusk, the songs of day to crown.

Across such green as this rode Lancelot,
With spear upraised, astride his charging steed;
Titania and her fairies, like as not,
Oft sported half the night on such a mead.
Sweet mem'ries of old days revived again
Make all things fairer in the eyes of men.

The Spectator

The Chambers Pamphlet

State Controller John S. Chambers has issued a thoughtful and timely pamphlet entitled "War, Peace and Reconstruction" which deserves to be studied widely. In particular, the members of the Legislature which will meet next January should familiarize themselves with its contents and then devote as much time as possible to the acquisition of additional information on the important subjects of which it treats. John S. Chambers has not contented himself with mastering the routine of his State position; he has applied his mind to problems which concern all of us, and in this pamphlet he has set forth these problems with clearness, also with a forcefulness which is bound to impress every serious minded Californian.

Our Great Problems

Controller Chambers says with justice that the next Legislature will have to deal with problems bigger and weightier than those which were solved by the Legislatures which met under Governors Stanford and Low, during and immediately after the Civil War. These problems, he points out, are "the problems the war has developed, and which peace will accentuate." What are the most pressing of these? Controller Chambers tells us: "the problem of the medical care and re-education along vocational lines of disabled soldiers—men who cannot be made fit to fight again." Also, "the great question of the reabsorption into civil life of the millions of returned soldiers, munition workers and others who were engaged in war industries." In the solution of these problems, says Controller Chambers, "the Federal Government must lead and the State Government follow." Here, obviously, is work for the best intellects we have.

What Congress Has Done

The Controller points out that Congress has passed two important acts to provide for the re-education and placement of disabled men of the military and naval service. These laws are closely related, although one includes civilians and was under consideration before we entered the war. The first is known as the Smith-Hughes Act; the second as the Smith-Sears Act. The Smith-Hughes Act provides a scheme of co-operation between the Federal Government and the States for the promotion of vocational education in fields of agriculture, trade, home economics and industry—along line of common, wage-earning employment. The Federal Government does not undertake the organization and immediate direction of vocational training in the States, but will closely supervise the work and from year to year make financial contributions to its support, giving dollar for dollar as each State gives. Every State in the Union is already co-operating with the Federal Government in this vocational education work. The Smith-Sears Act is a war measure. It provides for vocational rehabilitation and return to civil employment of disabled persons discharged from the military or naval forces of the United States. This is applicable to any person entitled, after discharge, to compensation under the act creating the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance. Any such disabled person is entitled not only to free transportation but to receive monthly compensation equal to the amount of his monthly pay for the last month of his actual service. The training is not compulsory. The soldier, sailor, marine or aviator may elect to take it, or not, as he pleases. Among the duties of the body charged with putting this law into effect is the studying of employment problems, and to provide for the placement of rehabilitated persons in suitable or gainful occupations, utilizing to this end the facilities of the Department of Labor and other agencies.

California Must Help

It is obvious, as Controller Chambers points out, that the States must help in this work. He thinks that the States may be called upon to provide buildings, equipment and so on, while the Federal Government pays salaries. How best to help in this work is one of the problems which must be solved by California's next Legislature. It is a big problem. To a certain extent it has been tackled already. Says the Controller: "California is co-operating as far as practicable, but inasmuch as the Legislature of this State has not met since the spring of 1917, nothing, of course, has been done along legislative lines. The State Board of Control and the State Controller, who are in charge of the emergency fund, have met, as far as legal and practicable, the war requests of the Federal Government, as in the food control campaign, alien enemy work, and so forth and so on. But nothing material has been done looking to the re-education of soldiers and sailors and their placement when ready to enter civil life again. The problem calls for the most earnest consideration by the Governor and the Legislature of 1919. California must stand ready, must be prepared, to do her part sanely and generously. Legislation providing for the fullest co-operation with the Federal Government must be enacted, and also for placing the State Government in a positon to go beyond

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this joint action in the care, education and placement of men disabled in the service of their country."

The Problem of Reabsorption

Controller Chambers goes on to point out that this big problem of the disabled fighters is not the only war problem which California must solve. "Inasmuch," says Controller Chambers, "as the war may be over before the legislative session of 1921, the Legislature of 1919 must give thought, and must act, looking forward to the time when the soldiers and sailors, not disabled, are discharged from the military and naval service of the Nation, ready to return to civil life, together with hundreds of thousands of others who have been engaged in strictly war industries and whose occupations, with the coming of peace, will be gone." These men, he points out, must be taken back into the ordinary walks of life with as little disturbance of business and labor conditions as possible. Here is a tremendous problem. Old positions have been filled, co-ordinated or abolished. The exigencies of war have developed new ways of doing things. Women have been called upon to take the places vacated by men. In the great majority of cases, the returned veterans must make a new start. Secretary of the Interior Lane has devoted a great deal of thought to this problem; hence his plan for reclaiming arid and swamp lands, and giving the veterans a preferred status in the allotment of these lands. Much of this land is in private hands. So the States will have to co-operate with the Federal Government if this big project is carried out. California has a big acreage subject to development under this plan: so California, through its Legislature, must lose no time in studying this problem. The Controller also calls attention to the industrial aspect of the reabsorption problem. What will be the attitude of employers? What the attitude of Union Labor? No wonder Controller Chambers says that "California faces a great task," also that "the problem of readjustment will prove exceedingly delicate." Wherefore we should be all the more thankful that Controller Chambers has directed our attention to it in this carefully considered pamphlet.

Health in the Sewer

You remember the old, old vaudeville story about the wife who complained that she had to slave all day in a hot kitchen while her husband was working in a nice, cool sewer. Well, the other day a horny-handed employee of the Board of Public Works entered the Mayor's office.

"I thought His Honor might be glad to know," he said, "that in our department the men are one hundred per cent healthy. Not a man down with the 'flu.'"

"What department are you in?" he was asked.

"The sewer department of the Board of Public Works!"

Another Kind of "Flu"

The word "influenza" was a euphemism in this city in the early days. Here is a paragraph from the Alta California of November 25, 1851:

"Another case of the influenza now in fashion occurred yesterday. We allude to a mere shooting-match in which only one of the near by-standers was shot down in his tracks."

Catherine Breshkovskaya Shot

AMSTERDAM, October 31.—According to a Petrograd telegram, Madame Breshkovskaya, grandmother of the Russia Revolution, was shot on October 27 on the charge of opposing the Bolshevik regime.

Such is the end of a long life devoted to the emancipation of the Russian people. When the Czar was dethroned, Catherine Breshkovskaya was released from her second exile in Siberia, and returned to help work out the salvation of her unhappy country. It was work to which she had consecrated her long life, and she never lost hope or courage. With what emotions she saw the rise of Bolshevikism on the ruins of autocracy one can well imagine. This was not what she had labored for, dreamed of during years of peril and punishment. That Catherine Breshkovskaya should die at the hands of the Bolsheviki adds one more crime—a peculiarly damning one—to the black list which that scoundrelly regime will some day have to expiate. Catherine Breshkovskaya is a Russian martyr. Her life is an epic of love for the Russian people.

The Career of "Babushka"

One of the founders of the Socialist Revolutionary Party, the Russians spoke lovingly of Catherine Breshkovskaya as "the babushka" or grandma, and her work was so highly regarded by disinterested lovers of liberty outside her native land, that when she was brought to trial early in 1910, after languishing for more than two years in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, prominent and influential men and women in England and the United States appealed to Premier Stolypin for fairness and justice in her judges. She was tried behind closed doors, convicted of belonging to "an illegal party" and sentenced to fourteen years of exile in Siberia. She was then sixty-seven years of age. "We may die in exile," she said, "and our children and our children's children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last."

Her Early Life

Catherine Breshkovskaya was born in one of the provinces of Little Russia, the daughter of a noble who possessed a large estate and several hundred serfs. In her early years she knew the luxury and gayety of which the Russian nobility was inordinately fond. She was educated in the women's colleges of her own country and at Zurich in Switzerland, became an accomplished musician and mastered French, German and English. From the tender age of eight she began to take an interest in the lives of the unfortunates who were bound to the soil of her father's estate, and what she saw at that time determined the course of her future life. "They worked everywhere and always," she declared. "They were scolded, they were whipped, they were exiled to Siberia, at the whim of their master, for the least fault. Their wives and daughters were taken to serve the master or his sons as mistresses; their children were carried off without their consent, to be trained as servants or to serve in the house. The men would come to the master begging bread for which their families were famishing; the women would come weeping, demanding their children of whom they had been robbed. How many times, stupefied and shocked, I have been the witness of such humiliating, degrading, excruciating things! How many times I have thrown myself at the feet of my father to implore mercy for a so-called guilty person, whose sole fault perhaps consisted in having fallen asleep while herding the sheep!"

She Joins the Peasants

Catherine's father was a judge of the Court of Arbitration, the special task of which was to settle disputes between the peasants and the nobility, so she had unusual opportunity for studying the misery of the serfs. Being of a kindly disposition and having received an education which taught her piety and self-denial, she made many sacrifices in those early years in order to alleviate distress. When she was eighteen the serfs were emancipated and she made a study of the new laws. Traveling about with

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her father, she witnessed the uprisings which took place when the illiterate peasants sought to protest against the new hard conditions, and she likewise saw these uprisings put down by the bayonets and knouts of the soldiers. Catherine Breshkovskaya perceived that education was necessary for the improvement of peasant conditions, so she devoted herself to the village schools. The education movement was watched by the government with jealous eyes and the schools for the poor were gradually closed. This was about 1870 when Catherine Breshkovskaya had made the acquaintance of innumerable men and women who were attempting the same work as herself in other parts of the Russian Empire. Two thousand of these patriots determined to defy the government by persisting in their efforts. "We resolved," she explained, "to go right to the people and tell them the whole truth. It was one of the finest movements in the history of the country. The most elevated among her children flung themselves into the arms of the people to share with them their own moral and intellectual riches." As a result they were all arrested on charges of treason.

Her First Exile

The news of these wholesale arrests was received with an outburst of indignation throughout Europe, and the majority were set free, but a few hundred, including Catherine Breshkovskaya, were held for trial. More than a hundred died miserably in prison, and the rest were exiled to Siberia. Catherine was regarded as particularly dangerous, and after two years in a St. Petersburg cell five by seven by nine feet in size, she was condemned to hard labor in the Kara silver mines, being the first woman to undergo this punishment. After a few months at the mines she was restored to comparative liberty in an exile colony on Lake Baikal. With four other exiles she made an audacious attempt to escape, was captured and sentenced to four more years in the mines. In 1882 she was released from the mines, but she still had fourteen years of exile to endure. These long years were spent in the Transbaikal region of Eastern Siberia, where George Kennan met her and thus described her: "With a strong, intelligent, but not handsome face, a frank, unreserved manner, and sympathies that seemed to be warm, impulsive and generous. Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick dark wavy hair, which had been cut short in prison in the mines, was streaked here and there with gray; but neither hardship nor exile nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honor and duty."

A Social Revolutionist

In 1896 Catherine's exile ended and she returned to her home. Her father and mother were dead, her old friends dead, scattered or estranged. She plunged again into her life work and helped to organize the Social Revolutionary party, which soon had its circles in every part of Russia. Underground printing offices were set up, radical literature was distributed broadcast and "the babushka" traveled everywhere, studying conditions and exhorting the peasants to hope for better days. In 1899 one of the printing stations was discovered, and the government took particular pains to shadow Catherine Breshkovskaya. She adopted a peasant disguise and continued her work. When the government issued a proclamation ordering her arrest, she escaped into Switzerland. In 1904 she came to this country, and one who met her wrote: "To look upon the face of this silver-haired apostle is like receiving a benediction. Her outward and inward calm are superb. Her hands are beautiful in their delicacy, despite the years in Siberia. Her voice is low and sweet, her smile winning and childlike. Only her eyes betray the sufferings of the years. In repose her face is strong like iron. The shadows of her eyes speak of deepest pathos." Afterwards she returned to Russia and continued her work until August, 1907, when she was betrayed by the spy Azeff. For more than two years the government did not dare to try her, but at last they invented the charge of "belonging to an illegal party," and as a result "the babushka" went to Siberia again.

The Late Stuart Masters

I might write a great deal about my dear friend Stuart G. Masters who died last week, but all that I could say has been said already, and more feelingly than I could say it. Let me make my own the tender, heartfelt and eloquent words with which Edward H. Hurlbut bade farewell to his comrade of the local room. They were published in the Call:

GOODBY, STUART

You've gone over the top, Stuart. You've gone over the top without a fair, fighting chance. You had enlisted in the tank corps, because that's the game your fine heart wanted—a good square-fighting game. But the plague took you, laddie, and it doesn't seem just right.

We are crying. We know what you could have done if you had got over there. We know you would have preserved the best traditions of the Fourth Estate.

Stuart, my boy, we'll never sing the Four Leaf Clover any more. I don't know how I can go up to the club now. It won't seem like the same old club—you gone, and Hugh Thompson and your old pal, Sprague Magruder.

You were gladness, Stuart: you were a fragment of God's gladness. You never deliberately harmed a soul. You put yourself out to protect. And it must be you that are taken.

God works his ultimate progress. It is not ours to question. We grieve, because our hearts are sore.

You are gone from us, Stuart. God love you, boy. You know the great secret now and are at peace.

Mourning in the Local Room

Hugh Thompson and Stuart Masters of San Francisco—Harry Sully and Edmund Crinnion of Oakland—truly, death has taken heavy toll of the local room. Newspapermen are familiar with death in all its forms, peaceful and terrible; yet when death invades the newspaper shop, they are hard to console. The esprit de corps is powerful, affection is deep in newspaperdom. The empty places are filled, of course; but the new men never quite take the place of the old. Do you know Berton Braley's poem called

MISSING

His typewriter's covered and silent, his chair
Is empty, his desk is in trim;
It never was so when he used to sit there
And hammer out "copy" with vim.
The cigarette stubs that he left in a row
Are gone, and the table is clean;
But give me the mess that the place used to show
And the click of his busy machine.

He used to come in with his hat on his ear
And a limp cigarette on his lip,
With a smile that was crooked, an eye that was clear
And a tongue that was fluent and flip.
He'd hang up his coat on the hook overhead,
Tilt his chair to the proper degree,
Run his hands through his hair, which was curly and red,
And write like a cyclone set free.

And sometimes, when pegging away, I forget
That he isn't one of us still,
And I'll start to say, "Jim, got a good cigarette?"
And turn toward his battered old "mill."
And then I'll remember that "30" is in
For him who once sat in that spot;
And—well, I redouble my hurry and din
In writing the story I've got.

His finger will nevermore clatter the keys;
His life and his story are done.
Those stories as brisk as the keen western breeze—
Another will take up his run.
Another will cover assignments he had;
He's gone, but the world mustn't lose
Its tales of the sad and the bad and the glad—
Its regular quota of news.

A newspaperman's always moving about,
He seldom stays long in a place;
And yet when he leaves, why, you haven't a doubt
That you'll see him again, face to face;
But this—well, it's different; this is the end,
And the office won't seem just the same.
My "fellow-reporter"—and also my friend—
He is through with the newspaper game.

James B. Smith Honored

James B. Smith, president of the King Coal Company, has been appointed bunker representative for California of the United States Fuel Administration. The appointment was announced

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by S. L. Yerkes, assistant director of the distribution division of the Fuel Administration, who came here on an inspection trip, studied the personnel of the local coal business and unerringly put his hand on the biggest man in the game. That man is "Jim" Smith. "Jim" Smith will be charged with the responsibility of getting the coal for the expeditious bunkering of the great fleet of steamships that comes to San Francisco, San Diego, San Pedro and other California harbors from all parts of the world. In announcing the selection of Smith for the new post, Yerkes said that the Government planned to make San Francisco a much more important port than ever before for the exportation of coal. Incidentally, he paid a tribute to "Jim" Smith which will be endorsed by all who know his ability. "In order to increase the supply of coal for the Eastern sections of the United States and overseas," said Yerkes, "no more shipments will be made from Atlantic ports to the west coast of South America. The coal will be shipped from Pacific ports to the west coast, with San Francisco getting a good share of the shipments. On account of his experience and proven ability in the coal business, we decided to offer the position of bunker representative to Smith, and he has accepted." "Jim" Smith will work directly under the Fuel Administration officials of Washington, and will be in close touch with the Federal Shipping Board, the Navy, the Army transport service, and other branches of the Government.

"Aked and Unashamed"

Under this head, and with the sub-heading "Deserter Planning to Return," that pugnacious weekly paper of Londontown, "John Bull," comments on the news that our old friend Dr. Aked is anxious to return to England and take up his evangelical labors where he left off when John D. Rockefeller coaxed him "across the pond" to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Here is the way Editor Horatio Bottomley pays his respects to the former pastor of our First Congregational Church:

Once more Dr. Aked blandly announces that he may return from America to the Free Church ministry in this country. He is not wanted, even by his old congregation at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool. He flew signals of distress at the end of 1916, and we recorded on January 6, 1917, that this "notorious British-American pro-German pastor" meditated a return to Liverpool. Charles Frederick Aked went as a Baptist to New York, became a Congregationalist in San Francisco, and now seeks to be an English Free Kirker. Before the States came "in" the war, certain persons there started the American Embargo Conference, its object being to stop war material being supplied to this country. The move was lauded by von Bernstorff and financed by Dr. Albert, the notorious agent of the Kaiser. Into that devilish combination entered Dr. Aked, as Chairman of the Advisory Board. Our comment at the time (March 4, 1916), was that "nobody hates his native land like a skunk who turns traitor to it." A man who could aid the Bernstorffs and the Alberts when they were at war against his own country is no fit person to occupy a British pulpit, whatever be the style of church he temporarily woos for the sake of his own pocket. If Charles Frederick Aked be admitted back, we may next expect the return of the renegade Houston Chamberlain, for in their utterances and actions they are much on a par. Aked wilfully cut himself adrift from Britain, tried to curry favor in America by acting against us, has evidently "made a muck of it" over there, and now seeks to crawl back. He is not wanted, and we will not have him.

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An Episcopal Rebuke

Our "stupervisors" decided the other day to dump and bury the city's garbage instead of incinerating it. In other words, after years of the most costly experimentation paid for with your money and mine, we are going back to the antique method of garbage disposal. The session of the board of "stupervisors" at which this action was taken Monday afternoon, was honored by the presence of the English Bishop Wakefield of Birmingham who is a visitor in this city. Called upon to make a few remarks after the learned city fathers had officially abandoned an incinerator which would be worth its weight in gold if appraised on the basis of the money spent upon it, Bishop Wakefield arose and said:

"Your discussion has taken me back many years to the time when as mayor of a borough of London, we had this same subject up for consideration. I was much interested in your discussion and your decision to try temporarily the dumping method. We finally decided to try a quick burning system."

Here was a polite but unmistakable rebuke for our city fathers. For "a quick burning system" is just the system which our city fathers have abandoned because they are incompetent to carry it on. Three cheers for the Bishop of Birmingham!

The Truth About Marshall

In answer to my question of last week, Did James Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, die a pauper? I have a letter from Phil Bekeart of this city. Phil qualifies as an expert on the early history of gold in California by reason of his life-long study of the subject. Besides, he was born in Coloma. He writes:

"No historian states that Marshall died in poverty. Consult Bancroft, Hittell, etc. The title of Beasley's book 'A Tramp Through the Bret Harte Country' is to a certain extent a misnomer. Bret Harte was never in Coloma at any time. The closest Harte ever got to Coloma was possibly in his journeys from the Southern Mines to the Dutch Flat and Auburn country by way of Stockton and Sacramento. Beasley admitted to me that Harte was never in Coloma. The frontispiece of his book, by the way, 'The Ruins of Coloma,' shows my father's old brick store built in 1852, and the home where I was born at the further side and rear of the store.

"In the matter of relics of Marshall: There are thousands, and 95 per cent are bunk. Nearly every man that found an old knife, gun or pistol or spoon or wheelbarrow in the mountains or streams around Hangtown, Kelsey or Coloma would bring it in and say it was a relic of Marshall. The truth is that back in 1893 some slick guy went up to Coloma and stated that he was the agent for the Midwinter Fair and wanted to collect Marshall relics to exhibit at the Fair. He got about everything authentic around that country without any bond or security. They were exhibited at the Midwinter Fair, and this 'plute' then took them to New Orleans and some other Eastern fair, and that is the last ever heard of them or him. There may be a few, a very few authentic relics of Marshall left."

Bokkery in London

The one and only Edward Bok, editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, is not a popular man in London. Bok was one of the editors invited to visit England and France as the guests of the Allied staffs, and enjoyed among other things the hospitality of the British capital. He showed his appreciation in rather a peculiar way—by writing a letter to the Times complaining that the street of London were perilous for American soldier boys on account of the streetwalkers. We surmise that in writing that letter, Bok was addressing his American subscribers rather than the public of London. He wanted to let the mothers and sisters who read The Ladies' Home Journal know what dangers their boys braved when they went from the United States to wicked England. Be that as it may, Bok brought shame upon the other members of the editorial party who had a juster appreciation of the duties of a guest. One of these went so far as to say that Mr. Bok might well have remained silent about vice conditions in London until he was certain that his own city of Philadelphia had been purified. Fortunately, the English have come to know Americans very well of late, so they do not judge us by a mischief-making, meddlesome Peck-sniff like Edward Bok.

Oscar Wilde's Friend Dead

Robert Ross, the truest friend Oscar Wilde had, died in London last month in his fiftieth year. Ross was a friend of Wilde before disgrace overtook the unhapy genius. He remained his friend when most others deserted, if they did not turn upon and revile the convict. Ross visited Wilde in prison. When Wilde was released, Ross took him to France and tried to keep him faithful to those resolutions of a good life which Wilde had formed in Reading Gaol. Ross supplied the impecunious broken man with money. When Wilde was dying as dreadful a death as ever an unfortunate died, Ross sat by his side, ministering to him. Those who want the details of that appalling death will find them in Frank Harris's privately printed book. Ross was one of those who followed Wilde's body to the cemetery. Years afterwards he was present when the remains were transferred to Pere la Chaise. As Wilde's literary executor, Ross edited his books and devoted the money to the paying off of Wilde's debts. It was Ross who gave "De Profundis" to the world. When Wilde's son Vyvvian Holland was married in London several years ago, Ross was his witness. Robert Sherard and Frank Harris have both borne testimony to the nobility of Ross's friendship for Wilde. Only the miserable and degraded Alfred Douglas attacked Ross, and sought to blacken his reputation. Some years ago Ross was given a dinner in London in recognition of his devotion to Wilde in life and death, and so widespread by that time was the admiration for his course that three times as many as had been expected attended the affair. Although a very learned man and a splendid critic of art, Ross did not make for himself a place in permanent literature. His immortality, however, is assured because he had the rare genius for friendship.

The Bastard

By Muriel Stuart

Here thou art safe as roses in the bud—
Safe from the wind that will not spare the rose;
Here thou art daily and divinely fed
On holy wine and bread
That none deny—my body and my blood,—
I housle thee, myself the sacrament,
And I am great with thee, as souls with God.

Lie close, in Love's first, safest house lie close,
Blind, breathless, undesirous, and content,
Hearing my blood sing o'er thee, like a lute,
Feeling my flesh as daisies feel the earth
Over them, round them, warm and very still. . . .
Oh! thou art so impatient of thy birth,
As in her blind hood gropes the daffodil,
As in the pale flower twists the rebellious fruit.
Lie still beneath this most unquietest heart,
For thou a calmer pillow shalt not know
Upon this side of sunset, nor shalt go
So careless of the steely hearts of men.
Thou hast the peace that men desire in vain—
The quiet men lose and cannot find again.
After, thou shalt not find such sweet repose.
Starlight and moonshine will not say thee "Nay,"
Nor the sun question thy divinest right—
The Password of the Portals of the Day,
The Freedom of the City of the Night;
The orphaned lily, the unfathered rose
Shall not disdain thy gold, unharming hair,
But men shall claim thee their eternal prey,
Hunt thee to Death, and hound thee to Despair,
Mark thee, and set thee loose, to take again
As they hunt each forlorn, defenseless thing,—
As I am hounded by the hate of men.

Of all cold hearts beneath the pitying sun,—
For us there is no pardon, pity none
Of all cold lips above the pardoning seas.
Behold us, foes of all Love's enemies,
With every hand against the hand of Love,
And we, the slaves of Love's swift tourneying,
Paying the slow and bitter price thereof.

Lie still awhile; thy beauty builds my shame!
The shame thou dost so innocently bring;
At thy beseeching blood my blood grows tame,
Thy body makes my own most wearisome,
And with thy kindling lips my lips become
Colder; within me something daily dies.
Yet, oh! most sweet, I do not quarrel thee,
For more desired thou art than chastity,
Closer thou art than eyelids over eyes,
Than kissing lips or clasping hands can be;
As flame in flame, as tide in tide thou art;
Nearer, much nearer, than myself to me:
I carry Heaven beneath my laboring heart.

But thou wilt lie no longer than Love lay,
Thou wilt weary of my body even as he,
And I again with body and blood shall pay
To the last farthing's ruthless penalty
The nights with Love, the days, the hours, with thee.
And when at last thy fashioning is o'er,
When flesh from flesh, when soul from soul, goes free,
And Love's poor house can give thee nothing more,
And thou break through the wearying bonds thereof,
I will seek pardon of thee on my knees,
And thou ask pity of God, or stones, or trees,
But not of men—we will ask naught of these—
I, the loving, and thou the seal of Love.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

That Proposed Celebration

I have heard a great deal of talk about that proposal of certain theatrical managers that San Francisco hold a public celebration when the influenza epidemic is over. All the talk that has come to my ears has been adverse to the proposal. Some people are shocked at the proposal, some are indignant, some feel hurt. The general opinion seems to be that the men who made the proposal must be strangely out of touch with the sentiment prevailing in this city at the present time. These men, it is thought, must be callous or thoughtless; their sympathies must be imperfectly developed; they must be lacking in psychological insight. Doubtless these men realize something of this sort. When they had agreed among themselves that the celebration would be a good thing, they communicated their plan to the leaders of the theatrical business in this city. And by those leaders it was promptly turned down. The managers of the Columbia, the Curran, the Orpheum and the Alcazar would have nothing to do with the plan. These managers know the present temper of the people. They are men with warm hearts as well as level heads.

A City of Mourning

How the men who proposed that celebration came to overlook the fact that this is a city of mourning just now, passes my comprehension. What they proposed is as shocking to acute sensibilities as would be a proposal to mourners that they go on a junket after the funeral. The end of the epidemic will be an occasion for rejoicing, but not for public rejoicing. People will rejoice that their loved ones have been spared to them. The re-opened churches will receive men and women with tear-stained faces who will go down on their knees and ask the Almighty for strength to support their burden of sorrow. Behold the parents who have lost their children, the wives and husbands who have lost their help-mates, the little children who have lost their brothers and sisters—and then think how out of place a so-called "whoop-la" celebration would be! There is not a home in this city which has been mercifully spared the visitation of death, that is not mourning the death of close friends. Heart-rending stories have been the staple of conversation for weeks. You hear of a husband and wife who have been taken, leaving behind helpless little orphan children. You hear of a child dying in the arms of an influenza-stricken mother. We have never had anything like it in San Francisco, and yet some men can talk of a "whoop-la" celebration! The theatre is not a consolation in a time like this. The theatrical bill cannot yet make us forget the bills of mortality. We have all read that poem of the cholera in India, written by a San Franciscan named Bartholomew Dowling and entitled "Hurrah for the Next That Dies." We shudder at that sentiment today. And tomorrow, when the epidemic is over, we shall still be in no mood for hurrahs. The very thought is ghastly.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan have closed their home at Menlo Park and will spend the winter at the Cecil. Mrs. A. M. Burns entertained informally at dinner Thursday. The many friends of Edward Geary will be delighted to learn that he has entirely recovered from his recent illness in one of the local hospitals. He and his charming wife are sojourning at the hotel and were hosts at dinner Sunday. Mrs. H. N. Preston, wife of Colonel Preston, U. S. A., arrived in the city this week. Her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Green, are also visiting at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Luther of Providence, R. I., will make an indefinite stay at the hotel. Among other visitors is Miss Newcomb, who is the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. McCorkendall. Among the California society folks who have engaged apartments at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Downin. They will arrive next week and plan to remain for several months.

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One Night

By Millicent Sutherland

I walked into a moon of gold last night
Across the gray sands she seemed to shine so bright.

Wide, wide the sands until I met the sea,
Cradle of moons, yet searchlights followed me.

I asked the moon if creeping round the Zones
She had seen good, or only poor things' bones.

"Pale faces I have seen, unconscious men
Bereft of struggling horror now and then.

"And sinking ships I see, and floating mines,
And cries I hear, 'Oh God,' and choking whines.

"But later when the stars shine on the wave
And give more light, I know the dead die brave.

"Passing so quickly from the things that count
Count to all mortal thoughts, to find the Fount,

"Where angels pour elixir into bowls,
Drink, not for broken hearts, but thirsty souls."

"And what on shore?" I asked, "the great Divide
Where rivers run, and trenches side by side?"

"There," the moon said, "the snow was on the ground
And the frost pinched me as I beamed around.

"Red pools of gore, and ghastly shadows lay
In deep dug corners, so I sank away.

"Let misty cloudlets sweep across my face
To hide the earth, and give me heart of grace.

"Sudden the air seemed filled with eager breath
Of great Adventuurers, released from death,

"And shaking blood from out their eyes and hair
Shouting for further knowledge here and there.

"I lighted these across the treacherous Path
To reach the garden of Life's aftermath.

"And as they sped in troops the great guns boomed,
With flashes lightning swift, and dark hordes loomed,

"And phantom shapes of patient warrior bands—
Then more snow fell and shrouded all the lands."

* * * * * *

Now pondering from the moon I turned again,
Over the sands, back to our House of Pain.

What is English Humor?

By John Corbin

What is English humor? We all recognize that there is such a thing, I think, though few have troubled to analyze its distinctive quality. By some strange fatality we never mention it except when it displeases us. And what else has the power to displease us so deeply? "A difference in the sense of humor," said George Eliot, "is a great strain upon the affections." Perhaps the strongest factor in keeping alive the historic family row of 1776 and 1812 is Punch—Punch and a certain class of English comedy imported from time to time by unwary managers. Not even the thought of the hated Redcoat, villain in the national melodrama of our school history, has the power to incense our maturer minds which lies in a Punch joke with the point jabbed home by italics. Yet there are good jokes in Punch. Is it not a duty of loyalty to our ally to gain a clearer sense of what is best in his humor? Much more trivial things are helping to win the war. It may even prove a granite corner-stone in the edifice of the brotherly league of nations!

Witness the cartoon of a Prussian family "doing its morning hate against England," perhaps the most famous of the war. Every member in the group about the breakfast table had a different expression of rage and malice, down to the dachshund. It was such an intense lot, and so futile. Above all it was spiritually so dowdy—like the lambrequin of chenille on the mantel. At first sight many Americans did not think it funny at all. I doubt if it ever could have made its way into Life. Yet I have not found any one who let the thing sink into his consciousness who did not end by chuckling inwardly, and treasuring it in his memory of rarest delights. For the whole German-English situation was there in all its basic seriousness, yet touched out in every detail by a flame of lambent mockery.

A casual glance over a file of war Punches will reveal many a cartoon which, while there is absolutely no joke in our sense of the word, limns character and situation with equal profundity and humor. Here is a wounded soldier sitting on a bench in Hampstead Heath, all alone except for little girls playing about the fountain. One of his legs is gone, and the remaining foot swathed in a poultice. One arm is in a sling, and his head and one eye are heavily bandaged. His face expresses a truly tragic despair. The legend is: "I don't know anythink as 'as brought the war 'ome to me like seein' 'Armstead 'Eath so deserted on Bank Holiday." Does that make a joke? Hardly. Yet it states a character, a situation of almost epic proportions. Yes, there is a heart in all of us to which the war has brought a desolation, an emptiness, beyond any mere physical deprivation. The thought of that wreck of a Tommy, grieving only for the old friends of Bank Holiday, has no doubt raised new courage in the hearts of thousands, as only the humors of character can. Here is a satiric stricture, less kindly, but no less penetratingly human, upon the trade unionist in war. A Tommy is squatting safely in a shell hole, holding a Prussian helmet between his knees. His officer leans over the brink above and cries: "What the devil are you doing there? Didn't you hear me say we were out again four to one?" The trade unionist answers: "Ay. Aa heard you, but aa've killed my fower." The humor of Punch, in a word, may not be strong in verbal quips and satiric turns of phrase, but it opens up many a fresh vista of essential character.

Not all English comedy has this peculiar quality. Mr. Howells once remarked that the so-called renaissance of the English drama was the work of two Irishmen, Wilde and Shaw; a Scotchman, Barrie; a Welshman, Henry Arthur Jones; and, a Jew, Pinero. All five write with a touch that is current internationally. Yet much of Shakespeare's comedy is typically English. The humor of Dogberry and Bottom, his two ripest low-comedy characters, lies in their intense though inarticulate humanity—quite like the best humor of Punch and the Bairnsfather cartoons. Falstaff is a master of the verbal thrust and parry; but our delight in him springs not so much from what he says as from what he inevitably is—from sheer character. Dickens is absolutely "English" in his humor. George Meredith, though his comedy is the highest of the high, living in a world of social subtleties and intellectual distinction, is least of all a wit. He also is a humorist of blindly groping yet inerrant character.

The "English" comedy which enrages us is a comedy which, while void of fresh verbal touches, is stale in situation and conventional or false in characterization. It is a sentimental, a self-conscious pastiche of true English comedy—the heavy handed replica of a convention which is not native to us and which we respond to, if at all, only when it is genuine and deeply divined.

AN ENGLISHMAN SIZES US UP

(Continued from Page 4)

which depend on bad grammar, a kind of nonchalant insolence towards death and pain, and a steady avoidance of the ideals for which millions of men are dying. The impression has been created here that Britain is muddling along, cheerful but not very competent, brave but bone-headed, with better courage than generals. After all, this war is not a joke. There is discipline in our army as well as dirt in the trenches. And if our officers don't know their work they ought to. I should like America to see a little more of the smartness, the sacrifices, the thoughtfulness, the education of the British soldier. France does not allow her troops to be treated as comic opera or vaudeville. And America would apply her own methods to such humor. In the meantime she takes us precisely at our own valuation, and assumes that in Higher Command, which means intellect, we are careless amateurs, just what we are made to look like.

What the country thinks of Britain will be determined after the war by the opinion which American soldiers form during their service in Europe. These men are drawn from every city and State in the Union, and their verdict will be final. I have been reading the collected speeches of Mr. Newton D. Baker. No Minister of War has every discussed the ethical aspects of his rough task in terms so human, so idealist, and, some would say, so Puritan. The American character is, of course, explicit, while ours is implicit. Their constitution is written, while ours is a mental assumption. Because we do not claim to be disinterested, it does not follow that we are selfish. But, when all this has been said, the fact remains that Americans are out for something more than mere victory. They want to win; they also wish to win nobly. It is up to us to avoid any circumstances which might change a deep respect for our country into disillusionment.

Americans on their side must not suppose that because English people suspect, and therefore avoid, fine phrases they are therefore indifferent to lofty motives. Perhaps I may give an illustration: In his speech to the Mexican editors President Wilson stated with complete sincerity that America will get nothing out of this war. Side by side with this speech there was reported a somewhat triumphant declaration by Mr. Hurley of the Shipping Board who told how next year the American shipyards would produce as much tonnage as England has launched in any five years. That mercantile marine is needed for the war, but, obviously, the ships will be a valuable asset. Americans will not mind the remark that their aspirations are not as yet accompanied by actual sacrifice. None of us can tell how long the war will last, but the actual contribution by the individual American home to the cause of human liberty cannot in the nature of things approach what has already been freely offered on that altar by individual homes in Italy, France and Britain. Europe is indebted to America for a splendid reinforcement of her hard-pressed faith. But the influence of America will be in exact proportion to her recognition of what she owes—and the debt is very great—to the European countries which have borne the brunt of the battle.

To some extent American humorists have given England an imperfect idea of their country. I have been astonished by the charm, the courtesy, and, let me add, the humility of the Americans whom I have met. They are anxious to hear and to learn. They are quick to appreciate a suggestion and generous in acknowledging it. If Englishmen are to hold their place in the world they will have to study the American point of view, even where they may not adopt it. In passing, I may remark that Americans do not entirely accept our theory that in business we are a simple and straightforward nation dealing with clever—not to say sharp—cousins across the water. Americans pay unfailing tribute to our commercial subtlety. They only think that we look simple.

And when we come to terms of peace we shall have to reckon with this high estimate of our negotiating ability. Bear in mind that we are dealing with a country which has been taught by George Washington that conquest and Empire are of the devil. That is still the fixed belief of most Americans. One gets over it by explaining that the British Empire is not a fixed servitude, but a constant process of evolution towards autonomy. As we assume responsibility for new provinces, so do old provinces pass from control to self-government. About the glory of Empire I say nothing when I speak here. It is Empire as a form of service to mankind that interests Americans. They approach native races not as merchants, or magistrates, or soldiers, but as missionaries. Assuming, as we must assume, that for various reasons we cannot hand back to the enemy Pacific Islands, the occupied colonies in Africa, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, the question will inevitably arise, What is to be done with these territories? Many considerations will arise. Among them must be included American opinion. We have seen how eager she is to adopt international solutions—to arrive at international diplomacy, and even strategy. Great Britain will do well to recognize that the white man's burden is also international. For any new territories it is clear that she must seek a sanction beyond herself, and even for her existing Empire she would do well to reinforce her mission with American approval, and to rely, as she can afford to do, not so much upon rights of possession as upon the consent of the governed. America is now a World-Power. This means that she can appreciate Britain's responsibilities better than ever before. We lose nothing by defining those responsibilities in terms which agree with President Wilson's ideal of an International League, and we may gain much.

Ventilation at the Tavern

While it is true that the influenza epidemic is abating, it is also a fact that it is the part of wisdom to avoid all places where the air is close and stuffy. The atmosphere of Techau Tavern is brought in fresh from the outside, filtered, and then forced throughout the cafe in such a manner as to keep the air sweet and pure without causing a draft in any part of the cafe. Patrons feel a sense of security in these surroundings, which, together with the excellence of the menu, make this the ideal luncheon place of the city.

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a little school girl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Uncertainty and nervousness are the qualities back of the price movements for the last few days. The action of the Steel Company in reducing its dividend for the quarter to three and one-quarter per cent was a disappointment to the holders of steel, and caused considerable liquidation in all the steel issues. The action of the Money Committee in applying restrictive measures against the threatened expansion of speculation also put a damper on bullish enthusiasm temporarily. However, the market was only held in check and most of the stocks were higher, and the undertone was good. People are unable to define what is and what is not a peace stock, and holders who have believed certain stocks owe their prosperity to the war, have been liquidating on the belief that a cessation of war means a cessation of prosperity. These people seem to lose sight of the fact that this nation has embargoes on steel that will be lifted when the war is over, thereby opening up new trade routes. They seem to forget that the housing facilities of the French nation are now a mass of desolation and ruin, and that every line of industry and building in this country is short of steel and of the metals Of course the cut in this steel dividend is responsible for this fear, for some take this cut to mean that when peace comes the steel companies cannot make enough under heavy taxes to permit them to pay their recent high dividends All indications have been for some time that a buying wave of broad dimensions is developing, and will gain force even with the opposition of the banks, and 'change authorities in their efforts to curb speculative activity. The attitude of the security holders generally could only be described as one of determined stubbornness, while the perverseness that is the fruit of human frailty increased the number of buyers simply because the general public became imbued with the idea that it was not desired they should come into the market on the buying side. The demand for stocks for cash continues to increase, and the shipment of stocks to out-of-town customers has been large enough to tax the facilities of this branch of the Exchange. The Railroad stocks seem to be in better demand than for some time. The general public has made up its mind that there is no question regarding this class of stocks from a peace basis. Northern Pacific is one issue that has been lagging, but with its wonderful earnings and its strong financial position, it should sell far above its present price, in view of its dividend position and the permanent lodgment of the entire issue of its capital stock. Great Northern Preferred is another issue that should do better. We are looking for a big broad bull market just as soon as some of the restrictions are removed, and believe that all classes of the dividend paying stocks will be put on a much higher level.

Cotton—There seems to have been a sort of panic in the retail and wholesale dry goods business, with an idea that they had been buying goods at war prices and with peace in sight they do not wish to be loaded up with stock. Retail houses cancelled their orders, wholesale houses have cancelled to the mills, and the mills in turn have sold their contracts on the exchange. Wall Street interpreted this to mean that cotton was a sale, and they in turn sold cotton. The South became more or less frightened and they sold. The bankers in the South, feeling the pressure of money, urged them to do so. Liverpool, which a few months ago was 1500 points over New York, has been slowly receding until it is now 1150. In other words, prices between New York and Liverpool in peace conditions should gradually come together. For this reason, the high insurance rates, the extremely high freight rates, and war risks in the event of peace must go lower. It will mean cheaper cotton for Europe. But every bale they take from here is so much surplus gone. The Government cannot be entirely out of the market on cotton goods. It will probably take two years or more to disband the army, and there is probably not a household in America which cannot curtail on its needs in cotton clothing one way or another. This is also true of Europe, and for this reason we believe that, in case cotton is down when peace comes, it should be purchased. We believe that the merchants of the world will eventually have to buy enormous stocks of cotton, and that any decline from this level will be only temporary.

Has the Worm Turned?

Two apparently unrelated incidents during the past week have, when reasoned out, a bond in common which is not without significance in its relation to business. One of these was the cancellation by the buyer for a Far Western department store of $20,000 worth of goods he had ordered. His reason was that the prevailing influenza had hit his town very hard and had disrupted the entire social and trade routine of the place. The other happening was the energetic protest to the authorities against the attempts of some chain restaurants to make an extra charge for bread and butter furnished, and of undertakers to take unfair advantage of the growing death list by forcing expensive coffins on their increasing number of patrons. What is back of both the incidents is the fact that the worm—otherwise the ultimate consumer—has turned, and it is realized that the increasing of prices will be stopped voluntarily or by official order. —New York Times.

W. S. Gilbert was requested by an Australian amateur composer to furnish the libretto of an opera on the old Savoy lines. His score, the amateur remarked, was perfectly certain to be satisfactory, for "he was a born musician, though he had been educated as a chemist."

Mr. Gilbert, in answering to express his regret at not being able to comply, said he "should have preferred a born chemist who had been educated as a musician."

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Letters

"Dorothy Dainty at Foam Ridge"

If we did not have the usual "Dorothy Dainty," no other of the year's new books would have its absence mourned by so many nice little girls, and a good many boys as well. The little heroine of these books and her friends are the personification of merry times, in which gentle manners are constantly but unobtrusively in evidence. In this story all are at a fine beach hotel where gayety abounds. New characters, some of them among the best yet, add variety, and there is action throughout. As one young reader wrote to the author: "You can't miss a page, because something is sure to have happened on it." Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

"Hale Merrill's Honey Quest"

Hale Merrill, a girl of fourteen, suddenly finds her city home broken up and herself thrust into a public school in a country village, a violent change in her self-centered and unevenly developed life under an indulgent governess. But a very gentle and wise grandmother shows Hale how to draw a lesson from the bee and seek the honey of her new situation. Hale's inherited ability and unflinching sense of honor serve her well, and a most unpromising year turns out to be one of great profit and enjoyment. So well does she succeed that her quest soon ceases to be a conscious one, but she continues to find the honey of life in unexpected places. She fits into the community spirit of the town and is deservedly happy in helping others, while glad surprises continue to the very end. The author's facility for bringing out the humorous side is no less pronounced than the good common sense which pervades an unusually readable and wholesome story. A truly great juvenile. By Annie Elizabeth Harris. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

"Child Songs of Cheer"

No books for children are more charming than the very rare ones of really excellent verses. Miss Stein's brightly musical little poems have won the approval of scholarly critics, but, better than that, they have made children themselves memorize and repeat them from actual enjoyment. All children and all who love them will be delighted with this handsomely made book of such verses for little people as have been rarely seen since the days of Robert Louis Stevenson. The fine illustrations by Mrs. Inglis are just what is needed to complete a thoroughly charming book. By Evaleen Stein. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

In one of the hotels where non-residents are admitted to the table d'hote luncheon and dinner a man and a woman sat at a little table in a corner. He had a meek look and such sad eyes, while she had a vituperous tongue, which she was using ably. When their cleansing of soiled linen had disturbed every other diner in the room the manager approached them. "Pardon me, madam," he said to the lady, who was obviously the senior partner in the combine, "I must beg of you to be more restrained. If you want to continue your—er—discussion, please do it outside." "Rubbish!" snapped the lady tartly. "You advertise this as a family hotel, don't you?"

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A PARLEY WTIH GRIEF

By Helen Parry Eden

Grief, let us come to terms! Your strict siege narrows
In on the final citadel of my soul,
Perish the outworks in a storm of arrows,
Mangonel, mace and battle-axe gain their goal.
Yet have we still provision and caparison,
You will not brook, nor we admit, defeat—
Take then the broken fort nor grudge the garrison
Generous safe-conduct and a proud retreat.
Granted O Grief? So am I saved disbanding,
Even in my end, the powers which called me chief—
Sick Memory, weak Will and Understanding
Wounded to death. Marvelest thou, chivalrous Grief,
Seeing us slink into the eternal distance,
A foe so faint should make such long resistance?

"Leonidas," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "look me in the eye and answer me one question. Have you ever deceived me about anything?"

"Well, Henrietta," he answered, after much hesitation, "I must confess that I have not been altogether frank. On numerous occasions I have dissembled to the extent of trying to appear far more amiable than I really felt."

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, trustees under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the under signed Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, as trustees by Celestina Broyer, which said Deed of Trust bears date the 4th day of March, 1918, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in volume 1075 of Trust Deeds at page 111, records of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of March, 1918. That the said undersigned will, as such trustees, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 4th day of Decemher, 1918, at 11:00 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

That certain lot, piece and parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at the point formed by the intersection of the southeasterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Godeus Street; and running thence southeasterly along said line of Godeus Street forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches to the southeasterly line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle northeasterly along said line of Mission Street sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning.

Being all of Lots Nos. 7, 8, and 9, Godeus Gift Map Subdivision of Lots 374, 375, 376, 377 and 378, Precita Valley Lands, as per map thereof filed July 28, 1864, in map book "E" and "F," page 17, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EXCEPTING that portion of said lots which was taken for widening of Mission Street.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Celestina Broyer now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

TERMS OF SALE: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty (20) per cent on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Joseph C. Meyerstein, Room 504, Mechanics Institute Building, No. 57 Post Street, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said twenty (20) per cent to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned, as such trustees, will make, execute, and after due payment made, deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of $4650 referred to in said Deed of Trust as having been executed hy the said Celestina Broyer on the 4th day of March, 1918, to P. Berta, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and the whole of which said promissory note, pursuant to the terms thereof, has been declared to he due by the said P. Berta, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six (6) per cent per annum, payable quarterly from the 4th day of June, 1918, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said P. Berta, the owner and holder of said promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust and after a notice that default had been made in the payment of the quarterly interest on said promissory note due on the 4th day of June, 1918, and that the said P. Berta had elected to declare the whole of said principal sum forthwith due and payable, and had therefore elected that the property described in said Deed of Trust be sold in accordance with the terms of said Deed of Trust to satisfy the obligation specified in said note and said Deed of Trust, which said notice had been duly recorded by the said P. Berta in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of July, 1918, and more than three (3) months prior to the said demand of the said P. Berta on the undersigned to make said sale and the giving of this notice.

Dated: This 29th day of October, 1918.

FAUSTINO DE MARTINI,
G. B. CORDANO,
Trustees.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,
Attorney at Law,
57 Post Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-4

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK
31ST ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1918 The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES



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Town Talk Press 88 First St., S. F., Cal.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1369. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 16, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, November 16, 1918 No. 1369

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Let Byron Say It

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

* * *

President Wilson

In this hour of happiness we do not forget our President. He has been our leader in the Great Adventure. He has kept our purpose high, our motives pure. The Ship of State has sailed bravely, securely and gloriously beneath the sure touch of his hand. America is greater for having him. The men of the present acclaim him; the men of the future will bless him. We thank God for giving us Woodrow Wilson.

* * *

German Tears

Germany's envoys, we are told, wept when they heard the terms of armistice from Marshal Foch. We are not impressed by those tears. God knows, there have been tears shed in the last four years that touched the heart of humanity: the tears of Belgium, the tears of Poland, the tears of Serbia, the tears of Armenia. Those tears did not affect Germany who caused them to flow, for Germany had no bowels of compassion. But now that her innocent victims have wept themselves dry-eyed, Germany is shedding tears of self-pity. Let Germany weep if she cares to at the drastic terms of armistice, the severest ever imposed on a conquered nation, but let not her tears blind her to the fact that those terms must be observed. We know the records of Germany's envoys, from Mathias Erzberger down. Most of them have Hun hearts and bloody consciences. What the world wants from them is the weeping of sincere contrition, not the blubbering of the captured assassin. The cry-baby act will get Germany nothing.

* * *

Lest We Forget

It is well for us to hold in mind that Germany has not yet shown any signs of repentance. From not a single German leader who possesses, or lately possessed authority or power, have we heard a word of regret for the crimes of the past four years. Germany has been humbled, but she is not humble. Germany has been punished, but she is not redeemed. Germany is beaten, but she is not contrite. We cannot do better just now than ponder the following words written by Maurice Francis Egan, formerly our Minister to Denmark:

It ought to be remarked that the Prussian "longing for peace" has come, not through any change of heart in the men composing the various parties of the Reichstag, but through the disappointing fact that God, not obeying the behests of the Kaiser, has strengthened the hands of the Allies by sending the Americans to the rescue. The Prussian Holy Ghost has ceased to answer the commands of his overlord!

Neither the Centre, degraded since the fine old days of Windthorst, who stood stanchly against absolute imperialism, nor the Socialists, in all their various shades of opinion, who

GIVE GENEROUSLY!

By JULIUS KAHN

The United War Work Campaign is on, and you are asked to give according as God has prospered you, to caring for our boys now abroad.

You are just out of the Liberty Loan. You have purchased bonds almost to the limit of your means to help the Government, but have you given anything, have you made any real sacrifice? The purchase of bonds is like putting money in the bank. The security is absolute, it is putting it in the strongest bank in the world. If you put your savings in a savings bank and do not touch them, are you really giving your money to the bank or just making a wise investment, the wisest in the world? You have secured the future of your children, the money will come back to you or them with interest. You have given nothing!

Now you are asked to give part of your savings for the care of your boy. The dividend to be secured is his happiness and joy and comfort. He needs and will need for a long time during the period of reconstruction when he will be kept in France, the support and the assistance of these noble organizations now working for his good.

Do you love your boy individually, and the American soldier boy collectively enough to share your means with him—to give part of your possessions to insure him the comforts of a home and the sustaining influence that surrounds home, in those huts and tents erected in France for his betterment and care? Does your love for him reach beyond the stage where you are willing to make sacrifices in order to make investments that in future will be highly profitable to you? Are you willing to give generously and voluntarily a portion of your wealth, to be expended in the interests of your boy? If so, open your purse strings and give freely to the greatest cause at the moment of the greatest opportunity for showing your love for the American soldier. He is ready to die for you; should you not be ready to give for him?

proved traitorous to Liebknecht, would refuse to vote the sinews of war to the Kaiser over again if they were sure that "Deutschland" should really be "über alles."

For ten years, not far from Berlin, I watched with regret the gradual corruption of the Centre, of which Erzberger is an example, and the slavery of the Social Democrats. Criminals should not be allowed to soften their own punishment. Repentance for fear of hell has its value, but it must be accompanied by restitution.

* * *

Why We Celebrated

It was with the approval of a good conscience that San Francisco celebrated the end of the war. For San Francisco has done her part—more than her part, in the international job of binding the Beast. San Francisco gave generously of her sons. Hers is a large service flag, and there are a number of golden stars on it. San Francisco gave generously of her foremost citizens. Many are abroad, laboring in the Red Cross service or with the various organizations that minister to the comfort of the fighters. Many are in Washington or elsewhere, serving the Government as dollar-a-year men. San Francisco gave generously of her money. She over-subscribed all four Liberty Loans; she exceeded her quota in the Red Cross campaigns; she proffered truly amazing sums in answer to every war appeal. San Francisco has stood by the President. She gave him all she had, from Julius Kahn and Herbert Hoover down. Workingman and capitalist, poor widow and society girl—all San Francisco was heart and soul in the war. And so, when the war was over, San Francisco celebrated with her usual gay abandon. San Francisco had earned the right to cut up.

* * *

The Will of the People

Complete returns from thirty of our fifty-eight counties show that prohibition was beaten 279,000 to 249,000, and the Rominger Bill 292,000 to 222,000. In other words, California does not want absolute prohibition, and does not want the saloons abolished. That is the only way the figures can be interpreted. The majorities are decisive, and cannot be overturned when the entire vote has been tabulated. Nevertheless, the prohibition leaders in California declare that they will force through the Legislature a ratification of the constitutional amendment making the nation dry. They intend to make this the big issue of the session when our legislators meet in January. Which interprets the will of the people more accurately—the vote at a State election, or the legislative lineup? Candidates for the Legislature regard political platforms as molasses to catch flies. Many such candidates declared themselves for prohibition because they thought it a winning cause. But it didn't win; it went down to a defeat which cannot be explained away. Will the legislators who were dry during the campaign remain dry after studying the popular vote? That remains to be seen. We may be sure that the prohibition leaders will use all their endeavors to hold them to their pledges. They may not succeed. Prohibition as a political issue is a fruitful source of insincerity. There may be defections from the dry forces. Certainly, we do not think there will be any accessions of strength. Nation-wide prohibition would never be ratified by a plebiscite. We hope it won't be ratified by the Legislature of our State. We hope the will of the people, not of the dry politicians, will prevail.

Perspective Impressions

Peace with Victory.

Te Deum laudamus.

Where is Kultur now?

Notice to Solf: Tell it to Foch.

Wilhelm was not too proud for flight.

The Kaiser is in Holland and in Dutch.

After four years the lid is being put back on hell.

It was a long way to Tipperary, but we are there.

The garbage problem has been solved again—maybe.

The world's supreme egotist has had his "I" put out.

Scratch a Hohenzollern and you find a coward.

The truest celebration took place in the churches.

Let's keep politics adjourned a little longer, if possible.

Speaking from the insurance standpoint, the Kaiser is not a good risk.

Wonder what the Berlin mob did to that wooden statue of Hindenburg.

The stage direction reads: Exeunt the Hohenzollerns.

Lest we forget: Three cheers for Cardinal Mercier!

San Francisco celebrated the end of the war with a flu maskerade.

Maybe some Prussian pundit will try to prove that the Kaiser is not a German.

If there must be a buffer state in Europe, let it be Germany. It must not be Belgium.

Let us hope it will be a case of "spurlos versenkt" with the German Empire.

Can you imagine that celebration if we had to drink healths in ginger ale and grape juice?

"I shall stand no nonsense from America after the war," said Kaiser Bill to Ambassador Gerard. Tee Hee! Haw Haw!

A good way for Germany to show that she has changed her feelings about the war would be to hang Tirpitz for wholesale murder.

We have heard some mean people suggest that the Kaiser be sent to Los Angeles. But with all its faults, Bevo Junction hasn't deserved that punishment.

We haven't heard anything from David Starr Jordan concerning the latest world-event. Perhaps he has gone back to the study of eugenics and Isabel de Vermandois.

What ever became of William Bayard Hale?

We wish we had a collection of American war posters.

What pretty eyes flash above the flu masks of our girls!

Let us drink a toast to the memory of Kitchener.

The cooty will now retire from polite conversation.

The Allies, not the Germans, will keep the watch on Rhine.

We are glad to note that nobody calls them "Sammies" any more.

We expect Bill Bryan to bob up with some fool suggestion or other.

This will be the happiest and the saddest Thanksgiving in our history.

Hadn't the Irish better soft-pedal that talk about absolute independence?

Why doesn't Henry Ford try to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas?

Can you imagine an American father sending his son to a German university?

Shop for Christmas now, and get what you want, not what is left when far-seeing shoppers have bought the best of the stock.

The Crimes of the Hun

By N. H. Bowen

During the past few days there has been a marked increase in the number of people in America who believe that there should be proper steps taken, now the end of the war is reached, to punish those who are guilty of having caused it in the first place and those who have inspired or committed the awful crimes and excesses that have marked its course.

There is also in Great Britain, France, Belgium, and other allied countries a very powerful demand for legal action against the criminals, and this demand had been expressed with especial force after the last peace flurry and the renewal of Hunnish "frightfulness" on sea and land.

The following is a very much abbreviated list of crimes committed by the Germans and their allies during the war. It is not intended to be complete—the specific cases cited are merely samples. Many heinous misdeeds, such as diplomatic lies, plots against neutrals, murders of neutral citizens, destruction of neutral property, are purposely omitted, as the list is already long enough. The purpose is to present to the reader some material on which to base a conclusion as to whether the modern Huns ought to be allowed to go their way after the war, unpunished and unmarked, like men with clean hands and souls.

They sank the steamer "Lusitania," with 1906 souls on board, of whom 1134 perished, including hundreds of women and children, and then struck a medal to commemorate the heroic event.

They sank British and Swedish merchant ships in the North Sea in the fall of 1917 and shelled the lifeboats, killing many civilians. The details were reported by the Norwegian papers.

They sank the British ship "Belgian Prince," made the survivors leave the lifeboats, which they wrecked, and then submerged with their victims helpless on the deck of the submarine. The story was told by the chief engineer of the "Belgian Prince," who was rescued, thirty-eight of his comrades being drowned.

They shelled the United States transport "Ticonderoga," killing many after the steamer was helpless, and submerged while a lifeboat with seventeen survivors was tied to the submarine. This occurred after the Germans had opened peace negotiations.

They sank the Japanese ship "Hirano Maru," drowning about 300, and fired two torpedoes at the American destroyer "Sterrett," which was picking up the survivors.

They sank the Irish Channel mail steamer "Leinster," with about 750 aboard, of whom only about 150 were saved. This boat is described as a coasting passenger steamer about like the boats plying from New York to Fall River. The victims were of course mostly Irish, for whose welfare the Germans have been so solicitous.

They torpedoed the steamer "Admiral Ganteaume," with 2500 refugees on board. Luckily, only fifty lives were lost. This was the first notable attack on a non-military craft by a submarine, and was especially criminal because it was committed in broad daylight, when it must have been evident that the boat was crowded with civilians.

They torpedoed the steamer "Falaba," and the crew of the U-boat laughed and jeered at the victims struggling in the water. Among the 111 victims was an American, L. C. Thrasher, perhaps the first to perish from this cause.

They murdered thirty-two civilians in the Place de l'Universite at Liege. This was established to the satisfaction of the Bryce Commission of Inquiry.

They massacred about 400 civilians at Andenne, Belgium. The authority for this is the Bryce report.

They killed many scores of civilians (perhaps 200) at Dinant, many of these being "executed" in the prison courtyard.

They massacred about fifty civilians at Gerbeville, France. (Report of French Commission.)

At Haut-de-Vermont, France, they murdered a widow, Guillaume by name, 78 years old. This old woman's body was mutilated. (French official report.)

They put to death fifty innocent priests and thousands of innocent Catholics. (Statement of Cardinal Mercier.)

They killed twenty-six priests in the diocese of Malines alone. (Belgian official report.)

They tortured and shot the priest of Duechen, Belgium, an invalid, aged 87. (Belgian official report.)

They killed, near Beaumetz, France, two old men and an old woman, whose bodies were found by the British in a garden, with the brains hanging from their cloven skulls. The only excuse discovered was that they had refused to bake bread for the Germans. (Reported by the Bryce Commission on the testimony of a British sergeant.)

They murdered 4500 non-combatants in Serbia, in August, 1914. Some were buried alive, many tortured, etc. This is the testimony of Professor H. A. Reiss of the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, who made an inquiry for the Swiss section of the Geneva convention.

They killed by murder, starvation, or hardships, with all the accompaniments of cruelty imaginable, thousands upon thousands of Armenians, the number having been estimated as high as half the Armenian population, totaling perhaps 4,500,000. While the Turks were immediately responsible, the Germans are morally so, having refused to interfere to save the Christian victims of their allies.

They executed a little French Boy Scout because he would not reveal information about the French troops. This was revealed by a letter found on a dead German officer, who described the boy's proud courage before the firing squad, and added the Bochian comment: "Infatuated wretch! It was a pity to see such wasted courage."

They dropped bombs on Antwerp, the first atrocity of this kind, killing many civilians.

Their warships bombarded the British summer resort towns of Scarborough and Whitby, killing many civilians.

They made repeated air raids on Paris and London, dropping bombs in purely residential sections and killing in all hundreds of civilians.

They bombed Bucharest from airplanes, killing hundreds of people, including many women and children.

They repeatedly shelled and bombed the open city of Nancy, killing many civilians.

They bombed the city of Padua, killing many civilians.

A Bavarian solder wrote to a girl in Germany that at "Batonville" (Badonviller) he bayonetted seven women and four young girls in five minutes. (French official report.)

They repeatedly shelled Paris with long-range artillery, under conditions making anything but indiscriminate destruction impossible. One shell struck the church of St. Gervais during a service and killed nearly 100 people, mostly women and children.

Near Ypres they shot two girls, about six and eight years old, whose dead bodies were found in the upper room of a house by British soldiers. (Belgian official report and Bryce official report, evidence being given by at least two witnesses.)

They violated Belgian nuns. This is on the authority of Cardinal Mercier, who states in his letter to the cardinals and bishops of Germany, that to his knowledge there had been several outrages of this kind. He describes the evidence as "very precise," but quite naturally refused to subject the victims to a public inquiry.

At Malines, near Antwerp, a German soldier, one of a squad of eight, impaled a child two years old on his bayonet and carried it off down the street. The incident was sworn to before the Bryce Commission by a Belgian citizen and his wife, testifying separately, and giving the same details.

At and near Louvain the Belgian Commission of Inquiry reports a number of girls and women were raped, some of them by many soldiers. Corroboration of this is furnished by General von Boehn, commanding the Ninth German Army, who told the well-known American correspondent, E. Alexander Powell, that he had sentenced two of his soldiers to twelve years' penal servitude each for this crime. Twelve years!

At Dinant they "executed" twelve children under the age of six, half of them as they lay in their mothers' arms. The younger children were—the child Fievet, three weeks old; Maurice Retamps, eleven months old; Nelly Pollet, thirteen months old; Gilda Genon, eighteen months old; Gilda Marchot, two years old; Clara Gruvay, two years and six months. (Recounted by Minister Brand Whitlock, on the authority of the Bishop of Namur.)

At Bailleul, near the Franco-Belgian frontier, at least thirty women and girls were violated during eight days of German occupation in 1914. Sworn evidence of this was presented to the Bryce Commission, and Professor J. H. Morgan of the University of London, states that the testimony shows at least five officers were guilty.

At Bailleul "in one case, the facts of which are proved by evidence that would satisfy any court of law, a young girl of nineteen was violated by one officer while the other held her mother by the throat and pointed a revolver, after which the two officers exchanged their respective roles." (Professor J. H. Morgan in German Atrocities; An Official Investigation.)

They torpedoed the British hospital ship

(Continued on Page 13)

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Reginald

By D. H. Catterick

We called him Reginald because, although he was a Hun, he was a Sport, and we even deemed him worthy of the familiar English name. Had he lived a few hundred years ago his post-mortem fame would probably have been established in fable; and he may yet become a legendary figure. Known as he was to so many of the British troops, it is hardly strange that exaggeration should already have begun to creep into the stories told of his uncanny methods. Wild and incredible rumors had, indeed, reached us in the days before we ever expected to meet him. Listen to the story of his death.

* * * * * *

It was in the early days of 1916, when the war was a picnic and we used to pass satirical remarks and pretend to look aghast if our folks with the guns up behind sent over into the German lines more than, say, four small shells a day. Even in those days, Hun and vermin killing being the chief end of our existence, we took steady toll of life, the sniper's role being of the first importance.

The battalion having changed its section of trenches several times, we had come at last to dear old Fonky (Foncquevillers, pronounced with any number of syllables from two to five), and after a few weeks there had learnt, by the usual uncommunicable signs and tokens, that the Germans had made a similar change, so that we were opposed to a fresh lot. This is always pleasing to the self-respecting sniper, as, in his part of the game, it is only possible to invent a limited number of stunts, and these, with the passage of time, become known to one's opponents and lose their potency (and charm) accordingly. With a fresh "batch" to practise upon they renew their youth, and are all affectionately trotted out again, beginning with the simplest; and it is bad luck if a number of clean notches are not to be found on the rifle butts.

It is the first duty of the snipers when a new section of trenches has been taken over to explore the terrain thoroughly in order to plan and then to create as many sniping posts as possible. Camouflage is the aim, although that precious word was then unknown to us. Scorning the posts which had been used by the outgoing troops, we had, in less than a week, created a number of the finest posts for which the heart of the sniper could yearn. Then, having also, in the meantime, taken Fonky to our bosoms, we settled down to the game in earnest.

The sniping squadron of whom I was one had come to the end of a perfect period of "twelve days behind" when we first heard of the new lot opposite from our pals who had had twelve days "in." We had gone to relieve them, so had not time for much palaver, and paid little attention to desultory remarks about a "bloke opposite signalling with a bottle." We were not out for nonsense of that sort, but blood!

The first day "in" was fine, warm and sunny. We had relieved at dawn, and, as we were facing east, would have the sun in our faces until afternoon. On sunny days we never fired in the morning unless presented with a sitting target. We contented ourself for all those hours with our glasses, scrutinizing every inch of Fritz's parapet, parados, and barbed wire; his lines being some 120 yards distant. The idea was to know the various features as a man knows the inside of his mouth, so that any change, however slight, might as readily obtrude itself upon the attention. In the great game hours pass as pleasantly and profitably in this way as another. Many a Hun plot has been kiboshed at birth owing to a bit of hard thinking by a sniper who had to all appearances lain dozing through the long sunny morning hours.

On this occasion there was little to note except a few suspicious-looking gaps in Fritz's wire, and we were making ourselves comfortable, each according to his habits, when suddenly a bottle was held up to view and then placed on the parapet of the opposite trench.

(No, no, Fritz! As a trap that's a little bit too thin. Try again. The answer to that one is undoubtedly a lemon.)

We snipers were too old birds—several of us had attained our majority—to be caught with chaff. We were not going to give away our positions for the fun of potting at a bottle. It was altogether too easy. And then came repentance, for behold! a man's head alongside the bottle. But stay—do those hideously ugly, repulsive, distorted features represent the face of a human being? Surely this was only a subtler trap than the bottle? It could only be a madman who would thus expose himself for so many seconds. Or is it some terrible mask?

On first presenting himself to us Reginald—for it was even he—kept his head over the top long enough to have had it riddled; but not a shot was fired. It was not until he removed his face that we knew it for that of a man, for not one of us will ever forget the defiance, the hatred, the concentrated, restrained, overpowering, blistering hatred that glared from those eyes. Repulsive as it was, that was a human face. Our feelings for him might strengthen to affection; we could never point to the slightest sign of any abatement of his original feelings for us. There was nothing weak about Reginald.

But we had been weak to permit a prize Hun to get away in that simple fashion, and our Number One man took a self-conscious shot at the bottle, which had been left on the parapet. He failed to hit, but the face reappeared. Another shot was fired, and Reginald ducked. For two seconds we thought he was dead, but a long pole with a cross-piece at the top was waved from side to side signalling two "wash-outs." Matters were getting serious. A sniper is not satisfied to wound: he fires to kill. Yet here we were with two misses registered against Number One on a large target at 120 yards. Number One had better try again at the bottle, even at the risk of disclosing his position—and the risk was by no means negligible, for the sun was strong in our faces, whereas Fritz had his eyes well shaded. At the third shot the bottle was splintered. Reginald registered a bull's-eye, and put up another bottle.

Bottle number two was allowed to remain, and for over half an hour we waited for Reggie. Now half an hour is a weary time to wait for anybody, and we had almost given up hope when his face appeared and was gone like a flash. The shots rang out together, but we all knew he had been missed again, and sure enough, we got the "wash-out" from his pole. The bottle was then shot away "in one," and again a "bull" was registered.

We were now entering into the spirit of the little game, but the sun had moved to "Pip-Emma," and we saw no more of Reginald that day.

We spoke of little else early the following morning, and hammered out the following rough plan of campaign:

1. Henry to die the death.
2. Execution consigned to two snipers: Number One, who insisted, and another, whose position was thought to be the most highly camouflaged.
3. Other snipers to pay no more attention to Reginald and his capers than could reasonably be helped, but to "concentrate" on the usual details of the opposite trenches in case Reginald was acting "in collusion."
4. Reginald's bottles to be ignored.

But the second day was not Reggie's day out, although he stuck up a bottle or two for our amusement. In the afternoon one or two Huns rose to our flies and promptly perished.

It was decided to vary the programme for the next day by potting the bottles every time, the two executioners to fire alternately. If a hit remained unsignalled it would probably be because the glass had spread over Reggie's face. This would at all events make him a casualty. He might then be sent home to his wife and children, possibly—as nothing could make him uglier—better looking.

Some ten or twelve bottles were broken that morning, and there was nothing but bull's-eyes for Reggie to record. So far as we could tell he remained scatheless. The next day the first bottle to appear was of ordinary size. This was shot away. The second was half-size, and as we looked at the smaller target Reggie's face came up some forty yards away, and again we beheld the ugliest face in all Europe. It was a terrible face, but he got away with it, although the only shot that was fired must have gone close, for he signaled a "magpie."

It was then we dubbed him Sport, and christened him Reggie; then also that the thought was born in my mind that I would leave his fate in other hands. By this time we had seen Reginald so often that we knew his face nearly as well as we knew each other's. We guessed him to be at least fifty years of age, and a butcher, or undertaker by profession, or perhaps he was, in private life, common hangman of the German Empire. We had tested his markmanship by setting up bottles for targets and knew him to be a deadly shot. Giving him bottles in reducing sizes, we came at length to a large scent bottle, and when he hit that we gave it up. We had nothing to teach him in the way of marksmanship, and we prided ourselves that he was treating us also with a little more respect. On the sixth day Reginald tried a new dodge. Instead of a bottle he placed on the parapet a metal shield about eighteen inches square, sloping backwards at an angle of 70 degrees or so. There was a shuttered loophole in this shield, and through our glasses we could dis-

(Continued on Page 15)

FOR MEN

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Whitmania

By Bert Love

Pitiful indeed is the attempt of some of our younger writers to write Whitmanesque. That is a thing which cannot be done. It is impossible even to make a respectable parody which suggests the Whitman manner. In a measurably extensive reading of Whitman and his self-acccpted imitators, ranging through more than a quarter of a century, I have not found one writer who got old Walt, either in manner or in spirit.

For many years I have hoped vainly for one friend who can accept Whitman. There was one, but she is dead. A New England woman was she, soul-steeped in the old poetry and the new; herself a poet who never wrote a line in verse, but lived lyrics and epics. A soul was hers unstained by vulgarities, not leashed to pruderies, but swinging free and virgin in the high firmament of human sympathies. Beyond any other person whom I have known, she knew Whitman and understood him. Vivid memories do I hold of her comradeship and of days in her truly hospitable home, always with a few of the worth-while books upon the library table and in hand; of unforgettable hours there with Julia Ward Howe and Edward Everett Hale, two rare old persons who never aged; and of her appreciative account of the visit of dear old John Burroughs of Slabsides, whose coming I missed. Both she and Burroughs being ardent Whitmanites, twin souls communed at that board and broke postprandial bread of heavenly manna at the flaming fireplace.

There was also a September Sunday afternoon when a small group of us, including this wide-minded New England woman, loafed upon a huge granite boulder left by some ancient glacier along the shore of the Thames river in Connecticut, one member of the party chanting the "Song of the Open Road." . . . When her husband, some years ago, wrote me that she was dead, a light faded out of the heavens, and the darkness seems dreary still. In all the world she was the only person I have known long and intimately who shared with me a passion for the real splendors of Walt Whitman; here and there a sporadic flash, but never otherwhere the steady gleam.

After that stroke of desolation I thought to find a substitute for chumming with Walt. In New York I spoke of Whitman to a long-time editor, a man of much reading, and got a shock that stunned me; he was, in some respects, my best friend.

"Too much sex stuff," he said; "what's the use?"

I found that he had read only the "sex stuff" in Whitman! Of the real Walt he knew nothing.

In a large city of the middle west the editor-in-chief of a long-established daily newspaper of national repute, a man who could quote long passages of the wonderful lyrics of Sidney Lanier from memory of their first reading years before, whose knowledge of poetry in the mass was much wider than the average in his profession, gave me another shock. I had quoted a bit of Walt to him, applicable to the point under discussion.

"Do you read Whitman?' he demanded, turning upon me with a stare of accusation.

"I do," I confessed, boldly; "he is my Bible."

"Don't you know that Whitman had five illegitimate children?" he catapulted against me, then changed the subject.

But the severest shock was reserved for a later time. There was of my acquaintance a young woman of superior physical charms and highly individualized mentality. She had won two or three university degrees. She went through books—even the dust-dry tomes in a law library—with devouring swiftness. She told me that in college she had had two passions—psychology and poetry. I hinted at Whitman.

"Oh, I am so glad you know him!" she cried, "for I want to know him myself; but I never have read Whitman."

Gallantry as well as the questing of my soul for a chum in Whitmaniac camaraderie constrained me to send her my "Leaves of Grass" copy. A little later I found her sitting cross-legged upon a soft-seated divan, reading the "sex stuff" in Walt! And she got no farther. She was no simpering and silly maiden, mind you, but a degreed and traveled woman of well-night thirty.

I believe, however, that there is in the world somewhere a person who might be my Walt-chum could I but find him. He is the man who stole my "Leaves of Grass," the one bought in boyhood, much marked and marginally annotated, carried across the continent several times in lieu of the New Testament, and left with some hundreds of other books in a furnished house on Long Island. Somebody packed all the others books and shipped them westward to me. The only one I really cared for was missing. Huh! Now let one of those St. Louis ouija-board enchanters call up old Walt himself and ask him what became of my copy of him, since I have certain slight reason to believe that it was retained—a kindlier word that—by a man who lives close by the old town of West Hills, where Whitman was born. I want a chum.

Having read many of the self-supposed imitators of Whitman, one cannot look to any of them for such chumship. Also having attended several of the annual Walt Whitman Fellowship dinners in New York, with the devoted and Boswellian Horace Traubel in command in the seat of the MacGregor—a zealous and a jealous conservator of Whitmania—present company remains unchummed save by the gentle wraith of the New England seeress who sat beside him at one of those feasts in the old Brevoort at the foot of Fifth avenue until he, with Richard Le Gallienne, Michael Monahan, George Viereck and another, was driven to the basement bar and to drink in protest of the drivel offered by some of the "devotees."

"Yet no one doubts the sincerity of these faithful followers, writes the author of a twelve-year-old Bostonese book just read. "Whitmanites really like Whitman, albeit they protest too much. It is difficult to read him and not like him. Unfortunately the many find it impossible to read him. Whitman prepares his feasts, throws open his doors and bids all enter who will. A few come and by their shrill volubility make it seem as if the dining room were crowded. The majority do not trouble to cross the threshold. They have heard that the host serves queer dishes; it has even been reported that he is a cannibal. This, or something very like it, has been Whitman's fate. A taste for Whitman's work must be acquired."

Like a taste for olives? Or for caviare? Or for limburger? No; like a taste for orbit-swinging stars, and for Milky Ways, and for infinitudes unventured!

Now may the reader unearth the reason for these too reminiscent settings-down in cold print. For years has the thought compelled me that there should be an abridged, not an expurgated, Whitman. Expurgated Walt is unthinkable! But he books too large for the average reader; he is overwritten. Horace Traubel to the contrary notwithstanding; there is a lot of stuff, including a considerable portion of the sex stuff, in his works that is not necessary to the understanding and acceptance of Walt Whitman as seer-poet to the mass.

Let some publisher bring out a book of condensed Whitman, deleting the drivel and the too-droll which mar him here and there; cutting out with a keen knife all those cataloguish agonies, whether they be sex stuff or of other sort, which have no more bearing upon the true Whitman than have the names in the Bible of those patriarchial begetters upon the Scriptures: "And Asa begat Josaphat; and Josaphat begat Joram; and Joram begat Ozias," and so on to the nth chapter.

Eliminate, eradicate, prune all that stuff, and leave naked and unashamed the true Walt, the poesy, the prophecy, the profundity, the lyric swing, the epic sweep and soul-surge of the man, the comrade. The condensed Whitman would bulk to about the heft of a fictional best-seller, and properly press-agented it should become itself the first best-seller of its year of publication. I but throw out this hint for a Kennerley or a Knopf, or, better, for a Mosher For

> Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems pass away,
> The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes,
> Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil of literature, . . .

but Walt Whitman remains and endures and "but levels this life to pass and continue beyond" and look into faces glorified by "the dear love of comrades."

—Reedy's Mirror.

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Poems About San Francisco

234—THE YERBA BUENA

By Bret Harte

Yerba Buena (meaning Good Herb) was the old name of our peninsula. This poem which was published in the famous Golden Era, April 5, 1863, gives a legendary explanation of how the herb (and indirectly the peninsula) got its name.

When from the distant lands, and burning South,
Came Junipero—through the plains of drouth—
Bringing God's promise by the word of mouth,

With blistered feet and fever-stricken brain,
He sank one night upon the arid plain,—
If God so willed it—not to rise again;

A heathen convert stood in wonder by;
"If God is God—the Father shall not die,"
He said. The dying priest made no reply.

"This in His Name!" the savage cried, and drew
From the parched brook an herb that thereby grew,
And rubbed its leaves his dusky fingers through;

Then with the bruised stalks he bound straightway
The Padre's feet and temples where he lay,
And sat him down in faith, to wait till day;

When rose the padre—as the dead may rise—
Reading the story in the convert's eyes,
"A miracle! God's herb"—the savage cries.

"Not so," replies the ever humble priest;
"God's loving goodness showeth in the least,
Not God's but good be known the herb thou seest!"

Then rising up he wandered forth alone;
And ever since, where'er its seed be sown,
As Yerba Buena is the good herb known.

The Spectator

Monarchs Retired from Business

The maddest of the Hohenzollerns, the paranoiac of Potsdam, has doffed his crown. Gott's ally is out of a job. And so is Emperor Charles of Austria, the youngster whom that shot fired at Sarajevo elevated to the throne of the Hapsburgs. Has it struck you what a number of monarchs we have seen retiring from business during the past few years? Their day of glory is over. It is "the twilight of the kings," to borrow a phrase from Dick Hotaling. We were a good deal shocked when some revolutionists with whose names and fames we were entirely unacquainted, kicked the boyish Manoel off the throne of Portugal, but since then we've become used to the spectacle of kings "taking it on the lam," as the newsboys say. Manoel is now leading a quiet country-house life in England. The next king to "git up and git" was William of Wied, the Emperor or Mpret of Albania. He was the royal counterpart of the famous Finnigan. It was a case of "off again, on again, gone again" with William of the lily liver. What became of him nobody knows and nobody cares. Then came the turn of Abdul Hamid. Abdul the Damned was very glad to go into retirement at Saloniki when things got hot in Stamboul. He's no longer with us: he has gone to Mahomet's Paradise—or somewhere. Constantine of Greece vacated his throne with great reluctance, but he had to go. "Willy" received "Tino" in Germany; but the Lord only knows where "Tino" is now. There isn't a Greek in the world, I dare say, who pays him the tribute of a sigh. It was "Nicky's" turn next. He abdicated with a certain dignity, but all dignity had deserted him when it came his time to die. Ferdinand the Fox of Coburg who was so proud of kingship that he called himself Czar, was the next to go. Bulgaria will never know him again. It wouldn't be safe for him to stick that long Coburger nose of his over the border. After his collapse came the deluge. It rained uncrowned kings. Kaiser Bill, Emperor Charles, the kings of Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemberg, and a job lot of petty rulers have gone by the board. The only kings left in the world are a few decent fellows who know how to behave.

Deposed English Kings

England has put six kings off the throne. In 1327 England deposed Edward II. He fainted when they told him he had to abdicate. Later on he was put to death in a horrible manner. Then in 1399 Richard II had to give up his throne. Readers of Shakespeare's Chronicle Plays will recall how that came to pass. The second Richard read his act of abdication with a "complacent countenance," although Bolingbroke who was to succeed him, considerately suggested that he spare his voice! He was murdered a few months later. In 1461 Henry VI was deposed and imprisoned in the Tower of London. Ten years later he was murdered by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. In 1483 Edward V was deposed and murdered in the Tower. In 1649 Charles I was beheaded at Whitehall. And in 1688 James II abdicated and fled to France. He was the only one of the half-dozen who didn't die by the hands of an assassin.

Abdications in France

Abdication had long ceased to be an English fashion when it became rather popular in France. We know what happened to Napoleon. Charles X, the second of the restored Bourbons, had to abdicate in 1830. He was fonder of playing whist than of playing king. His successor Louis Philippe abdicated in 1848. And we all know that Sedan where the Americans won the last striking victory of the present war, was the end of Napoleon III.

Charles V and Diocletian

I suppose that the most famous of all "monarchs retired from business" is Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire. He abdicated voluntarily after ruling for thirty-six years, and spent the rest of his life in a Spanish monastery. He spent his days making clocks, his nights reading Boethius' "De Consolatione." He had his funeral services celebrated before his death, but it is not true that he wore a shroud and lay in a coffin. This "lord of many thrones, victor in many fields," died in 1558. The ancient counterpart of Charles V was of course the Roman emperor Diocletian who grew tired of ruling after twenty-one years and at the age of

seventy resigned his part in the imperial purple and retired to Dalmatia. The story of how he was entreated to return to Rome is familiar. He pointed to his truck garden and said with a smile that if it was known in Rome what a wonderful success he had with his cabbages there would be no thought of trying to tempt him.

A College Yell for the Bishop

His Grace the Lord Bishop of Birmingham will not, I fancy, soon forget his visit to the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. He was due to deliver a talk on Britain's war efforts. But he arrived just as the peace hoax struck the campus. "The war is over." Prexy Wheeler announced by way of prefix in introducing his grace. The great crowd yelled its head off, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," the "Marseillaise" (marshong, marshong, kung sang impure, etc) and did its courteous best at "God Save the King" (God save our noble King, thy rocks and templed hills, etc.). Then the Bishop came forward. It was a Berkeley day at its best, a clear blue sky and rich sunshine slanting across the mass of color and khaki in the concrete tiers. The allied colors decorated the wall at the Bishop's back, with the stars and stripes charitably and tactfully hiding the huge and ugly tablet that W. R. Hearst had dedicated to his own glory. But I shall pass all this by (remarking in parenthesis that the eloquent and witty Bishop found his audience keenly appreciative and sympathetic) as it was at the end of his address that the incident occurred which I am particularly sure he will not forget. It was then that a lithe young bluejacket stepped to the front of the stage, called for "Six for the Bishop of Birmingham," jumped a full three feet straight up in the air and landed as the crowd shouted the Bishop's title, as only trained shouters can. At each of Jack's six strenuous billysundayish lunges into the air, four or five thousand voices came back with a "rah," followed by another air leap on Jack's part and the vociferated name of the Bishop. At the finish, His Grace, with a grin worthy of the occasion, quickly stepped over and grasped Jack's hand. As college yells are unknown in England, I am sure he felt a sense of novelty as well as of compliment.

Will We Be More Friendly?

The Bishop of Birmingham certainly faced a thoroughly sympathetic audience, especially in his plea for closer bonds between the two great English-speaking peoples. But I wonder whether the war will really bring the two closer together. Of course, so far as the educated classes are concerned, the bonds have always been close. As much as we love France, we can not, for instance, imagine a Frenchman writing such books as Bryce's "American Commonwealth," or Lord Charnwood's "Life of Lincoln." None but an Englishman, among foreigners, could write of us with the deep and sympathetic understanding these books reveal. On the other hand, was not Mark Twain's genius recognized more quickly on the other side of the water than here—to take a single instance. At least in my own college days, professors of literature put this great artist in a class with Petroleum V. Nasby. But how about the American and English of provincial minds, who are apt to quarrel as to the relative parts played by the two countries in the war? Will they, constituting the majority in both countries, come into the larger brotherhood? I wonder. But of one thing I am sure, that with German poison removed from our school histories, our youngsters will learn that the American colonists fought Britain not to gain new liberties, but to secure liberties already enjoyed, which had been threatened by a dull and bigoted Hanoverian king. On the other hand, I am sure that British school histories dealing scantily with us will be filled out by sympathetic hands. Well, anyway, quarrels between rival Cook's trippers are not likely to upset international relations or jeopard good will.

Howard of the U. P.

Speaking of the great hoax, I note a touch of grim satisfaction in the Associated Press dispatches dealing with its rival's unfortunate slip. The Associated Press is, as its title implies, a co-operative affair. The United Press is a day service privately owned, and formerly called the Scripps-McRea. Roy Howard, manager of the U. P., signed the hoax under a Paris date, but his skin has been saved by the gallant Admiral Wilson, the American commandant at Brest, who takes responsibility for the report. Howard, by the way, is one of the young Napoleons of journalism. He is young, very young, and in stature is both smaller and lighter than Napoleon. He is so small and boyish that while in the American embassy in Berlin, during the early part of the war, an under secretary, ignorant of the distinguished name on the visit card, said: "Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" Howard is full of jazz as a journalist and perhaps more willing to take a long shot than the fogyish A. P. But this particular shot fell short. The U. P. came out considerably to the good, however, in its famous "scoop" on the late Pope's death. The U. P. anticipatel the death by several hours, but the A. P.'s true news only appeared to confirm belatedly what it had just contradicted. The official denial, in other words, failed to make an impression on the public, as the interval between the false and the true news was too short.

That Wickersham Proposal

Not long since, George W. Wickersham, who was Attorney-General in the Taft Administration, made a speech in New York in which he said:

"I would like to see America forgive our allies the debts they owe us. I would like to have our country send a receipted bill to Great Britain, France and Italy."

Mr. Wickersham explained himself as follows: "We can afford to do so, for we must remember all they have borne, what they suffered during the years before we entered this war to hold the line against the Hun and to keep autocracy from crushing democracy.

"When I say we can afford it, I not only refer to what we owe our allies for holding back the Germans, but also to the vast sums we made by supplying them with what they needed before we entered the war. These debts should be forgiven, and they can be if all our people want to do it."

This was said in an address at the New York Y. M. C. A., and the press report had it that the proposal roused the audience to high enthusiasm.

Senator Phelan Protests

Senator James D. Phelan laid this matter before the Senate, and uttered a dignified protest. "I believe," he said, "the suggestion of the former Attorney-General will be resented by our allies, in view of the fact that the United States is waging war for altruistic reasons and is imposing a great burden of bonded debt and taxation upon its own people." And Senator Phelan added: "It is a false sentimentality that humiliates our allies and further embarrasses our financing of the war. The resources of the United States are not inexhaustible, and I would like to hear from the Treasury on this subject in good season." Senator Phelan submitted figures to the Senate, showing that up to September 16 of this year we had lent to

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our allies, Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Greece, Cuba, Serbia and Liberia a total of seven billions, ninety-seven millions.

Why the President Spoke

It is said that the reason President Wilson issued his appeal to the voters of the nation to elect Democrats to Congress was that his party managers in their pre-election reports agreed that a Republican sweep was almost certain. The canvass of the country showed the political managers what was coming, and in their alarm at the prospect of losing the Senate and the House of Representatives they induced the President to issue the partisan appeal which caused so much rage among the Republican politicians. That appeal did not have the effect expected, and it was thought that the President would repeat his plea the day before election. Republican editors throughout the country were warned to be on the lookout for a repetition of the appeal, to forestall it if possible, or at least to answer it editorially. But instead of an eleventh-hour appeal from the President, there was one from Herbert Hoover speaking for the President. It was too late, however, to influence enough votes to save the election for the Democratic party. The hero of the hour in big politics is Will Hays of Indiana who organized the Republican victory.

The Secret Is Out

Two weeks ago I quoted some specimen lines of the very newest of new poetry, stating that they were from a verse-sequence published serially and copyrighted by William Marion Reedy's St. Louis Mirror. Here are the lines I quoted from this sequence called "Songs of the Unknown Lover":

A STRANGER

I left before you could love me . . .
You would have hung upon me
Like a wash-cloth on a wall.
For the look in your eyes
Was as soft as the underside of soap in a soap-dish.

The sequence from which this gem (?) was taken was published anonymously. But now Marion Reedy has let out the secret. The "Songs of the Unknown Lover" are by Witter Bynner of the University of California.

Other Specimens

In order that my readers may get the taste of this latest literary morsel I must quote another specimen or so. Here are the lines with which the sequence opened:

SELF-PORTRAIT

He saw himself sitting at the next table,
But only in profile;
The mettle of color was there
On the cheek-bone,
And the little crepe moustache,
Though not black enough,
And the lower lip
Drooping like a rope in water,
And the nose curving like the Chinese wall
With its little dark gates of old life. . . .
But when the full face turned,
He knew again
That there was no such person.

I happen to know Witter Bynner quite well, and I will say this, that he's a handosme chap. I leave it to the co-eds at the University of California whose staff he joined recently, if Witter isn't a handsome chap! Perhaps he has grown a crepe mustache under his flu mask—he was clean-shaven when I met him last. But I'll swear his lower lip doesn't droop like a rope in water, even if I am quite unable to imagine a lower lip drooping just that way. And I'll further swear that his nose doesn't curve like a Chinese wall, no matter what that particular curve may be. The only sample of a Chinese wall I've seen is a piece of the Great Wall of China which is in the curio collection of my dear friend Charlie Turrill out on Sanchez street—and that fragment of Chinese wall doesn't curve at all. So I don't recognize Witter Bynner in this "self-portrait." But what difference does that make? The last lines inform us that he didn't recognize himself! Here's another sample of this ultra-new poetry:

Have you ascended stairs,
Not touching them,
Easily turning and holding out your proud hand
Between them and the ceiling,
Wondering why you had not done this thing before,—
So simple an ascent?
Have you scaled a room at its door's height
And thence floated over people,
Smiled for them. . . .
Until they faded, watching to the last
Your soft descent again?
Ascend with me then, float with me,
Be with me in these songs. . . .
And O awaken with me afterwards
Into a joy
Still floating against chaos
Between stars and the sun.

I suppose that's the poetical counterpart of the famous picture "A Nude Descending a Staircase," sometimes know as "An Explosion in a Shingle Factory." Witter Bynner once referred laughingly to George Sterling and Clark Ashton Smith as "the star-dust twins." Isn't Witter worthy of being called "the poet of chaos"? Certainly this sort of thing is "without form, and void." Here's another specimen:

GOLD

The manifold
Red lustre of your hair, vibrant like a bell,
Makes, when you move, a delicate old din
As of Spanish gold
Brought red and shining with a deep-sea spell
From where dead men have been . . .
And you keep asking, by these lips that touch,
Whether death is nothing or is much,
And I keep answering your waves of hair
"Beloved, O beloved, who shall care—
If only it be you!"

I don't want to be an alarmist, but it's a bad sign when any man, be he poet or peasant (as Suppe would say), imagines that the hair of his sweetheart makes a noise like Spanish gold. And what are you going to do with a chap who "keeps answering" the waves of his lady's hair? What are the wild waves of hair saying?

Witter Is Spoofing

Marion Reedy takes these poems seriously. He was one of those that took "Spectra" seriously. "Spectra" was a literary hoax which Witter Bynner and another spoofer perpetrated in the early part of this year. "Spectra" was a volume of vers libre suposed to have been written by Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish. There were no such persons: Emanuel Morgan was Witter Bynner, and Anne Knish was a poet whose real name is Arthur Davison Ficke. They wrote and published "Spectra" to "kid" Harriet Monroe, Amy Lowell and all the devotees of the new poetry. And they succeeded in having themselves taken seriously. When the devotees had been fooled to the top of their bent, Bynner let the cat out of the bag. Everybody who had been spoofed was furious—all except Reedy. He insisted that this "Spectra" stuff was better than any poetry Bynner had published over his true name. When interviewed about his successful hoax Bynner said he had a lot more of that "spectric" poetry in his desk, and that writing it was as easy as falling off a long. I suppose the "Songs of an Unknown Lover" is some of that old "spectric" stuff. In order that my

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Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,062,838.63
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readers may make comparisons, I'll quote a couple of poems from the "Spectra" volume:

I have written, reader,
For abstruse reasons.
Gold in the mine.
Black water seeping into tunnels
A plank breaks and the roof falls.
Three men suffocated.
The wife of one now works in a laundry;
The wife of another has married a fat man;
I forget about the third.

Here is another:

I loved a woman whose two eyes
Would block
Like cliffs my foothold in the skies.
She is dead, they say,
Dead as a peacock.

So, keeping that recent hoax in mind, I have no fears about Bynner's sanity when he answers the waves of his lady's hair. He isn't a bit unbalanced. I think he's just perpetrating another practical joke. But the devotees of the "utterly utter" will be slow about swallowing his latest confections. You can't fool the same people twice in the same way.

Another Kind of Poet

Joyce Kilmer wasn't one of these new poets. He sang the old nobilities, the old virtues, the old joys and sorrows and consolations in the beautiful old measures. After what I have quoted, turn to one of Kilmer's volumes and read

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Bruguiere's San Francisco

That artist in photography, Francis Bruguiere, has assembled in a beautiful book some of the most notable of his San Francisco views. Twenty-seven plates with appropriate letter press make a volume which is a distinct addition to the important books dealing with our city. The work has been done by the H. S. Crocker Company in such fashion that we may safely prophesy that the book will be a best-seller among Christmas gift books. The Bay, the waterfront, the business district, the Latin Quarter, Telegraph Hill, Chinatown, Portsmouth Square, the City Hall, the Palace of Fine Arts, Golden Gate Park and the ocean beach—these are the subjects which Bruguiere has interpreted with his camera. Everywhere he has found beauty, for he has an eye to see it, and his fine taste has so happily selected the vantage point for his lens that these pictures are as successfully "composed" as the landscape of a Peters or a Martinez, a McComas or a Piazzoni. There are three sorts of artists who have celebrated San Francisco. There is the poet—Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Alexander McAdie (for he is a prose-poet), etc. There is the painter. And there is the photographer. Among the photographers Francis Bruguiere is facile princeps. This book proves it.

The Death of F. W. Eaton

In the death of Frederick W. Eaton, San Francisco has lost one of its most enterprising citizens and business men. Mr. Eaton came here from Massachusetts in 1852 when nine years old. His first work was as office boy with Redington & Co., druggists. On the organization of the Pacific Bell Telephone Company in 1889 he joined that corporation and continued with it until the time of his death. He was its secretary and treasurer. By his last will, filed on November 14, his estate, amounting to half a million dollars, is distributed to his son Russell Lord Eaton and his three grand-daughters.

A Letter of Thanks

Editor Town Talk: It is my privilege to convey to you the appreciation of the teaching body of the San Francisco schools for the stand taken by you on the proposed school charter amendment. The advisory officers of the publicity committee of the Teachers' Association, at its meeting this afternoon tendered a vote of thanks to Town Talk for its share in helping to defeat Amendment No. 37.

Very truly yours,
Frances A. C. Mooney,
Secretary Teachers' Association of San Francisco.

November 8, 1918.

Another Letter of Thanks

Editor Town Talk: Permit me to tender you my sincere thanks, and the thanks also of the hundreds of teachers and others truly interested in the welfare of our public schools, for the splendid stand which you took in our late campaign against the mischievous Amendment 37. It provided for a distinct step backward, and its adoption, I am sure, would have been fraught with great possibilities of injury to the department. The "straight-from-the-shoulder" comment of Town Talk upon the proposition had, I am sure, effective results in safeguarding the interests of our pupils and teachers.

Sincerely yours,
Alfred Roncovieri.

A long and patient but vain effort on the part of a khaki-clad driver to induce a mule, drawing what appeared to be a load of laundry, through the gateway of a hospital afforded considerable amusement to the boys in blue who were watching the proceedings. The mule would do anything but pass through the gateway.

"Want any 'elp?" shouted one of the boys in blue to the driver, as he rested a moment.

"No," replied the driver, "but I'd like to know how Noah got two of these blighters into the Ark!"

Nodd—Doing any war work?

Todd—I should say so. I just persuaded my wife not to buy a new gown.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Cholly Francisco a Visitor

Cholly Francisco was a visitor here a few days ago. You are familiar with that name. You read it every day at the head of the Examiner's social column. But the original Cholly Francisco is no longer writing social notes. Cholly Francisco is a woman, a very charming, talented woman. In the good old days before our literary colony had become Hollohemia, Cholly Francisco—she was a girl then, and had no pen name—was the Queen of Bohemia, thrice elected solemnly by the men and women who made their headquarters at Coppa's, lived in studios around the foot of Telegraph Hill and regarded The Lark as their medium of expression. That was the time when Benny Benjamin, Porter Garnett, Gellett Burgess, Bruce Porter, Xavier Martinez, George Sterling and Harry Lafler—to name no more—were the supermen of the Latin Quarter. This girl who afterwards came to be known as Cholly Francisco was the heroine of two books—Gellett Burgess's "Heart Line" wherein she appeared as Fancy Hope, and Will Irwin's "Queen Ysyl" wherein she figured as the Queen. Three local people, by the way, were thinly disguised as the chief actors in that first of Will Irwin's books. The late William Dallam Armes was one, Frank Mulgrew was another, and Cholly Francisco was the third. Some years ago she went to New York, and began writing social news of a subtle, different kind for the New York Journal under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker. This feature made such a hit that Cholly was sent from one Hearst newspaper to another, introducing the same feature wherever she tarried. In due time she came here and wrote under the name of Cholly Francisco. No other writer of social gossip has been able to carry on the work on the brilliant lines of the original Cholly. Today Cholly is a magazine writer, has built a home at Pebble Beach Lodge, and knows familiarly how all the big editors sign their names to checks.

Cholly Tells a Story

I met Cholly on Market street.

"Always," said Cholly, "when I arrive in San Francisco, I walk out Market street as far as I can—then I fall on my face and worship. I've rounded the globe a bit since leaving here, but San Francisco is, was and always will be to me the dear, the wonderful, the most excellent of cities!"

Cholly was in a mood to philosophize.

"Great lot of fellows going over from the coast," said Cholly, "as Y. M. C. A. workers—varied types to cover the gamut of human need. It is not in the spirit of criticism but merely as a contrast of attitudes that I cite the following. Remember the Rev. Kirk Guthrie, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church? Well, when he was en route to France he wrote back installment letters that were enjoyed by his fashionable parishioners. One stated that he had to get off at Ogden and spend the night, as there were no sleeping quarters to be had on the train. Later from New York he said, 'I saw Templeton Crocker and Rudolph Spreckels and some other Californians last night at dinner at the Ritz. Crocker is doing excellent work in the Navy.' So that's that!"

Cholly paused a moment, then went on:

"Remember the yellow haired Perry Newberry, author of 'Castaway Island' and numerous boys' books of adventure? Well, he embarked on the great adventure of his life the other day. Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. he, too, left for work in the trenches of France. He said his good-byes and departed quietly. I got wind of it just in time, hopped a ferry boat and rode to Sixteenth street with him. He had gone over on an earlier boat. I had to hunt the train for him. Beginning with the observation car I went through the Pullmans and on through the train till I finally found him up next the engine in the smoker. When the train pulled out he said, 'This is the happiest ride of my life, but I'd a little rather be carrying a rifle.' He is past the draft age, you know. Catching sight of his luggage, I said, 'Perry, haven't you a sleeper?'"

"'No,' was the answer, 'I feel more at home in this car.'

"'Are you going to sit up all the way?'

"'Why not?' was the gallant response. 'I won't get even as good as this in the trenches. And besides, I'll contribute the Pullman fare to the Y. M. C. A.'"

Such Is Fame!

"Mrs. Bruce Porter," says the bavarde of the Call, "was formerly Miss Margaret James of San Francisco."

Mrs. Bruce Porter is not a San Franciscan. She is the daughter of the late William James and the niece of Henry James. In identifying her father it is not necessary to say where he lived. It is only necessary to mention that he was the exponent of pragmatic philosophy.

A Question for Mrs. Irwin

"Mrs. Irwin believes that we have been unfair toward the Bolsheviki," an interviewer reported the other day when Mrs. Will Irwin gave her views for publication. Mrs. Will Irwin who is known to the novel reading public as Inez Haynes Gillmore, is here for a lengthy stay. This is part of what she said about the Bolsheviki:

"I think they are utterly misunderstood in the United States. They are striving eagerly, almost frenziedly, for a communistic democracy, and in this striving they have not found sympathy among us."

Among the items in the bill of communism as set forth by the Bolsheviki, is the enforced cohabitation of women between certain ages with the men who may take a fancy to them. Does Mrs. Irwin think we Americans should be sympathetic toward that?

Wedded in New York

Word has come from New York of the recent marriage at the "Little Church Around the Corner" of Miss Hilda Heither, a charming and beautiful California girl who was born in Sonora, Tuolumne County, of a prominent Spanish family, to F. C. Pitcher, a wealthy and prominent banker and broker of Wall Street. Mrs. Pitcher was educated at the University of California and later specialized at Columbia University.

At the Cecil

Mrs. L. R. Ellert, wife of the late Mayor Ellert of San Francisco, Mrs. Dora Ahlborn of Honolulu and Mrs. William Hamilton of Coronado gladdened the hearts of the "little tots" at the Children's Hospital by distributing toys and books through the wards. These three women who reside at the Cecil took up a collection at the hotel. Accompanied by her friend Mrs. Bromfield, Mrs. Harrison will arrive in the city on November 22. Both of these charming women are from New York. Mrs. A. W. Rhodes of Los Angeles motored from her home and will remain at the hotel for the remainder of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Green are entertaining Mrs. H. N. Preston of New York. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Polake are being welcomed by their friends. They have been in the southern part of the State for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Davis entertained their son and several other students from the University of California at dinner Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Downing are occupying attractive quarters. They have closed their home in Mill Valley for the winter.

The Best Exhibition

An exhibition of more than ordinary interest to art lovers will be held at the studio of A. W. Best, 1625 California street, beginning November 18 and continuing for two weeks. This exhibit is very different from other years. Instead of the walls being covered with local scenes, the result of the year's work, there are few canvases, but a number of reproductions of Best's work for years back. Best has colored them in oils.

Tavern Patrons Enjoy Fresh Air

Even if the "flu" is on the wane it gives one a comfortable feeling of safety to lunch in a cafe where the atmosphere is always fresh and there is no sense of stuffiness. Such is the case at Techau Tavern, where the ventilating system is scientifically installed in such a manner as to provide an abundance of fresh air without any suspicion of a draft. It is largely for this reason that the Tavern has looked less deserted during the last few weeks than many other places of refreshment. The regular patrons have continued to come with their old-time regularity.

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Beaumont

By Lieutenant William Hervey Allen, Jr.,
111th United States Infantry

Deep in the mystery of the woodland's gloom,
Topping the sea of trees with pointed cone,
So that from many hills its towers loom
The old Chateau of Beaumont stands alone.
This generation saw its lost sons go
To spill their blood with humbler men,
So Madame lives alone at the Chateau
And waits for steps that never come again.
The sunlight sleeps along the buttressed walls,
And on the stagnant moats the midges dance,
And in the haunted wood the cuckoo calls,
Where hunted once the vanished kings of France.
The terraced gardens hum with dusty bees
And Madame walks among the orange trees.

Boxed orange shrubs stand in a potted row
Along the plaisance—Madame takes her ease.
But it is lonely at the old Chateau!
The milky statues shimmer through the trees—
So silent, too! What can make Madame start?
Down in the garden where late roses blow,
She has heard voices there that stopped her heart
Like voices heard in summers long ago.

But no—it cannot be! For hark, the click
Of little peasants' sabots down the walk
That winds among the rows of hedges thick,
And children's voices die away in talk.
Alas! Who knows, who knows,
Why Madame bends so long above the rose?

Break, break, great heart! There is no recompense
For that last uttermost you had to give,
Yet, there is peace for you to sight and sense—
God gave you Beaumont as a place to live.
Your white herds graze and lie in placid idleness
While you sit knitting on the terrace there.
And that your hand has lost no cunningness,
Witness the poor and Croix Rouge of St. Pierre.
Ah! Sweet the drive home through the wooded park
When faintly chime the far-off steeple clocks,
At dusk when village dogs begin to bark,
And the long lanes go glimmering white with flocks—
What time the steely stars begin to peep
And the young shepherd whistles to his sheep.

Why Are Piano Recitals?

By James G. Huneker

A man sitting between his women-folk at a piano recital last week suggested the question. Why are piano recitals? There was a hunted look in his eyes, betimes he feverishly examined the exits. Anywhere, anywhere out of the hall! I didn't know this martyr to the artistic aspirations of his family, yet when his glance signalled to me S O S my masculine freemasonry prompted me to throw out a lifeline in the symbolic manner best known to all good men and true. But, alas! I was a fellow-convict rowing in the same musical galley of vain regrets. So I fell to tugging at my oar, i. e., my programme, wherein I noted with dismay that it was only the sixth movement of a prodigious sonata, and as the thirteen-voiced fugue pitilessly pelted my ear-drums as pelts hail on the roof of a sensitive hothouse a wave of pity, not unmixed with indignation, welled up from my sub-conscious self, and again I propounded the query, Why are piano recitals?

A young person or persons of various sexes sit before a huge coffin whose open maw is furnished with ferocious-apearing white and black teeth. Little wonder that Barnum's educated elephant wept when confronted by a concert grand pianoforte. The filial animal recognized the tusky remains of its mother in the ivory keyboard. Some of us feel like imitating that elephant as we hear the ghosts of Bach, Beethoven and Chopin wailing under the steely finger-tips of youthful piano virtuosi. My old quip about being butchered to make a piano manufacturer's holiday does not apply in every case; but the best of instruments ceases to give forth mellow tones when attacked by a harmonious blacksmith. The limitations of the pianoforte are obvious. The greatest artist is the one who creates the illusion of sustained tone, where such a quality exists not. Strictly speaking, Liszt, Rubenstein, Hausig, Essipowa, Joseffy, Godowsky, Hofmann, De Pachmann and Paderewski did not, and do not, play on an instrument of percussion.

The hard impact of the hammer on the wires is dissimulated, and this dissimulation was and is the very essence of their art. Not to smash the keys is the first law in the commonwealth of tone. How many observe this law? Obsessed by the idea of orchestral style, tonal values are sacrificed to sheer volume. The shibboleth of the hour is weight. Bach must be played with weight. It was reported a distinguishing characteristic of Beethoven's manner, and long ago Amy Fay told up of Deppe's axiom: play with weight. Instinctively all the stars in the "pianistic" constellation, above all Thalberg, employed the triceps in the production of a rich, full tone. The Dutch virtuoso, Martinus Sieveking, asserts without fear of contradiction that he can impart the secret of weight in one hour; but he was a famous athlete as well as a pianist; nevertheless, the crux of the question still remains. You may play with weight, but if you are not musical your tone, notwithstanding its quantity, will not ravish the ear. It is quality that rules, precious and elusive quality. And in all the Seven Arts.

Apart from the natural desire to live, to make a display, and win fame, the pianist is prompted to give recitals because inner necessity is the master. In such instances we get a Guiomar Novaes or an Augusta Cottlow—not to drag in Velasquez, Bauer, and Gabrilowitsch. Then you listen to genuine music played with emotion and intelligence. You are spiritually refreshed. In the huge, noisy, whirling kaleidoscope of life a piano recital is an oasis. You forget for the nonce the horrors, vulgarities, and petty monotonies of daily existence. And sometimes you don't; that is, when a muscular youth or maiden brutally unmasks the intimate soul of the pianoforte. If two-thirds of our piano-playing public could be persuaded to avoid public performances, and if the major portion of the remaining third were forbidden under penalty of internment to attempt Chopin, the present scribe would enjoy a peace beyond all understanding. However, he does not anticipate the millennium just yet.

Judge—What is the prisoner charged with, officer?

Cop—Assault and battery on his mother-in-law, your honor.

Judge—Are you guilty or not guilty?

Victim—Guilty, your honor.

Judge—I fine you $1.10.

Victim—But why the extra 10 cents, judge?

Judge—That's the war tax on amusements.

Teacher in French School—Marie, what is the national anthem of La Patrie?

Little Marie—"La Marseillaise."

Teacher—Good! Now, the national air of England?

Little Marie—"God Save the King."

Teacher—Very good, mon enfant! Now the national air of the United States?

Little Marie—Certainment! It's "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

The supervisor was visiting a country school. He was asking some of the children questions. After a while he said to a primary class: "Now, I want one of you to ask me a question that I can't answer." After a few vain attempts, a small boy said: "Please, sir, if you were stuck in a pool of mud up to your neck and a brick was thrown at your head, would you duck?"

"Maxine," queried the teacher of the head scholar, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?"

"You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," answered Maxine.

THE CRIMES OF THE HUNS

(Continued from Page 4)

"Llandovery Castle, with 258 people, only twenty-four being saved. Fourteen Canadian nursing sisters were drowned. The testimony of the survivors shows that the submarine tried to sink their lifeboats.

They sank the British hospital ship "Glenart Castle," about 150 lives being lost.

They bombed the American Red Cross Hospital at Jouy, France, killing two and wounding nine of the hospital personnel. This hospital was plainly marked, there being a cross 100 feet long on the lawn, visible from several thousand feet in the air.

They bombed a Canadian hospital, with lighted Red Cross signs, and killed many doctors, wounded and nurses.

They torpedoed the Russian hospital ship "Portugal" in broad daylight in the Black Sea, causing the death of twenty-one nurses, twenty-four other Red Cross workers, and forty sailors. The vessel was plainly marked, and the torpedo was fired from a distance of some thirty or forty feet only.

They shelled the famous Rheims Cathedral until it was a ruin.

They blew up the ancient castle of Coucy, one of France's most famous medieval monuments, without military reason.

In their retreats in France they have burned whole villages by the score without possible military advantage.

They destroyed a large part of the city of Louvain in an orgy of ruthlessness.

They deliberately destroyed the trees and vines of the French farmers in territory they were evacuating.

They have destroyed the farming implements of the French rural population.

They severely damaged the cathedral at Padua and destroyed priceless objects of art in that and other buildings.

They blew up the Cathedral of Noyon by set bombs on evacuating it during the past summer.

They destroyed many buildings at Cambrai by set bombs.

At St. Quentin the French captured a German officer with a wagonload of explosives which he had been told he had two days to distribute through the city.

Sixty-three British prisoners died of the "tree punishment," being roped to the trunk of a tree on a flat board, and left twenty-four to forty-eight hours, even a week, without water or food. (Reported by the Chicago Daily News correspondent, Edward Price Bell, on the authority of statements secured by the ladies' emergency committee of the British Navy League.)

The Germans in one prison camp trained sheep dogs to bite the prisoners. (Reported by Ambassador Gerard.)

The Austro-Hungarians punished Russian prisoners at Dunaserdagelli by screwing them up in coffins. (Sworn to by many prisoners and a Russian Sister of Mercy to a Russian commission of inquiry.)

In the earlier days of the war especially, British prisoners were mistreated and insulted by the civilian population, who spat upon them and perpetrated worse outrages.

The German military and medical staffs deserted the prison camp at Wittenberg during a typhus epidemic in 1915, when sixty British and French and a still larger number of Russians died of this disease.

They have poisoned wells in many localities. Proof of intent is furnished by a document captured recently, issued to the 108th Battalion of German Infantry, and dated September 5, 1918. It says: "All wells should be poisoned."

They have been using explosive bullets against American troops. (Reported with details, by Edwin L. James, the New York Times correspondent.)

They have killed opponents who have surrendered. Proof is furnished by letters of German soldiers sent to Ambassador Gerard, protesting against this violation of the laws of war.

They have violated the use of the white flag, firing on opponents after pretending to surrender. The Bryce Commission says: "There is, in our opinion, sufficient evidence that these offenses have been frequent."

They have abused the Red Cross. The Bryce Commission received much testimony of this nature, and there have been several reports of similar treachery against American troops. Lieutenant W. J. Harcourt, 120th Machine-Gun Battalion, 32d Division, when in Detroit some weeks ago, described the killing of Michigan troops from a church tower at Cierges from which the Red Cross flag was flying.

They have used civilians as a screen against allied fire. (Authority of Minister Whitlock and Cardinal Mercier.)

They systematically robbed all enemy countries by the Rathenau plan of exploitation, the total value of this governmental loot being, as estimated by Andre Cheradame, several tens of billions of francs.

They confiscated in Belgium alone machinery and new materials worth $400,000,000 in the first four months of the war. (Belgian official statistics.)

They destroyed sources of economic wealth in Belgium (not including destruction of private property) to the amount of $1,000,000,000. (Belgian official statistics.)

They have deported many thousands (100,000 as long ago as November, 1916, according to Minister Whitlock) of Belgians and forced them to work in Germany. Vernon Kellogg, formerly of the Belgian Relief Commission, says: "The deportations . . . were the most vivid, shocking, convincing single happening in all our enforced observation and experience of German disregard of human suffering and human rights in Belgium."

They imprisoned the directors, foremen, and eighty-one workmen of Mr. Lenoir's factory at Mons for refusing to work in the service of the German Army. (Cardinal Mercier.)

They fined the city of Tournai 200,000 marks for refusing to submit deportation lists to the German commander.

They forced Belgians to work at shell making in Berlin. (Ambassador Gerard.)

They deported thousands of men, women, boys and girls from Lille, giving them in the first instance ninety minutes to prepare for departure. (German official document.)

They deported from Lille and vicinity and from Alsace-Lorraine, to work behind the German lines, many girls from fifteen years upward, separating them from their mothers and families.

They forced Belgian women to dig trenches back of the Flanders front. (Authority of Belgian legation at Washington.)

They gravely mistreated and exposed deported Belgian civilians to make them work, using torture by extremes of heat and cold. Many died or were ruined in health. (Information gathered by Belgian Government.)

They enslaved 250,000 Polish workmen who were in Germany in August, 1914, forcing them to remain and labor, and they later lured or forced 250,000 more to come. (Deputy Trompczynski of the Prussian Diet.)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment the past week was extremely bullish on the so-called peace stocks, and had it not been for the money restrictions, a much higher level would have been the result. Now that peace is an actual certainty, the money restrictions no doubt will be lifted to some extent; at least that will make for a big bull market. There is so much money hidden away by people who were waiting for actual peace before bringing it out of their strong boxes, and the genefal sentiment is so bullish that the market is bound to reflect conditons, regardless of what the Money Committee may do. We have had a period of destruction that will now give way to a period of construction, and it will be some time before any adverse effect will be felt in the market, from a readjustment in general business from war to a peace basis. The peace stocks, especially the railroad list, will be in better demand, and the better class of bonds will become the leaders in the upward swing. The railroads are all prosperous, and if they are turned back to private ownership twenty-one months after today they will be in the best of physical condition and it will take only a short time to put them in a condition which will warrant them distributing some of their large assets in the way of extra dividends or an increase in the regular divdend rate. The public utility corporations, such as the gas and electric light companies, will be in good demand. These companies have not prospered by the war, owing to the high cost of labor and an increase in the cost of everything that goes into the manufacture of their lines. With the increase in rates that most of them have just received, and the inevitable reduction in the cost of material and labor, these companies will be in a position to pay hándsomely to their stockholders, as it will be some time before rates will be reduced again to meet after-war conditions The oil stocks are also in the peace column. Oil has taken the place of coal to some extent; hardly any one realizes the large amount of oil that goes into consumption through the motor truck. The day of the horse has gone, and with the present prosperous condition of our American farmers, more oil-burning machinery will be in use. Every ship that is being built is an oil burner, and while we may expect some competition from Europe, it will take some time before the competition can affect the price of oil, and every gallon of oil produced on the American continent will be in demand. The steel stocks are not in favor as peace stocks, as the general feeling prevails that this class of stocks was made by the war, and that it will be impossible to continue present high dividends after the war. In our opinion, these corporations that are now doing 100 per cent war business will be doing 100 per cent peace business, and with the acute shortage of steel in this country and the lifting of the embargo on finished steel products, it will be some time before these corporations will feel the effects of peace, and at present prices they have practically discounted peace. We look for one of the biggest and broadest bull markets that has ever been seen in the history of Wall Street.

Cotton—The sentimental effect of the end of hostilities is likely to cause some upturn in the cotton market, but the following subjects are to be taken into consideration and are against any permanent advance: First, several months will elapse before the final peace negotiations will be signed. Second, unless the commission which has been appointed to buy cotton in America for the French, Italian and English nations is dissolved, it will be still difficult to export cotton freely. Third, the question of finances also will play a part in the extension of credits to central European countries. Fourth, while it will still be necessary to equip the American forces, a large volume of orders for Government use will likely be cancelled, while the demand from civilian trade has shown a decline, owing to the unwillingness on the part of dry goods stores to stock up with high-priced goods. Fifth, one and one-half million tons of shipping will be withdrawn by the British Government. It will be necessary to feed our boys "over there," which will require considerable tonnage. Sixth, it is true that Europe is bare of cotton, and, as we have stated above that it will be months before normal conditions exist, they are not likely to stock up with cotton with the prospects of a new crop coming. In view of the above conditions, we think it advisable to use caution in following the long side above the 30 to 31-cent level.

Will Prices Drop With Peace?

Although the prediction has been frequent that the end of the war will be followed by a sharp drop in prices all around and that this result may even come about when peace is really assured, there are many who dissent from this view. The dissenters say that peace will bring forward many demands for goods which have been postponed or held in abeyance. Aside from the matter of supplying civilian attire for those now in Government service will be the insistent demand from foreign markets where goods are scarce as a result of the import and export restrictions and lack of available tonnage during the war period. This applies not only to nations on the Continent of Europe but also to South American countries and to Australasia, the Far East, and Africa. If, in the final peace terms, arrangements are made also for the resumption of trade with the Central Powers, the demands are likely to be so great as to call for a stabilizing of prices entirely different from what most persons now have in contemplation. To many this stabilizing means that it will take an effort to keep prices up to the present maximum ones. If the post-war demand becomes sufficiently great, the efforts will have to be to prevent prices from going up to levels which will prove an intolerable burden to the people of this country. And this, in turn, would make hopeless any attempts at readjusting wage scales and other problems.—New York Times.

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REGINALD

(Continued from Page 5)

tinctly see the shutter raised and his wicked old eye gleaming through. What was to be done now? My pals were anxious to make an end of him, much as his jolly little ways would be missed; yet we were only too well aware that no bullet would break that shield. We tried once or twice for luck, and got little satisfaction out of the metallic "ping" which was our only reward. The snipers on the extreme flanks caught an occasional glimpse of the back of his neck at the sides of the shield, but were too far away to get him. Then one evening he came up and kissed his hand, and I am afraid our curiosity to see what he would do let him off again. We saw him, but we all felt that we should see his dear old face again.

* * * * * *

We went back to sniping posts with unaccustomed relish, most of us vowing that there must be an end. We had been practising on iron plates and had now a second campaign planned —a very much simpler one. We were all going to have a go at him at once, three seconds after his shield was erected: just long enough to allow him to open the shutter. I say "all," but there was at least one traitor in the party. My feelings had, I can only surmise, reverted to a boyhood's sympathy for all the ogres, and the genies, and the giants. How I had mourned over each luckless victim of some handsome stripling, with the wide world (and a beautiful princess) awaiting him. How could I now take a hand in the slaughter of the last of the ogres? But I knew that I could not save him.

The arrangements were carefully made, and, the morning being dull, but with clear definition, I felt that Reginald's number was up. He kept us waiting for some time, and it was probably twenty minutes before his shield was placed in position. Then came the agreed pause. Then the shots rang out simultaneously, the plate split across, the little round cap that accentuated his ugliness flew high into the air— and we saw Reginald for the last time, standing at full height, with his hands across his face. More shots were fired at his body, he swayed, and was gone. There was no doubt that a clean job had been made of it and that never more should we see that grim, elusive, bullet-defying, unhittable, defiant Hun—but our hearts were leaden weights.

"Pa," said little Willie, "what's an echo?"

"An echo, my son," answered Pa, casting a meaning side glance at little Willie's Ma, "is the only thing on earth that can cheat a woman out of the last word."

"Another definition of an echo, Willie," observed Ma, "is a man who goes to old patent medicine almanacs for his alleged wit."

And then nobody said anything more, but Willie's infant mind was naturally confused by all this persiflage.

An elderly resident of a village in western New York still tells with some glee the story of his aspirations to become justice of the peace many years ago, when his youthful temper was not always under control. He says he went to the leader of the dominant party in the town, still well remembered for his prominence in that locality, and with whom he was on familiar terms, and told him that he would like to get the nomination for justice of the peace. The answer he got, pronounced with great deliberation and dignity, was: "A——, you are just as fit for justice of the peace as h—l is for a powder house."

"How do I know," she plaintively asked, "that you haven't told me all this so that you can have the privilege of hugging and kissing me for a while?"

"Oh, well, if you want proof of my sincerity, I'll promise not to hug or kiss you until we are married."

"No, George, no!" she cried, "don't say that! Think me foolish if you will, but don't think me cruel!"

Sir Henry Oliver has a fund of good Scotch stories. He tells one concerning a certain beadle whose duty it was to show some visitors over the ruin of an old abbey "somewhere beyond the Tweed." On one occasion a lady, at the close of the inspection, merely thanked the beadle, as she went out of the gate, and he remarked: "Weel, my leddy, when ye gang hame, if ye fin' oot that ye have lost your purse ye maun recollect that ye hav'na had it oot here."

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NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, trustees under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the under signed Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, as trustees by Celestina Broyer, which said Deed of Trust bears date the 4th day of March, 1918, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in volume 1075 of Trust Deeds at page 111, records of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of March, 1918. That the said undersigned will, as such trustees, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 4th day of December, 1918, at 11:00 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

That certain lot, piece and parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at the point formed by the intersection of the southeasterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Godeus Street; and running thence southeasterly along said line of Godeus Street forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches to the southeasterly line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle northeasterly along said line of Mission Street sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning.

Being all of Lots Nos. 7, 8, and 9, Godeus Gift Map Subdivision of Lots 374, 375, 376, 377 and 378, Precita Valley Lands, as per map thereof filed July 28, 1864, in map book "E" and "F," page 17, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EXCEPTING that portion of said lots which was taken for widening of Mission Street.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Celestina Broyer now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

TERMS OF SALE: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty (20) per cent on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Joseph C. Meyerstein, Room 504, Mechanics Institute Building, No. 57 Post Street, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said twenty (20) per cent to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned, as such trustees, will make, execute, and after due payment made, deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of $4650 referred to in said Deed of Trust as having been executed by the said Celestina Broyer on the 4th day of March, 1918, to P. Berta, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and the whole of which said promissory note, pursuant to the terms thereof, has been declared to be due by the said P. Berta, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six (6) per cent per annum, payable quarterly from the 4th day of June, 1918, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said P. Berta, the owner and holder of said promissory note secured hy and referred to in said Deed of Trust and after a notice that default had been made in the payment of the quarterly interest on said promissory note due on the 4th day of June, 1918, and that the said P. Berta had elected to declare the whole of said principal sum forthwith due and payable, and had therefore elected that the property described in said Deed of Trust be sold in accordance with the terms of said Deed of Trust to satisfy the obligation specified in said note and said Deed of Trust, which said notice had been duly recorded by the said P. Berta in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of July, 1918, and more than three (3) months prior to the said demand of the said P. Berta on the undersigned to make said sale and the giving of this notice.

Dated: This 29th day of October, 1918.

FAUSTINO DE MARTINI,
G. B. CORDANO,
Trustees.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,
Attorney at Law,
57 Post Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-4

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, NOVEMBER 1, 1918

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$ 40,446,774.14
United States Bonds to Secure Circulation	3,500,000.00
Other United States Bonds and Certificates	10,413,500.00
Other Bonds	7,849,765.59
Other Assets	1,091,592.96
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances	11,464,021.98
Cash and Sight Exchange	25,899,152.40
	$100,664,807.07

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,507,888.21
Circulation	3,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign Acceptances	11,464,021.98
Bonds Borrowed	2,057,500.00
Bills Payable	8,803,500.00
Deposits	68,331,896.88
	$100,664,807.07

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1370. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 23, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, November 23, 1918 No. 1670

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

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Thanksgiving

Never had the American people more to thank God for. We are thankful that the war is over. We are thankful that we played our part nobly in the great tragedy. We are thankful that we won peace with victory. We are thankful that so many of our boys will come home to us. We are thankful that those who died or were maimed suffered for a just cause and sacrificed themselves in the spirit of martyrs. We are thankful for President Wilson. We are thankful for Pershing and Hunter Liggett and the rest of our military leaders. We are thankful for Admiral Sims and the rest of our naval commanders. We are thankful for Herbert Hoover and all the other men who went from private life to difficult public positions. Not to make our litany too long, we are thankful that God reigns and that the American Republic lives more vigorously than ever. Thanksgiving is a day of smiles—and smiles are never far from tears. Many a tear will be shed this Thanksgiving Day when the bereft kneel in morning prayer in the churches of the United States. And many a tear will tremble in the eye when the family gathers round the festive board and thinks of the boy who is sleeping in Flanders field or trench of Champagne. God help those who on Thanksgiving Day have to wrestle with the sorrow of the Vacant Chair! Most of all, God help the mothers in those households. But the American mother knows where to seek comfort. And she is as brave as she is tender and good. On Thanksgiving Day her mouth may tremble and her eye be misted, but the tears will fall in her heart while like the heroine she is, she joins in the nationwide prayer of thanks to the Almighty.

* * *

Wilson Goes Abroad

The Encyclopedia Britannica, published in 1911, had this—and only this—to say about Woodrow Wilson:

Wilson, Woodrow (1856—), American educationist, was born in Staunton, Virginia, on the 28th of December, 1856. He graduated at Princeton in 1879, studied law at the University of Virginia in 1879-80, practiced law in Atlanta in 1882-1883, and received the degree of Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins University in 1886, his thesis being on Congressional Government (1885; and often reprinted). He was associate professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr in 1885-1888 and at Wesleyan University in 1889-1890; professor of jurisprudence and political economy at Princeton in 1890-1895, of jurisprudence in 1895-1897, and subsequently of jurisprudence and politics; and in 1902 he became president of Princeton University, being the first layman to hold that office. He retired in 1910, and was elected Democratic Governor of New Jersey. His administration of the University was marked by the introduction of the "preceptorial" system, by the provision of dormitories and college eating-halls for members of the lower classes, and by the development of the graduate school.

We have quoted this brief and far from entertaining summary the better to emphasize the swiftness with which Woodrow Wilson has climbed to international greatness. In 1911 Woodrow Wilson deserved notice in the Britannica because he was a distinguished "American educationist," for the fact that he was Governor of New Jersey gave him no claim on the attention of the encyclopedia makers. And distinguished "American educationist" though he was, the inclusion of his biography in that reference work of 1911 speaks more for the painstaking care of the editors than for Woodrow Wilson's celebrity. How different now! In the encyclopedia of this year—if one were published—Woodrow Wilson would certainly have more space allotted him than Lloyd George or Clemenceau. And whereas the biographer would devote considerable attention to the public careers of Lloyd George and Clemenceau prior to the war, in the case of our President attention would be concentrated on his acts since August, 1914. Woodrow Wilson became a world figure when he was first elected President in 1912. He was recognized as one of the world's greatest living men after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. His position in history is not for us to forecast. But of some things which will engage the attention of historians we may boldly profess certainty. One of them is that when President Wilson goes abroad in December he will be welcomed by our European friends with marks of distinction such as no American has ever before received. Another is that he will stamp the impress of American idealism on the treaty of world peace.

* * *

Put Him to Death!

The Kaiser is still a menace. His power for evil is curtailed, not destroyed. There is a widespread suspicion that he is plotting something against the peace of the world, something which involves a restoration of the Kaiser über Deutschland and Deutschland über Alles. The plot will fail, but none the less it may cause trouble. The fact is that the Kaiser must not remain at large. Two courses suggest themselves: imprisonment and death. Imprisonment worked in the case of Napoleon—actual imprisonment. Elba was not a prison, but St. Helena was. Shall we send the Kaiser to St. Helena? Or better still, to Devil's Island? At Devil's Island he could meditate on the German intrigue which sent Dreyfus there. Decidedly, there are many who will favor imprisonment for the Kaiser. On second thought, however, is imprisonment sufficient punishment for his crimes? Napoleon was a great criminal, but the Kaiser is so much more deeply dyed in crime that there is no comparison. Napoleon was a civilized soldier, the Kaiser is the worst of the barbarians. Where Napoleon shed blood in streams, the Kaiser shed it in torrents. And where Napoleon murdered one D'Enghien, the Kaiser murdered hundreds. Napoleon was not a butcher of women and children. No! Imprisonment is not severe enough for the Kaiser. He should die. There are indictments against him in England. Let him be tried for murder by a jury of English householders. We know what the result would be—the rope. Or if this plan is not feasible, let him be tried by an international tribunal. Again we know what the result would be—the guillotine. We are not bloodthirsty. We have not been infected with German hate. But we want justice done. We think the Kaiser should be put to death. And we sincerely hope that before dying he will do penance for his sins.

* * *

Is the Kaiser a Christian?

A short time ago a Lutheran pastor of this city wrote a letter to an evening paper in which he made the statement that the Kaiser was not a Lutheran. We assume that the Lutheran pastor knew whereof he spoke. Lutheranism is the state religion of Germany, and if the Kaiser is not a Lutheran, the question is, What is he? The chances are that the Kaiser shows an outward conformity to Lutheran worship. But from the many statements he has made since the war started, one may doubt whether he is a Christian at heart. The name of God was always on his lips; never the name of the Founder of Christianity. This is significant. But even more significant is the Kaiser's conception of God, as we understand it from his utter-

anees. The Kaiser's God is Gott. This Gott seems to be a tribal god who favors the people which worships him. He is a god of war who promises victory to his worshipers. It would almost seem that the Kaiser's Gott is the Thor of Teutonic mythology under another name. Thor is the eldest son of Odin. He is the Thundrerer, the strongest of gods and men. His most preeious possessions are his hammer with which he has split many a skull, his belt of strength which doubles his divine might, and his iron gloves whieh he puts on whenever he intends to wield his hammer. Obviously a god who would appeal to an emperor who was fond of donning his "shining armor" and rattling his sword, an emperor who finally plunged the world into war. Some of us remember the time when the Kaiser bade his soldiers remember that "Old Fritz" was looking down upon them from Valhalla. At the time we may have thought that the Kaiser hesitated to represent Frederiek the Great as looking down from the Christian Heaven, and used Valhalla as a playful figure of speech. But may it not be that the Kaiser believes in a Valhalla, not in a Christian heaven? If the last of the Hohenzollerns is a pagan, if he believes in a god of might, not of right, if he expeets to find his eternal reward in a region where only the warrior is honored, many things are made elear whieh it is impossible to explain if we assume that the Kaiser is a Christian, even though a very poor one.

* * *

Investigate the Drys

We are heartily in favor of the senatorial investigation into the propaganda activities of the brewers. By all means let us know what newspapers and periodieals have been secretly subsidized by these interests. While the brewers have a perfect right to present their ease to the publie through the medium of the press, they have no right seeretly to control on behalf of their propaganda papers whieh purport to be independent. Sueh methods strike at the foundations on whieh the influenee of an independent press is built. There are many ways in whieh the brewers may spend money legitimately for propaganda, but the seeret control of supposedly free papers is most emphatieally not one of them. So let us know what papers have been *brisbaned* by the brewers or any other liquor interests. We would go further. Let us know also what papers, if any, have been subsidized by the dry interests. The drys have lots of money for propaganda purposes, and spend it freely. Do they spend all of it legitimately? Perhaps they do, but we should like to be sure. Many times there have been ugly eharges that their propaganda is not eonduеted entirely above-board. Let us have an investigation along these lines after the investigation of the brewers is eoneluded.

Perspective Impressions

Wish Foch would pay us a visit.

The votes of seavengers don't smell.

The staple of fireside conversation: When our boy comes home.

We doubt whether Hohenzollern and Bernstorff are on speaking terms.

"French army enters Metz." But not the way Francois Achille Bazaine's army entered in 1870.

We won't blame our boys if they eome home with a cultivated taste for Rhine wines.

We suspect that a lot of French girls are wearing American wrist watches.

Now, be honest, did you miss the movies so very much?

Bet you don't know the name of your assemblyman.

Jim Jeffries couldn't come back, and he was a better man than the Kaiser.

Santa Claus isn't saying much, but he's glad the war is over.

"War-time prohibition." What a hypocritical joke, now that the war is over.

From the frequency with which he sends them, we assume that Dr. Solf doesn't have to pay for his wireless messages.

Advice to American girls: Brush up your French. When He comes home, he may want to make love in that language.

The only time the average citizen thinks seriously about municipal misgovernment is when he gets his tax bill.

Abe Ruef was a smarter man than Sam Newburg, yet they caught Abe. Some people learn nothing by the experience of others.

Goodbye, Flu! May you never come back!

We'd give a good deal for the exclusive right to publish the Kaiser's confessions.

We are told that the Kaiser is broke. Hoek der Kaiser!

What does Baron von Schroeder think of it all?

When Kaiser Bill gets to Valhalla he won't be able to look "Old Fritz" in the eye.

We wonder what some local people are going to do with their German war bonds.

The armistiee came in good time. We were getting awfully tired of hearing Sherman quoted.

Tirpitz has fled to Switzerland where there is no navy to remind him of old times.

We shall never forget those columns on columns of death notiees.

The Chronicle wants a peace song, and has announced a poetry contest. Peace hath its horrors no less than war.

Another item for Thanksgiving Day praises—our eyeglasses no longer mist up every time we breathe.

Despite his aneestry, Mayor Rolph never was "a eigar store Indian."

To eure her husband of drinking, a local woman put a bullet into him. This woman doesn't believe in doing things by halves: she'd rather see hubby shot than half-shot.

The Kaiser says he left Germany for the good of his country. Exactly the feeling of George Barrington, the English thief, who wrote in Botany Bay:

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

Already there is talk of Pershing for President.

Who knows but that the flu broke the hold of the movies on many a film fan?

May the Atlantic quell its storms while the President is crossing!

Let the peace table be set. Lincoln Steffens has arrived in Paris.

When George Creel returns to private life, will he devote himself to fiction writing?

It's a long time since W. R. Hearst has written one of those signed editorials.

There are several appointments the Governor should make—forthwith.

The Kaiser—all dressed down and nowhere to go.

We'd like to be in Paris, just to see the statues of Strassburg and Metz without their mourning.

How would you like to see in the paper a snap-shot of your daughter in the near-nakedness of a swimming costume?

Now that ex-Emperor Karl is in Switzerland, they might give him a job biting the holes in Swiss cheese.

The oftener Henry Ford talks for publication the better we understand him. And the better we understand him the less we like him.

A lot of third-rate princelets and dukelets are getting their names on the first page of the paper. But they had to resign to do it.

What's the matter with Andy Gallagher and Emmet Hayden? They haven't called each other names for two weeks.

Alan Seeger

By T. Sturge Moore

"Love, Arms and Song," and a noble frankness that asserts: "My kingdom is of this world," characterize America's leading soldier poet, who fell in action on July 4, 1916.

Alan Seeger was born in New York in 1888 of old New England parentage. For ten years Staten Island, in the mouth of the harbor, was his home. Later the family settled at Mexico City, in the tropics, but 7400 feet above the sea. He entered Harvard in 1906 and went to Paris in 1912, and when the war broke out was among the first half-hundred of his countrymen to enlist in the Foreign Legion of France, and soon writes from the front:

"I have always thirsted for this kind of thing, to be present where the pulsations are liveliest. Every minute here is worth weeks of ordinary experience. . . . This will spoil one for any other kind of life. . . . Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. . . . It cannot possibly mean anything worse to a good soldier. . . . Success in life means doing that thing than which nothing else conceivable seems more noble or satisfying or remunerative, and this enviable state I can truly say I enjoy, for had I the choice, I would be nowhere else in the world than where I am."

From him, as from Grenfell, this sentiment comes inevitably, and he was no soldier by profession, but, in so far as he had chosen any, a poet. At first sight they seem twin natures in ardor, in frankness, in courage, in devotion, only gradually can the spirit become reconciled to admitting an immense difference.

The temptation is to apply here the common English prejudice as to where the American fails. But this would be uncritical, for exceptional natures least conform to national foibles. Seeger contrasts with Grenfell as Byron with Shelley rather than as Yankee with Britisher. Only by crushing the grapes of his thought against a fine palate shall we be able to distinguish their flavor from very highly prized fruit. After a few pages, his clarity, like that of Swinburne, confuses the reader, for if his virtue is not to hesitate, his fault is to let the thread sag in the hurry and volume of eloquence; and this great fluency and facility accompany a lack of delicate choicefulness. In vain you search for such precision in joy as inspired Ledwige's happiest images, or for details that amount to revelations as did Thomas's best. All kinds of beauty are welcomed but too indiscriminately. "You will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed" is the instinctive comment of many resolute minds on encountering today that flaunting habit which ranges women and wine in a single category. Rakish nakedness offends their studied composure, and others may be surprised to find neither fatigue, hopelessness, nor cynicism in the voice that proclaims:

> And in old times I should have prayed to her
> Whose haunt the groves of windy Cyprus were,
> To prosper me and crown with good success
> My will to make of you the rose-crowned bowl
> From whose inebriating brim my soul
> Shall drink its last of earthly happiness.

This is one from a series of sonnets written during leave from the front, another with the same object pursues:

> Enchanting girl, my faith is not a thing
> By futile prayers and vapid psalm-singing
> To vent in crowded nave and public pew.
> My creed is simple: that the world is fair,
> And beauty the best thing to worship there,
> And I confess it by adoring you.

And this world is defied as gallantly as the other:

> Let not propriety nor prejudice,
> Nor the precepts of jealous age deny
> What sense so incontestably affirms;
> Cling to the blessed moment and drink deep
> Of the sweet cup it tends, as there alone
> Were that which makes life worth the pain to live.

Nay, not even death, and what dreams may follow, can give him pause:

> Exiled afar from youth and happy love,
> If Death should ravish my fond spirit hence,
> I have no doubt but, like a homing dove,
> It would return to its dear residence,
> And through a thousand stars find out the road
> Back into earthly flesh that was its loved abode.

Neither heaven nor the possibilities of time and peace can offer anything better, a return to known delights is all that can be desired. The old have not infrequently gazed back with something of this feeling and the illusions of perspective may excuse them, but that a young man should be so certain that he has seen the bottom of the cup of happiness, and that it could never be refilled with rarer liquors suggests a near-sighted imagination. So masterful a conviction that no finer means than those you were born with could achieve more exquisite ends sets the mind pondering; and a plausible philosophy might maintain that youth's vivid apprehension of the worth of actual objects, persons, and events was the source of all significance, the criterium by which everything else is really judged. Wordsworth could almost have subscribed to this belief: he expressed a very similar intuition though with a less truculent directness. In fact, I think this comparison brings home to us a failure in the mood of Alan Seeger's ecstasy. We have all met these gifted young men who seem to tread above the heads of the crowd, perhaps most of us can recall something of how it feels inside them. The most coy have known the itch to swagger, the most staid have longed to shout from the house-top, and modesty itself has desired to stand forth naked and unashamed, so that a deep and widespread welcome greets these manifestations even among those who dare not avow their approval and whose lives would contradict them if they did. Wordsworth himself confessed that he had not written love poems because if he had done so they would have been too warm for publication.

> All true speech and large avowal
> Which the jealous soul concedes;
> All man's heart that brooks bestowal,
> All frank faith, which passion breeds,

are of the very essence of poetry and will be cherished by every loyal nature. Propriety is forbidden to intervene when soul communes with soul, her sphere is downstairs in the world of half relations and approximate intercourse. But in proportion as you claim to go naked, you must keep near to the heart of things, and make the very truth your inseparable companion. Anything off-hand, anything insensitive, or not quite alive offends these communicants, like the touch of a corpse. Humbleness as of a child should be born from this intensity: any thought of the myriad eyes that overpeer a stage is then impossible, the world fades out of mind when the spirit dances naked in the light to which joy entrusts it—tender joy for whom the damage of the pale-green, ruby-eyed, lace-winged fly is a calamity to avert with tears and supplications! Everything that lives is holy. If Seeger lives in his poetry, everything else passes like a ghost, like a reference only conjured up to serve his imperious desire to cast a spell upon us all. If only something unmistakably itself would arrest this fervid eloquence that deals in clouds and stars and all the commonplaces of poetry with such profusion, if the young women addressed were seen for a moment in some adjective that obviously belongs to one girl only! No, Alan Seeger is alone felt, with this delightful freshness, a presence, an inspiration!

> Sidney, in whom the heyday of romance
> Came to its precious and most perfect flower,
> Whether you tourneyed with victorious lance
> Or brought sweet roundelays to Stella's bower,
> I give myself some credit for the way
> I have kept clean of what enslaves and lowers,
> Shunned the ideals of our present day
> And studied those that were esteemed in yours.
> For turning from the mob that buys Success
> By sacrificing all Life's better part,
> Down the free roads of human happiness
> I frolicked, poor of purse but light of heart,
> And lived in strict devotion all along
> To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.

"I could accuse myself of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. . . . We are arrant knaves all," in speaking thus was Hamlet so certainly mad as this sonnet implies? The worry and stress that "honesty of purpose and intellectual honesty" cost Grenfell are remembered with regret.

> I cannot rest
> While aught of beauty in any path untrod
> Swells into bloom and spreads sweet charms abroad
> Unworshipped of my love. I cannot see,
> In Life's profusion and passionate brevity,
> How hearts enamored of life can strain too much
> In one long tension to hear, to see, to touch!

He is too eager, too arrogant, to await the visit of those wonders which steal unsought into consciousness. A "wise passiveness" was no mood of his. His ambition emulates Byron's, who hated to think himself a mere poet, and itched for acted glory: thus Seeger, gazing beyond the war's end, cries:

> And the great cities of the world shall yet
> Be golden frames for me, in which to set
> New masterpieces of more rare romance.

He fears no repetition of that defeat which yet enchanted the world with its misanthropy and cynicism, but strains after a vision fellow to the one that led the pilgrim-lord from Harrow to Missolonghi. If in spite of failure this temperament achieved so much, what might it not succeed in? So active, so independent, so daring a nature has as many opportunities of acquiring wisdom as it has of refusing to bow its head under ruin. Though a soul consciously poses while loving, though when heroic it must be setting an example to half the world, this effrontery, largely inexperience, may betoken the very vigor that can grapple with the monster fact on man's behalf. Already he can philosophize his preoccupation with sexual passion.

> O Love, whereof my boyhood was the dream,
> My youth the beautiful novitiate,
> Life was so slight a thing and thou so great,
> How could I make thee less than all supreme

(Continued on Page 15)

Reality

By Susan M. Boogher

Distant rumbling of artillery sleepily suggested the far horizon thunder that abates into silence when the storm has passed. In the long corridor where the hopeless cases waited, a man opened reluctant eyes at the sound of a woman's voice that murmured, "Water." . . . The nurse was bent over the limp form so that the opening eyes gazed directly into hers; their weariness stiffened suddenly into surprise, denial, a thousand fluttering things at once, then settled into recognition.

"You!" The man's voice winced with joy. "So it's you I find . . . and reality again . . . in death." His hand that lay immobile on the coverlet stirred with the faintest suggestion of a shrug.

The woman was touching with soft fingers the bandage that striped the man's forehead. "You must not speak," she admonished, but her tone carried its contradiction.

"After all the years," the man reproached, "you'll not still keep me silent? . . . Often I've longed to seek you out and ask you—if that twilight hour we spent together was reality to you?" He searched her eyes with sick intensity. "That hour on the sand-dune near the sound was real to me! More real than all the seeming realities of my life. More real than this getting myself killed. More real than anything till now! . . . Do you remember," a half-smile relaxed the intensity of his far-focussed vision, "do you remember the gull dipping and soaring and sweeping over the gray water, and what you said to me of loneliness? Do you remember?" He clutched her arm excitedly.

"Yes," she answered, "I remember . . . the gull upon the waters . . . loneliness." . . .

The man smiled happily. "To have found you now is worth the loneliness . . . the silence." Then his eyes grew bitter; he was staring at her broodingly. "If I—if I had come to you what would you have answered me, I wonder, out of the silence?"

"What should I have answered you out of the silence?" she echoed. And in the silence that followed she stooped quickly to slip a supporting arm beneath the convulsively upraised form.

"Tell me," his hot eyes flamed through the tears upon her lashes, "tell me that our inconsequential moments together were reality to you! Tell me these moments are reality to you."

"Yes! Yes!" she acquiesced. "This is reality to me! Reality." . . .

As she lowered the suddenly rigid form, she was recalled to her surroundings by the insistent drip as of heavy tears of the water that trickled along the coverlet from the overturned, forgotten cup and splashed upon the floor.

The orderly attending her rescued the fallen cup. "You knew him?" he questioned blankly.

The woman spread the sheet above the dead man's face. It is the most final of gestures. . . . When she had smoothed out the last crease, she answered the orderly. "I never saw him before," she said.

In the long corridor where the hopeless cases waited, distant rumbling of artillery sleepily suggested the far horizon thunder that abates into silence when the storm has passed.

Care

By Jean Watson

"Miss Anderson next."

The bored occupants of the easy chairs in the waiting room glanced up. A quick-moving, vivid-complexioned girl held the door open for a tired-looking, middle-aged woman, whom she followed into Dr. Curzon's office.

"That older woman's face looks familiar, somehow," said Mrs. Peyton Dewald to Mrs. Harris.

"She was a saleswoman for years at Blenden's," Mrs. Harris explained.

"Oh, yes; I remember now; at the embroidery counter. Isn't it strange how sometimes you come near speaking to such people, thinking you've met them somewhere?"

"I speak to the Andersons," said Mrs. Harris rather shortly, "I was talking to them just before you came in. Mrs. Anderson worked all these years and kept Daphne in school. Daphne specialized in physical culture. Now she's director at Rutherford's Seminary, and her mother has left the store."

"At Rutherford's! Really? She's done well."

"Yes; and she's doing well. My Mary Lu adores her. She's full of enthusiasm and she makes the children enjoy the work."

"Which is the patient here—the girl or her mother?"

"Daphne; her mother insisted on her coming, because she's had some dizzy spells. It's likely from eye-strain; everyone needs glasses these days. I told her she should have gone to an oculist."

* * * * * *

"Now take a deep breath, Miss Anderson."

Over the doctor's bent head, Daphne cast a half-amused, half-petulant glance at her mother. "How much time we're wasting," it said.

Dr. Curzon laid the stethoscope aside.

"Now, Miss Anderson," he began, "you must be careful."

"How careful?" she asked, laughing. "Must I diet?"

"No; eat normally; keep up your appetite. Walk, but not far at a time. Don't lift heavy things—it won't do with a leaking valve."

"Surely there's no leak in my heart," protested Daphne, whitening.

"Don't be frightened; it's slight, and if you're careful—many people live to old age with this trouble."

"You overtaxed your strength some time or other, Miss Anderson," he went on. "I believe in being frank; it puts it up to you, you know."

Daphne spoke after a moment in a painfully matter-of-fact tone.

"How much gymnasium work may I do, doctor?"

"Gymnasium work! Oh, I should say none of that. No, indeed, Miss Anderson—none."

The Congress of Vienna

By J. L. de Bekker

After the armistice, which in this case spells the unconditional surrender of the Hun war machine, comes the congress at which details of the peace are to be determined by the victors and imposed upon the vanquished.

Where shall it be held? France, for obvious reasons, would prefer Versailles, and there would be ironic justice in shearing from the Hohenzollern the insignia of world power in the place where he first strutted in imperial majesty.

Who will attend? There is precedent for saying that the chiefs of state of all the Allies will be present in person, for a time at least, although the actual work will be performed by the premiers or diplomatic representatives of the highest rank.

With the conditions of the peace the vanquished have nothing to do. It is theirs to accept and obey, unless they are sufficiently adroit to create a breach between the nations, which may easily have learned by now that only by unity of purpose and command was the triumph of arms possible; that only by perfect accord can the peace be made lasting.

No less skilful in negotiation than in arms, it is only at the peace table that the Hun is still to be feared. Always, except in dealing with the first Napoleon, Prussia has emerged with gains. This is the secret of her growth from the petty Marquisate of Brandenburg to so commanding a position that for a time her dream of world dominion by brute force seemed possible of realization. Now that she cannot hope to gain, she will strive to minimize her losses, to adjust herself to new conditions, as France did at the Congress of Vienna, following the overthrow of Napoleonic rule.

But where France succeeded there is reason to hope that Prussia will fail. France had Talleyrand to direct her diplomacy. Where will Prussia match him? With Hohenlohe, presumed to be still sulking in Switzerland? With Lichnowsky, the too truthful Pole?

Either of these men, had they been heeded five years ago, might have been able to prevent the greatest catastrophe in the history of civilization and the ruin of their country. Solitary figures, they have been held up to the scorn of Mitteleuropa, and the respect in which they are held by civilized humanity is tempered by the knowledge that anything they might agree to as plenipotentiaries would be regarded by the Junkers as scraps of paper.

But as the unique exemplar of what is to come, wherever the peace conference is to be held, no matter who is to sit at table, people are turning today to the records of the Con-

gress of Vienna, and its aftermath, the Holy Alliance.

Truly an oecumenical gathering was this congress, and the Holy Alliance which grew from it. Its theology was far from taking on the tinge of Anglicanism, which, as the witty bishop said, "has nothing to do with politics or religion," for it combined both. Yet never was there a gathering of the mighty men of the earth which might more truly have repeated, in the words of the Anglican ritual: "We have left undone the things we ought to have done; we have done the things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us."

Dynastic rights, balance of power, the divinity that doth hedge a king; cant, humbug and hypocrisy—these were cardinal principles evolved by the powers that overthrew the first Napoleon. Nationality, representative government, reparation and guarantees for the future, are things now to be demanded.

The Congress of Vienna assembled in September, 1814. The "Corsican Ogre," as the English called him, was no longer Emperor of the French, but Emperor of Elba. The King of Rome, "L'Aiglon," and Maria Luisa, his mother, were under the protection of the Hapsburg, who had more than once called upon his "dear son-in-law" for help, but now felt disgraced by the misalliance into which his daughter had been forced; was somewhat disposed to shut her up in a convent, and later winked at her left-handed marriage with a mere Austrian noble. All the world rejoiced that carnage was at an end and that the time had come when a league of nations would make a repetition of such a calamity unthinkable.

Came to Vienna the Czar Alexander of Russia, stately in presence, liberal in spirit, by far the noblest of Napoleon's foes. His was the dominating figure. Came also the Prussian King, who had crawled before the Corsican and had sent the beautiful Louisa, vainly as it proved, to intercede for him. Followed the kings of Denmark, of Bavaria, of Wurttemberg, and all of the margrafs, burgrafs, princes, dukes—all who survived of 300 sovereigns and proprietors of states of the Holy Roman Empire who could beg or borrow the money with which to make the journey—all eager to share in the spoils, to obtain new recognition of their divine rights as petty tyrants.

Delegates to the congress itself, overshadowed by imperial and royal majesties and highnesses, to say nothing of serenities and other "hochwollgeboren," were Meternich, the leading Austrian statesman of his generation; Talleyrand, bishop, terrorist, diplomat, a prince by the grace of Napoleon, but always ready to sell him out in accordance with the highest patriotic ideals; Castlereagh, much jeered at by the wits and poets of Britain; Wellington, the greatest English general Ireland ever produced; Furst Hardenburg and Savant Humboldt, both devoted to their Prussian master, and Count Nesselrode, spokesman for the Russian Czar, and a great name in those days, since immortalized by a pudding. Came none to represent the masses who had shed their blood and spent their hoardings to upbuild the empire of Napoleon; nor those who had risked their lives and their savings to destroy it.

It was a vast and notable gathering, given to relaxing the cares of state with such diversions and feastings and hard drinkings as Vienna well knew how to provide. There was much talk, but the months dragged along without achievement.

"The Congress of Vienna does not walk, but it dances," said the Prince of Ligne, the keenest observer, the wittiest, and the finest gentleman of all the grand seigneurs of his day.

Soon it was not to walk, but run. Meantime, for the resettlement of Europe a thousand compromises were offered.

Czar Alexander, wiser than his fellow sovereigns, wished to reconstitute the Polish state.

Metternich, accepting the witticism that the Holy Roman Empire Napoleon had destroyed was "neither holy, Roman nor an empire," wished to substitute for it a "Confederation of the Sovereign Princes and Free Towns of Germany" (which is what it really was), with the Hapsburgs as its hereditary chiefs.

Prussia, originally the Brandenburg marquisate on the northern border of Saxony, wished to grab that kingdom, which, she pointed out, had remained faithful to Napoleon, while she, Prussia, had been glad to strike the tyrant. The facts were, of course, that Prussia had been willing to black the Corsican's boots until such time as she could knife him in the back; but it was not the role of Austria to point this out. There was the King of Rome, living proof of Austria's former regard for the fallen despot.

The one thing upon which all were agreed was that France should be rendered powerless and stripped of every bit of land she had taken by force of arms.

Talleyrand, who had lied glibly for Bonaparte, could prevaricate for Bourbon, his new master. By making the victors quarrel among themselves, he sought to save France.

Eventually territorial readjustments were worked out along these lines:

Holland and Belgium were to be united to form a barrier against France to the north, Swiss neutrality was to be guaranteed; Italy was again divided, the Republic of Genoa being given to Sardinia, and Venetia to Austria in compensation for the Spanish Netherlands, now to form part of the kingdom of Holland; wicked Saxony was punished by giving half her lands to virtuous Prussia, and Prussia was further rewarded by augmenting her territories on the Rhine; Russia, abandoning her plans for a Polish state, took the greater part of the Duchy of Warsaw, all that had been left free by the third partition of the ancient republic, and also relieved Sweden of responsibility for Finland, giving her Norway instead, and permitting the dual kingdom to crown Bernadotte, once Napoleon's marshal, as king; Britain kept the Dutch and French colonies she had seized.

The congress, apparently, had ceased to dance, and begun to march. It put itself on record as against slavery, and in favor of the free navigation of international rivers, such as the Rhine and the Danube. Then it ran.

The "Corsican Ogre" escaped from Elba, was embraced by the Bourbon legions sent to capture him, and bade fair to rule the world again. There followed the Hundred Days, then Waterloo, then Napoleon's second abdication, dated Paris, June 22, 1815. Nominally, the Congress of Vienna had been in session from September, 1814, until June, 1815. Actually it ceased to function when Napoleon resumed the reins of government and did not reassemble after his final exile.

It had laid the social discontent of the dethroned petty princes by conferring upon them grandiose titles and special privileges; it had made the barons of the old empire into counts, and the counts into princes; it had sown the seed of future revolution in Poland, Finland, Belgium, Italy, Norway. It had carefully conserved, where possible, the rights of the major dynasties, divided the swag among the powers big enough to insist upon their share, but except for its impotent pronunciamento regarding slavery, had paid not the slightest regard to the masses of humanity, who were disposed of by arbitrary methods, as usual, and without the formality of asking their advice and consent.

The Corsican safely caged in St. Helena, the heaven-sent sovereigns of Europe assembled in Paris, where, September 14, old style, September 26, new, 1815, the Holy Alliance was proclaimed, thereafter to be commonly referred to by the major portion of mankind as the "Unholy Alliance." This alliance, wholly reactionary, and meant to fasten autocracy upon the peoples, who had sensed some glimmerings of freedom in the brighter days of the French Revolution, began with a preamble which, for hypocrisy and cant, for assumed intimacy with God Almighty, even Wilhelm II has not been able to improve upon:

"In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity: Holy Alliance of Sovereigns of Austria, Prussia and Russia. Their majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia, having . . . acquired the intimate conviction of the necessity of settling the steps to be observed by the powers in their reciprocal relations upon the sublime truths which the Holy Religion of Our Saviour teaches: They solemnly declare that the present act has no other object than to publish, in the face of the whole world, their first resolution, both in the administration of their respective states and in their political relations with every other government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of that holy religion, namely the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace.

"The three allied princes looking upon themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three branches of one family, namely, Austria, Prussia and Russia, thus confessing that the Christian world, of which they and their peoples form a part, has in reality no sovereign other than Him to whom alone power really belongs."

To this remarkable document, with more or less speed, the following governments then became signatory: Naples, Sardinia, France, Spain. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Great Britain, etc., sent his approval, although he did not become a party to the Alliance.

Perhaps enough has been said to show how disregard of national aspirations and of such human rights as are set forth in America's Declaration of Independence may preserve through the deliberations of a peace conference all the elements of discord necessary for a century's future embroilments of humanity. The Congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance are, at any rate, well worth the careful study of those public servants charged with avoiding such dangers in the light of three generations of almost constant warfare.

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Poems About San Francisco

235—SOUTH PARK

By Bret Harte

This parody of Gray was published in the Californian Magazine of September 24, 1864.

The foundry tolls the knell of parting day,
The weary clerk goes slowly home to tea,
The North Beach car rolls onward to the bay,
And leaves the world to solitude and me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And through the Park a solemn hush prevails,
Save, in the distance, where some school-boy wight
Rattles his hoop-stick on the iron rails;

Save, that from yonder jealous-guarded basement
Some servant-maid vehement doth complain,
Of wicked youths who, playing near her casement,
Project their footballs through her window-pane.

Can midnight lark or animated "bust"
To these grave scenes bring mirth without alloy?
Can shrill street-boys proclaim their vocal trust
In John, whose homeward march produces joy?

Alas! for them no organ-grinders play,
Nor sportive monkeys move their blinds genteel;
Approach and read, if thou canst read, the lay,
Which these grave dwellings through their stones reveal:

"Here rests his fame, within yon ring of earth,
A soul who strove to benefit mankind—
Of private fortune and of public worth,
His trade—first man, then suger he refined.

"Large was his bounty, and he made his mark;
Read here his record free from stains or blots:
He gave the public all he had—his Park;
He sold the public—all he asked—his lots!"

The Spectator

The Mayor's Ancestor

"Ain't it inspiring to think that Mayor Rolph is descended from a wooden Indian?"

It was the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. Not having heard from him since the election, I went down to the Embarcadero the other afternoon, climbed the winding stair of the clock tower and found him deep in the evening paper. He looked up, and greeted me with the strange remark above quoted.

"What are you talking about?" I demanded.

"Why," he answered, "it says in this paper that Joe Tynan who commutes between here and the East, found a statue of Mayor Rolph's Indian ancestor in Philadelphia and shipped it to His Honor. The name of this aborigine was Wahunsonacock, and he was Pocahontas's old man. When the statue arrived at the City Hall, Mission Jim was terribly excited. You've read 'Bunker Bean,' I guess? Remember how nervous Bunker was when he received the mummy of his dearly beloved ancestor, Mr. Ramtah of Cairo, Egypt? Well, that was nothing to the way Jim felt when he first gazed upon the features of his great-great-greatgrandfather Wahunsonacock. There was the old boy, sure enough. He was carved in wood and painted all over. He had a tomahawk in one hand, and feathers in his hair. The Mayor shed tears when he saw the fine face of his lamented forebear. Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam was nothing to it. The Mayor's tears made a puddle on the Persian rug, and Ed Rainey had to go for a mop. You see, the Mayor has a deep affection for his ancestors. That's one reason why he joined the Red Men and the Daughters of Pocahontas. There were other reasons, but we'll pass them by."

"How does the Mayor know it's a statue of his ancestor?" I asked.

"Because Joe Tynan told him so, and Joe's a truthful man."

"Where did Joe get the statue?" I asked.

"In Philadelphia," said the Clockwinder.

"From a cigar store?" I demanded.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said the Clockwinder. "But what's that got to do with it?"

"It may not be authentic," I pointed out.

"Don't worry about that," replied the Clockwinder. "Wahunsonacock may be a cigar store Indian, but he's a relative of the Mayor's just the same."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"By the family resemblance," said the Clockwinder. "This wooden Indian has a tomahawk in his left hand, but the right mit is held out for a handshake. One look, and you can see Mayor Rolph inherited his glad hand from the Indians."

"But the Mayor doesn't use a tomahawk," I objected.

"He doesn't, eh?" exclaimed the Clockwinder. "Just ask General De Young!"

Dignity vs. Democracy

"In many ways," continued the Clockwinder, "the Mayor is a great improvement on his Indian grandad, so I'm not in sympathy with those who propose to recall the Mayor and elect the wooden Indian in his place."

"In what respects do Mission Jim and Wahunsonacock differ?" I asked, curious to plumb the Clockwinder's ideas.

"The two men represent the ideals of different ages," replied the Ferry wiseacre in his profoundest manner. "The old Injun chief stands for dignity. Big Chief Rolph, he stands for democracy. As the head of his tribe the father of Pocahontas had to be up-stage, as they say on the Rialto—stand-offish, you know. The aborigines liked their head men to be stuck up. We've improved on all that. We want our mayor to be one of us. And Mayor Rolph sure is one of us. He drove the last horse car down Market street. He was at the controller bar of the first municipal car. He pitches the first pill when the baseball season opens. He gets the first shot in the arm when Dr. Leary's serum comes to town. He puts on the gloves with Fatty Arbuckle. When the scavengers give over the incinerator he drives the first garbage wagon to the dumps. When the war is over he gives three cheers for the Allies——"

"Including three for King Constantine of Greece," I interrupted.

"Oh, he's bound to make a mistake now and then," said the Clockwinder. "But that particular flivver didn't do him any harm. The local Greek colony thought he was cheering for the president of the Bootblacks' Union. The point I want to make is that he's a bigger man in his day than his Indian ancestor was in his. You

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bet Mayor Rolph won't be immortalied with a wooden statue."

"What kind of a statue will he have?" I asked.

The Clockwinder muttered something. I caught the words "brass" and "solid ivory," so I knew he wasn't speaking of the Mayor.

Why All the Noise?

At this writing it is announced that the signal for all citizens to discard their flu masks will be a general blowing of whistles and shrieking of sirens. Mayor Rolph has instructed all the fire houses to blow their whistles as soon as he gives the word. He has asked every factory in town which possesses a steam whistle to turn on the steam at the same minute. What is the idea? Are we getting to such a pass that we can't do anything in this city without splitting the welkin with noise? What merit is there in mere noise? What does it profit a man to have his ear drums assailed? Noise is all right when it is the spontaneous expression of joy. But that kind of noise is rare. These noisy jamborees ordered by Mayor Rolph are getting very tiresome. The first one took place when the Mayor with that impulsiveness which is characteristic of him, ordered the whistles and sirens to celebrate the fall of Soissons two or three days before Soissons fell. And now the Mayor orders a noise every time he gets any kind of excuse for it. Mayor Rolph is fond of quoting Taft's dictum, "San Francisco knows how." We are tempted to say that Mayor Rolph knows how—how to vulgarize San Francisco.

Why Joe Was Unmasked

George Blum, the police photographer, took a flashlight of the Fulton-Meehan fight in the Civic Auditorium. The first man to get a copy of the picture was Chief White. Chief White is a fight fan, in common with most men who have red blood in their veins. He examined the photograph with care. After training his eyes on the heavyweights in the ring, he studied the figures in the ringside seats. Here he noticed something.

"I see that a lot of these men have their flu masks off," said the Chief. "And one of those violating the law is Supervisor Joe Mulvihill."

Of course it is shocking for a supervisor to violate an ordinance he helped to pass. But I can explain why Joe Mulvihill had his mask off. There was some question before the fight as to whether the city would charge rent for the Civic Auditorium, despite the fact that the proceeds all went to the United War Fund. In this emergency Joe arose and announced that if the rent had to be paid he'd pay it out of his own pocket. That's why Joe had his mask off. With his mask on nobody would have known who the philanthropist was, not even the newspaper reporters. Not wishing to do good by stealth, Joe took his mask off.

Is Dick Tully a Genius?

Dick Tully is in town for a month's stay, and has already been discovered by the lady interviewers. One of them extracted Dick's ideas about genius. Which causes me to put the question: Is Dick Tully a genius? Let us see! Dick Tully has three unusually successful plays to his credit, "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Bird of Paradise" and "Omar the Tentmaker." The first of these was not a financial success, so far as Tully was concerned. In order to get it produced, Dick had to turn it over to David Belasco who skilfully belascoized it and undoubtedly made money out of it. That play gave Frances Starr her great opportunity. It was a fortunate venture for David and Frances, but it didn't do Dick much good. While people were enjoying "The Rose of the Rancho" and David Belasco was getting reports of capacity houses, Dick Tully was running in debt. But Dick was not discouraged. He set to work to master the craft and the business of dramatic authorship. Finally he had "The Bird of Paradise" in shape for production. It was a play redolent of Hawaiian atmosphere, but the New York producers couldn't see its possibilities. Dick Tully had no money with which to produce it—all he had was a stack of unpaid bills. In this emergency he went to James D. Phelan. I don't know whether Phelan read the play, or whether he contented himself with reading Dick Tully's character. At any rate, he advanced the money necessary for the production of "The Bird of Paradise." We all know what followed. It was a sensational success. It started that mad craze for Hawaiian music and Hawaiian dancing that spread from Broadway all over the country. In the midst of that craze theatrical men who had failed to see the merit of "The Bird of Paradise" were paying ridiculously large sums to Doraldinas for wriggling a la Honolulu. By the time Dick Tully began to get financial returns from his big success, he was hard at work on another play. "Omar the Tentmaker" was also very successful. It brought Tully big returns. Now, what was the first thing Tully did when the money began to roll in? He paid his bills. Many of them were past due; I shouldn't be surprised if some of them were outlawed. But he paid them all, and that satisfaction of his creditors gave Dick Tully the keenest pleasure. Again I ask the question: Is Dick Tully a genius? And I can only answer by remarking that geniuses don't usually do what Tully did. Dick Tully may not be a genius, but Dick Tully is that noblest work of God, an honest man.

Constance Peters' Exhibition

Constance Peters is having an exhibition this week at 239 Geary street. There are thirty oil paintings, and the show has an air of charming modesty about it, for the pictures are very small. Charles Rollo Peters needs a large canvas for the expression of his personality, but his wife's is a dainty talent. There is something of the same difference between their paintings which separates, let us say, Gray's "Elegy" from Landor's "Rose Aylmer." Are not the most appealing pictures poems written with the brush? Certainly Constance Peters is a poet. From her home on Russian Hill she has looked out on much beauty, and has sung it soft and sweet and low. It is interesting to note how many of these little songs in oils have Tamalpais in them. A beautiful mountain it is, and no wonder it has intrigued the fancy of so many San Francisco painters. It is as dear to Constance Peters, evidently, as old Fuji is to the Japanese painters. She gives it to us in many moods, all very appealing. One of the larger pictures—yet it is not so very large—shows us Tamalpais from Russian Hill, with the Bay jewelling the middle distance and some crenelated roofs in the foreground. Because our own beautiful views gain merit in our provincial eyes when compared with famous views abroad, one may be permitted to say that this picture suggests a Mediterranean scene. Yet it is quite unnecessary to drag in the Mediterranean when speaking of our finest outlooks. To many, again, Constance Peters' delightful picture of Macondray Street (on Russian Hill) will immediately suggest some nook of Naples or other Italian street. We shall stop making these rather bromidic comparisons when we come to value our city for its quaintness as well as for its bank clearings. Constance Peters is helping us to see how beautiful San Francisco is. She is doing with her brush what Francis Bruguiere (whose new book I wrote about last week) is doing with his camera. When you visit this exhibition—as you must—I commend to your attention the delicate "Moonrise" which is one of the artist's latest works; also her "Turn in the Road" and her

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"Golden Gate" and her "Alcatraz.' You will linger long over these pictures, and you will go away soothed by their romantic quiet, their suggestion of beautiful moments sweetly imprisoned in oils. And you will perhaps sigh as you walk across Union Square, wishing your rich relation could be artistic for ten minutes once a year—the ten minutes he devotes to buying your Christmas present!

Henry Ford's Outburst

Henry Ford went to the Metropolitan Opera House the other night "for a little recreation," as he expresses it. During the show there was an auction for the benefit of the United War Fund. The auctioneer recognized Henry in the audience, and knowing that Henry makes no secret of his millions, "jollied" him with a request for $5000 for the good cause. Let us see what happened.

"For a moment I was tempted," says Henry Ford. Tempted to do what? To bid the $5000 the auctioneer wanted? No, nothing so small as that. "I was tempted to get up and say I would match the contributions of everybody in the opera house audience, to show that I was not a piker in money matters." Here we have Henry Ford revealing himself. This was the spirit which animated Death Valley Scotty when he tried to make a splurge in New York. New York is a bad place to attempt a splurge, for there is no kind of game, howsoever foolish it may be, which New Yorkers won't play with you. Fortunately—for Henry—he resisted that momentary temptation to match gold pieces or check books with a Metropolitan audience. Had he yielded to the temptation he'd have gone out of the Metropolitan broke. Instead of proving that he was no piker, Henry proved that he was one. "I just walked out." In other words, he kept his $5000. Henry must know that he cut a poor figure, for he was careful to tell the newspapermen that he had already subscribed $500,000 in Detroit. Which may be true, although Henry is sometimes a little reckless in his statements.

The Aftermath

I should not have bothered with this incident were it not for the extraordinary programme which that auctioneer at the Metropolitan caused Henry to announce as his future course.

"I'm off charity for life," he announced.

The words are not elegant. They are couched in a vulgar kind of slang. They seem to indicate that the millionaire builder of flivvers who aspired to the United States Senate, is extremely careless about his language, that he frames his thoughts in words which would come with more naturalness from the manager of a wrestler or a tenderloin bartender. But it is the sentiment rather than the diction which arrests our attention. "I'm off charity for life." In other words, one of the most widely advertised philanthropists in the world won't contribute to charitable funds any more, the reason being that he was ruffled by an amateur auctioneer raising money for a patriotic cause. It would seem that Henry Ford's devotion to charity was not very strong, it was so easily shattered. It would seem that it was founded on caprice, not on principle. But perhaps we are assuming too much. Perhaps Henry Ford was never very charitable, in the sense of giving his money freely to worthy charities. Certainly he is not very charitable in the subjective sense, since he can not forgive a well-meaning auctioneer for making a direct appeal for a measly $5000. Well, something has been accomplished. Henry Ford's bluff has been called. We know him now for a very small man. In other words, our suspicions are confirmed.

Inside Information

One night last week Henry Torchiana and L. H. Hymans were motoring out Market street. Torchiana is Consul General for The Netherlands, and Hymans is secretary of the Holland-American Chamber of Commerce. At Lotta's Fountain an Examiner newsboy hailed Torchiana.

"Say, mister, will you give me a ride out to Haight and Market? I want to get there before the Chronicle feller."

Torchiana told the youngster to jump on the running board, and asked Hymans to hit it up.

"Didja hear the latest news?' the boy asked.

"No," answered Torchiana, "what is it?"

"They're gonna can the Queen of Holland," said the newsie.

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed the Netherlands consul. "What are they going to do that for?"

"The low-down is that they ain't got no use for her any more," said the newsboy. "Here's a free paper. You can read all about it."

And the newsboy hopped off at his destination.

Quips from Walter Kelly

While Walter Kelly, "the Virginia Judge," was in our midst waiting for the Orpheum to open, he had an attack of ptomaine poisoning. His old friend Clarence Kolb called on him and asked him how he got it.

"By eating a dish of tripe, Spanish style," answered Kelly. "I think the cook mixed a blacksmith's apron with the tripe."

On convalescing, Kelly accompanied Kolb to the latter's beautiful estate near Centerville in Alameda County. Estate is right, though Kolb calls it his ranch. This place which Kolb recently acquired, belonged to the late John Bunting, the railroad brakeman whose sensational rise to the millionaire class is one of the most incredible tales of our oil fields. Kolb has had some rather bad luck in the matter of impressing theatrical people with the charms of this place of his. Thus, after he had spent a day showing his orchard and his garden, his conservatory and his fish pool, his house and barns to Henry Shumer, the latter said:

"It's all very well, Clarence, but to be so far from O'Farrell street would give me the willies!"

So it was with considerable trepidation that Kolb asked Walter Kelly whether he liked the place.

"Like it!" said Kelly. "I should say I do. And I know now why the war started. The Kaiser heard of this place and wanted it!"

Brisbane Objects

Arthur Brisbane objects that there are difficulties in the way of England's hanging the Kaiser for murder. In his column a few days ago he said:

One thing stands in the way of the suggestion that the Kaiser be taken to England, tried for murder and hanged.

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The Kaiser is all kinds of wicked things, undoubtedly. He is also the grandson of the late Queen Victoria of England, first cousin of the King of England, a sort of uncle to all the little princes in England. Nobody likes to have a hanging in the family if it can be avoided. The English intend to keep their king, with whom they are well satisfied, and they would scarcely vote to have a hanging in the Guelph family. It would add a queer touch to the coat of arms.

Strangely enough, I heard that self-same objection voiced two or three days before Brisbane's article appeared. The local man who voiced it is a Sinn Feiner.

Good for McKim!

Kenneth McKim, formerly a San Francisco reporter and now a first lieutenant in the Signal Corps, writes from France a very interesting letter to John E. Sexton, the Nevada railway man. McKim had occasion to mention the Pied Piper. He went on to say:

Which reminds me of the old painting in the Palace. It always was a double pleasure to see that picture. Tell me, are they going to deprive us of one of those pleasures while we are over here, and compel us to go to art galleries when we want to see oil paintings?

They tell me the old farm's changed considerably. The Cliff House is closed; they tell me that the Del Monte and this landmark and that have had the padlock clasped regretfully on the friendly swinging doors. Is all that true, or are they just telling us these things to make us fighting mad?

There speaks the American fighting man. The questions will have to be answered when the boys come back. And if they don't like the answers ————!

The Colonel Wants to Know

The genial Colonel Pippy sends me a marked copy of the Burlingame Advance, one of the palladia of liberty down the peninsula. The colonel's mark draws my attention to the following want ad:

"Wanted—A second-hand lady's bicycle in good condition. Phone Burl. 229-R."

"What's a second-hand lady?" the colonel wants to know.

But I'm blessed if I can tell him.

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Free Verse in Fresno

Editor Mappes of the Fresno Mirror—one of our breeziest papers—quotes some lines of free verse by Witter Bynner which have already appeared twice in these columns, and proceeds to show that free verse can be penned in Fresno, too. Poet-editor Mappes admits that it is "very hard to write, as our pencil, pitted with teeth marks, our rumpled pompadour and our tattered cravat attest." However, there is no sign of the "labor of the file" in these beautiful lines which Mappes says he wrote "in our garage by the light of an auto lamp":

We met on the windy boulevard.
I opened my mouth to say "Howdy?"
And the wind blew dessicated Bull Durham into it.
She laughed. Dammit!
I felt like stabbing her with a pencil.

My love has gravy on his "flu" mask.
Has he been eating chicken Maryland
Or just plain mulligan?
Oh, I could bite his cheek
If my teeth were not at the dentist's.

Her eyes are like fried eggs,
And when her ardent gaze
Upon my soup-stained vest doth concentrate
I feel like a ham sandwich.
Why is the cat much lovelier than the fence?
Come, let's imbibe.
Let us leave the garden, Maud.
The ants have got into my pants
And are laying eggs as big as Big Berthas.
The night birds are gurgling
Like dishwater going down the sink.
Your breath is bad, so kiss me on the neck.
You must not eat limburger, sweetheart.

August, 1914

By John Masefield

This seems a fitting time to republish John Masefield's greatest poem. Written at the beginning of the war, the emotions it expresses have been intensified by the losses of four years. America admired this masterpiece when it was written; she has learned to understand it since.

How still this quiet cornfield is tonight;
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still;
The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out
Past the the blue hills into the evening sky;
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is I never saw
So great a beauty on these English fields
Touched, by the twilight's coming, into awe,
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's yields.

* * * * * *

These homes, this valley spread below me here,
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past speaking dear
To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and alarms
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh,

And knew, as we know, that the message meant
The breaking off of ties, the loss of friends,
Death like a miser getting in his rent
And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls;

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind.

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs
And so, by ship to sea, and knew no more
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns
Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
The freezing in the rigging, the despair
In the revolting second of the wrench
When the blind soul is flung upon the air,

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands,
Which love of England prompted and made good.

* * * * * *

If there be any life beyond the grave
It must be near the men and things we love,
Some power of quick suggestion how to save
Touching the living soul as from above,

An influence from the Earth from those dead hearts
So passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,
That in the living child the spirit starts
Feeling companioned still, not left behind.

Surely above these fields a spirit broods,
A sense of many watchers muttering near,
Of the lone Downland with the forlorn woods
Loved to the death, inestimably dear.

A muttering from beyond the veils of Death
From long dead men, to whom this quiet scene
Came among blinding tears with the last breath,
The dying soldier's vision of his queen.

All the unspoken worship of those lives
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls
Glimmers upon these fields where evening drives
Beauty like breath so gently darkness falls.

Darkness that makes the meadows holier still,
The elm trees sadden in the hedge, a sigh
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted hill,
The rising planets deepen in the sky,

And silence broods like spirit on the brae;
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight runs
Over the grasses of the ancient way,
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Overstayed Leave

We have learned from the papers recently that the military authorities have been greatly worried by the number of soldiers they have found it necessary to punish for overstaying leave. This abuse of privilege is a serious blow to discipline, also to efficiency. The situation has been sufficiently bad to call forth a special warning from the War Department. Just before this warning was issued, Gertrude Atherton who has many influential friends at Washington and, in consequence, access to sources of important information, wrote an article on the subject. Her words are particularly interesting because, with true feminine courage, Mrs. Atherton blames our women for this serious breach of the army regulations committed by our boys. And how she does lash out at the particular type of woman on whom she lays the blame! But first she distributes some well merited praise.

A Tribute to Our Women

"Although," begins Mrs. Atherton, "the women of this country have no such stupendous task as confronted the women of both the North and and South during the Civil War, when there was no Red Cross and the Government was at its wits end to care for the wounded, the convalescent, and the poor, to say nothing of a few other problems that in these highly organized days are being directed by specialized men and women in authority, still for the most part they have risen eagerly to all demands made upon them. Almost immediately upon the outbreak of the war in 1914 the more earnest and responsible among them began to knit and make surgical dressings, form societies for relief of the afflicted in Europe, and by degrees pressed into service women of less initiative who had done little or no work of any sort before. After our entrance in 1917 it may safely be said that the best of our women arose as a unit and demanded opportunities for service. Their record to date is a fine one, and the United States is justly proud of them. If they are not able to rise to the heights of the European women or of the American women of Civil War times, it is because no such burden has been placed upon them. They have sufficiently demonstrated, however, that, given the same conditions, they would prove equal to the demand.

"Silliest in the World"

"Therefore," continues Mrs. Atherton, " is another class of women all the more contemptible by contrast. Even before the war is was patent to any student of this country that our women might roughly be divided into two classes: those that thought and those that did not, those that cultivated their minds and those that remained, either from disabilities imposed by nature or from choice, the silliest, most thoughtless, and most selfish in the world. Rich or poor, their standard was self-indulgence, they lived for what they could "get out" of life, and they cultivated a sickly sentimentality. The primary fault lies in our inferior system of education. A sound, thorough, severe education will drill some sense into the most brainless and imbue them with a sense of responsibility. But a vast number of our women do not go to college, do not even finish school, do not even make the most of their slender opportunities. Only those of good natural parts, to quote an old expression, rise above their conditions, educate themselves when they are old enough to realize what they have missed, and learn the great lessons of life.

The Inferior Brand

"It is from this inferior brand of American women that the country is suffering in a peculiar and sinister way at the present moment," Mrs. Atherton goes on, and while what follows is still in some measure true—witness the recent War Department warning—the gravest consequences, happily, ceased with the end of actual hostilities. She writes: "They are the cause of a great additional expense to the Government and of severe punishment and mortification to many heedless young men. I am not at liberty to give figures, but a great number of soldiers during the past year have overstayed leave, missed their transport, been reduced in rank, spent weeks in the guardhouse, or doing menial work, their pay held up; and, when finally transferred to France in batches of 250 at a time, been the cause of much confusion, and an annoyance to the military authorities before their regiments could be located. The blame for this is laid chiefly on the class of women—amateurs in war as in life—with which this country more than any other is cursed. If the temptresses were the women of commerce, the blame would lie wholly on the young men, who would be under no delusions. But it is the wives and sweethearts and sisters, in some instances the mothers, women whom the soldiers heartily respect, who weep when the hour to return to camp approaches, who beg them to take the risk for the sake of a few more hours, wail that they may never see them again, protest that a few days, more or less, cannot matter, hang on their necks, possibly faint in the good old style. It is the same class of women, in short, who have made such disgusting farewell scenes at railway stations, clinging frantically to embarassed men leaning out of the windows, and even trying to climb upon the moving trains; fairly shouting to the world that they have neither breeding nor brains."

The New Social Register

The 1919 San Francisco Social Register has just made its appearance. Under the alliterative heading of "Defence Designations"—and what a defence it has been!—appear the various Service abbreviations arranged in alphabetical order, designating the Army and Navy and their various subdivisions, the British and French Army, the Red Cross and other war service. The families in the various social registers certainly have contributed their quota for the defense of their country. In the San Francisco Social Register alone, out of the small number of people appearing in it, 284 members of San Francisco families are designated as in the Army, 91 in the Navy, 3 in the British Army, 3 in the French Army, also 8 men and 23 women in the Red Cross and allied organizations, and there are noted three deaths in the Service. This year, in entering the names of dowagers, the late husband's Christian name has been put in brackets as well as in small type, in order to discourage the writing out of the Christian name in correspondence and thus avoiding confusion in the mails with a daughter-in-law where she bears the same name. During the year, 167 persons have married as compared with 211 last year, a marked decrease, and there are recorded the deaths of 39 men and 31 women, as compared with 30 men and 34 women last year.

At the Cecil

Miss Gussie Ames who has been visiting Mrs. Philip Wales at Menlo, returned to the city this week and will spend the winter at the Cecil. A few friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Geary at dinner Sunday. Mrs. H. N. Preston, wife of Colonel Preston, U. S. A., will make an indefinite stay. This attractive matron is being extensively entertained by the Service set. Mr. and Mrs. W. Octave Chamute and the Misses Chamute of Denver will remain until after the holiday season. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis will entertain with twelve covers at dinner on Thanksgiving Day. A family dinner will be given on the same day by Mrs. Rowley, and Mrs. A. M. Burns will entertain a coterie of friends. Mrs. T. T. Williams and Miss Williams are making their first visit to this city and are charmed with their surroundings.

Famous Orchestra at Techau's

The "flu" is over, peace is on th eway! Let's go down to the Tavern tonight, for the orchestra is in full blast again. Better still, let's not wait for night, but hustle right down for luncheon. You know there isn't such a place to lunch in the whole city. Never mind looking in the paper for the menu; it's always good, and I want to hear that Jazz Orchestra.

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The Stage

Welcome, Alcazar!

As I sat in the Alcazar and waited for the curtain to go up on the spoken drama, my thoughts were busy with the past of this famous San Francisco playhouse. To those whose acquaintance with the Alcazar goes back years before the Great Fire, it is something more than a theatre. It is an institution of delight, a landmark in the region of fancy. If one could cast up the evenings and matinees enjoyed there, what a round sum of happiness the total would represent! Most of us have an instinctive love for anything wreathed in tradition—the Alcazar is rich in tradition, and, potent addition to the charm, this tradition was born, grew up and mellowed within our very memories. When the names of the great players who first showed their greatness at the Alcazar are mentioned, we can say with pardonable pride that we knew them when they were still unheralded. When plays since celebrated are the subject of conversation, we can say that we were present at their first nights in O'Farrell street. And so, it is good to welcome back the old Alcazar to the place where it belongs—foremost among American stock houses. The prodigal has sickened of his movies! The wanderer has come back to the legitimate! The Alcazar is itself again, and under the management of that prime maker of Alcazar tradition, the genial E. D. Price. I am sure that Price will give us good plays at the Alcazar—meaty plays, plays to make us laugh and to make us think, plays that will call for all that the Alcazar company has of acting ability. I am sure he will give us better plays than those plays of froth and fine clothes, of brummagem wit and unclean situation which were too much in fashion on the American stage before the war. Let us have virile plays at the Alcazar. Let us have some new plays and some old ones. We pin our trust to Manager Price. He loves the Alcazar tradition, and when he "gets his hand in" I am sure he will write new chapters of Alcazar history.

—E. F. O'DAY.

Symphony Season Opens

Music-lovers were delighted with the official announcement issued last week by the Musical Association of San Francisco, specifying the opening of the 1918-19 season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, November 29, at the Curran, with Alfred Hertz again wielding his baton over this brilliant organization of eighty instrumentalists. Monday morning the sale of seats for single concerts will be resumed at Sherman, Clay. That the demand will be very large is indicated by the size of the season ticket sales just drawing to a close, which have exceeded expectations. Contracts with the musicians were renewed last week, the personnel remaining as announced before. Daily rehearsals, which were interrupted by the enforced closing of the theatres, have been resumed under the direction of Conductor Hertz who is delighted with the work of the orchestra. As previously scheduled, the season will consist of the Friday afternoon series of symphony concerts; the Sunday afternoon series of symphonies, when the Friday programmes will be repeated, though at a reduced scale of prices; and the "pop" series of concerts, to be given on alternate Sundays. The novelty number of the opening programme on Friday afternoon, November 29, will be Henri Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne," a composition telling of the majesty and mystery of night. This will be the first Rabaud composition heard in San Francisco, so far as records show. Special interest will attach to the work because of Rabaud's selection recently as director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The principal number on the programme will be Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, considered by many the great Russian composer's finest work. Paul Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier," a masterpiece of the modern French school, will also be played. The entire programme, with Alfred Hertz conducting, will be repeated on Sunday afternoon, December 1, with the prices just half those obtaining on Friday. The opening concert of the "pop" series is set for Sunday afternoon, December 8. Conductor Hertz promises many delightful novelties for the "pops." The success of this series last season was most gratifying. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham requests season ticket holders to use tickets numbered four for the symphony concerts of Friday, November 29, and Sunday, December 1. Tickets numbered five should be used for the concerts of Friday, December 13, and Sunday, December 15. Season ticket holders for the "pop" series should use tickets numbered three and four for the concerts of December 8 and 22, respectively. After the first of next year the concert dates will correspond with the dates printed on the tickets.

Ford Sisters at the Orpheum

The Ford Sisters, Mabel and Dora, who will be remembered from their association with The Four Fords, the best dancing act of its kind, will present "The Ford Revue of 1918" at the Orpheum next week. It consists of four dances. The first is "Hello, Dixieland," the second is eccentric and styled "The Billposters," the third is the "Mabeldora Waltz," and the fourth "A West Point March Militaire." Helen Trix and her sister Josephine will be heard in original songs written by Miss Trix, who is well known as a song narrator. Burt Earle is a famous banjoist who will present a delightful musical comedy offering with the assistance of "Bee" Earle, saxophonist, Helen Artz, violinist, and Grace Abbot, pianist. Sylvia Loyal and her Pierrot have an original French act entitled "La Charmeuse de Pigeons," which introduces seventy trained pigeons and an intelligent black poodle. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde and their daughter Connie have made shadowgraphy an art. Martin and Martin will amuse with their laughing skit, "When Good Fellows Get Together." A new series of the Official War Review will be shown. The only holdovers will be Al Herman, the Black Laugh, and the U. S. Naval spectacle, "On the High Seas."

"Abe' and "Mawruss" at Curran

"Business Before Pleasure" will begin its fourth and last week at the Curran tomorrow night, and indications point to capacity audiences. "Business Before Pleasure" is the newest of the Potash and Perlmutter plays by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. It shows our old friends "Abe" and "Mawruss" in the motion picture business. There is a bit of melodrama, but it is mostly fun. Jules Jordan and Charles Lipson play "Abe" Potash and "Mawruss" Perlmutter. Helen Gill, a handsome and talented actress, is the vampire. The cast also includes Lizzie Wilson, Lottie Vernon, Doris Kelly, William Macauley, Murray Phillips, Richard Barrows, Joseph Webber, Jules Unger, Harry Hammill and Harold Skinner. A special matinee will be given Thursday (Thanksgiving), besides the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

"Upstairs and Down" Continues

The enthusiasm with which the new Alcazar Company has been welcomed is assurance that its restoration of spoken comedies and dramas is welcome. It is composed of players of skill and artistry, new favorites and old, and has the alluring qualities of virility and youth. While the policy is to make weekly changes of bill, "Upstairs and Down" is to continue for another week. Thurston Hall plays a rollicking Irish adventurer; Belle Bennett is "the girl with the wonderful hair," and Gertrude Short is the baby vampire. Henry Shumer, a long established

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

Alcazar favorite, returns Sunday to the scene of his many former comedy successes, and will give a new interpretation of Sprang, the moralizing butler. "One of Us," a new comedy, produced by Oliver Morosco in New York, will be given for the first time in this city the week of December 1, with Thurston Hall in his original role.

"Hearts of the World" Returning

Unusual interest should attach at this time to the great "victory love story," "Hearts of the World," which is scheduled for an engagement of two weeks at the Curran, beginning Sunday, December 1. It will be remembered that this D. W. Griffith masterpiece ran for fifteen weeks on its former engagement in this city and that the general judgment was that it was fascinating, thrilling and human. "Hearts of the World" not only depicts the great world war in all its realism, with scenes actually taken on the battlefields "over there," but purely on its romantic side it is to be reckoned a great love story.

ALAN SEEGER

(Continued from Page 4)

In thy sweet transports not alone I thought
Mingled the twain that panted breast to breast;
The sun and stars throbbed with them; they were caught
Into the pulse of Nature. . . .

Doubt not as of a perfect sacrifice
That soul partakes whose inspiration fills
The springtime and the depths of summer skies,
The rainbow and the clouds behind the hills,
That excellence in earth and air and sea
That makes things as they are the real divinity.

Yes, his brain keeps pace with his eloquence: but his soul? Hasty and crude and licensed to scorn the maimed and mauled by youth's ignorance of irreparable damage, he does not hesitate, on returning to the trenches, to offer his gallant comrades these ungenerous lines which were possibly not really aimed at the invalids he had met at Biarritz, but at those whom he could never forget, his equals in youth and strength, who then still lingered in the States.

Apart sweet women (for whom heaven be blest)
Comrades, you cannot think how thin and blue
Look the left-overs of mankind that rest
Now that the cream has been skimmed off in you.
. . . . we turn disdainful backs
On that poor world we scorn, yet die to shield
That world of cowards, hypocrites, and fools.

He has given himself for the freedom of all future souls, what right have we to question whether he gave his own conscience due reverence? Could we have divined "King Lear" from reading "Venus and Adonis"? That ready aptness of phrase which in my citations has delighted the reader is constantly achieved in his later poems; if only by four or six lines at a time. And though the inspired peaks rise tier behind tier above this plateau, you find new flowers more brilliant without climbing higher. Yet that failure in delicate choicefulness insistently prophesies woes, and was not so striking in Swinburne or more so in Byron at his years. "The Deserted Garden," his longest poem, yielded as abundant opportunities as "Venus and Adonis" could, but no line like

A lily prisoned in a gale of snow

takes the advantage. In spite of formlessness, how delightful the Keats of "Endymion" would have made this old Mexican garden, where the young Seeger dreams the meetings of bygone lovers? He, however, only maintains his obvious efficiency and we are never "surprised with joy," in the end we are only surprised that he can keep it up as we often have been, when Swinburne was not first rate. Did the magnolia-bud of this large soul lodge a canker? Yet, though we can only surmise what his full-blown splendor might have been, he was ever so slightly opening; his latest sonnets are not only the most manifold but deeper and almost fragrant.

Seeing you have not come with me, nor spent
This day's suggestive beauty as we ought,
I have gone forth alone and been content
To make you mistress only of my thought.

I am the field of undulating grass,
And you the gentle perfume of the Spring,
And all my lyric being when you pass
Is bowed and filled with sudden murmuring.

For I have ever gone untied and free,
The stars and my high thoughts for company;
Wet with the salt spray and the mountain showers,
I have had sense of space and amplitude,
And love in many places, silver-shoed,
Has come and scattered all my paths with flowers.

Four lines from two sonnets, six from a third and you build up a new one richer and stronger than any of the three. For all these flashes are like the flap of a flame in a swirl of smoke, some pleasure in his own attitude, some self-assertion causes the momentary brilliance, among the ever-flowing gray-ghosts of scheduled ornament which make the bulk of a rhetorical style. But he has gentle, more promising moods.

There have been times when I could storm and plead,
But you shall never hear me supplicate.
These longs months that have magnified my need
Have made my asking less importunate;
For now small favors seem to me so great
That not the courteous lovers of old time
Were more content to rule themselves and wait,
Easing desire with discourse and sweet rhyme.

He even stands staring at the different tempers created in him by self-seeking and self-devotion.

Oh, love of woman, you are known to be
A passion sent to plague the hearts of men;
For every one you bring felicity,
Bringing rebuffs and wretchedness to ten.
I have been oft where human life sold cheap,
And seen men's brains spilled out about their ears
And yet that never cost me any sleep;
I lived untroubled and I shed no tears.
Fools prate how war is an atrocious thing;
I always knew that nothing it implied
Equalled the agony and the suffering
Of him who loves and loves unsatisfied.
War is a refuge to a heart like this;
Love only tells it what true torture is.

Playing his part with the best at the front, he was by no means merely acting a "Message to America" in order to bring her into line. He really loved France, and understood something of what she stands for in civilzation. He is compact with generosity which is none the less real for being self-appreciated.

O friends, in your fortunate present ease
(Yet faced by the self-same facts as these),
If you would see how a race can soar
That has no love, but no fear of war,
How each can turn from his private role
That all may act as a perfect whole;
How men can live up to the place they claim,
And a nation, jealous of its good name,
Be true to its proud inheritance,
Oh, look over here and learn from France!

And he, too, seeks to think well of Death, and, having most fancied himself as a lover, thinks himself half in love with glorious Death.

I know not if in risking my best days
I shall leave utterly behind me here
This dream that lightened me through lonesome ways
And that no disappointment made less dear;
Sometimes I think that, where the hilltops rear
Their white entrenchments back of tangled wire,
Behind the mist Death only can make clear,
There, like Brunnhilde ringed with flaming fire,
Lies what shall ease my heart's immense desire:
There, where beyond the horror and the pain
Only the brave shall pass, only the strong attain.

But from a greater depth comes the simple fatalism which informs his finest sayings about life and love.

MAKTOOB

A shell surprised our post one day
And killed a comrade at my side,
My heart was sick to see the way
He suffered as he died.

I dug about the place he fell,
And found, no bigger than my thumb,
A fragment of the splintered shell
In warm aluminum.

I melted it and made a mould
And poured it in the opening,
And worked it, when the cast was cold,
Into a shapely ring.

And when my ring was smooth and bright,
Holding it on a rounded stick,
For seal, I bade a Turco write
Maktoob in Arabic.

Maktoob! "'Tis written!" So they think
These children of the desert, who
From its immense expanses drink
Some of its grandeur too.

And after some less convincing circumstances of entry to a Valhalla he ends by telling how these graven characters calm him:

When not to hear some try to talk
And some to clean their guns and sing,
And some dig deeper in the chalk—
I look upon my ring:

And nerves relax that were most tense,
And Death comes whistling down unheard,
As I consider all the sense
Held in that mystic word.

And it brings, quieting like balm
My heart whose flutterings have ceased,
The resignation and the calm
And wisdom of the East.

Ample quotation seemed needed to illumine this soldier's fine attitude: partly because his style takes no end of room, even though it demanded more time than love and arms could spare to grow as rare as it was large, yet, still some whisper persists that, granted a more prolonged lease of pleasure-hunting, we might have had to deplore luxuriance tangled to perversity, no longer merely grown too fast for strength. To what extent war was a tonic to his extravagance remains uncertain, even after repeated readings of his later poems. Every young man has perforce many possible careers —unwritten books whose titles and contents we may dream of, though hands will never part their leave, nor eyes peruse. Still, there is some faint compensation for this in esteeming them at their highest possible value, though it but increase our sense of loss; for worth conceived is prophetic of that yet to be revealed by the ever-teeming future.

Look at him crowning himself, prematurely as Shekespeare's hero-prince did, yet, like him, conscious of deserving the "rigol" by innate capacity and determination. Both hands raise the empty hoop, then pause, for through it stars watch him, brilliant and remote. In black bronze he stands for ever returning their gaze, no work of Phidias, rather by some Scopas or Praxiteles, whost more indulgent rhythm induces a musical ripple throughout the war-hardened muscles of his twenty-eight years.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Peace news was offset by the money restrictions, and what enthusiasm there was, accompanied by buying orders early in the week, was soon lost sight of, and prices reacted throughout the list with the lowest prices seen at the finish of the week. Bearish opinions were not lacking; these opinions being based on the necessary readjustment of business to meet the conditions of peace. The outlook for the cancellation of many war orders and the possibility that holders of these contracts will be forced into the market to sell their excess supplies, bringing with it the inevitable recession in prices for many commodities, must have its logical consequence on the price of stocks of such companies as are affected, is the view of some of the trade. However, the restrictions on non-essential industries will be lifted, and these industries will be able to take up any of the slack of those adversely affected by the return of peace conditions. The vast work of reconstruction is necessary in devastated Europe. It will also require the best efforts of American mills for a long time to come, and this will be a big factor in letting down of American industries and trade to a normal basis. The railroad shares stand out as the real peace issues, and these stocks were well taken last week. The better class of the rails are not selling too high, and are bound to show excellent earnings for some time, and will not be affected adversely by peace news. Most of the leading railroads are either large holders of real estate, or else they have hidden assets in the way of coal or oil, which add to their attractiveness at present prices. The bond market has shown considerable activity of late, and prices have shown a marked advance in the leading issues, with the convertibles having the best of it in the advance. After the next Liberty Loan installment is out of the way, we look for money to become easier, and this will be reflected in the market by a general advance. There is nothing in the situation that can bring about more than a fractional decline from present prices, and a big advance could come at any time now. Brokers are carrying very few stocks at present, and there would be very few stocks to liquidate if prices did decline temporarily, and the reaction that would follow would be very quick.

Cotton—A sharp break in cotton that looked like demoralization in the cotton goods line last week was checked by the Government in prohibiting the selling of cotton short, except against actual cotton in the way of hedging. This had the desired effect on the market, and brought a substantial recovery in prices. It is probably fair to assume that the action of the market the past week or two has reflected conflicting views regarding the effects of peace on prices. The bearish opinion has prevailed in speculative circles, while there can be little doubt that holders of spot cotton in the South regard the ending of the war as the first step in the direction of an expanding export demand. Holders of spot cotton were not offering their cotton, but it was feared that decline in futures might unsettle conditions to such an extent that banks would be obliged to call some loans. Meanwhile the domestic trade seems to be holding off either for the effect of definite peace announcements, or for the next schedule of goods prices; private crop estimates show some increase in the final figures, and the belief is now becoming general that the crop will turn out well above twelve million bales, exclusive of linters. The weather has been exceptionally favorable, and a fair top is assured. As long as the restrictions against short selling are on, fluctuations are sure to be wide, and under these abnormal conditions speculation is bound to be curtailed. We would only buy cotton when prices are forced down, and take profits on good advances for the time being, or until changed as regards speculation in futures.

German Foreign Credits

Much has been written and said as to the difficulties some countries in Europe may experience in getting raw materials and needed finished products after the war because of their supposed inability to pay for them. It was one of the topics discussed at the recent meeting of exporters in this city, where the suggestion was made by a well-known financier that such purchases should be paid for in the securities of foreign governments or of industries in the respective countries, and that a market should be made in this country for such securities. So far as Germany is concerned, this course would hardly be necessary unless the final peace terms are more drastic than appears probable. German credits in various foreign countries are quite large, many of them being the result of lucrative investments. In the United States, for example, the Alien Property Custodian has taken charge of several hundred million dollars' worth of German-owned property. When this is sold the proceeds are kept in trust to await the outcome of the war. Under ordinary circumstances the proceeds would, after peace is established, be turned over to the former German owners of the properties. There are enough Germany assets in this country alone to serve as a basis for credits for all that Germany will need from the outside for an indefinite period. The only matter of doubt is as to what offsets there may be against the assets as a result of the final terms of peace.

—New York Times.

He—And how are you getting on with your collecting for the soldiers?

She—Splendidly! I've had my name in the papers four times already.

With deep anguish he begged her to reconsider her answer.

"If you don't marry me, Millie, I'll blow my brains out."

"Oh, come now, don't do anything as rash as that. But—but," she reflected softly, "that would be a good joke on father, for he thinks you haven't any."

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"Can't I go out in the back yard and play in the garden, mama?"

"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."

"I don't know about these war-inventions when peace comes."

"What about them?"

"These aviator fans may go about in baseball times bombing the umpires."

"What are we going to do to improve the quality of motion picture scenarios?"

"What can we do?" replied the pessimistic person, "so long as people are willing to pay from 25 cents to $1 each just to see a movie vampire eat breakfast in bed?"

"I want to know," said the grim-faced woman, "how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week."

"I can not give you that information, madam," answered the man in the cage.

"You're the paying teller, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."

Two political candidates were discussing the coming local election.

"What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one.

"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest," returned the other.

Little Edna (seeing mother's new evening dress, just arrived)—Oh, mamma, how lovely! Will you wear it tonight?

Mother—No, dear, not tonight. This is for when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner.

Edna—Oh, mamma, let's pretend just for once that papa's a gentleman.

The eye of a little London girl was attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning in a park.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was."

"What do you mean, darling?"

"Look, the grass is all covered with perspiration."

Teacher—The ancient Greeks were handsome people.

Ichabod—Whatdye mean, ancient?

Teacher—Ancient means very old.

Ichabod—How old did they have to be before they got good looking?

"You there in overalls," shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," retorted the witness, "or

---

you'd be in overalls, too."

Mrs. Binks—This paper tells of a man who lived on onions alone.

Mrs. Jinks (whose husband eats them)—Well, anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."

"What do you hear from the boy?"

"Nothing much. He says the government has issued him one of those steel shrapnel helmets, and for the first time in his life he has a new hat he isn't afraid somebody is going to sit on."

Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission?

Willie—Only wunst.

Teacher—Johnny, should Willie have said "wunst?"

Johnny—No'm—he should have said "twict."

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Coalinga Mohawk Oil Company will take place on Monday, December 2nd, 2:00 o'clock P. M., in accordance with the by-laws of the Company, at the offices of the corporation, 403 American National Bank Building, in this city.

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NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, trustees under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the under signed Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, as trustees by Celestina Broyer, which said Deed of Trust bears date the 4th day of March, 1918, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in volume 1075 of Trust Deeds at page 111, records of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of March, 1918. That the said undersigned will, as such trustees, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 4th day of December, 1918, at 11:00 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

That certain lot, piece and parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at the point formed by the intersection of the southeasterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Godeus Street; and running thence southeasterly along said line of Godeus Street forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches to the southeasterly line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle northeasterly along said line of Mission Street sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning.

Being all of Lots Nos. 7, 8, and 9, Godeus Gift Map Subdivision of Lots 374, 375, 376, 377 and 378, Precita Valley Lands, as per map thereof filed July 28, 1864, in map book "E" and "F," page 17, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EXCEPTING that portion of said lots which was taken for widening of Mission Street.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Celestina Broyer now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

TERMS OF SALE: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty (20) per cent on the fall of the hammer at the conclusiou of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Joseph C. Meyerstein, Room 504, Mechanics Institute Building, No. 57 Post Street, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said twenty (20) per cent to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned, as such trustees, will make, exceute, and after due payment made, deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of $4650 referred to in said Deed of Trust as having been executed by the said Celestina Broyer on the 4th day of March, 1918, to P. Berta, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and the whole of which said promissory note, pursuant to the terms thereof, has been declared to be due by the said P. Berta, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six (6) per cent per annum, payable quarterly from the 4th day of June, 1918, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said P. Berta, the owner and holder of said promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust and after a notice that default had been made in the payment of the quarterly interest on said promissory note due on the 4th day of June, 1918, and that the said P. Berta had elected to declare the whole of said principal sum forthwith due and payable, and had therefore elected that the property described in said Deed of Trust be sold in accordance with the terms of said Deed of Trust to satisfy the obligation specified in said note and said Deed of Trust, which said notice had been duly recorded by the said P. Berta in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of July, 1918, and more than three (3) months prior to the said demand of the said P. Berta on the undersigned to make said sale and the giving of this notice.

Dated: This 29th day of October, 1918.

FAUSTINO DE MARTINI,
G. B. CORDANO,
Trustees.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,
Attorney at Law,
57 Post Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1371. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 30, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

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Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, November 30, 1918 No. 1371

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Deterioration of Fickert

Back in the days before the Spanish War, when college football players were social demigods with heads of hair like huge chrysanthemums, and when everybody who was anybody went to the Thanksgiving game, a lanky ranch hand named Charles M. Fickert came up to Stanford from Tehachapi. Because he lacked proper credits he entered as a special student. He had never seen a football game, but the coaches picked him out on account of his physical strength. For two years he was so clumsy and awkward that he was little more than a human buffer for the first team men. Then he found himself, was given a chance on the big team, and tore a hole in the Berkeley line that allowed Stanford to score. Thenceforth he played guard on the team that broke several years of successive ties with a cardinal victory. In those days California's high schools, particularly in the country, were very much behind the times. Fickert had no easy task to make up his lack of credits, but he became one of Stanford's greatest athletes. Though he came to Stanford with the idea of being an engineer, he changed his mind and studied law. There is always a warm welcome for famous college athletes in the professional life of San Francisco. Fickert was far from being intellectually brilliant, but his path was smoothed for him by his college celebrity. Then he became district attorney. That is a position which has ruined some good men. The failure of the late William S. Barnes to reach the high honors in State politics for which his brilliant gifts and his social prestige fitted him, is directly traceable to the blighting influence which the district attorneyship had on a too genial temperament. The District Attorney of San Francisco wields enormous power. Among those multifarious kinds and conditions of men and women who haunt the Hall of Justice, the District Attorney is regarded as a more important official than the Mayor. In such circles the District Attorney is courted, cajoled and flattered. To know him is to be privileged; to enjoy his esteem is to possess a "pull." The District Attorney may be honest, but he is sure to be human, and it is a pleasant trait of human nature that we all like to do favors when they make us popular and cost us little labor. But there is no place where favoritism is more dangerous than in the District Attorney's office. For the people who ask favors of him are very apt to be people who have broken the law or whose friends have broken it. Where to draw the line in granting favors is one of the hardest problems any official is called upon to solve. The District Attorney does not always solve it. If he is good-natured and weak, he does not try, but simply follows the line of least resistance. And then, before he knows it, he is granting illegitimate favors. Sometimes he finds that he cannot help himself. Bail bond brokers, saloon keepers, gamblers and other suitors for special privileges know how to place a district attorney under obligations. At election time they are the first to contribute to the campaign fund. All the time they are past masters in dispensing hospitality. Everybody likes to be taken to dinner, most men like to be asked to take a drink, some men have a special fondness of some kind. If a district attorney likes sweetbreads, trust the manipulators of wires at the Hall of Justice to find it out. We are setting forth these rather commonplace things because we think they help to explain the deterioration of Charles M. Fickert. He has learned much since he came to San Francisco to practice law, and much of what he learned was bad for him. He was first elected after a hotly contested campaign. He was decisively elected a second time. He went through a bitter recall campaign with flying colors. He permitted himself the dangerous luxury of a sense of security. The deputies with whom he surrounded himself were not all picked with judgment. Some of those in whom he placed most confidence abused their intimacy with him, either behind his back by appropriating his powers to their own ends or to his face by flattering him and failing to point out errors in his official course. When District Attorney Fickert was suddenly called upon to meet the supreme test of his career, he was not the big man he would have been had he shaped his environment instead of letting his environment mould him, or had he picked his deputies with stricter care. Before he knew it, Fickert was committed to a theory of the Preparedness Day murders. He staked his all of official reputation and legal ability on one set of suspects. Clues leading elsewhere—and there were some of great importance—he ignored, nay sometimes ridiculed. It seemed at first that he had acted correctly. Billings was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. Mooney was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Then came the Oxman letters. There was nothing in those letters to change the firm belief of everybody that Mooney was a dynamiting scoundrel, but they caused many to believe that he had been convicted of the Preparedness Day crime by perjury and "frame-up." Though Oxman was tried for subornation of perjury and acquitted, many people continued to regard him as a crook. By this time the Mooney case had become a cause of international celebrity. If Fickert had any doubts as to the correctness of the course he had pursued, he kept them to himself. Perhaps he felt that he had gone too far to turn back. It takes a big man to acknowledge a mistake. In this particular case a body of opinion almost unexampled in its positiveness insisted that Fickert had made no mistake. Despite Oxman's letters to Rigall, despite the discrediting of other witnesses, despite the acquittal of Mrs. Mooney and Weinberg, Fickert continued to be the hero of the case. Then came the Densmoore exposure, with its damning record of the attempt to blackmail and dragoon into the case a woman who knew nothing about it. Fickert is not the hero of the Mooney case today. He has failed to make adequate reply to the serious charges in the Densmore report. He has contented himself with assaulting the editor who published it. He is shown as another Fickert entirely from the smiling, good-natured "Charlie" who was a champion athlete and gridiron hero. That Fickert learned on the football field the principles of fair play. The Fickert of today is a District Attorney whose next appearance before the Grand Jury will be made, not as public prosecutor but as the suspected chief of a little band of conspirators.

* * *

The Governor Should Act

Does anybody who has read Judge Griffin's letter to Governor Stephens still think that Tom Mooney should not have another trial? That was a letter to make men think. The trial judge who sentenced Tom Mooney to the gallows asks our chief executive to send the convict back to court. This is an unusual situation. Certainly Judge Griffin must have considered the matter carefully before he took this step. His analysis of the material testimony leads him to say that all of it is worthless. Judge Griffin does not believe Oxman, or the Edeaus, mother and daughter, or John McDonald. He does not say that he

believes Tom Mooney innocent; nobody knows what he thinks about that. But he makes it quite clear that in his opinion the execution of Tom Mooney at this time would be "a travesty upon justice and a blot upon the administration of justice which this State cannot afford to bear." We do not think that the Governor will disregard this plain, strong language. Especially since the Densmore exposure has permitted us all to see how so-called evidence is prepared in the District Attorney's office. That exposure had not been made when Judge Griffin wrote his letter to the Governor. But with the Griffin letter and the Densmore postscript before him, we do not see how the Governor can afford to let Tom Mooney hang. We look to see Tom Mooney tried again, this time on honest testimony. The worst of scoundrels is entitled to what Judge Griffin asks. The judge asks it for this red of the reds not because he is Tom Mooney, the hero of the Bolsheviki, but because he is a human being who must not be put to death by perjury. Surely it does not take much courage to say that if Tom Mooney is to hang it must be after another trial.

* * *

Fremont Older

For years Fremont Older has been the "Corsican Ogre" of San Francisco journalism. We use the phrase advisedly. Older displays Napoleonic originality, aggressiveness and daring in his newspaper campaigns, and he hits harder than any other editor. His victories are Napoleonic in their brilliance, his defeats are usually as crushing in their way as Leipsic or Waterloo. Napoleon's enemies gave him no credit for his ability and blackened him with vices he never had. For the true Napoleon they substituted the Corsican Ogre, a monster of their imaginations. So with Fremont Older. He has been underrated, he has been lied about. Weaknesses which are taken for granted in a popular man become unspeakably vicious when attributed to this best-hated and best-feared of our editors. Not even Fremont Older's most partial friends think him a saint, but they know he is no devil. The truth lies somewhere between, but it is not our business to chart its exact whereabouts. We are concerned with his public career, not with his private life. Who shall deny that Fremont Older's has been a distinguished career? Unblemished? Certainly not. We have the authority of his autobiography for that. But in all the battles he has waged to victory or defeat, there has been the driving force of some good purpose. It was so when he fought Eugene Schmitz and Abe Ruef through three corrupt administrations. It was so in the graft prosecution. It was so in his long campaign to get Ruef out of San Quentin. It was so when he made his bold experiment of applying publicity to prostitution. It was so in his espousal of organized labor. It was so when he trained his heaviest batteries on William Randolph Hearst. It was so in his fight to get honest trials for the Mooney gang. It is so at the present time when he is shocking the city with the exposure of the running sores on the body politic. In every campaign we have mentioned there have been sound reasons for disagreeing with Fremont Older. His methods have been truculent often, at times unscrupulous. He has caused much unnecessary suffering. In the pursuit of rascals he has sometimes knocked down innocent people. He was not always on the right track. All of which is as much as to say that he is a fallible human being of uncommon powers. Were there a nice balance of zeal and discretion, of enthusiasm and caution in Fremont Older, he might better please those of us who flatter ourselves that we are equipoised; but would he have accomplished anything? It is to be doubted. Men of action always take chances; that is why they win the big victories and suffer the magnificent defeats which the rest of us never taste. Fremont Older loves San Francisc and wants to make it a better city to live in. He has done some evil, and a great deal of good. No doubt he will continue to produce mixed results. For the good we should be grateful, for the evil we may blame him, if we please, but it would be juster to blame the defects inherent in the journalistic instrumentalities by which he operates. Consider his present activities. The chances are that if it were not for Fremont Older we should never have seen the complete text of the Densmore report. It is true that certain parts of that report might better have been suppressed. The public gains nothing by knowing that its office-holders have a weakness for assignations. But where one editor might have spared an official the exposure of his amorous indiscretions, another might have buried the truth about the crookedness of this, that or the other rascal. Fremont Older is nothing if not thorough. He gave us the whole record. And that record has destroyed several forces of evil. The Hall of Justice will be a cleaner place henceforward. In truth, we cannot yet tell how far-reaching will be the reforms that are sure to grow out of this astounding exposure. Rascality has been dealt a knock-out blow. The Fremont Older who dealt that blow is not an ogre, but very much of a man.

Nocturne

In Memoriam: Charles Warren Stoddard

By Charles Phillips

How wanly the pale pale moonlight palls
  His gravestone by the sea!
How the moonswept tide rises and falls
  Sadly and restlessly!

The sea is mourning for him
  Who loved its waves so well;
There is a sob in its low stir,
  The sound of a knell.

Never, never again
  Will he look upon the sea;
Never, never again
  Will my comrade turn to me—

Saying, "Now the wave sings!"
  Saying, "Now, how it sighs!"
It sighs forever now!—and I!—
  Under these grieving skies.

This is an alien place! No more,
  My comrade by my side,
I mark the glory of the earth,
  The wonder of the tide.

Strange forms pass down the paths we loved,
  The ways we went together know
New feet, new friends . . . but you, O sea,
  Forever constant flow!—

Saying, "He was my friend";
  Saying, "He loved me well"—
There is a sob in your low stir,
  The sound of a knell;—

Yet you, O sea, when I am gone,
  May keep him by you still—
Whispering his name to him in the night,
  Beneath the shadowy hill;

You still may stay and sing to him
  When the pale pale moonlight palls
His gravestone under the cypress,
  Near the old Mission walls.

Perspective Impressions

Our garbage ordinances are scraps of paper.

The German sea fighters have peace without victory.

The drys declare that they will divide the State. Haven't they done it already?

Henry Ford is going to turn editor. We suggest that he call his paper "The Flivver." It's pretty apt to be one, anyway.

At last the prohibitionists are doing something of which we approve. They are fighting near-beer.

Fickert's nickname, it seems, is "Legs," while McDonough's is "The Centipede." So Pete has more legs to stand on than Charlie has.

In all the annals of the sea there is no precedent for the humiliation suffered by the German fleet. No fleet ever before deserved such humiliation.

Henry Ford, in announcing his change of occupation, says that he is interested "in the future, not only of this country but of the whole world." Why leave out the universe?

If the United States Senate doesn't object to keeping La Follette, there is little to be said. But we cannot help observing that United Senators appear to be rather careless about the company they keep.

It is rumored that Fickert has lost his appetite for sweetbreads.

So far there have been no libel suits filed against J. B. Densmore.

That fellow Dr. Card was the two-spot in a dirty deck.

If you want to be friendly with Tax Collector Bryant don't let him hear you say "Very good, Eddie."

Fickert declares in his own defense that he has left nothing undone to convict Mooney. It certainly looks that way, Charlie; it certainly looks that way.

We judge from reading Pauline Jacobson in the Bulletin that every congregation in town is going to a different kind of Heaven.

A word that will be misused for years to come is "barrage." It threatens to displace "camouflage" in popularity with the manglers of language.

Cardinal Mercier suspects that Germany has not yet had a change of heart. And he has had unusually good opportunities to study that heart.

The Germans seem to be surprised that while they starved, the Kaiser lived on the fat of the land. What surprises us is that he had any appetite.

Even the stupidest book reviewers are beginning to tire of Robert W. Chambers.

Benny Selig made a mistake when he sent "the big fellow" sweetbreads. He should have sent him brains.

A good way to circumvent the dictaphone is to use the deaf and dumb language; but a better way is to do nothing and say nothing dishonest

The suffragettes want women at the peace table. We prefer them at the dinner table. And if they're pretty, we don't mind their lingering at the toilet table.

The Vice-President will be in San Francisco before Christmas. For the benefit of those who may have forgotten, we give his name: Tom Marshall.

The Kaiser spends his time hearing novels read. We suggest that his readers treat him to "Lost Illusions," "The Egoist," "The Tower of London," "Pilgrims of the Rhine," "Hard Times," "Dead Souls" and "Crime and Punishment."

Bryan was at the national convention of bone-drys in Columbus, and when a demand was made that the next President of the United States be a prohib., he applauded vigorously. William Chinning is the only man in America who doesn't know that Bryan is dead.

Golden Stars

By B. K.

The foolish magnetic pull of the crowd in the street I found irrestible. I ran to join it like a boy. Seventy or a hundred people were jostling about an object on the curb or in the gutter when I arrived. Yet the occupants of passing cars seemed as little able to discern from their vantage of height what it was, what drama in miniature had drawn this audience of practiced critics. In the now lighted windows of the shops round about faces peered out indifferently, watching for some extra token of interest sufficient to draw them out of their boredom.

Later arrivals were now tiptoeing and clutching at my shoulders, and saw and heard no more than I. Whatever sounds proceeded from the core of this seething hive were drowned in its hum.

"What is it?" I asked of a neighbor, who was too engrossed to hear me.

Then something became audible from the gutter, above the chatter and laughter of the crowd; and a thick voice said:

"I love you, Billy. I tell you I love you. I love th' 'ole worl', that's what I tell you. I c-can't help it."

The voice, for all its alcoholic thickness, was so strangely familiar that before I knew it my muscles were answering to quick impulses and my arms were brushing aside the curious.

On them the sound of the voice had an opposite effect.

"Nothing but a drunk!" one spokesman said, expressing the common disgust. And my progress inward became the harder. The staves of the human barrel had been tough enough to drive in. Flying outward and apart, they swept me for a moment off my feet. Then I got among the half dozen who still lingered about the limp figure squatting on the curbing.

It was he.

Leaning over him was a policeman, in an attitude of deference rather strange to a policeman with a common "drunk" on his hands. The officer was saying something. What it was I could not at once distinguish. From time to time he encouraged the helpless one with a pat on the shoulder that was positively friendly.

But it was he—Brookes, physician of some prominence in our neighborhood. A courtly figure, the pink of propriety as well as of fashion, I always thought him, as I saw him sometimes, about to enter his car, always with a cane hooked over his arm, a pair of speckless gloves on his hands, a carnation at his lapel. Once or twice I had made overtures to acquaintance, but he showed himself indifferent. He seemed never to depart from that cold and offish mien. As he was always alone, except for his driver, I took him for a bachelor, until some one dropped the information that he was a widower, with two sons in the service.

"Can I be of any help, officer?" I asked, on wedging nearer. "I know him slightly. Or know where he lives."

"I've got him, thank you, sir. He'll be all right in a minute."

"Tha's righ'. I'm all righ'," the distinguished tippler agreed. "Very good of you, 'm sure," he nodded to me, for the first time. "Everybody 'xtremely goo' to me Showing me so mush 'tention."

"Let me take your arm, sir," the officer said, shaking him gently.

What can it be, I wondered, that so suddenly and so utterly shivers these hard natures into splinters?

Suddenly the unsettled gentleman lurched to his feet, and, to steady himself, threw an arm about the policeman's neck. Against the light gray of his sleeve a black band stood out. And on the black band I made out, in the uncertain lights of the street, two gold stars.

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Land for Our Soldier Boys

By Franklin K. Lane

Secretary of the Interior

I believe the time has come when we should give thought to the preparation of plans for providing opportunity for our soldiers returning from the war.

Every country has found itself face to face with this situation at the close of a great war. From Rome under Caesar to France under Napoleon down to our own Civil War the problem arose as to what could be done with the soldiers to be mustered out of military service.

At the close of the Civil War America faced a somewhat similar situation. But fortunately at that time the public domain offered opportunity to the home-returning soldiers. The great part the veterans of that war played in developing the West is one of our epics. The homestead laws had been signed by Lincoln in the second year of the war, so that out of our wealth in lands we had farms to offer the millions of veterans. It was also the era of transcontinental railway construction. It was likewise the period of rapid, yet broad and full, development of towns and communities and States.

To the great number of returning soldiers land will offer the great and fundamental opportunity. The experience of wars points out the lesson that our service men, because of army life, with its openness and activity, will largely seek out-of-doors vocations and occupations. This fact is accepted by the allied European nations. That is why their programmes and policies of relocating and readjustment emphasize the opportunities on the land for the returning soldier. The question, then, is, "What land can be made available for farm homes for our soldiers?"

We do not have the bountiful public domain of the sixties and seventies. In a literal sense for the use of it on a generous scale for soldier farm homes as in the sixties "the public domain is gone." The official figures at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1917, show this: We have unappropriated land in the continental United States to the amount of 230,657,755 acres. It is safe to say that not one-half of this land will ever prove to be cultivable in any sense. So we have no land in any way comparable to that in the public domain when Appomattox came, and men turned westward with army rifle and "roll blanket" to begin life anew.

While we do not have this matchless public domain of '65, we do have millions of acres of undeveloped lands that can be made available for our home-coming soldiers. We have arid lands in the West; cut-over lands in the Northwest, Lake States, and South; and also swamp lands in the Middle West and South, which can be made available through the proper development. Much of this land can be made suitable for farm homes if properly handled. But it will require that each type of land be dealt with in its own particular fashion. The arid land will require water, the cut-over land will require clearing, and the swamp land must be drained. Without any of these aids they remain largely "No man's land." The solution of these problems is no new thing. In the admirable achievement of the Reclamation Service in reclamation and drainage we have abundant proof of what can be done.

Looking toward the construction of additional projects, I am glad to say that plans and investigations have been under way for some time. A survey and study has been in the course of consummation by the Reclamation Service on the Great Colorado Basin. That great project, I believe, will appeal to the new spirit of America. It would mean the conquest of an empire in the Southwest. It is believed that more than 3,000,000 of acres of arid land could be reclaimed by the completion of the upper and lower Colorado Basin projects.

It has been officially estimated that more than 15,000,000 acres of irrigable land now remain in the Government's hands. This is the great remaining storehouse of Government land for reclamation. Under what policy and programme millions of these acres could be reclaimed for future farms and homes remains for legislation to determine. The amount of swamp land and cut-over lands in the United States that can be made available for farming is extensive. Just how much there is has never been determined with any degree of accuracy. Practically all of it has passed into private ownership. For that reason in considering its use it would be necessary to work out a policy between the private owners and the Government unless the land was purchased. It has been estimated that the total area of swamp and overflowed lands in the United States is between 70,000,000 and 80,000,000 acres. Of this amount, it is stated that about "60,000,000 acres can be reclaimed and made profitable for agriculture." The undeveloped swamp lands lie chiefly in Florida, in the States along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, in the Mississippi Delta, and in Missouri, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and California.

What amount of land in its natural state unfit for farm homes can be made suitable for cultivation by drainage only thorough surveys and studies can develop. We know that authentic figures show that more than 15,000,000 acres have been reclaimed for profitable farming, most of which lies in the Mississippi River Valley.

The amount of cut-over lands in the United States, of course, it is impossible even in approximation to estimate. These lands, however, lie largely in the South Atlantic and Gulf States, the Lake States, and the Northwestern States. A rough estimate of their number is about 200,000,000 acres—that is, of land suitable for agricultural development. Substantially all this cut-over or logged-off land is in private ownership. The failure of this land to be developed is largely due to inadequate method of approach. Unless a new policy of development is worked out in co-operation between the Federal Government and the States, and the individual owners, a greater part of it will remain unsettled and uncultivated. The undeveloped cut-over lands lie chiefly in the Pacific Northwest (particularly in Washington and Oregon), in the Lake States (Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin), and in the South Atlantic and Gulf coastal States (Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas).

Any plan for the development of land for the returning soldier will come face to face with the fact that a new policy will have to meet the new conditions. The era of free or cheap land in the United States has passed. We must meet the new conditions of developing lands in advance. Security must to a degree displace speculation. Some of the defects in our old system have been described by Dr. Elwood Mead in these words:

"Science (should) have gone hand in hand with the settlement of the arid and semi-arid country, and all that science could give would have been utilized, first, in the creation of the conditions of settlement and then in aiding the settler in difficult tasks. Because nothing was done, these heroic but uninformed souls were bedeviled by the winds, cold, drought, and insect pests. They wasted their efforts, lost their hopes and ambitions, and a tragic percentage left, impoverished and embittered. The tragic part of this history is that nearly all this suffering and loss could have been avoided under a carefully thought-out plan of development."

There are certain tendencies which we ought to face frankly in our consideration of a policy for land to the home-coming soldier: First, the drift to farm tenancy. The experience of the world shows without question that the happiest people, the fest farms, and the soundest political conditions are found where the farmer owns the home and the farm lands. The growth of tenancy in America shows an increase of 32 per cent for the 20 years between 1890 and 1910. Second, the drift to urban life. In 1880, of the total population of the United States 29.5 per cent of our people resided in cities and 70.5 per cent in the country. At the census of 1910, 46.3 per cent resided in cities and 53.7 per cent remained in the country. It is evident that since the war in Europe there has been a decided increase in the trend toward the city because of industrial conditions. The adoption by the United States of new policies in its land development plans for returning veterans will also contribute to the amelioration of these two dangers to American life.

A plan of land development whereby land is developed in large areas, subdivided into individual farms, then sold to actual, bona fide farmers on a small-payment basis, has been in force not only in the United States under the reclamation act but also in many other countries for several years. It has proved a distinct success. In Denmark, Ireland, New Zealand and the Australian Commonwealth it has completely changed the land situation. One of the new features of this plan is that holders are aided in improving and cultivating the farm. In a word, there is organized community development. Its beneficial results have been well described by the Canadian commission which was appointed to investigate its results in New Zealand in these words:

"* * * The farmers have built better houses or remodeled their old ones, brought a larger

(Continued on Page 13)

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Spiritual Adventures

By Michael Fane

An "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," in a modern setting, with a newspaper writer, a fictionist and a poet instead of a leader of the Anglican movement in the Church of England as the author, is the essence of "The High Romance" by Michael Williams (Macmillan, New York). Mr. Williams gives us in this book an autobiography that, aside from the purpose of the effort, is interesting, because interestingly told and because it covers the story of the life of nearly every modern newspaper man who has attempted to break into the realm of creative writing. Given a start by Philip Hale of the Boston Journal at a time when he had been employed as a porter in a five-and-ten-cent store in Boston, Williams goes forward as a writer, sometimes doing stretches for a "kolyum," and sometimes routine work as a reporter, until he has made a considerable reputation for himself as a poet and a sketch and short story writer. The taint of the basement in which he worked as a porter has infected his lungs and he has to fight tuberculosis. He finds his way to the Pacific Coast and into newspaper work that he apparently does not enjoy, but that brings him in contact with much that stirs his strong and vivid imagination. He is in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and the much more devastating conflagration that followed, and his description of both of these calamaties is so very real that the reader feels as if he himself had been through the experience. He returns to New York and begins a more serious effort to win fame as a writer and joins the colony established by Upton Sinclair at Englewood, N. J. His accumulated manuscripts, his books, his clothes, in fact everything that he owned, were destroyed in the fire that consumed Helicon Hall and put an end to the Sinclair community life. He is obliged to start anew and has to face, as he does so, another approach of the Shadow that has now walked by his side for a number of years. This drives him into the open, and again to the Pacific Coast. And it is at this time that the High Romance culminates.

We are a little at sea about this High Romance in the beginning. The title intrigues the reader. One is not sure of the character of the book until one has adventured well into it. At first the high romance appears to be the urge of an imaginative lad into an expression of the literary aspiration within him. Then it would appear to be a goal set for the culmination of a desire to develop the spirit of mysticism through the various channels of new thought, spiritism and the occult. And finally it bursts forth as a realization of soul hunger for the Divine which finds supreme satisfaction in the Catholic church.

There are two books in the High Romance. One is the story of the effort of a modern writer to achieve recognition and a place among the artists of his time and the other is the story of the reclamation by the Catholic church of a son who had wandered far from its fold. They do not appear to belong together in the form in which Mr. Williams has put them. It would seem as if he had felt impelled to tell all about himself while he was undertaking to make clear his reasons for joining the Church of Rome, and the narrative of his struggles in life telescopes into his narrative of his spiritual experiences in a manner that is not altogether reconcilable.

Of all those who have attempted to tell such a story, perhaps St. Augustine and Newman are the only ones who have been seriously listened to by the non-religious world. Ignatius Loyola's "Life and Spiritual Exercises" has probably had more influence on the world than any effort made by an individual to impress his experience upon his readers. But the world does not care to hear the story of the man who finds his way into the Catholic church whether by sheer reasoning or by fortuitous concurrences. It may be interested in one particular case or another, as the circumstances of the time may warrant, but it apparently remains unaffected.

Mr. Williams has a virile imagination and sees beauty wherever he looks. He is compellingly interesting by the very strenuosity of his images and his confessions. And his sincerity and candor of soul are such as to make his book of timely value to those who, like him, have found happiness in the oldest form of the Christian religion. But one feels that there might be a greater tenderness and delicacy in the treatment of the story of his life and one wonders what very great success he might have had with this book had he the gift of some of the French writers, Huysmans, for instance, who makes one see vividly the struggles of the soul towards the truth that will appease its hunger. Mr. Williams speaks, as he quotes Mr. William James as having told him, through a megaphone, as it were. He is like the figure in "The Ancient Mariner" who must catch you by the coat and detain you while he tells of the big thing that has happened to him. His style is loud and hammering and he leaves one with a feeling of awe for the intensity of his mental processes as he strives to make his words felt.

The Catholic church has a message for the people of today as it has had for the people of every generation and in summing up Mr. Williams' "High Romance" it seems to me that, so far as the people of this country are concerned, Mr. Williams has struck the right note. It is that of mysticism. There are so many prophets of the occult, so many preachers of mystic creeds, so many demonstrators of spiritism and communications with the souls that have passed over that were known on earth, that one cannot but believe that there is a very serious desire on the part of many of the people of our day to pierce the veil that shrouds the future of the intangible ego that is known as spirit or soul and establish a communication of some satisfactory nature with those who have gone before, who were but a while ago among the living and now are nothing but a memory. Mysticism is the soul and center of the Catholic church. The heroes and heroines of that religion were nearly all mystics and the communion of the saints is a doctrine of pure mysticism. The communion of saints embraces the church militant, the living, the church suffering, those who have departed and are experiencing purgation, and the church triumphant, those who have passed into the glory of the righteous. This communion is established through the mystical and it is this element in the human mind that responds to the teachings and the practices of the Catholic church and finds the highest possible satisfaction in its sacraments and ceremonials. So that to a practicing Catholic, saturated with the spiritual satisfactions received from his religious exercises, the mysticism preached by the occultists of the day appears to be merely a matter of toying with the great mysteries revealed to especially favored souls.

And if, as is firmly believed by the great majority of American Catholics, there shall arise at some time within the near future a great soul who shall point the way to those who hunger and are not satisfied with the little they receive, who shall in fact lead great portions of our population into the Catholic church, it seems to me that, understanding the wants of the people, such a man, or woman, shall reach their understanding through the mystical rather than through the intellectual channel. And among all those who have attempted to point out the way, at least those I am familiar with, Mr. Williams is the first to strike this note. If we are to have a literature that will affect the minds of the people toward the Catholic church, if we are to have writers in this country such as the Chestertons, the Bellocs and the Vaughans of England, it will be along the line suggested by Mr. Williams, of attempting to reconcile the passion for the mystical that appears to infect the more seriously inclined people of this country with the satisfactions offered by the Catholic church to its devout followers. It would seem to me that Mr. Williams has given us a book which will eventually be read very largely by "examiners" who wish to give an ear to what the Catholic church has to say and attention to what it has to offer. And because of this, one wishes that Mr. Williams had made his book more strictly a record of the soul. While he would have lost many readers who will casually read his present message he would have gained many more who would take the record for what it exactly is.

What judgment will be passed upon "The High Romance" by those unable to take Mr. Williams' point of view, those to whom Roman Catholicism is an abomination and those who are lacking in the "will to believe," one writing as a Catholic can easily imagine, but even so, such readers will hardly deny the reality of Mr. Williams' spiritual adventures to himself and therefore, in his opinion, to others. Even the pragmatists will confess that "The High Romance" is a fascinating contribution to that vast literature of the world which might well be grouped under the title of one of Mr. William James' most interesting works, "Varieties of Religious Experience."

The writing fraternity of the country will read the book with interest because of its references to well-known members of the craft And undoubtedly the author is a man of fine sympathies who has made a great many friends, and these will be interested greatly in the unusually candid and open manner in which he exposes his mental and spiritual life and his aspirations toward the Unknown.

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Poems About San Francisco

236—THE PLAZA

By Bret Harte

This parody of Sir Walter Scott was published in the Californian Magazine of October 8, 1864.

If thou wouldst view the Plaza aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Show that the fountain does not play.
When the broken benches are hid in shade,
With many a vagrant recumbent laid;
When the clock on the Monumental tower
Tolls to the night the passing hour;
When cabman and hackman alternately
Entreat and threaten—indulging free
In coarse yet forcible imagery;
When the scrolls that show thee the playhouse nigh,
In monstrous letters do feign and lie,
Of "Fun divest of Vulgarity";
When Bella Union is heard to rave
O'er the last conundrum the minstrel gave;
When the street-boy pauses—intent upon
The band at Gilbert's Melodeon—
Then go—but go alone the while,
And view John Bensley's ruined pile,
And, home returning,—do not swear
If thou hast seen some things more fair.

The Spectator

Densmore's Dictaphone

Ever since the delicate ear of the dictaphone was trained to hear conversations not meant to be public, it has treated this country to some big sensations, but its latest performance in this line puts all previous accomplishments in the shade. We haven't had such a sensation in San Francisco since the graft prosecution was at its height. The Evening Call of last Friday night contained six solid pages of matter, most of it caught by the dictaphone, some of it tapped from telephone wires and some of it explanatory, but every last word of it so breathlessly interesting, so astounding, so fatal to reputations, that it is safe to say that many thousands of people willingly spent the four or five hours it took to read the entire revelation. San Franciscans who thought they knew pretty well what was going on behind the scenes have confessed that this record opened their eyes to things they never dreamed of. The lowermost depths of the underground system, the most secret machinery of the great engine of "pull" was laid bare. The revelation carried conviction. For there is a widespread belief that though the virtue of the dictaphone is corruptible at the hands of private detectives, it is above suspicion when associated with the investigators trusted by Uncle Sam. Many suspicions were confirmed by the expose in Friday's Call, many mysteries were cleared up, several reputations were ruined. At this writing it would appear that we are to have a dictaphone serial. After its long blast of Friday night it was silent—perhaps to catch its breath—until Monday night, when it spoke a column of confusion to Police Judge Morris Oppenheim. How far these revelations will go, nobody knows but Fremont Older, and he isn't telling. But it is pretty generally understood that he has enough transcript to make the Call a best seller for at least three months. "My Own Story" by Fremont Older was pretty compelling, but "Other People's Conversations" by the Dictaphone is the thriller of the expiring year.

What It Told

Briefly summarized, the dictaphone revelations showed that the office of District Attorney Charles M. Fickert was open to illegitimate influence exerted on behalf of people charged with crime. It showed that Fickert was recently engaged in an attempt to "frame" a witness in order to convict Rena Mooney of the Preparedness Day murders. It showed that McDonough Brothers, the most notorious of bail bond brokers and police court manipulators, enjoyed the privilege of fixing cases which the District Attorney was sworn to prosecute, both before they came to trial and during trial. It showed that a monger of pork tenderloins and sweetbreads by the name of Benny Selig, exercised a similar influence with the District Attorney. It showed that Tax Collector Edward Bryant could be appealed to successfully in the matter of reaching a juryman when a notorious abortionist was on trial. It showed that a rich man accused of degeneracy could be saved from trial because he had powerful friends in the Hall of Justice as well as "temperamental" friends on Baker Street. It indicated that the intellect which Fickert relied on for advice was the very powerful intellect of former Justice of the Supreme Court Fred Henshaw. And in this connection, not the dictaphone but an expanatory narrative (since documented from the books of W. J. Dingee), shocked the city with the ugliest story heard in many years, the story of corruption in the famous Fair will contest. Denials came thick and fast on top of the dictaphone revelations. We are to have a Grand Jury investigation. It is to be hoped that the whole awful mess will be carefully and conscientiously sifted, and that where corroborative testimony supports the evidence of the dictaphone, there will be indictments and speedy trials. "Clean the rascals out!" That should be the slogan of San Francisco.

The Attempted "Frame-up"

By far the most important part of the dictaphone revelation is that bearing on the Mooney case. The prevailing sentiment in the District Attorney's office with regard to this case may be indicated by this conversation, duly reported by the tireless instrument of detection:

Cunha: Chief, if you can get a witness who will put Mrs. Mooney at Steuart and Market streets, I don't give a damn if you put her there in a balloon.

Fickert: I think I can put her there in a taxicab. It looks as though we had the witness.

Cunha: If you have, chief, I will put that —— —— —— Mrs. Mooney on trial again and I will convict her by every rule of the game.

The further revelations show that Fickert was willing to commit himself to the taxicab witness as completely as he formerly did to the jitney bus theory of prosecution in the Mooney case. The story of the attempt to "frame" the taxicab witness is almost incredible as the dictaphone unfolds it in succeeding conversations. The villain of the story is a Burns detective named Billy Otts. The victim of the plot is Mrs. Jean Judd, wife of a well known business man of this city. A clumsy attempt was made to induce her to be filmed by a movie operator, the intent, obviously, being to photograph her in some compromising position or other. This attempt failed, Mrs. Judd being a woman of good sense as well as of unquestioned respectability. Apparently, it would have been a very simple matter to get a movie man to take such a picture. The dictaphone reports the detective, Ott, as saying:

"You never saw such a crooked bunch of people since you were born. I have investigated three exchanges myself—gone over their books—and settled one case for $300,000. I'd rather

have what's stolen out of their royalties than all the rest. It makes fellows like ourselves feel cheap."

The movie plan of forcing Mrs. Judd to testify having failed, she was forcibly taken to Fickert's private office, we are told, and an attempt was made to give her the "third degree." It failed. Mrs. Judd claims, and is borne out by her husband, that she was at home all of Preparedness Day and knows no more of the Mooney case than any other ordinarily interested citizen. The evidence of the dictaphone is that this was an attempt to "frame" a witness to take the place of the discredited Oxman. Let us hope that the responsibility for the attempt will be fixed, and that where the dictaphone is silent sworn testimony will complete the story.

Things Were Livened

"You need somebody around here to liven things up a bit."

Thus Assistant District Attorney Cunha to his chief. Who knows but that Densmore read that dictaphoned remark and decided to give the office the excitement it craved?

A Tribute to Griffin

One record reports Fickert as cursing Judge Griffin.

"That —— —— —— —— Griffin! If it wasn't for him we would have had Mooney shoved right off at the end of the trial."

This reference to the trial judge was perhaps evoked by his efforts to have Mooney tried again. "Shoved off" is low slang for "hanged."

Slang and Profanity

The record is full of slang, principally of the sort used by yeggs and pickpockets. This is not to be wondered at, considering the atmosphere of the Hall of Justice. But what has shocked many people is the amount of profanity used by Fickert, his deputies and associates. Apparently, it is considered good form to load your conversation with cuss words when you are talking with "The Big Fellow," otherwise "Legs.' When a newspaper line of type contains nothing but dashes, you may be sure that what the censor deleted was pretty blistering stuff. Fickert and his pals swear like mule skinners.

The Mysterious Swanson

In and out of the Densmore record walks the mysterious Martin Swanson, the private detective. We have been hearing about Martin Swanson ever since that bomb went off on Preparedness Day in 1916. But we never see him. Swanson always hugs the shadows, he is modest and likes the background. I do not think he was ever put on the stand during the bomb trials. He is about the only man who has figured in the Densmore disclosures who has not rushed to the newspapers with a denial. But no—I am wrong. We haven't heard from Billy Otts either. Will somebody please page Mr. Otts, alias Hammond. Evidently Martin Swanson doesn't care for publicity. There ought to be interesting evidence if Foreman W. H. McCarthy puts him on the stand in the Grand Jury investigation.

McCarthy Unscathed

Which reminds me that William H. McCarthy passed unscathed through the dictaphone ordeal. The attempts to reach him in the Max Koenig case failed miserably. He was above board, and his course was straight. I am not surprised. Nobody is surprised—nobody who knows "Bill." We are fortunate in having a grand jury foreman of his calibre to handle the investigation. He is conscientious, he is painstaking, he is a man of brains and he is 'wise" to the undercurrents of local affairs.

Is It All True?

Some people affect to doubt the veracity of Densmore's dictaphone. They are the kind of people who never believe anything they see in a newspaper. Perhaps the stenographers made a few minor mistakes in transcribing, but you may be sure there were no big errors. That record will stand. If you doubt, listen to "Bill" McCarthy:

"I can say this, that insofar as I am concerned personally, that dictaphone quotes me verbatim."

To Extract the Truth

A rather curious light on the Fickert mentality was shed during a conversation "the big fellow" had with Mulhall of Sacramento. They were discussing a prospective witness:

Fickert: Does he drink?

Mulhall: Oh, yes, he drinks all right.

Fickert: Do you know, I've been thinking of a scheme a fellow told me about. There's a certain kind of dope you can get to put in their drink without them knowing it, and they say that if a man never told the truth before, he will tell it when he gets that dope inside of him.

I suggest that Foreman McCarthy administer that stuff to "Legs," "Centipede," "Sweetbreads," "Sweetheart" and all the rest of the prospective witnesses in the Grand Jury investigation.

What Did He Mean?

In the course of the same conversation, Mulhall said to Fickert:

"You know, if this thing ever breaks we will go down hill so fact that all hell won't save us."

What did Mulhall mean? The remark reminds me of what Ed Cunha said in his first flush of fright after the expose of Oxman and Rigall: "I realize it's me for the scrap heap." Why should a man go down hill or to the scrap heap for doing his duty? Or were these men doing something which was not their duty?

"Truth Crushed to Earth"

An interesting section of the Densmore report shows us District Attorney Fickert in his lighter moments. We see him, evidently with a school reader or a volume of Bartlett's Quotations in his hand, quoting poetry to a deputy.

"Here's one I used to like when I was a kid," said Fickert, but we are not told what gem of poetry that was. It would be interesting to know. In what is described as "a pompus voice" Fickert also recited "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." A wag had this incident in mind when he read that Fickert had knocked Fremont Older down in the Palace Hotel.

"Fickert doesn't learn anything from reading poetry," was the comment. "He reads 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,' and then he goes and knocks Older down."

Is He the Greatest?

The bill boards announce that Edward H. Lemare is "the world's greatest organist." So do the stickers in the street cars. Is Lemare the greatest in his profession? I do not know. He may be. But I question the good taste of the announcement. It smacks more of a circus performer than of a cultivated master of the fine art of music Who is responsible for that blatant announcement? Not Lemare, I trust. But hasn't he any control over the superlatives of his press agent?

"Fatty" Knocks Los Angeles

"Fatty" Arbuckle who is dear to the hearts of movie fans, made a speech at the Imperial one night when the Chronicle-Ince film made for the boys in France was being shown. "Fatty" had a good many things to say about Los Angeles. And they were not complimentary things. Thus, he said Los Angeles was a good place

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to come from. That most of the people down there had one dollar and one lung and were trying to hold on to both. And so forth, and so forth. Worn out jibes, and therefore lacking the only merits a jibe can have—freshness and originality. It seems rather strange that "Fatty" Arbuckle should knock Los Angeles. From all reports he made a pile of money down there. And in his dinner clothes and a bright pink silk shirt, he used to be part of the regular scenery at Levy's in the days when Los Angeles was wet. Query: Does "Fatty" knock San Francisco when he is sojourning in Los Angeles?

Those Flu Masks

Probably we shall never have a satisfactory answer to the great question, Did the flu masks do any good? Some say one thing, some say another. Most of us are content to let the matter rest. But before we drop the subject, I must file a bit of evidence forwarded to me by a constant reader of these columns. He clipped the following from the Weekly London Times of October 25:

Recent researches conducted by MM. Nicolle and Lebailly of the Pasteur Institute of Tunis have proved that the microbe of influenza is what is known as a "filter passer"—that is, it is so small as to pass through any filter, no matter how minute the interstices may be.

Is This True?

I am told—and on good authority, too—that a rather peculiar order was issued to the girls employed in the "returned goods" department of one of our largest department stores. The order, which was verbal, ran something like this:

"You are not supposed to accept goods which customers want to return. But be careful how you carry out this rule. If the customer looks like a poor person, refuse to take the goods back. But if the customer looks like a rich person and a good customer of our store, and insists on returning the goods, take them back."

Noblesse Oblige

Fred Kellogg, publisher of the Call, brought this excellent little war story from London. It is so good that one hopes it is gospel-true:

A woman, one of 30,000 British working for the Y. M. C. A., was assigned to scrubbing the floor of a "Y" hut in London. She accepted the job without protest and went down on her knees with a pail of hot water, a cloth and a cake of soap. Soon the water in the pail was black. A man in uniform passed. The woman looked up and asked if he would mind emptying the pail and refilling it with clean water.

There was a theatrical pause, then this reply:

"Dammit, madam, I'm an officer!"

Like a flash the scrubwoman retorted:

"Dammit, officer, I'm a duchess!"

A Cobb Story

Genial "Jim" Duffy of the Santa Fe stopped work long enough the other afternoon to tell me a story about Irvin Cobb, the short story writer. Wonder if you've heard it? Here it is:

When Cobb was visiting the Grand Canyon he met an undersized, attenuated chap by the name of Spencer.

"Spencer," said Cobb one day, "how much do you weigh?"

"Ninety pounds," said Spencer.

"Ninety pounds!" exclaimed Cobb. "Why, my aunt has a goitre that weighs more than that!"

One from Remington

I told this Cobb story to Tom O'Connor, the lawyer, and he remarked that he knew an "aunt story" which was at least as new as Duffy's. I told him to unburden himself, and he gave me this:

One day at the Lambs Club, Childe Hassam, the impressionist painter, asked Frederick Remington who doesn't need to be identified, to give him a criticism of his latest work. Remington was reluctant to do so, but Hassam insisted so much that finally the great painter of the vanished frontier said:

"Well, if you must know, Hassam, I have an old aunt up-State who can knit a better picture than that."

Missouri's Reed

People cannot live in a seaport without absorbing a certain amount of the sailor's contempt for a landcrab. So that is why we of San Francisco cannot restrain a feeling of disgust for that landcrab of landcrabs and provincial of provincials, Senator Reed of Missouri. We "didn't know he was sick" in fact until he began his attacks on Hoover at the beginning of the war. Since then, we have never heard his voice except when raised in behalf of provincialism or of the meat trust. He flogged Hoover as non-American, because Hoover had traveled and found the world was not as represented by the flat-earthers. Reed believes in an America isolated from other nations, like Japan prior to Perry's visit. Also, heaving bricks at strangers would seem to be his ideal of patriotism. In mental composition, Reed is the same stripe of politician as used to curry votes with farmers by refusing to wear socks and collars, confusing simplicity with commonness and backwoods egotism with democracy. But to return to Reed's provincialism, the paper says that after reading George Washington's advice against entangling alliances, the Senator continued:

"Now it is proposed that we renounce our ancient policy and become entangled in every broil in Europe of the present or that may happen hereafter. That is the most monstrous doctrine ever proposed in this republic."

Reed evidently does not know that Europe has changed in political structure since Washington's time, when the United States was a lonesome experiment. And he also does not know that Washington could no more foresee the structure of the modern world than he could foresee the invention of railways, steamships, telegraphs, cables, wireless and airplanes that have brought Rome, Hongkong, Buenos Ayres and Sydney into quicker touch with Washington City than was Mt. Vernon in the old days. And Pershing comes from Missouri!

The Town of Town Talk

How many readers of this paper know that there is a town of the same name in California? Yes, there's a Town Talk, though I'm sorry to say it isn't much of a town. It is on the divide between Grass Valley and Nevada City. The Standard Oil has a sub-station there, also a spur line. It is the distributing point for the district north of Colfax. From The Morning Union of Grass Valley we learn how Town Talk got its name:

In the early days a saloon having a sign "Town Talk" over its entrance, stood on the banks of Deer Creek, near the Plaza in Nevada City. One stormy winter Deer Creek overflowed its banks and carried this liquor emporium down-stream. A miner walking along the creek after the waters had receded, happened upon the sign, which he tucked under his

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Mined in New Mexico

arm and carried up to the summit where his shack was situated, and nailed it over his door. From that sign the hill took its name. At the time Town Talk got its name it was a fair sized camp, having mines, lodging houses, a couple of saloons and numerous cabins, and it produced gold and excitement a-plenty. But things are quiet enough there today. Its mines appear to have been worked out, and its mining population long ago left for other diggings.

From the Nevada City News I glean something more. That shack with the sign Town Talk on it afterwards became a school, and still later it was occupied by a thrifty woman who sold pies and doughnuts to the teamsters hauling between Grass Valley and Nevada City. But how did the saloon that was washed away in the flood originally come to be known by such a peculiar name? This has not been explained. However, one of the first of San Francisco's illustrated papers was called Town Talk (no relation to the present paper), and perhaps the saloonkeeper took that paper and admired it so much that he named his saloon after it.

An Interrupted Tour

It may not be known to all that "Doc" Leahy continues to be Tetrazzini's manager, although the "Doc" remains in San Francisco and Luisa lives in Milano. The song bird never concludes a business arrangement without first consulting "Doc" Leahy by cable. He has been her manager since that first memorable season of hers at the Tivoli, yet there has never been the scratch of a pen between them. That shows in what esteem Luisa holds our famous impresario. Just before the war ended "Doc" Leahy received a long cable from Luisa in which he was asked to go at once to Italy and manage a tour for the benefit of the Red Cross. The stars were to be Tetrazzini, Toscanini and Ruffo, and the plan was to give performances in Italy, France and England. Leahy replied that he could not leave before the first of the year. Meanwhile the Central Powers suddenly collapsed, and the tour was off. But something may come of the plan later on.

Bierce's Rejoinder

Has San Francisco any of those antiquated hydraulic elevators, or did they all perish in the Great Fire? Oakland still boasts one that I know of. I had occasion to make a business call in one of Oakland's old office buildings the other day, and was lifted to the third floor in such a leisurely fashion that I relaized I was riding in one of the antediluvian contraptions which our grandfathers thought such marvels of efficiency. And my progress being so gradual, my ride so long drawn ont, I had time to think of a story of Ambrose Bierce. It seems that our great satirist got into one of those hydraulic lifts one day. A fellow passenger who, judging by his proprietorial air, must have been the owner of the building, said to Bierce:

"Do you know that this elevator has been running since 1862?"

"I wouldn't doubt your word," responded Bierce, "but I only got on at the second landing."

From Chauncey Depew

Chauncey Depew spoke at a Lawyers Club luncheon in New York a few days ago, narrating some interesting reminiscences of the Kaiser, whom he first met at Salzburg in the Tyrol thirty years ago. He met him again in London during Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Depew was impressed with the Kaiser in those days, but has since revised his opinion. So much so, indeed, that at this luncheon he said the Kaiser reminded him of a rhyme he heard years ago, and he quoted:

Little Willie from the mirror
Licked the mercury all off,
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure his head and cough.
At the funeral, then, his mother
Sadly said to Mrs. Brown:
"It was a cold day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

Isaiah Foretold It All

Have you a Bible handy? Turn to chapter thirty-three of Isaiah, and speculate whether the prophet had the war and the armistice in mind when he wrote:

"Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth. He hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. The earth mourneth and languisheth: Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down: Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits. Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble; your breath, as fire, shall devour you. . . . Hear, ye that are far off, what I have done; and ye that are near, acknowledge my might."

"You must be crazy, Isabel. I've asked you repeatedly to be economical, and yet you go on and order the most expensive fur coat in the shop."

"Well, I don't mind being economical, but I do object to looking economical."

"Much bothered with tramps out your way?"

"I was until I tacked up a sign on my gate."

"Ah! 'Beware of the dog,' I suppose."

"Oh, no. Simply 'Farm help wanted.'"

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

At Bruce Porter's Wedding

"I see," writes an occasional correspondent, "that you corrected a local society reporter who spoke of Mrs. Bruce Porter as a San Francisco girl. Society reporters haven't much time for literature—the books they thumb most are the Blue Book and the Social Register—so I'm glad you were not too hard on the one who made that slip. And yet, she might easily have known better, for the wedding of Bruce Porter and Margaret James was reported in the papers of two hemispheres. The daughter of William James the pragmatist and niece of Henry James the novelist, Margaret James is a personage. And Bruce Porter—though many San Franciscans may not know it—has national reputation among amateurs of the fine arts. But this is not what I wanted to tell you. I wonder if you ever heard an amusing story of that wedding? Perhaps not, so here goes. The wedding took place in a beautiful Swedenborgian church in Newhaven, Connecticut. The ceremony was performed in the presence of many notables. At its conclusion Bruce turned to his bride and said·

"'And now, Margaret, I am going to kiss you.'

"But the bride held up a warning hand.

"'Not yet, Bruce, not yet,' she said.

"And as the wedding procession went sedately down the aisle, the bride whose eyes were modestly lowered in the best New England fashion, did not realize that Bruce Porter was marching at her side with one hand raised aloft in amused supplication to 'whatever gods there be.' But everybody in the pews saw that the East and the West had met."

That Row of Legs

Did any one notice the collection of society legs displayed on the social page of a certain paper published the other Sunday? The picture created some stir, I understand, and was highly prized in the barber shops. Why should the Police Gazette be allowed to hold a monopoly on pictures of shapely legs? The ladies fortunate enough to appear on the society page mentioned need not be afraid to compete with the best of the choristers and to meet the winners of the red-haired girls' bathing suit contest at Neptune Beach. The fact that such pictures are unknown in upper circles of other lands need not affect us, who set our own precedents and are not hampered by mid-Victorian tradition.

At Mrs. Fiske's Expense

It was at a dinner party on Pacific Heights. As usual at dinner parties, even on Pacific Heights, when the chatter inspired by the cocktail had died away in the presence of the soup, somebody mentioned the movies. The movies tide dinner parties over all those awkward pauses when "angels are passing."

"I see," said a matron from San Mateo, "that Mrs. Fiske says Charlie Chaplin is a very great artist."

Then up spoke a professor from the University of California:

"The tribute of the greatest voiceless player of the stage to the most eloquent mime of the silent drama."

Huneker Berates "Thais"

The iconoclastic music critic James G. Huneker, had his fling at Massenet when Geraldine Farrar made her first appearance of the season in "Thais." Listen to Huneker, and if you are enamored of the opera, restrain your tears:

Gertrude Farrar made her first nod of the season in the matinee yesterday in the Metropolitan Opera House. Thais, the emotional lady who played hob with the morbid erotic monk Athanael, was the role which Miss Farrar enacted, and occasionally sang—for she was recovering from a severe cold and her voice was not in its best estate. But she appeared in new costumes and, as Massenet's opera is largely an exposition of the modiste's art, it was clothes that counted heaviest. We frankly wonder what were the impressions of Anatole France when he first heard and saw this operatic travesty of his book of ivory, gold, lust, and beauty. Massenet had been so long the unusual mantuamaker spirituelle to courtesans that one more meant nothing to him. He plundered a prose poem of profound psychology, turning it to shallow prettiness, adorning it with ribbons and gew-gaws, splashing it over with mock-turtle Orientalism, and introducing a meditation which is the repertory of every self-respecting table d'hote in the land. And it is all as insincere as a frosted wedding cake.

At the Cecil

Miss Olivia Long of Santa Barbara, who has been the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Burns, spent Thanksgiving Day with Miss Codman of Berkeley. Mrs. A. M. Yoeum made a charming luncheon hostess Monday. Mrs. George Goodman arrived recently from the East and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. K. Wylde. Captain Wylde, who is in France, will probably not return to American until after the New Year. Accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Donaldson Clark, Mrs. Lyde Harrison of Chicago has engaged one of the most beautiful suites at the Cecil. The party will remain in town over the winter. One of the most delightful affairs of the week was the card party given by the management on Monday evening. The guests included General and Mrs. Edward McClernand, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. John Evans, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wyche, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton, Mesdames Charles Graf, T. C. Donald, Eugene Davis, George Gage, Dora Ahlborn, J. D. McDonald, Donaldson Clark, Chinn, Rowley, Keith and Worrall, Misses Mead, Sally Fox, Marion Thompson, Messrs. Augustus Ames, Fred Holden, Davis, Brandsheid and a complement of officers from Fort Mason and the Presidio. An elaborate dinner on Thanksgiving Day was given by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley. Most of the guests were classmates of their daughter, Miss Blanche Highley, who is a student at Stanford.

Celebration at the Tavern

Neither the war nor the flu has made the Tavern management forget how to stage a day of celebration, not even the greatest celebration our country has ever seen, which Thanksgiving Day certainly was. The tables were surrounded by many a merry group who entered into the spirit of the day with ardor. The Jazz Orchestra put more "pep" into its performance than even that bunch of live-wire musicians usually attain, and the Show Girl Revue Corps sang more and better songs than one could have believed possible in view of their past achievements. Everything went with a zip, and everyone had the time of his life, or appearances are wholly deceitful.

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The Stage

First Sunday Symphony Concert

Sunday afternoon the first Sunday Symphony concert of the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given. Alfred Hertz will direct the remarkable programme which opened the season so brilliantly. The prices will be cut in half, as has been the custom for the Sunday symphonies. The concert is scheduled for the Curran at 2:30 sharp. Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony in E Minor, considered by many the great Russian composer's masterpiece; Paul Dukas' delightful scherzo, "Sorcerer's Apprentice," based on a Goethe ballad; and Henri Rabaud's majestic and mystic "Procession Nocturne," after Lenau's epic poem, "Faust," comprise the programme. The "pop" series will open Sunday afternoon, December 8, at the Curran. It will be known as a "Victory Concert"—music of wide appeal by composers of the allied nations. The event will begin with "America," followed by the Dirge from an "Indian Suite" by MacDowell, one of the greatest of American composers. The overture "Patrie," by Bizet, will come next, followed by five Flemish dances by a Belgian, Jan Blockx, who should not be confused with Ernst Bloch, whose "Schelomo" will be a conspicuous feature of the second pair of regular symphonies. Two of Percy Grainger's very popular folk-music setting, "Irish Tune from County Derry" and "Molly on the Shore," will represent Great Britain. The French composer Massenet will contribute three graceful Alsacien Scenes, which call for clarinet obbligato by H. B. Randall, and violoncello obbligato by Horace Britt. The Bohemian Dvorak is programmed with Slavonic Dances, truly Czech in character, and not offered before by Conductor Hertz. J. Burgmein, which is the nom de plume of the elder Riccordi, famous music publisher, will represent Italy on the programme. His Venetian Carneval is altogether enchanting. Then will come the overpowering March Slav of the Russian genius, Tschaikowsky, and the Victory Concert will be concluded with the "Marseillaise" and "Star-Spangled Banner."

Popular Song Writer at Orpheum

Maud Lambert, musical comedy prima donna, and Ernest R. Ball, the popular composer of "Mother Machree," "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "In the Garden of My Heart," "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold" and "A Little Bit of Heaven," will present a delightful act at the Orpheum next week. Mr. Ball has arranged a singing pianologue in which he uses his own compositions. He is a capable pianist and pleasing vocalist. Miss Lambert is gifted with a sweet voice. "All for Democracy" is an allegory. The spirits of the great of history come to counsel the President in his trying hour—Grant, Lee, Lincoln, Washington, Lafayette, Joan of Arc and Pershing. The role of the President is a silent one. "Petticoats," a comedy by John B. Hymer with Grace Dunbar Nile, is an incident in the lives of college girls. Joseph Bennett and Edward Richards will present the dramatic sensation, "Dark Clouds," which is a genuine surprise. Walter Brower ranks among the leading monologists in vaudeville. Officer Vokes and Don scored the emphatic hit of the present New York season with Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic." Don is the justly famous inebriate canine, and Officer Vokes is the cop who arrests him. Billy Dale and Bunny Burch will appear in their original creation, "The Riding Master.' A new series of official war films will be exhibited. The only holdover will be Helen Trix, assisted by her sister Josephine, in new songs of her own.

"One of Us" at Alcazar

The skilfully selected New Alcazar Company has jumped into popularity at a bound. The spoken drama season promises to be one of the most notable in the history of the famous playhouse. By the end of the first week, with normal conditions restored, crowds were being turned away. "Upstairs and Down" has its final performances this week. "One of Us" is another New York novelty for the coming week, opening with Sunday's matinee. It depicts the lights and shades, the comedies and tragedies of back-room cabaret life. Jack Lait wrote it. He is the writer of gripping human interest stories. Oliver Morosco recently made the New York stage production. Thurston Hall plays his original role. Belle Bennett will be disclosed in a new light. Roy Clements, a former Alcazar favorite—now the stage director—personates a crook. Henry Shumer will be the humorous waiter-evangelist.

"Hearts of the World" at Curran

"Hearts of the World," the "Victory love story," will be the attraction at the Curran for the fortnight beginning Sunday night. The D. W. Griffith masterpiece ran for fifteen consecutive weeks on the occasion of its former presentation in this city. Recent events in Europe should make for even greater interest in this picture which shows scenes on the battlefields actually taken "over there" with the permission of the British and French governments. "Hearts of the World" is essentially a love story of the great war, with the conflict serving as a grim background. A special orchestra under the direction of Rene W. Williams will interpret the score which accompanies the unreeling of the film so effectively. Daily matinees will be given.

DRINKING SONG

When Horace wrote his noble verse,
His brilliant glowing line
He must have gone to bed the worse
For good Falernian wine.
No poet yet could praise the rose
In verse that so serenely flows,
Unless he tinged his Roman nose
In good Falernian wine.

Chorus:
Shakespeare—Jonson, too,
Drank deep of barley brew,
Drank deep of barley brew, my boys,
Drank deep of barley brew.

When Alexander led his men
Against the Persian King,
He broached a hundred hogsheads, then
They drank like anything.
They drank by day, they drank by night,
And when they marshalled for the fight
Each put a score of foes to flight—
They drank like anything!

Chorus:
No warrior worth his salt,
But quaffs the mighty malt,
But quaffs the mighty malt, my boys,
But quaffs the mighty malt!

When Patrick into Ireland went
The works of God to do,
It was his excellent intent
To teach men how to brew.
The holy saint had in his train
A man of splendid heart and brain—
A brewer was this worthy swain
To teach men how to brew.

Chorus:
The snakes he drove away
Were teetotallers, they say,
Teetotallers, they say, my boys,
Teetotallers, they say!

—Theodore Maynard.

"What has become of the greyhound you had?"

"Killed himself."

"Really?"

"Yes, tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two."

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Dukas.....Scherzo, "Sorcerer's Apprentice"
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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c 50c.

LAND FOR OUR SOLDIER BOYS

(Continued from Page 5)

acreage of land under cultivation that would otherwise be lying idle; have bought and kept better live stock; have bought and used more labor-saving machinery on the farms and in the houses. * * * They keep more sheep and pigs and have so largely increased the revenue from their farms that they are able to meet the payments on the mortgages and to adopt a higher standard of living and a better one. Throughout the country a higher and better civilization is gradually being evolved; the young men and women who are growing up are happy and contented to remain at home on the farm and find ample time and opportunity for recreation and entertainment of a kind more wholesome and elevating that can be obtained in the cities."

It may be said that this country, outside of Alaska, has no frontier today. Of coudsc, Alaska will still offer opportunity for a pioneer life; and of course Alaska likewise has yet unknown remarkable agricultural possibilities; but unless we make possible the development of this land by the men who desire their life in that field we will lose a great national opportunity.

This is an immediate duty. Our thought now should be given to the problem. We should know not merely how much arid land can be irrigated, nor how much swamp land reclaimed, nor where the grazing land is and how many cattle it will support, nor how much cut-over land can be cleared, but we should know with definiteness where it is practicable to begin new irrigation projects, what the character of the land is, what the nature of the improvements needed will be, and what the cost will be. We should know also, not in a general way but with particularity, what definite areas of swamp land may be reclaimed, how they can be drained, what the cost of the drainage will be, what crops they will raise. We should have in mind specific areas of grazing lands, with a knowledge of the cattle which are best adapted to them, and the practicability of supporting a family upon them. We should know what it would cost to pull or "blow out" stumps and to put the lands into condition for a farm home.

And all this should be done upon a definite planning basis. We should think as carefully of each one of these projects as George Washington thought of the planning of the city of Washington. We should know what it will cost to buy these lands if they are in private hands. In short, the United States should be able to say to its returned soldiers: "If you wish to go upon a farm, here are a variety of farms of which you make take your pick which the Government has prepared against the time of your returning." I do not mean by this to carry the implication that we should do no other work now than the work of planning. A very small sum of money put into the hands of men of thought, experience and vision will give us a programme which will make us feel entirely confident that we are not to be submerged industrially or otherwise by labor which we will not be able to absorb, or that we would be in a condition where we would show a lack of respect for those who return as heroes, but who will be without means of immediate self-support.

This plan does not contemplate anything like charity to the soldier. He is not to be given a bounty. He is not to be made to feel that he is a dependent. On the contrary, he is to continue in a sense in the service of the Government. Instead of destroying our enemies he is to develop our resources.

The work that is to be done other than the planning should be done by the soldier himself. The dam or the irrigation project should be built by him; the canals, the ditches, the breaking of the land, and the building of the houses should, under proper direction, be his occupation. He should be allowed to make his own home, cared for while he is doing it, and given an interest in the land for which he can pay through a long period of years, perhaps 30 or 40 years. This same policy can be carried out as to the other classes of land. So that the soldier on his return would have an opportunity to make a home for himself, to build a home with money which we would advance and which he would repay, and for the repayment we would have an abundant security. The farms should not be turned over as the prairies were—unbroken, unfenced, without accommodations for men or animals. There should be prepared homes, all of which can be constructed by the men themselves and paid for by them under a system of simple division by which modern methods of finance will be applied to their needs.

As I have indicated, this is not a mere Utopian vision. It is, with slight variations, a policy which other countries are pursuing successfully. The plan is simple. I will undertake to present to the Congress definite projects for the development of the country through the use of the returned soldier by which the United States, lending its credit, may increase its resources and its population and the happiness of its people with a cost to itself of no more than the few hundred thousand dollars that it will take to study this problem through competent men. This work should not be postponed.

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Letters

For Better City Government

"American Cities, Their Methods of Business," is a brief and compact treatise which will repay study by both elected officials and plain citizens, whether they agree with the author, Arthur Penson Gilbert, M. A., or find fault and pick flaws in his reasonings. As set forth in the preface, "This book is sent forth with the hope that it may help to concentrate attention on the possibilities of constructive city evolution. The aim has been to express briefly a philosophy of city improvement—not a statement of the utmost that can be hoped for—the ideal city; but the methods by which directed improvement can begin, the path along which real improvement must travel, the means by which the ideal, if it ever be reached, will be reached." Though there will be whole-hearted agreement that anything that aids what R. L. S. called "the liveableness of life," is welcome, there will be natural differences as to how the improvement may be attained. Anything which adds even a fraction to the worth of a dollar, be it the dollar of capitalistic investment or the workingman's wage, is well worth consideration. Better schools, better housing, transportation, marketing facilities, sanitary conditions, and a score of other considerations, all have a legitimate place in determining one city more than another as a manufacturing center or a residential district and it behooves both the municipal authorities and the citizens to take those matters under advisement and do their best to achieve the ideal in the interest of their own prosperity. When it comes to ways and means there is room for discussion and difference of opinion. Many of Professor Gilbert's schemes presuppose ideally perfect administrators and altruistic officials. Now there is nothing so hard on theories as plain facts, and facts are stubborn things. Against the evils of monopoly he sets up government ownership, yet government ownership is monopoly. When private corporations are in competition each seeks to attract custom by giving a better return to its patrons, either in cheaper rates or in better service. Each is alert to adopt the latest improvement, not only to keep ahead of its rivals but to prevent some new corporation from stepping in and by securing the patents for new devices, march at the head of the procession. Government takes no chances in establishing new enterprises, but only takes over those in which the primary risks have been overcome. Competition is not eliminated by superior service at a lesser cost but by drastic laws which severely penalize any attempt at paralleling government activities "Take it or leave it" is the rule, and modern conditions leave the majority no choice; we take what is thrown at us and make the most of it. Government management is apparently more successful that private simply because the laws expressly designed for hampering and curbing corporations are abrogated when they are found to have the same effect on government enterprises. Furnishing service "at cost" has a delightful sound but any publicly managed enterprise can be warranted to cost all the traffic will bear. The actual bills rendered for heat, light, power, water, gas or sanitary services might be small enough, but be sure the services of the various inspectors and agents and one thing or another, to say nothing of the cost of materials, are all tucked away somewhere. The average citizen has neither the time nor the expert knowledge, much less the access to accounts, to check up extravagance or ferret out the various leaks, or see through the loose wording of ordinances and contracts, but when a municipality attempts to supply anything "at cost," the cost may be warranted to be high. Private enterprises must pay their way or go out of business. There must be a reasonable percentage of profit over and above all operating expenses. Rigid economy must be enforced, and superfluous employees dispensed with, but municipal enterprises are under no such hampering restrictions. Deficits are a matter of course, and an increase in the tax levy straightens out all the complications. The third assistant deputy janitor of the back basement stairs, hired for a day or two, has a lien on his job, and though the stairs, the basement, even the building itself is destroyed finally and forever, that janitor collects his regular salary with equally regular increases. "Figures do not lie, but liars figure," and municipal bookkeepers can be relied upon to make an excellent showing on paper. Single tax, government ownership and a score of other socialistic plans might work out beautifully in a nation of ideal altruists, but it is a long, long while before such a condition will come about. Professor Gilbert expresses unbounded admiration for Social Insurance and any number of other projects which are stamped "Made in Germany." Five years ago they would, in all probability, have been accepted at almost their face value, but events of the last

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Judging from the action of the market the past week, the Money Committee succeeded in accomplishing what it started out to do; namely, to prevent over-speculation on the bull side of the market. It was not only successful, but succeeded in discouraging the trade to such an extent that sentiment, which was very optimistic from a peace standpoint, changed to one of pessimism and brought a decline in the general list. Stocks were offered quite freely towards the end of the week, and liquidation in some stocks made the market look as if it would require something in the way of news to stop a decline rather than prevent an advance. The copper shares were the first to feel the weight of the selling. This class of stocks were thought to be real peace stocks, and with the price fixed at 26 cents for Government uses, it was thought that these stocks could easily maintain their present dividends. Later on when it was reported that there was so much copper en route that had been held back by the recent epidemic, and that copper metal was being offered freely at 24 cents, the trade made up its mind that these stocks were not in the strong position that they appeared to be in. With declining prices for copper metal, and the biggest customer they have had in the past few years practically out of the market, and high taxes to face, with a possibility of labor troubles later on, these issues became the target for the bears, and were really the factors in bringing about a change in sentiment. Railroad shares were thrown on the market freely, on the general belief that the Government will take over the roads, and not let them go back to private ownership. Sentiment amongst the holders of railroad securities shows that they are not at all pleased with the prospects of absolute Government ownership, and this has brought about considerable liquidation in these issues. Steel stocks held up well considering the weakness in the general list, although they were off some in a sympathetic way. For four years the world has lived under unnatural conditions, and now that the war is over it has got to come back to normal. War contracts will have to be cancelled, the billions of dollars that have been spent in producing destructive material can no longer be used for this purpose. Our resources now must be based on constructive operations. Labor unrest and fear as to the future Government ownership has unsettled holders of securities. There is a quiet wave of liquidation which will have to run its course. In the meantime we do not look for any severe break of consequence, although during this period of readjustment, which is beginning to make itself felt in the security market, we look for prices to be forced down to a level where stock can be bought with only a limited risk.

Cotton—There is very little to be said about cotton speculatively. The Government's action in prohibiting sales of cotton for short account has put the market in such a condition that few care to take chances and are inclined to let the market alone. Cotton can only be sold against actual spot cotton or only to close out long commitments. Trade reports continue very pessimistic, as far as the actual demand for cotton goods is concerned. As long as the Government was in the market for cotton goods, prices were kept abnormally high, and now that the Government has dropped out, the mills, while offering cotton goods at a lower level, report a poor demand, with buyers only buying from a hand-to-mouth basis. The general feeling seems to be that we can look for little or no improvement in the export demand for some time, and certainly not until political conditions abroad show some signs of improvement. With only a normal demand for export we have plenty of cotton for wants, and some left over from this crop. Like everything else, the cotton trade has got to go through a readjustment period, and until this change takes place cotton futures will not have any permanent advance.

Swiss Take Precautions

Importers, as well as others in this country, are likely to become familiar in the near future with the legend "Spes" affixed to various articles. The letters are the initials of the "Syndicate pour l'Exportation Suisse," an organization of exporters in Switzerland which is desirous of preventing goods made in other countries masquerading as Swiss. Although the movement seems to be aimed at all foreign countries, it is really directed only against Germany. Early in the war German concerns tried to maintain some kind of foreign trade. The handicap they labored under was the universal detestation of everything German because of the atrocities in Belgium, France, and elsewhere. As a subterfuge, branches of German factories or selling agencies for their products were established in Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. In some instances, a portion of the finishing work on German goods was done in those countries, but in others not even this much deference was shown. Instead of "Made in Germany" the notation on the products was one showing origin in another country. Switzerland was the first of these outside countries to rebel at this course. The manufacturers there perceived that their native products would be under suspicon and be discredited all over the world if it continued. So they resolved to protect themselves, and "Spes" is the result. This word shows absolute Swiss origin. No one can use it unless he is a member of the syndicate and he cannot become a member of the syndicate unless he proves that his goods have been produced on Swiss soil, and, in addition, the manufacturer or producer must have been of Swiss nationality before July 1, 1914. In the case of stock companies, the President and two-thirds of the Directors must be of Swiss origin or citizenship and at least two-thirds of the capital must be Swiss.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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Letters

(Continued from Page 13)

few years have taught us to look closely at that particular label. "American Cities" is worth much more than a casual glance, even if it arouses only opposition. From the Macmillan Company, New York.

New Tales by Jack London

A new book by Jack London! It is a good one, too, for Jack London never did a poor piece of work. Moreover, and he is rarely fortunate in this, the contents of his posthumous volumes are not the gleanings from his waste basket, the discarded fragments he would never have given forth in that form. Too often it has happened that thrifty relatives and executors have lost sight of every consideration but coin in hand, and the prospect of present profit has been allowed to dim a reputation. The four tales which make up the contents of "The Red One" are finished work of the mature man, all written within the last year of his life, as the appended dates certify, tales of adventure such as no one else has ever given us, and they range from the foozen noth to the tropic seas. The title story, "The Red One," has its scene laid in one of the Solomon Islands, amongst the head-hunters and cannibals. It deals with an exploration undertaken by a naturalist to satisfy himself concerning the origin of a mysterious sound. Hardship and suffering were his portion. Native customs revealed themselves, and much more. "The Red One," after all, what really was it? "The Hussy," told in the shadow of the Fine Arts Building at the Exposition, takes us to Ecuador, and any reader who recalls Mrs. Voynich's "Gadfly" and Joseph Conrad's "Nostromo" will be prepared to credit whatever is told of that little-known country. In "Like Argus of the Ancient Times" we join the Klondike rush, and though our fellow-traveler is an old man of seventy and ought to be pathetically tragic, he is a cheery old codger who has run away from his family of sons and daughters bent on bossing the old man. The way he managed to get into the gold country without an outfit or ready means may be improbable, but it is not impossible, for old Tarwater, who had crossed the plains to California, had practical adaptability united to experience which the younger men lacked, and when he returned with a tangible fortune, the about-face of his descendants will have as humorous an attitude to the reader as it had to this second-time Argonaut. "The Princess" is a tale of the road in which three disreputable tramps, each minus one arm, and all degenerates from a better rank, attempt to convince one another of their once-high station and relate romantic stories to account for their crippled condition. This is pure comedy, which must be read to be appreciated. Lovers of Jack London—and what Californian is not?—will be pleased to add this forty-fifth volume to their shelves. From the Macmillan Company, New York.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Coalinga Mohawk Oil Company will take place on Monday, December 2nd, 2:00 o'clock P. M., in accordance with the by-laws of the Company, at the offices of the corporation, 403 American National Bank Building, in this city.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO RENEW MORTGAGE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24270, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, Deceased.

MARY DEGAN, administratrix of the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this court authorizing, directing and empowering her, as such administratrix, to renew the subsisting mortgages on the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing to the court that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgages be renewed,

It is ordered by the court, that all persons interested in the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, do appear before this court on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-seven ($2767.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary Degan, the administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said petition for further particulars. Said real estate, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue, distant thereon twenty-eight (28) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly C) Street; running thence Southerly along said line to Fifth Avenue twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly seventy (70) feet to the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue and the point of commencement.

BEING a part of Outside Land Block Number 385.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks next before the day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed November 26, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk, by E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 3rd day of October, 1918, in the matter of the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, the undersigned as administrator of the estate of said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate, at private sale on or after WEDNESDAY, December 18, 1918, to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

1. An undivided one-sixth interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Central Avenue distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southerly from the point of intersection of said line of Central Avenue with the southerly line of Page Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Central Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly ninety-three (93) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle easterly ninety-three (93) feet and nine (9) inches to said westerly line of Central Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 656.

2. An undivided one-sixth interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Page Street distant thereon thirty-five (35) feet easterly from the point of intersection of said line of Page Street with the easterly line of Lyon street, running thence easterly and along said line of Page Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the southerly line of Page Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 598.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the law offices of O'Gara & DeMartini, rooms 549, 550 and 551 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, November 21, 1918.

GEORGE WOLTERS,
Administrator of the Estate of Annie B. Wolters, Deceased.

O'GARA & DeMARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms, 549, 550, 551 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-3

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NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, trustees under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the under signed Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, as trustees by Celestina Broyer, which said Deed of Trust bears date the 4th day of March, 1918, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in volume 1075 of Trust Deeds at page 111, records of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of March, 1918. That the said undersigned will, as such trustees, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 4th day of December, 1918, at 11:00 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

That certain lot, piece and parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at the point formed by the intersection of the southeasterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Godeus Street; and running thence southeasterly along said line of Godeus Street forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches to the southeasterly line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle northeasterly along said line of Mission Street sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning.

Being all of Lots Nos. 7, 8, and 9, Godeus Gift Map Subdivision of Lots 374, 375, 376, 377 and 378, Precita Valley Lands, as per map thereof filed July 28, 1864, in map book "E" and "F," page 17, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EXCEPTING that portion of said lots which was taken for widening of Mission Street.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Celestina Broyer now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

TERMS OF SALE: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty (20) per cent on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Joseph C. Meyerstein, Room 504, Mechanics Institute Building, No. 57 Post Street, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said twenty (20) per cent to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned, as such trustees, will make, execute, and after due payment made, deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of $4650 referred to in said Deed of Trust as having been executed by the said Celestina Broyer on the 4th day of March, 1918, to P. Berta, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and the whole of which said promissory note, pursuant to the terms thereof, has been declared to be due by the said P. Berta, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six (6) per cent per annum, payable quarterly from the 4th day of June, 1918, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said P. Berta, the owner and holder of said promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust and after a notice that default had been made in the payment of the quarterly interest on said promissory note due on the 4th day of June, 1918, and that the said P. Berta had elected to declare the whole of said principal sum forthwith due and payable, and had therefore elected that the property described in said Deed of Trust be sold in accordance with the terms of said Deed of Trust to satisfy the obligation specified in said note and said Deed of Trust, which said notice had been duly recorded by the said P. Berta in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of July, 1918, and more than three (3) months prior to the said demand of the said P. Berta on the undersigned to make said sale and the giving of this notice.

Dated: This 29th day of October, 1918.

FAUSTINO DE MARTINI,
G. B. CORDANO,
Trustees.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,
Attorney at Law,
57 Post Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1372. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 7, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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A Woman's View of the Mooney Case

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, December 7, 1918 No. 1372

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Woman's View of the Mooney Case

By Helen M. Bonnet

On the day of the great Preparedness Parade in San Francisco I arrived late at the reviewing stand to which I had cards of admission. A policeman in an excited manner said, "Madam, you must not go up there!" Then he joined a group of police and citizens who formed a semi-circle at the back of the stand, examining the ground carefully. My little eight-year-old son, who accompanied me, was so keenly disappointed at the prospect of not being able to see his father march by that I asked the policeman, "Why may I not go there?" He replied, "Madam, I have no authority to prevent your going there, but you are taking your life in your hands if you do; a bomb has been thrown down town and there may be another up here." Moved by the same spirit that kept hundreds of marchers in line after they had been warned, I said, "If pacifists and anarchists can scare American people into submission, I will be a martyr," and I went up. My little boy, who had heard the conversation, followed me without question and reassured himself by remarking confidentially that George Washington would ask God not to let anything stop the parade. Doubtless he pictured Washington as one of the chosen favorites of the Almighty and fancied the illustrious George charging upon a snow-white, prancing steed among the little angels, invoking their aid to protect his countrymen. Such is the faith and confidence of the little American children in the invincibility of our country. They grow to manhood and womanhood with the same spirit and gloriously fight with intrepidity to sustain its noble traditions and ideals. When the American troops marched through London last summer, Rudyard Kipling wrote: "America is a woman-reared nation. These soldiers with the stamp of innocence upon their young faces, with their bright eyes, flashing teeth, soft voices and gentle manner proclaim the influence of woman. And how fearless they are! How splendidly brave and indefatigable!" On that July day in our beautiful city, women as well as men, by walking in that parade, sent a challenge to the Hun and sounded a clarion call, "Beware!" Never did the Spanish name of Twin Peaks, "Pechos de mujer," seem so appropriate; for a proud, motherly heart seemed to beat against those "breasts of woman" as the eyes of thousands marching out Market street were raised fondly toward them. And then when the parade was over, we learned that ten persons had been killed and fifty wounded by a bomb which some dastardly wretches had thrown upon them! Wild excitement ensued in California and every clue to the detection of the criminals responsible was eagerly followed. Then, as suspicion fastened itself upon Thomas Mooney the affair seemed more horrible when a woman, his wife, was involved. Personally, I never became so keenly interested in a case in my life and had particular opportunity to follow its progress because my husband, Theodore Bonnet, often discussed it at length with me and wrote with vigorous, caustic pen many articles in this paper of his belief in the guilt of the accused and his belief that Mooney had received justice in the courts. I feel that were Mr. Bonnet not now suffering with an illness with which he was many months ago stricken, he would undoubtedly add his opinion to that of multitudes who believe in Mooney's guilt, that the man had a fair trial notwithstanding his previous reputation as a dangerous citizen. I believe that my husband would criticize the action of Governor Stephens for commuting Mooney's sentence. For, in a remarkably able article published broadcast in the papers of November 29, His Excellency decisively and lucidly sets forth his reasons for delay in interfering, his belief that Mooney was receiving fair play, and completely disembowels the frame-up of the anarchists who have inflamed the labor organizations in far-away states and even in Russia and other foreign countries by propaganda to make it appear that Mooney is a martyr to the cause of labor. The Governer distinctly states: "The defendant, Mooney, never has been identified with the labor movement which has achieved so much for the benefit of the workingman. His connections have been with a small group of agitators of pronounced anarchistic tendencies. However, the propaganda in his behalf has become world-wide. I refuse to recognize this case as representing a clash between labor and capital." Governor Stephens declined to interfere until the judiciary had finally disposed of it. The Supreme Court in handing down its opinion affirming the decision convicting Mooney's co-defendant, Billings, stated that they had given the case particular consideration. In the effort to free Mooney, not only did he run the gamut of the courts, from the police court to the United States Supreme Court in Washington, but every writ was exhausted, habeas corpus, other motions applied for, even the virtually obsolete writ of coram nobis being resorted to. The Governor makes it plain that the President's notes to him suggesting his belief that it is wise to temporize at the present time were the sole influence that caused him to commute the sentence of the man of whom he says in his statement to the press:

"I regard the petition of the defendant solely as that of a man convicted of murder in the first degree."

Did Governor Stephens show strength or weakness in going against his own better judgment, and, it is reasonable to suppose, more authentic knowledge of the trials than the distant President? And did President Wilson show great wisdom or lend great assistance to the labor party by suggesting to Governor Stephens to consider the commutation of Mooney's sentence, since the Governor strongly avers his belief that Mooney has never had any worthy labor affiliations?

I think that if my husband were not suffering from serious illness he would raise up his voice in protest aganist the New York municipal officials who notified the federal authorities (according to the newspapers) that they would, if necessary, train machine guns upon our soldiers and sailors if they dared again to break up public meetings such as that which assembled in Madison Square Garden on November 25, to protest against Mooney's execution.

I hesitate to rush into print with these opinions, which I am quite sure must seem very crude to those who know so much more than I about government. A woman can feel more deeply than she can reason, but I want so much to try to say what I believe my husband would say against anarchy and what it is leading to in our glorious State. When he returns in health and vigor to the paper which he loved and upon which he expended his best energies, I think he will be glad that it was I who tried to give expression to what I know to be his belief. I am trying to write, not only in the interest of the long continued policy of Town Talk, but in the line of government against anarchy.

Mr. Edward F. O'Day, the associate editor, for whom both Mr. Bonnet and myself have a great regard and esteem, expressed himself in last week's issue in terms revealing an attitude diametrically opposed to that of my husband, who is away from San Francisco, and, though very ill, has still strength to be opposed to the I. W. W., the bomb throwers, the anarchists and their propaganda. So firmly convinced is Mr. O'Day that his opinions as expressed in last week's Town Talk are in the line of law and order that he instantly resigned when I presented him this article to read, announcing my intention to publish it, as he said it repudiated his article. I trust that it does.

I was born in San Francisco and love it better than any part of the earth where I have been, and I am going to use my strongest endeavors to help this paper to continue on its course, taking its part in clearing our city's reputation from the disastrous results of the disgraceful events of July 22, 1916, when, out of eighty-seven cities that had preparedness parades, ours was the only one which suffered from anarchist plots.

How The World Was Overturned

A review of the war that cost ten million lives, and fifty billions in property, brought twenty-seven nations to arms and ended with the crushing of Prussian autocracy.

The pistol shot which put an end to the life of Archduke Francis Joseph, heir presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne, at Sedajevo, June 28, 1914, turned Europe into a battlefield six weeks later. The Serbians were blamed for the assassination, and on July 23 Vienna sent an ultimatum to Belgrade demanding the punishment of the offenders and Austria's participation in their trial in Serbia.

Russia supported Serbia in rejecting the last demand; Germany supported Austria. England, France, and even Italy, then the ally of Austria and Germany, suggested arbitration by the Great Powers. By treaty Germany was obliged to support Austria if attacked by two or more powers. By treaty France was obliged to support Russia for a similar reason. By treaty Italy was obliged to support her allies in case of a defensive war.

Germany deemed Russia's mobilization tantamount to a declaration of war against her and declared war on August 1. Alleging that France had already begun hostile action against her, Germany declared war on France on August 3. Germany invaded Belgium in order to attack France, thereby turning into a "scrap of paper" Belgium's covenant of neutrality to which Germany was a partner, Great Britain declared war on Germany on August 4. Italy, deeming Austria the aggressor, proclaimed her neutrality.

But these were merely the surface expressions of a long standing conspiracy on the part of Germany and Austria-Hungary soon to be revealed by German propaganda. Germany wished to render France impotent and absorb the Germanic provinces of Russia; she would then be in a position to fight or coerce the power Great Britain enjoyed by reason of the latter's predominance at sea. Austria-Hungary wished to absorb the Balkan Slavs and make her way to the Aegean. For Germany there was a corollary to the success of the Austro-Hungarian scheme, which, by the bribery of Turkey, would establish German dominion from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. In November Turkey entered the war on the side of the Central Empires.

All this was arranged, even to the minutest detail, at the German Kaiser's Potsdam conference on July 5. There it was believed that if the corollary did not come into evidence too soon both Great Britain and Italy would remain neutral. That Japan would enter the war on account of her treaty with Great Britain was thus discounted.

Germany attempted to defend her position morally on the ground that she had been attacked by Russia on account of the Pan Slavonic ambitions of that empire and by Great Britain on account of the latter's jealousy of her world trade and industry. She was, therefore, "fighting for her existence."

Her enemies in defending themselves entered into treaties for mutual advantages after the war, in case of the defeat of the Central Empires. There wa sco-operation, but no great unity of action or purpose among them. This gave Germany a great advantage until the spring of 1917, when the United States entered the war. That event, besides bringing the material deciding factor to the Allies' cause, established their war aims upon a world basis of a fight for humanity—or republicanism against absolutism, for the rights of small nations, and "to make the world safe for democracy." All this was to be done by annihilating Prussian militarism and Hohenzollern absolutism.

On these humane principles twenty-nine nations arrayed themselves against Germany, of which twenty-four declared war.

The war, which has now brought to the stage of practical application the principles of which the enemies of Germany have been fighting, has been prodigious in geographic and social extent and unprecedented in expenditure of lives and treasure. Through battle, atrocities and massacres it is estimated that 10,000,000 lives have been sacrificed; that $50,000,000,000 of property, not including the wastage of war material, has been destroyed in various ways; that the productive wealth of the belligerents, which in 1914 was estimated at $600,000,000,000, has now been mortgaged for over $200,000,000,000, much of which now seems unrecoverable.

Germany's initial plan was to place France hors de combat and then obtain a victorious peace over Russia. Austria-Hungary, meanwhile, would attend to the Balkans. The intervention of Great Britain brought this to nought. Germany then directed Turkey to attack Egypt and the Suez Canal, and so strangle Great Britain in the East.

The first act of Great Britain was to isolate the German fleet; her second to send an expeditionary force under the command of Sir John French to Belgium and France. The Germans advanced into France within fifteen miles of Paris, and were then driven back to the Aisne at the battle of the Marne, September 5-12, 1914. Russian armies advanced into East Prussia, were held in the center east of Posen, and overran Austria Galicia. The Turks were defeated at the Suez Canal on February 2-4, 1915. In the following April the Austro-Germans began a drive in Galicia, which by the following November had carried them eastward to a 450-mile perpendicular extending from near Riga to the Russian frontier.

From March until October the Allies attempted to gain Constantinople from the Peninsula of Gallipoli, and then withdrew to Salonika in an attempt to defend Serbia, Bulgaria having joined the Central Empires on September 22. Bulgaria overran Serbia and established communication between Berlin and Constantinople via the Orient Railway. Meanwhile Italy had declared war on Austria on May 23, and had invaded Austrian territory, isolating the Trentino and advancing to the River Isonzo. The Russians, advancing through the Caucasus, were defeating the Turks in Armenia.

The sinking of the "Lusitania" on May 7 and the atrocities of the Germans in Belgium, the Austrians and Bulgars in Serbia, the Turks in Armenia, and the criminal propaganda in the United States to prevent supplies from going to the Allies all tended to lower Germany's moral standard in the war. By the naval battle off the Falkland Islands on December 8, 1914, Germany's only fleet on the high seas had been put out of existence; a similar fate soon followed her commerce destroyers. Japan had taken the German leased territory of Kiao-Chau in China, and out of Germany's oversea possessions of 1,027,820 square miles area only German East Africa, with an area of 384,180 square miles, remained, and has been fighting down to the end of the war.

The second year of the war, 1915-1916, saw the Germans completing their occupation of the Balkans down to the Saloniki line held by the Allies; there was a British defeat on the Tigris, with the surrender of Kut-el-Amara, on April 28. There were also the battle of Verdun, which began on February 21 and cost the Germans half a million casualties; the sea fight off Jutland on May 31, which left the British Navy in control of the sea; the battle of the Somme in France, July 1-November 13, which regained 170 square miles of territory and secured several strategic positions which five months later forced the great German retreat; General Brusiloff's campaign on the eastern front, which regained 7300 square miles of territory and captured 358,000 prisoners from June 4 till December, 1916.

On August 27, 1916, Rumania entered the war on the side of Germany's enemies and by the dawn of 1917 had been crushed. In March and April, 1917, took place the German retreat to the Hindenburg line, which surrendered to France nearly 1500 square miles of territory. There were British victories at the ridges of Vimy and Messines, respectively April 19 and June 7, and the great attack of the French from Soissons to Rheims, which secured 100,000 prisoners. In Mesopotamia the British recovered Kut-el-Amara and on March 11 occupied Bagdad; the Arab kingdom of Hedjaz joined the Allies.

But the most important events of the third year were political, however—the Russian revolution, March 15, and the entrance of the United States into the war, April 6. The former was brought about without any premeditation by the Cossacks refusing to fire on the Petrograd mob and the Duma taking advantage of the situation and establishing a mild provisional government, which opened the country to destructive German propaganda and the rise of the anarchy known as Bolshevism. The moral and material grievances of the United States culminated in a series of revelations showing the latter's criminality. On January 31 she proclaimed her intensified U-boat campaign, repudiating the promise of May 4, 1916, and on February 28 came the revelation of the Zimmerman note to Mexico and Japan. Up to the time the United States declared war this country had lost by the illegal operation of U-boats twenty-two ships, amounting to more than 70,000 tons, together with hundreds of lives, most of which, however, had met their death on other neutral ships or on the passenger ships of Germany's enemies.

Early in the fourth year of the war, November 7, 1917, saw the collapse of the Russian provisional government and the dominance of the

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Bolsheviki. They finally drove Russia from the war by the betrayal at Brest-Litovsk, which culminated in the treaty of peace of March 3, 1918. Rumania was forced to make peace on May 6, at Bucharest.

Other events which occupied the closing months of 1917 were equally discouraging for the Allies, whose morale, however, was kept firm through the rapidly augmenting evidences of American aid, which would be decisive. Even here there was fear that this aid could not be brought overseas, due to the intensified action of the U-boats, whose toll of merchant shipping for 1917 had been in the first quarter 1,619,373 tons; in the second, 236,934; in the third, 1,494,473; and in the fourth, 1,272,943. And as yet there were no sure grounds to believe in the great victories which came to the Allies a year hence.

On the western front the battle of Flanders, which had been begun by the British on July 31, ended with the capture of Passchendale Ridge on the 6th of the following November. There was the abortive battle of Cambrai, November 20-December 5. In October Petain secured the Chemin des Dames on the Aisne front. Italy advanced over the Bainsizza to within thirty-five miles of Laibach, between August 20 and October 1, only to be defeated at Caporetto and driven back to the Piave, losing a large part of the Regione of Veneto.

The allied front in Macedonia continued to remain inactive save for the excursions of Greek troops, whose new Government had entered the war on the side of the Allies on July 2. The war against the Turk, however, showed encouraging signs; in Palestine General Allenby captured Jerusalem on December 22; in Mesopotamia General Marshall, who had succeeded to the command on the death of Maude on November 18, extended his advance to the Euphrates, and was still ascending the Tigris toward Mosul.

It was known before 1917 closed that Germany, released from the war with Russia, was preparing a great offensive. The Austro-Germany reply to the Pope's peace note of August 1 revealed merely a readiness to talk peace on the basis of the military status quo. President Wilson, in his reply to the Pope on September 27, reaffirmed the great moral issues at stake, but in the Chancelleries of the Allies in Europe men like the Marquis of Lansdowne lowered the morale by constantly asking for the war aims of the belligerents, and there was defeatist propaganda abroad. France had her Caillaux and Bolo Pasha, Italy her Giolitti, and England her Sinn Fein.

With these distracting and discouraging influences lightened only by the hope placed in the United States and the faith that the U-boat campaign was being neutralized, the combat was carried for three months into the present year with forebodings for a long war.

Then Germany on March 21 began her great offensive on the western front with the object of separating the British and French armies by reaching the channel ports at the mouth of the Somme and then defeating each army in turn and occupying Paris. Between March 21 and July 15 her offensive had passed through four phases, giving her Lys, the Picardy, and the Marne salients. She had stretched a 195-mile front to one of 250. However, the Allies held the sectors which bound the salients and also strategic positions on their perimeters. Germany's huge losses prevented her from proceeding further unless at a given point she could break the Allies' line. This is a desperate effort she attempted to do on July 15 by driving across the Marne. She failed and began a highly organized strategic retreat to save her armies.

Meanwhile the Allies had decided, in April, on unity of command and had placed the conduct of the war in the hands of General Foch. The arrival of nearly 1,000,000 American bayonets in France gave him the opportunity to organize an army of maneuvre. His attacks begun between Soissons and Chateau Thierry against the Marne salient on July 18 have been unceasing down to the time of the armistice, steadily pushing the German armies east through Belgium and north to the French frontier, a series of battles in which the First American Army played its full part west of the Meuse.

The series of sledge-hammer blows administered by Foch's army began to have their effect not only on the battle front, but in Berlin and Vienna, in Sofia and Constantinople. The enemy was not reaping the material benefits he had expected to derive from a Bolshevist Russia. There the Czechoslovak armies—former prisoners of war released by the Provisional Government—were fighting against the Germans and Bolsheviki and were soon joined by contingents of the Allies and Russians of the educated class. The Allies recognized the belligerency of the Czechoslovaks' country—Bohemia—and the national aspirations of the Slavonic subjects of Austria-Hungary.

On September 14 the allied armies in Macedonia under Franchet d'Esperey made an attack which on the last day of the month drove Bulgaria to seek unconditional surrender.

On September 19 the forces under General Allenby in Palestine annihilated three Turkish armies, which forced the Turks out of the war, on the same terms, October 31.

On November 4, Austria-Hungary, whose note to President Wilson on October 5, asking for a peace parley, had been rejected on October 19, and who was being severely punished by an Italian offensive begun on October 27, accepted an armistice which left her helpless, with revolutionary movements in Vienna, Prague, and elsewhere tending toward the complete dissolution of the Dual Monarchy of the Hapsburgs. As far back as September 14, Austria-Hungary had attempted to have all the belligerents meet in conference and the President had rejected the proposal September 17.

On October 6 the new German Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, prepared a peace parley on the basis of the President's fourteen articles of January 8 and subsequent utterances of formulae for permanent peace.

On October 8 President Wilson asked for the Chancellor's mandate—did it come from the authorities who had begun and carried on the war or from the people?

Germany on October 12 pointed out the reforms that were going on in the empire and asked for a mixed commission on the evacuation of the occupied territory in Belgium and France.

To this note President Wilson replied the next day, defining the process by which Germany might receive terms for an armistice, but insisting that the mandate must come from the German people and be preceded by an evacuation of the occupied territories.

Other notes were exchanged, Germany answering on October 21 and the President on October 23; and, respectively, on the 27th and November 5, when the President sent to Germany a memorandum saying that the military advisers of the associated governments were prepared to submit to Germany the terms on which an armistice might be secured.

On November 8 the German commissioners received the terms of the armistice at General Foch's headquarters and seventy-two hours were allowed them in which to make answer.

Perspective Impressions

May the meat packers get their deserts.

In spirit we lay a wreath upon the tomb of the great Edmond Rostand.

Every true Californian rejoices in the compliment which President Wilson paid to Franklin K. Lane.

If more people made up their minds according to principles, not according to politics, what a happy nation we should be!

A chaplain who was Over There spent considerable time getting answers to the question, Why do American boys swear? We think he might have been more vitally employed.

"I am proud," said President Wilson, "to be the fellow countryman of men of such stuff and valor." He was speaking of our boys, and he voiced the unanimous American thought.

The Washington correspondents set the peace table one day and clear it off the next.

Some people still read the slush in Sunday supplements. But it takes all kinds to make a world.

"I have not renounced anything," says the Crown Prince. Just what did he have to renounce?

It is reported that some Sinn Feiners in Ireland are still kindly disposed toward the Kaiser. We always suspected that some Sinn Feiners were not right in their minds.

A former Oshkoshite writes to the "Safety Valve" to say that he fails to see anything funny in the name of Oshkosh. Maybe he's right, but when a name rhymes with sosh, josh and gosh, not to mention bosh, what are you going to do about it?

A Kaiser's lot is not a happy one.

The breweries are closed, yet we don't feel a bit more moral than before.

Senator Reed of Missouri would rather be wrong than President.

Maybe we won't give the Grizzlies a rousing reception!

The President went on the "George Washington." How different this trip from that which a friend of the President made in the "Oscar II!"

The Kaiser's followers destroyed many important papers in the archieves of Berlin before leaving for Holland. More scraps of paper.

The President's explanation of his trip abroad may not have satisfied some partisan politicians, but it thoroughly satisfied the country.

Eddie

By J. L. H.

I met Eddie this morning. It was the first time in two or three years—perhaps even longer than that. It was on the street car. A few blocks below my corner he got aboard, stepped jauntily in and dropped down in the seat immediately in front of mine. Glancing around he perceived me, turned about in his seat, leaned cordially over the back of it and chatted fluently, almost confidentially, all the way down town. It all seemed as natural as if it happened every morning, or, say, every few days. Yet, as I have said, it was the first time I had seen him for two or three years—or more.

He chatted fluently, almost confidentially, and always confidently and vividly. I didn't really have to chat much, for Eddie, as you might say, "did all the talking." Once in a while I said, "Ah!" or "Yes?" or "Really?" or perhaps asked some commonplace question. That was all that was necessary, on my part, to sustain the conversation.

As I looked at Eddie, and listened to him, mentally I was going back a long time and thinking of many things that had happened. I have known all Eddie's "folks" since he was a small boy—he is now, I should explain, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, probably pretty close to thirty. I recall very well the first time that I ever saw him. It was at a dinner given to the pastor of the church to which his father and mother belonged—the church at that time had a large membership and was a very prosperous one. Eddie's father was one of the "pillars." The dinner was being given by him and the other pillars, to the pastor, who was very popular and had just drawn to a close some unusually successful church campaign—I forget just what, now. All the members of Eddie's family were there—his father and mother, his two brothers, his three sisters—two of the latter with their husbands. The whole Morton family was of the church-going habit, if not aggressively pious. Morton, père, was the senior member of a big wholesale mercantile firm, down in the city—a man of large wealth, if not a millionaire. His wife had presented him with six children, all healthy, vigorous and good-looking. Eddie was the family pet—the youngest boy and much younger than either of the others; being, at that time, an apple-cheeked lad, with shining eyes and a muscular young body, clothed in a handsome "sailor suit." I had met all the others in the family before, but this was my first glimpse of Eddie. He had been well trained and his manners were easy and pleasant. I remember thinking: "What a fine lad! I believe he will make a finer man than either Bruce or Magnus"—these being his elder brothers, both decidedly personable, too. For good looks ran in the family.

Instinctively I was thinking of this as I looked at Eddie this morning and chatted with him. Even that first time, at the church dinner, as a small boy, he had possessed that same easy familiarity. And then again I thought of all that had happened since.

Eddie, as I have remarked, was a family pet as a small boy. Yet it would hardly do to say that on that account he was spoiled. His mother was altogether too decisive in character, had too "good government," for that. Besides, his father was anything but foolish in his fondness. Nor were any of the brothers and sisters. In fact, none of the Mortons were "built that way." Yet, about the time Eddie got into long trousers he began to exhibit traces of unmanageability. None of the other children had ever done the like. But Eddie was different, somehow. Full-bloodedness was a Morton trait, but the other children had with it a sort of deliberateness of conservatism, devoid of anything "speedy" or giddy. Eddie was not only full-blooded—he began to develop "speed" early. As he got along in his teens there began a series of escapades—innocent enough, at first, but gradually taking on a somewhat disquieting aspect. But at the same time his bright, handsome face, his light, confident air, his easy, ingratiating ways, kept his pull upon their heart-strings taut, and each escapade ended in forgiveness for him, after a sermon, and promises—the former on the part of his father or mother, the latter on his own.

So it kept going on. His parents rather wanted Eddie to "go through college." Neither of the older boys had matriculated at any of the great universities and both, dispensing with educational extras, had assumed places in the big business down town and were working along in it and "making good"—much to their father's gratification. Eddie, it was somehow thought, might as well, when the time came, enter Yale or Harvard, or Princeton or Cornell, and attain academic honors. He was a very bright boy and learned easily. But Eddie himself failed to enthuse over this idea. In fact, as he kept on "growing up" he developed a decided distaste for learning. Schools and schoolbooks palled upon him and it was with difficulty that he could be kept at them. His tastes were of a different descriptions, it seemed.

What allured Eddie was "the gay life." I suppose it must have been born in him—but the white light and the frou-frou of silken skirts—his keenness after them was so precocious as to be amazing. Steadily he developed "speed" and with that speed came the habit of "hitting the high places." This portion of his "education" Eddie conducted as quietly as possible at first, but of course certain episodes were bound to "leak out," to reach the parental ear. But the parental ear listened to his ingenious explanations, the parental ear yearned over his handsome personality, and somehow everything always ended agreeably.

Meanwhile, as Eddie's incompatibility with schools and teachers constantly increased, and the futility of his "studies" was evident, at last, with the object of "toning him down" and for his own good, he was taken from school and put to work in the big business down town.

Eddie, I think, attended to "business" rather as a diversion than aught else. Moreover, employment "down town" necessarily brought him more constantly in touch with the real object of his young existence, i. e., the pursuit of pleasure. Pleasure, undeniably, with a capital "P."

So things went along—I would hardly say drifted; Eddie was altogether too brisk to drift!—until he had reached his majority. And, hardly had he reached it when, one morning, in the "Society Column" of my morning paper, I read the announcement of his engagement and forthcoming marriage to one of the South Side's most charming debutantes, daughter of a physician of prominence, professionally and socially—you can imagine the rest, as the Society Column would describe it.

"Isn't it grand!" ejaculated one of Eddie's married sisters, when I chanced to meet her a day or two later, on the street. "You know, we have been just a mite anxious about Eddie. He's a splendid boy, but it did look as if he might sew a few wild oats! And now he's going to marry and settle down and make a real man of himself. We are all so delighted! And she's the loveliest girl! And Eddie's just simply crazy over her!" And so on.

The wedding invitation came along in due time. The wedding itself was so imposing a function that I felt my presence would not be missed—but I felt also the necessity of a nuptial gift considerably more expensive than I ought to afford. The account of the great event, the portrait of the bride in her wreath and veil and shower bouquet, and the resume of the gifts, occupied the best part of a page in the papers next morning. It was a church wedding, of course. The crush of guests was terrific. There was a supper to a select portion thereof. And the bride and groom departed upon an extensive and spendiferous honeymoon. The gifts were most elaborate. In addition to a large check from Morton, père, that gentleman also bestowed the complete furnishings of a beautiful apartment, in an exclusive neighborhood. It was all, in truth, idyllic.

It was perhaps six months afterward that I met one of the other Morton boys and, after passing the time of day, queried, "How are Eddie and Grace getting along?" And in reply I was informed—it pleased me much, for I had always liked Eddie—that they were ideally happy; and that Eddie was doing splendidly at the business.

You may, then, imagine my astonishment when, it seemed to me, but a few weeks later, my morning paper contained a "social scandal" which it exploited to the limit. The crux of the story was that a young and lovely bride, heroine of a famous wedding of less than a year ago, had returned to the parental roof-tree and sued for a divorce. There were many more or less specific details regarding "other women," "white lights," "the gay life," et cetera. Somewhat dazedly I gathered the fact that the couple concerned were Grace and Eddie!

I will not picture the particularities of the affair. The Mortons, proud, self-respecting, and for the first time involved in anything savoring of scandalous publicity, were submerged in humiliation and chagrin. But, incidentally, I found them too honest and honorable to make out an abili for Eddie where none existed. The young man they did not attempt to exonerate to their friends, and they expressed their sincere sympathies for Grace—who never returned to

(Continued on Page 13)

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Poems About San Francisco

237—MIDSUMMER

By Bret Harte

This jeu d'esprit which Bret Harte sub-titles "A San Francisco Madrigal" was published in the Californian Magazine of July 21, 1866. It has for its motto the line from Macbeth:

The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our several senses

Now Cancer holds the fiery sun,
And Sirius flames in yonder skies,
Midsummer's languid reign's begun—
Arise, my lady sweet, arise;
Come forth ere evening's shadows fall—
But dearest, don't forget thy shawl.

For why, methinks these zephyrs bland
Are brisk and jocund in their play.
These tears, thou may'st not understand,
Spring but from joy at such a day;
And, dearest, what thou deem'st a frown
Is but to keep my beaver down.

Now generous Nature kindly sifts
Her blessings free from liberal hand:
How varied are her graceful gifts;
How soft—(yes, dearest, that was sand,
A trifle—and by Nature thrown
O'er this fresh signature—her own!)

Here let us sit and watch, till morn,
The fleecy fog that creeps afar,
And, like a poultice, soothes the torn
And wind-bruised face of cliff and scar;
Nor fear no chill from damp nor dew,
Nor—(really bless my soul—a-tschu!)

A sneeze—'tis nothing—what of that?
Or if I choose, in youthful guise,
To chase this lightly flying hat,
Instead of painted butterflies—
'Tis but the latitude, you know,
The season gives—well, well, we'll go.

And when once more within our cot,
Where sweetly steams the fragrant tea,
And buttered muffins crisp and hot,
Their welcome spread for you and me;
Then, love, by fires that glitter bright
We'll sing Midsummer's soft delight.

The Spectator

Rostand the Great

France has lost one of her Immortals. The great Rostand is dead. Shakespeare was fifty-two when he died; Rostand, fifty. I make no apology for this close conjunction of great names. Rostand is one of the world's very greatest poet-playwrights. "Cyrano," "L'Aiglon" and "Chanteeler"—what playwright have we had in a hundred years who surpassed that trilogy? In France where literary judgment is sound and swift, the appearance of each of these dramas was an event; and the rest of the world was quick, in this as in so many other matters, to adopt the judgment of France. Great French players interpreted these works, and gained increased fame by so doing. We have seen all three plays. Who will ever forget Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano," Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon" and "Chanteeler"? And who that has the true literary flair, ever tires of reading these plays, particularly "Cyrano"? Rostand must have died happy. The exponent of his country's glories, he lived to see her reconquer her lost provinces, lived to see the completion of the work Foch was chosen to do not only for France but for all civilization.

Taking Precautions

Have you heard the story about the San Francisco labor leader to whom a banquet was tendered by his admiring friends and retainers? Not the most polished man in the world is this labor leader, having been born with a pewter spoon in his mouth and raised in circles where table manners are honored in the breach, not the observance. Well, his friends were tendering him a banquet. The chairman of the committee of arrangements went into the banquet room where the waiters were busy laying covers. Approaching the waiter who was preparing the place at table for the guest of honor, the chairman of the committee of arrangements said to him:

"Listen, garsong, you put a fork on the right of the big fellow's plate, and another fork on the left of it. I ain't gonna have him do a sword swallowing act at this feed, not if I know it."

Explaining the Flu

"One can learn a great deal by conversing with the proletariat," remarked an elegant boulevardier the other day. "The viewpoint of the fellow whom a distressing fate compels to work with his hands, is apt to be fresh and engaging, and if not illuminating, at least provocative of thought. And so, though a man have callouses on his hands, I do not disdain his conversation; positively I do not. That being the case, you will not, I trust, be shocked to hear that I have been talking with the gentleman who attends to my ash barrel. An original chap, this scavenger. He explained the origin of the influenza for my benefit.

"'You see, meester,' he said, 'alla da dead bodies on da battlefield in Europa, they makea one awful steenk. Thisa steenk, he rise up in de air. De earth move on hees axis, and ever' part of da world she get a whiff of da steenk hanging in de air. When de earth move on hees axis and San Francisco get a whiff of da steenk hanging up in de air, ever'body in San Franceesco breatha da steenk and getta da flu!'"

France's Gift to Fine Arts

On Friday afternoon, December 20, at 3:00 o'clock Consul General Neltner will formally present, on behalf of the French Government, a collection of architectural dioramas, together with a collection of photographs of architectural monuments, as well as reproductions of famous classic French sculptures, the gift of France to the Palace of Fine Arts, as a nucleus of what will in time form the French Section of the Museum. The occasion will be marked by an appropriate ceremony participated in by a Reception Committee composed of the leading men in the French Colony as well as representatives of the "Friends of France" and invited guests. The collection is installed in one of the galleries in the South wing devoted during the Exposition period to the French Fine Arts participation. It comprises beautiful realistic models of various notable architectural monu-

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ments such a sthe old Cloister of the Augustines at Toulouse, famous for its beautiful Gothic capitals, but in the XIV century. The old Cloister forms at the present time part of the Toulouse Muscum; herc is a realistic representation of the ancient, castelated city of Carcassonnc, which is generally believed to have been founded by the Phoenicians. The latter is a perfect reproduction in miniature of the walls, turrets, towers, and approaching roads that lead into the town. An unusually beautiful model presents a section of the interior of the famous Cathedral of Chartres, generally regarded as one of the most beautiful examples of Gothic architecture in the world. In distinct contrast to the foregoing is the big Clock Gate at Rouen which presents a characteristic example of the architecture of the Renaissance period, built in 1511; the celebrated Abbey surmounting the Mont St. Michel, dating back to the VIII century, is shown across the ebbing waters that surround it. And here one finds an excellent representation of the impressive Chateau of Amboise on the River Loire, near which the painter of "Mona Lisa" lies buried in the chapel of St. Hubert, whose spire is seen in the distance. A typical example of Renaissance architecture is presented in the Chateau of Azay-Le-Rideau, built in the XVI century, now used as a Museum of Renaissance Art. As a contrast to these architectural subjects there is the beautiful panoramic view of the Valley Chamonix, the most famous of Alpine centers, and the center of the winter sports in France. Another of these dioramas presents a view of Marseilles as seen from the deck of a pleasure yacht lying in the busy harbor, crowded with boats and shipping, while the purely social side of France is presented in the beautiful gardens of the Casino at Vichy, with its stylishly garbed promenaders. That noble monumental structure, the Cathedral of Bourges, is here represented with its cloistered gardens and surrounding environs; the stately dark walls of the Chateau Chenonceaux, perhaps the most notable of the many notable Chateaux in Touraine, is here presented as seen from the right bank of the River Cher. Supplementing these models of the immortal French architectural monuments are several fine reproductions of classic sculpture, such as the Fountain of the Fauns from the Garden of Versailles, which has been presented by Mrs. Francis Carolan as part of the collection, and the beautiful bust, a fragment of the group of "The Dance" by Carpaux in the Paris Opera, presented by M. Felix Passot, who is also the donor of the beautiful wrought iron balcony railing from an old hotel in Paris of the epoch of Louis XVI. A collection of fine posters which have been arranged as a frieze around the room complete the distinctly French impression which this gallery makes upon the visitor. Among those who have been invited to serve on the reception committee are the following: Messrs. A. Legallet, L. Bosqueraz, X. de Pichon, A. Lusinchi, Leon L. Rey, Rev. Father Allain, S. J. Brun, P. A. Bergerot, Pierre Chanquet, F. Passot, M. Roulier, Francis Carolan, Bruce Porter, John I. Walter, Bernard R. Maybeck, Clark Hobart and Mrs. Geneve R. Sargeant.

"How did you get cured of drinking?" asked Jules. "Were you treated for it?"

"Treated?" exclaimed Jones. "No; that's how I acquired it."

"Corporal Daisy Caruthers, why did you not inform Private Hilda Clarkson that I wanted her?"

"Oh—we're not on speaking terms just now."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Stage Women's War Relief

Throngs are admiring the aviators' jackets now upon exhibition in a Post-street window of the White House. They were made by the San Francisco unit of the Stage Women's War Relief in their rooms in the Alcazar Theatre Building. The vests are a revelation of what can be done by patient, artistic hands with kid gloves and pieces of soft kid which have been combined in conventional designs and striking color schemes as linings for the jackets which, now that there is not need for them in Europe, will be sent to our boys in Siberia together with large numbers of sweaters, helmets and socks knited by the stage women. From 9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. one day last week Mrs. E. W. Crellin, the president, spent packing cases for the Belgian refugees. The contents were woolen knickerbockers, skirts, shirts and dresses for children and padded velvet quilts made by Mme. Karl Formes, widow of the old opera singer whom Lili Lehman in her famous book, "How to Sing," called the greatest basso in the world. A little eleven-year-old girl brought in a dozen rag dolls made by her own hands to gladden the hearts of Belgian kiddies. There is in the work rooms a bewildering lot of beautiful bags, cretonne, woven, silk, for every conceivable purpose dear to woman's heart. There are laundry bags, corset bags, shopping bags, sewing bags, and bags for money. It is hoped they will bring money for our boys when they come marching home. Do you need any bags? Go to the Alcazar Building, third floor, Tuesday and Friday from 9:00 to 4:30 and take your choice. If you like to work, stay and sew. There are still fifty sets of pajamas to be made before the end of the year and workers are needed there as in all quarters of the units which so nobly helped during the war. There is a strenuous reconstruction period ahead of us and if the example of Camille D'Arville Crellin will be an incentive, the women of the Stage Women's War Relief of San Francisco will achieve results to be proud of. Mrs. Crellin is the most active president imaginable. Since the organization of the unit she has hardly missed one working day; she has been indefatigable in assembling materials from our generous merchants and has watched its disposition with miscroscopic eye; she has conserved the funds so jealously that there are three thousand dollars in the treasury which will be spent for our soldier boys. One thousand dollars were voted by the directors for a contribution to the movable gas hospital which the national unit was to buy in connection with the American Woman's Hospital in France but a few days later peace was declared so that sum will be devoted to other purposes to help our heroes.

During the recent influenza epidemic many of the workers stayed away. One day Mrs. Crellin alone appeared, even the janitor deserting his post. But the devoted Camille stayed gallantly all day at her post and swept and garnished the big rooms with her own fair hands. There are but few stage women in our city; but Mrs. Crellin's magnetism, abounding industry, sunny disposition and patriotic devotion to America have maintained the Stage Women's War Relief one of the most enthusiastic war workers' units in San Francisco. Mrs. Max C. Sloss, who is so devoted to all branches of war service, includes the Stage Women's War Relief in her activities.

Red Cross Roll-Call

A systematic plan of campaign for the Red Cross Christmas Roll-Call during the week of December 16-23 has been arranged by the executive committee, consisting of Philip T. Clay, chairman; Milton H. Esberg, vice-chairman; Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, John A. Britton, Theodore J. Roche, A. G. McCarthy, Horace H. Allen, Harry R. Bogart, Philip S. Teller, Thomas H. Doane, Thomas Rolph, Gustav Lachman and A. T. Baum, secretary. To facilitate the canvass, they have partitioned the city into five divisions, which are being subdivided into districts in accordance with area and population, so that every person residing or employed in each district can be interviewed before the prescribed week expires. These are the division leaders and boundaries: Division No. 1—Philip S. Teller, north of Market street, along Powell to Bush, to Kearny, to Clay, to Montgomery, to Jackson, to the bay and water front to the Ferry building. Division No. 2—Theodore J. Roche, starting from Market street, along Van Ness to Turk, to Taylor, to the bay, taking in all north of Market and east of Taylor not covered by Division No. 1. Division No. 3—Mrs. M. C. Sloss and Thomas Rolph, all west and north of line from Bay and Taylor along Taylor to Turk, to Van Ness, to Market, to Seventeenth, to Douglas, to Twenty-fifth, to Fowler, to Corbett, to Boulevard. Division No. 4—Thomas H. Doane, south of Market from Fourteenth and Market along Fourteenth and Division to Channel, to the bay and water front, to Dock No. 2. Division No. 5—Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., and Gustav Lachman, all south and east of line from bay along channel, Division and Fourteenth to Market, to Seventeenth, to Douglas, to Twenty-fifth, to Fowler avenue, to Corbett Avenue, to Boulevard. "This will not be a drive for money," Chairman Clay explains, "but the affording of opportunity to every man, woman and child in San Francisco to answer President Wilson's message to the American people. The response will be both a Christmas observance and a renewal of loyalty to the emblem that represents the whole spirit of what our boys went overseas to fight for—the relief of suffering humankind. These boys have proved that they can fight. We who were not given the chance to fight can again give the world notice that we stand for mercy, honor and good faith among nations." The membership fee is one dollar, half of which remains with the local chapter to

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be used for expenses and for relief of our soldiers and their families, the other half going to the national treasury. San Francisco's quota is the limit of its population. The local chapter now has a membership of about 230,000, about one-half of the city's people. Campaign general headquarters are established at 30 Montgomery street, and it is planned to have in each division a central office where the canvassers can conveniently report and apply for instructions.

Signor Patrizi's Marriage

Ettore Patrizi, editor of L'Italia, has deserted the ranks of eligible bachelors, for on Tuesday he became the husband of Mrs. Erminia McLean, daughter of the late G. Cuneo, Italian banker of San Francisco. While Mr. Patrizi's activities are principally in our flourishing Latin quarter, he is well known to San Francisco generally, through his discriminating taste in music and his generous support of it. We are indebted to him for his zeal in encouraging many of the best opera companies to visit us. Were there a few more Patrizis in this city with his genuine love for music and his industry in providing it, we might have at least an annual visit from a fine opera organization. Can any one who heard him make an address at a Verdi festival forget the wistfulness with which he said, "What does the tired business man in Italian cities do in the evening? He goes to the opera." Mr. Patrizi knows how to choose an opera company. I wish that some of our wealthy music lovers would commission him to bring us back some Italian song-birds when he returns to San Francisco from Italy, where he and his bride plan to go in the spring for a delayed honeymoon.

A San Francisco Hero

James Hepburn Wilkins gave his life for his country on October the seventh in France. He was killed in battle. He was but nineteen years old. James Wilkins of the Bullentin did not learn of his son's death until days after peace was declared. Greatest sympathy is extended by hosts of friends to his sorrowing parents, who, like thousands of others, must find consolation that their beloved son performed his duty gloriously.

On With the Dance

Isn't it fine to see the dance on again? At Techau's and Tait's the girls and boys can hardly wait for the entertainers to relinquish the floor to them and soldiers and civlians trip it merrily to the Jazz music.

The Needlework Guild

With all our splendid war work going along "at a clip," San Francisco women do not forget the needs of our local poor. On Tuesday at the Palace there was the annual display of garments made for the winter distribution. This year they numbered sixty-five hundred garments of all kinds, all new and beautifully made. Mrs. John Leale is president and among the enthusiastic lieutenants are Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. George Reed, Mrs. Duncan S. Murray and Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal.

Tavern's Popularity

San Francisco is waking up. Or, rather, she is renewing her youth, after many months of sober, serious devotion to war activities. Techau Tavern, as an example, again resounds to the lively strains of the Jazz Orchestra, and the dancers are out again on the floor, a happy, whirling throng. More attractive than ever, the pretty girls of the Show Girl Revue Corps are presenting every evening the best repertoire of their career. At the lunch hour the crowds gather in greater numbers than ever, and the capacity of the cafe is strained to the limit.

Southern Parson (to convert)—Does yo' think yo' kin keep in de straight an' narrer path now, Sam?"

Sam—I reckon I kin, pahson, ef dey ain't no watahmillion patches erlong de road.

PROGRESS

"Lo! I am athirst," said the brown earth,
"And I would drink my fill."
"Have I not slaked thee," cried the grey skies,
"From river, stream, and rill?"

"I would have wine," said the hot earth,
"Red wine from hearts afire."
"Lo! thou shalt arise," cried the fierce sun,
"Clad in a new attire."

"My fruit abundant," said the fair earth,
"As never seen before."
"Gladly shall I bear," cried the proud tree,
"That ripe and luscious store."

"My cloth so radiant," said the vain earth,
"Shall wrap me in its sheen."
"Deeply shall we weave," cried the slim grass,
"In tender gold and green."

"Lo! I am athirst," said the hot earth,
"And I would quench my fears."
"Then thou shalt taste," cried the young maid,
"The bitter sweet of tears."

"Have I not held them," said the old earth,
"The dead unto my heart?"
"Under my white robe," cried the chill wind,
"So a new spring should start."

"Men must pale and die," said the black earth,
"So men may rise and live;"
"And I was born thus," cried the great town;
"In blood they slew to give."

"Grant to me red wine," said the brown earth,
"Else do I droop and tire."
"As in the great past," cried the pale hills,
"We drank of hearts afire."

"In war have I grown," said the fierce earth,
"Man against his brother."
"Death's sheaves have fed thee," said the green woods,
"Beast slaying one the other."

"I have built my state," said the proud earth,
"In strife and foul dissension;"
"Thy church uprising," cried the grey rocks,
"From blood and hot contention."

"Lo! I am athirst," sighed the brown earth,
"Grant me red wine to spend."
"As it was in the beginning," said the great hills,
"And shall be to the end."

—Dora Sigerson Shorter.

War Made Opportunity.

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Letters

Eden Prillpotts' Latest

Sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind is the theme of Eden Phillpotts' new novel, "The Spinners." Like several of his recent works, the story has an industrial background, this time rope and twine making, but our author has the rare faculty of telling much of the work while still keeping it subordinate to the workers. Readers are not oppressed by the feeling that he is only exploiting his own specially acquired information. Little localized powers and narrow streaks of specialized knowledge—which, as the Autocrat says, breed conceit—the potteries, the hop fields, the quarries, the gardens and the mills in these later novels are as incidental as the fors and rivers of the earlier ones. They helped to make the human actors what they are. Raymond Ironsyde was an unsatisfactory son. His youth prolonged itself long past the period of childhood and he seemed to have no inclination to settle down to any serious pursuit. He prided himself on being an out-door man, but his out-doorness was confined entirely to sport. He was egotistic, selfish and self-centered, but had the personal charm which often goes with such a nature when it is untroubled about ways and means. Daniel, the elder son, was serious and industrious and had long been his father's mainstay. When Henry Ironsyde died it was found that he had left everything to Daniel, even cutting off Raymond's previous allowance. It was understood that Daniel would make some provision for his brother, depending on Raymond's improved conduct. Raymond, of course, regarded himself as a martyr and showed a childish resentment to his dead father as well as to his living brother, though, indeed, Daniel treated him far better than he deserved. Much to his disgust, he was installed in the rope walk with a view to having him learn something of the processes as well as the business management, and, in due time, was to have had a partnership. Raymond who knew nothing of finance except how to spend money, had some hazy socialistic ideas which, boiled down, amounted to little more than that everyone should have everything provided that it cost him nothing, and he was soon on easy and familiar terms with the employees, most of whom had more common sense than he could boast. Amongst the girls ther was one of the spinners who had enjoyed special educational advantages which put her more nearly on a level with her employers. She was a handsome girl and easily the best worker in her department. Raymond became interested, Sabina idealized him and there was more or less gossip. At first he meant honorably enough to marry the girl, but after she yielded, trusting in his promises, it was the old, old story or not caring to pay for goods bought on credit. There were a hundred good reasons why a man should not do what he did not want to, but none at all why he should keep his word and save a girl from disgrace. Daniel Ironsyde, hearing the story, though not in full detail, dismissed Raymond as he would any other unsatisfactory employee, and an aunt, having old-fashioned scru was his own master,metaoientaoïshrdlutaoin ples, and knowing the girl for what she was, offered to provide an income if Raymond would marry at once. Within a fortnight of the date set Daniel Ironsyde was killed in a railroad accident, and being unmarried and having died intestate, Raymond became sole heir. Now he was his own master, free and wealthy, and he promptly repudiated his promises as to marriage, and changed his views radically in other ways. In due course a child was born to Sabina Dinnett. Whether heredity, pre-natal influence or environment had the shaping of his mind each reader must decide for himself. Possibly his mother's mental condition may have warped his infant soul. His grandmother, who lived until Abel was ten years old, was implacable and never ceased to teach him that he should hate his father, and naturally, the child early learned from his playmates something of his anomalous position long before he was old enough to understand. Add to that he occasional preachments of a chronic grumbler employed in the mill, and there is sufficient groundwork. Old-fashioned Christians, too, would say that Raymond could expect nothing better, even if he had "done right" by the child, after his own conduct towards his father. At any rate, from his first conscious infancy Abel Dinnett hated Raymond Ironsyde. He was a bright child with engaging qualities that should have led him to a life of usefulness, but his implacable passion stood in his way. He could not be won over by reason or kindness, and would accept no favors. There was just one reparation by which he could be placated—the marriage of his parents, and that, of course, he could not bring about. Abel's hatred waxed with his years and became a source of amazement to Raymond, who had confidently assumed "natural" affection between child and parent. Given just these

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characters in these surroundings and the end seems inevitable. From the beginning of the first chapter, where the mill hands are waiting without the church for the funeral of Henry Ironsyde, to the last page of the last chapter, tragedy broods, though in spite of all the grief and sorrow Eden Phillpotts is never morbid, and "The Spinners" is not a gloomy book. It is one of the few recent novels that does not depend on the war for any part of its interest. From the Macmillan Company, New York.

An Enthralling Story

Francis Hill is not a familiar name and if his novel, "Once on the Summer Range," is his first, it is good enough to be the forerunner of better ones. While melodramatic and improbable, the incidents are not impossible, especially when one considers the repute in which sheep-farming was held in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and in consequence, the class of men that were brought into the industry as casual and emergency helpers. They were the outcasts and offscourings of every grade, the unemployed and unemployable who accepted odd jobs of lamb-smacking or herding the "Woollies" as an alternative to starvation. Matthew Hainlen, an architect from Pennsylvania, ordered into the open to recover his health, found it expedient to earn enough to cover his expenses at the same time. The most casual observation convinced him that it was useless for him to attempt "cow-punching," and the only alternative was to make a hand on the summer range of a Montana sheep ranch. With the exception of a dull but well-intentioned Swede boy who was acting as camp cook, the men were a scurvy lot, and an overheard conversation between a couple of them revealed a plot they had under way. A noted professor of mathematics in an eastern university was suffering from mental breakdown. His brain had given way and his death was only a question of time. Before his complete collapse he had escaped from his friends and had made his way to the West. His only daughter, discovering his retreat and finding that he was childishly happy in his new surroundings, had elected to remain with him, making a shelter in an abandoned cabin. To insure her safety from observation Eloise had donned boy's clothing, but her masquerade had been detected and the delectable sheep hands were planning a raid. How they wer at first frustrated, how the courtship of Eloise and Hainlen progressed, and culminated in marriage, and how, eventually, the youngest and worst of the renegades took his revenge makes an exciting narrative, for parallel with the abduction of the bride goes the frenzied search and pursuit by the young husband. On the one side the social position and standing of the young couple made too much publicity undesirable, and, on the other, Doerck, however much pride he took personally in his lawless exploits, knew well that it would not do to advertise himself. It would seem as though a refined and educated young lady like Eloise Glendenning would have extricated herself from her predicament when she found herself in civilized surroundings, but there is no accounting for the effect of brutal threats, and she was terrorized into silence though dragged through the slums of half a dozen cities. Anything that is possible is probable, and far-fetched as it may seem, the incidents of "Once on the Summer Range" are not more unlikely than many authentic happenings, such, for example, as those told by George W. Cable in "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." The reader who once becomes interested in this tale of Mr. Hill's will find no skippable pages. From the Macmillan Company, New York.

What-Happened-Then Stories

Ruth O. Dyer, an author of very popular book, trained in the psychology of childhood and the story-telling art, has taken fifteen of the standard tales of childhood like "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Chicken Little," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "The Three Pigs," and others, and fitted each with a happy ending. The original story is told first, followed in each case by the delightful sequel. In other words, the natural query in a child's mind, often a grieved one, is answered by learning "what happened then." The unfortunate impression of greed and ill-treatment, even to the taking of life, is removed, and the pleasant influence of generosity and kindness left in its place. The beautiful illustrations by Mrs. Young help greatly to render most desirable a book so clearly in line with what the best parents wish their children to have and to care for. From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

He was trying to excuse himself to her for being a slacker. "I'd rather be a live rabbit than a dead lion," he said.

"Well," replied the girl, "you get your wish."

"Are they seasoned troops?"

"They ought to be. They were first mustered in by their officers and then peppered by the enemy."

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FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

The Stage

A Gay Show

A sign of the times that things are "looking up" in the amusement line is the jolly bill at the Orpheum this week. It is hard to pick out "headliners," but I suppose war pictures take the lead, and fine ones they are. To be sure, there are depressing events depicted here and there, but after all it is best, "lest we forget" in the midst of triumph those loyal heroes who suffered for our victory.

Florenz Duo is "Something New in Magic." Helen Trix and sister Josephine do an unusually good musical sketch with Helen revealing herself a fascinating vaudevillian pianiste. "Officer Vokes and Don, the Inebriated Canine," while full of good laughs, is a sketch of deep human interest, showing how the humble policeman, with his knowledge of human nature and his kindness of heart does many a good turn in the performance of his duty. "Petticoats," a silly, girlie sketch, is "a regular thriller" for misses arriving at the love lorn age. Awfully real to those in that pleasant stage of existence and very amusing to anyone who can say, "I was just as silly as that once upon a time." My personal choice of the whole bill is Walter Brower, who has a monologue full of real wit and fun besides a personality which makes his act seem spontaneous, an acid test for a comedian. "The Riding Master" is a bubbly skit done with zest by Dale and Burch. Maud Lambert, very plump, very fiery, with an indisputable technique in musical comedy, assists Ernest Ball, renowned popular composer of "Mother Machree," "A Little Bit of Heaven Called Ireland," "You Can't Beat Us," and other indelibly impressed popular songs. An artistic posing sketch, announced as a substitute number, was a joy to the eye and the mind and won big applause all over the house. "All for Democracy," an allegory of the living present, presents to our gaze personages in the public eye, principally our President, to whom the impersonator bears a striking resemblance.

—H. M. B.

New Symphony Season

Once more we have with us our Symphony Orchestra, for which let us be devoutly thankful. The music of our superb orchestra will help us to realize that things in the scheme of living are again on the swift march to normal. The audiences at the two first concerts manifested their appreciation in that comforting knowledge and the orchestra did its utmost patriotic duty by playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," "La Marseillaise," and "God Save the King" as only an orchestra of such calibre could play them. Later on, I'm sure that Director Hertz will pay tribute musically to the other Allies. Doubtless the maestro would not consider any hastily prepared orchestration.

What of the orchestra this season? Superb! And they gave joyous renditions to the music hungry. Tschaikowsky's Symphony in E Minor was played with broad sweep and penetrating insight, the second moveemnt seeming to make the most lingering impression. "Procession Nocturne" of Henri Rabaud seemed an anti-climax after the fiery Tschaikowsky number, with a sort of shadow impression which after all, from the title, must have best realized the composer's intention. "Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas woke us up again. The number revels in harmonies of win and wood and strings. The audiences at both concerts were made up of music lovers in ar and society circles.

—H. M. B.

Eastern Success at Alcazar

The policy of the New Alcazar Company is to keep the wheel spinning and to offer contrasting novelties in rapid succession. Jack Lait's "One of Us," in which Thurston Hall and Belle Bennett have scored so brilliantly as the football hero and the cabaret singer, is one of the most talked-about novelties San Francisco has seen in some time, but its presentation is for this week only. Next Sunday, December 8, brings another Eastern success, quite new locally—a wildly absurd farce comedy, "What's Your Husband Doing?" Its title is significant of the great feminine problem of the hour. Its author is George V. Hobart, whose dramatic successes run the gamut from the famous morality play, "Experience," to two editions of the frivilous Ziegfeld Follies. Its rapid fire action sweeps the office of a pair of festive young divorce lawyers, the double decked fashionable road house, Honeysuckle Inn, and the suburban station house where innocent but compromised husbands and wives are gathered in after a police raid. It's all gorgeous fun and wholesome. The farce is alive with picturesque character types, among them Thurston Hall, Thomas Chatterton and Clifford Alexander as the rash husbands; Belle Bennett, Emily Pinter and Dorothy Wetmore as the suspicious wives; Claribel Fontaine as the chorus girl, Gertrude Short as the pert little stenographer, and Henry Shumer as the rural chief of police whose great reform work is to prevent the use of absinthe in road-house cocktails.

Victory Concert, First "Pop," at Curran

A Victory Concert will stirringly start off the "pop" series of the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Curran on Sunday afternoon, December 8, with Alfred Hertz conducting. Conductor Hertz' faculty for programme building has been finely disclosed in the "pop" concerts of the past two seasons, as well as in the more serious symphony events. His selection for the Victory Concerts embrace light masterpieces that are certain of appeal to all types of musiclovers. The programme in its entirety is made up of works by composers of the Allied nations and is so attractive that the Curran will unquestionably be taxed to capacity. "God Save the King," the "Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be given. The programme proper will open with the dirge from an "Indian Suite," by MacDowell, one of the greatest of American composers, to be played in memory of our fallen heroes. Two French composers, Bizet and Massenet, will be represented, the first by his overture, "Patrie," and the second by three "Alsacien Scenes." The second of these scenes, "Under the Linden Trees," calls for clarinet and violoncello obbligatos, to be performed by H. B. Randall and Horace Britt, respectively. Percy Grainger's joyous British folk-music settings, "Irish Tune from County Derry" and "Molly on the Shore," are always popular. Three Slavonic Dances by Dvorak and Five Flemish Dances by Jan Blockx, neither of which groups has been hitherto offered by Hertz, are also scheduled. Blockx is a Belgian composer. The most obvious of contrasts will be found in the fanciful "Venetian Carneval" by J. Burgmein, who represents Italy, and the overwhelming "March Slav" of Tschaikowsky, the Russian genius. Here is a remarkable musical treat for musician and layman alike. Conductor Hertz announces a new programme for the second pair of symphonies. This has been occasioned by the difficulties found in Ernst Bloch's "Schelomo," which was to have been a most important offering of the second pair. Hertz desires to give more rehearsals before presenting this masterpiece, and so has deemed it wise to give the entire programme as previously announced for the second pair at a later date. He will offer instead the following symphonic feast on Friday afternoon, December 13, and Sunday afternoon, December 15: Symphony No. 1, C Minor, Brahms; "A Night on the Bald Mountain," Moussorgski; overture, "The Bartered Bride," Smetana.

At the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces a brilliant new bill for next week. "For Pit's Sake," a travesty on the old-time melodrama, will be presented by Thomas Duray and a clever company of comedians. A traveling troupe of players present a good, old-fashioned melodrama in the Cy Splivens Opera House, which is nothing more than a spacious barn remodeled. They are all there—the weeping heroine, the crafty villian, and the strong and handsome hero. "Futuristie

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NEXT—December 13-15, Second Pair Symphonies.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c 50c.

Review" is the title given to a delightful musical act which will be presented by Countess de Leonardi, a famous European violinist. The act opens with a condensed version of the famous opera "Pagliacci,' then goes into violin classics and closes with a medley of operatic airs. The artists are: Countess de Leonardi, violin; Mme. C. Zarashi, coloratura soprano; Mlle. E. Navarry, dramatic soprano; Mlle. E. De Dreux, mezzo soprano; L. Casiglio, first tenor; L. Modena, second tenor; G. Rossini, first baritone; M. Zuiba, basso cantante; R. Thomas, second baritone, and D. Weidimger, pianist. Joseph L. Browning, one of the wittiest men in vaudeville, will deliver a timely sermon containg many chuckles. Friscoe, the first xylophonist to successfully manipulate four hammers at one time, playing the four-part harmony without the aid of any mechanical device, will be heard in popular numbers. The Lander Brothers will be responsible for an amusing skit entitled "Pills and Ills,' in which singing plays a pleasing part. A new series of the Official War Review; the Official American Red Cross Picture, "The Peace Celebration in Paris"; Walter Brower in a new monologue; "An Artistic Treat," and Maud Lambert and Ernest R. Ball in new songs of Mr. Ball's composition will be the other numbers in a bill of pleasing merit and novelty.

EDDIE

(Continued from Page 5)

her husband and who obtained her divorce, uncontested, at a private hearing of the case.

This episode, I may say, was the official opening of what could be termed Eddie's public career. From that time onward his name became a familiar feature in the newspapers as one after another he explored the possibilities of the gay life. In time, I think, the other Mortons became hardened to it, though what that result cost them in mortification and the feeling of personal and family disgrace I would not want to compute. Eddie, it would appear, has been seized with the ambition to beat all records as a scape-grace. The cabarets and the roadhouses rang with his exploits. The "rialto" was his happy hunting ground. His wine bills, supper bills, taxi bills and florists' bills became classic examples of their genre—all of them received wide publicity, because he had a happy faculty of forgetting to pay them. There were also tailor's bills, haberdasher's bills, jeweler's bills, and so on, ad lib.—bills, bills, bills, piled upon each other like Ossa upon Pelion, all for Morton, père, to pay, unless he wanted to see Eddie "behind the bars." Somehow, Eddie was always able to get credit—I suppose because the harpies who extended it were always aware that in the background was Morton, père, who could always, at the psychological moment, be depended upon to settle up.

It got so I never alluded to Eddie when I met any of the Mortons. The subject was taboo. I read of his goings-on in the morning (and evening!) papers and they were full of variety, if in another sense somewhat monotonous. The boy seemed literally dead to all sense of shace, or honor, or respectability. He went through bankruptcy with the gayety of a marquis of l'ancien règime going to the guillotine, and services and summonses, bailiffs and sheriffs he assumed to consider in the light of impertinences or jokes, to be eluded or tricked as opportunity dictated. There was no nook or corner of debauchery that he did not penetrate, no shady spot of the half-world in which he did not stop to loiter. By hook or crook he had always money in his pocket, good clothes upon his back, a train of silken skirts fluttering in his wake, a good dinner and a bottle of wine at his command, and a care-free attitude toward the day of reckoning. . . . What was the use of his reckoning when he never paid?

His adventures, his way of life, I think, might have been "screened," without change or alteration, as "The Profligate's Progress," and verified their title to the letter—though of course many episodes would have called for elimination by the censor.

The most amazing thing about it all was Eddie himself. His attitude was that of a boy who was thoroughly enjoying life and doing it without embarrassment or anxiety of any kind. Nobody could have seemed happier or more insouciant. The distress of his family—it is a fact that his conduct was one of the things that killed his mother—did not cause him a pang. The exploitations in the newspapers merely amused him—perhaps even gratified him. The condition that he was an outcast from society, disgraced, discredited, bankrupt and doomed, in all probability, to be disinherited, mattered not a jot. His bright, jaunty, confident look never altered, his ease of manner never forsook him, his self-assurance never lacked. He might have had some bad quarters of an hour, but if so his outward seeming was unaffected. Dissipation also failed to leave the traces which molarists have stressed. His eyes was as sparkling, his cheek as rosy, his brow was unfurrowed, his step as light the morning after a protracted orgy as if he had put in the night sleeping the sleep of innocence and the quiet life.

In the midst of all this he sprung another surprise. He married for the second time. Another lovely girl, this time from a distant city. Again the outraged, estranged family took him to their bosoms. All was forgiven. Eddie had "straightened up"—for good; and there was the rejoicing for the one sheep that went astray but returned to the fold, which exceeds that over the ninety-and-nine who never left the path. Eddie stayed "straight" this time for so brief a period that the rejoicings had not yet died away before fresh lamentations were in order. Like the first Mrs. Eddie, the second made a speedy exit from his bed and board, and there was duly a second divorce, this time with wide publicity. And Eddie returned to the gay life that called him.

These careers run their courses at length. There came a time when the papers ceased to "play up" Eddie and his escapades. He was getting to be an old story, though not yet thirty, and for their purposes new personalities are a need. Morton, père, retired from business, the property was syndicated, and Eddie, his mother dead and no longer there to weep and pardon, became aware that the possibility of prison bars was becoming more imminent, and began to mend his ways. He was given another trial in the business, but it did not last long. And I had almost lost track of him until this morning, when he came into the car and sat down to chat with me, all the way down town, in his old, fluent, confident, almost confidential manner.

As I have said, as he talked I could not avoid, spontaneously, thinking of all that had happened since that church dinner, so long ago, when a handsome boy in sailor suit, the family pet, I first encountered him. He is still handsome, for that matter. He has that full-blooded look of the Mortons, with high color and sparkling eyes and assured air of well-being, but the experienced eye does detect a certain hard, bold accent. Not a "tough" one, but, as I have said, a hard, bold one—and, with all its fluency, one a little furtive. Eddie is earning his living just now. He is "on the road." Is "selling," as, I believe, the commercial traveler phrases it. He is in the employ of a firm headed by an old friend of his family, who, I suppose, still has some faith in him. I asked him how things were coming and he replied emphatically, "Fine!" and proceeded to unfold to me something of his "proposition,' and how well it was "going." I noticed, however, that his top coat showed signs of considerable wear, that his hat was not new, and that his shoes required a polish.

Where or how he is living I don't know and don't try to imagine. His father, still alive, is said to have cut him off in his will with just enough so that he cannot break it. And that is so tied up that he cannot dissipate it. Somehow, I don't think that Eddie will hit many more of the high places. It is not even possible that some day he may again be taken to the bosom of the family, that he may marry again, may really "straighten up," and become a solid business man and a more or less staid and respectable member of society? Or—will the monotony of this humdrum existence again appal him and the lure of the sirens and the white lights claim him for their own? Will I again find his name in the papers, some fine morning—or evening—with the details of another escapade? I can only hope not. For Eddie, you see, is no longer a boy. Much can be forgiven to youth. But for the old offender the world grows ever less forbearing.

—Reedy's Mirror.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was a better feeling at the close of the week, and prices showed a sharp recovery from the recent decline, and it looked as if liquidation was about over for the present. Trade was not very large and transactions were mostly for the professional element, which was said to be covering short commitments. There was nothing in the news. The railroads seemed to be in better demand, especially the low priced issues, and the general feeling seems to be that this class of securities will show further improvement. The metal stocks acted heavy and were inclined to sag. Copper metal does not seem to be in very good demand, as prices were said to be lower for distant delivery and only a limited demand. The increased cost of production that all copper companies have had to contend with is sure to be a factor now that prices for the metal show signs of declining. The demand will be slow for some time, and it looks as if we will have more copper metal than we can consume, and prices will work lower. The demand from abroad will not amount to anything as long as political conditions remain as they are, and reports have it that there will be three million tons of copper picked up in Belgium and France. The outlook for the copper shares is anything but favorable to holders, with every prospect of a reduction in dividends. Steel stocks were also sold on the ground that with the Government cancelling most of its contracts, the general trade will await a decline in steel prices before taking hold, and that these stocks will not show anything like the earnings they did in the past year, and that dividends will not be as large in view of the high overhead charges. Of course, the prices at which steel stocks are selling have in a measure discounted a cut in dividends, but the fact remains that these companies are going backward from an earning standpoint, rather than forward, and when attention is called from time to time to the reduction in earnings from a market standpoint, it has a bad effect on sentiment, and as a result only those in the trade who can afford to carry stocks for a long pull do not become discouraged and sell out. Conservative traders are of the opinion that further declines may come, until the industrial and trade situation has alleviated the fears over the ability of the country to weather the reconstruction period. Prices of commodities and wages are so intricately interwoven that fear over labor troubles following price cutting will still play a large part in future price movements. The bond market has shown some reaction, due to the fear of the new issue of Liberty Bonds coming out early in the spring at a higher rate than four and one-quarter per cent. The general feeling seems to be that the next issue, which will probably be the last, will be at four and three-quarters per cent, and it is expected to be taken by the banking interests. This is probably the cause of some of the liquidation that is now going on in bonds, and no doubt is having some effect on the market price of the Liberty Loan issues. We see nothing in the situation, marketwise, to bring about more than a natural reaction from an oversold market, and believe that prices will go lower until we have passed through the readjustment period.

Cotton.—With the market restricted as it is, so that short sales cannot be made except as a hedge against actual cotton, it is almost impossible to give any idea as to what there is in store for the cotton speculator. A market that has no short interest becomes a very dangerous one for the longs, once this interest is out, and when, as it is now, the holders of cotton want to sell, they find no demand. As a result we have violent fluctuations with sales as much as a dollar per bale between quotations, and in the case of stop order forced sales, the market becomes demoralized. There is very little demand for export, and the local domestic demand from the mills is at a standstill. The mills say it is almost impossible to sell goods even at a reduction in price, and buyers are trying to cancel what few contracts they have. Retailers have become alarmed and refuse to buy except what is actually needed, and the holder of spot cotton in the South is becoming uneasy, as banks are calling loans, and in some instances forcing sales of the actual. The political situation abroad seems to be one of the factors against the price. It was expected that just as soon as the armistice was signed, we would be called upon to furnish cotton goods in large quantities to Europe, but that demand has not as yet materialized, and it looks as if another crop will have been raised before we can look for much of an export demand. With present uncertainty regarding future developments, and the restrictions in trading in futures, it might be well to assume a conservative attitude, and only buy cotton when prices are being unduly depressed. We would confine buying operations to the May option only.

Caution to Export Trade

So much has been heard in recent years of the glowing prospects for foreign trade after the war, especially with South American countries, that one is apt to resent any statements which tend to create a different impression. Still, there is food for thought in some suggestions of this kind given the other day over the signature of a man who seemed to know what he was writing about. He instances an offer made to him of "a small surplus of women's shoes for sale in South America," the said surplus being sufficient, to use his language, "to supply a pair of shoes to every woman in South America north of the equator who is accustomed to wearing shoes." Farm tractors, he also said, are offered in quantities, whereas such articles are not used in the countries referred to, nor will they be used until the supply of oxen is exhausted. He is of the opinion that, unless a product is of such a nature that the demand will be nearly universal, the maker will find it difficult to make enough money to pay the expenses of his traveling man, "and any factory which has no representative abroad will never boast of its exports." All of this seems very sensible, but it should not afford ground for discouragement. What is necessary is that the real wants in the foreign countries should be ascertained first. Then, if necessary, a number of manufacturers may combine to supply what it needed if it does not pay any one of them to go it alone. Creating new wants will be a matter of time and patience.

—New York Times.

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One hears a great deal about the absent-minded professor, but it would be hard to find one more absent-minded than the dentist who said soothingly, as he applied a tool to his automobile, under which he lay: "Now, this is going to hurt just a little."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, Deceased.—No. 25445 New Series. Department No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 7th day of December, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased.

FLORENCE ELLIS SNOWGRASS,
Administratrix of the estate of John Gray Snowgrass, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 7, 1918.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO RENEW MORTGAGE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24270, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, Deceased.

MARY DEGAN, administratrix of the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this court authorizing, directing and empowering her, as such administratrix, to renew the subsisting mortgages on the real property of said deceasecd therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing to the court that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgages be renewed,

It is ordered by the court, that all persons interested in the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, do appear before this court on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-seven ($2767.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary Degan, the administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said petition for further particulars. Said real estate, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue, distant thereon twenty-eight (28) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly C) Street; running thence Southerly along said line to Fifth Avenue twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly seventy (70) feet to the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue and the point of commencement.

BEING a part of Outside Land Block Number 385.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks next before the day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed November 26, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. by E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-5

"Making any progress in your courtship?"

"Not much. I'd like to hold her hand, but of course I can't ask her to stop knitting for that purpose."

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Coalinga Mohawk Oil Company will take place on Monday, December 2nd, 2:00 o'clock P. M., in accordance with the by-laws of the Company, at the offices of the corporation, 403 American National Bank Building, in this city.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 3rd day of October, 1918, in the matter of the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, the undersigned as administrator of the estate of said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate, at private sale on or after WEDNESDAY, December 18, 1918, to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

1. An undivided one-sixth interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Central Avenue distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southerly from the point of intersection of said line of Central Avenue with the southerly line of Page Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Central Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly ninety-three (93) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle easterly ninety-three (93) feet and nine (9) inches to said westerly line of Central Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 656.

2. An undivided one-sixth interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Page Street distant thereon thirty-five (35) feet easterly from the point of intersection of said line of Page Street with the easterly line of Lyon street, running thence easterly and along said line of Page Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the southerly line of Page Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 598.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the law offices of O'Gara & DeMartini, rooms 549, 550 and 551 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, November 21, 1918.

GEORGE WOLTERS,
Administrator of the Estate of Annie B. Wolters, Deceased.

O'GARA & DeMARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms, 549, 550, 551 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-3

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NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, trustees under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the under signed Faustino De Martini and G. B. Cordano, as trustees by Celestina Broyer, which said Deed of Trust bears date the 4th day of March, 1918, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in volume 1075 of Trust Deeds at page 111, records of the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of March, 1918. That the said undersigned will, as such trustees, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 4th day of December, 1918, at 11:00 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

That certain lot, piece and parcel of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at the point formed by the intersection of the southeasterly line of Mission Street with the southwesterly line of Godeus Street; and running thence southeasterly along said line of Godeus Street forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly forty-three (43) feet and six (6) inches to the southeasterly line of Mission Street; and thence at a right angle northeasterly along said line of Mission Street sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning.

Being all of Lots Nos. 7, 8, and 9, Godeus Gift Map Subdivision of Lots 374, 375, 376, 377 and 378, Precita Valley Lands, as per map thereof filed July 28, 1864, in map book "E" and "F," page 17, in the office of the Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EXCEPTING that portion of said lots which was taken for widening of Mission Street.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Celestina Broyer now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

TERMS OF SALE: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty (20) per cent on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Joseph C. Meyerstein, Room 504, Mechanics Institute Building, No. 57 Post Street, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said twenty (20) per cent to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned, as such trustees, will make, execute, and after due payment made, deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of $4650 referred to in said Deed of Trust as having been executed by the said Celestina Broyer on the 4th day of March, 1918, to P. Berta, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and the whole of which said promissory note, pursuant to the terms thereof, has been declared to be due by the said P. Berta, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six (6) per cent per annum, payable quarterly from the 4th day of June, 1918, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said P. Berta, the owner and holder of said promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust and after a notice that default had been made in the payment of the quarterly interest on said promissory note due on the 4th day of June, 1918, and that the said P. Berta had elected to declare the whole of said principal sum forthwith due and payable, and had therefore elected that the property described in said Deed of Trust be sold in accordance with the terms of said Deed of Trust to satisfy the obligation specified in said note and said Deed of Trust, which said notice had been duly recorded by the said P. Berta in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 20th day of July, 1918, and more than three (3) months prior to the said demand of the said P. Berta on the undersigned to make said sale and the giving of this notice.

Dated: This 29th day of October, 1918.

FAUSTINO DE MARTINI,
G. B. CORDANO,
Trustees.

JOSEPH C. MEYERSTEIN,
Attorney at Law,
57 Post Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 1373. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 14, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, December 14, 1918 No. 1373

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Gott Uber Alles

It is with becoming humility and veneration that the blasphemous and bombastic battle cry of the Hun, placing Deutschland dominant even above spiritual power, is altered by the substitution of the only name that has anything whatever to do with the case as it now stands. The impertinently ephemeral firm of "Mich unt Gott" has been dissolved under pressure, and will never again be accorded the dignity of even ribald reference, except in future remorseful nightmares of its self-appointed senior member, the dethroned, defeated, pitiable but not pitied William Hohenzollern.

* * *

The Coghlin Incident

The living friends of one of the best known and beloved officers of the Navy of the United States, who, on demand of the then Emperor of Germany, suffered the humiliation of a reprimand from his government, and a reduction in the numbers of his rank, because, at a banquet, he sang a song comically setting forth the "uber Gott" tendencies of the ruler of a friendly power, may now foregather at a memorial feast, and sing the song, "Mich Unt Gott," to the delighted applause of the entire world.

* * *

The Judges

The congress of the world's master minds in international law, military jurisprudence, diplomacy and business has been called to Paris to formulate the conditions of a final peace, not only with Germany and her allies, but, it is to be hoped, a world's peace that shall continue for all time. This congress has been deemed of sufficient import in the discussion of what it is expected to do, that the President of the United States has been pathetically urged to become a member of it, because the safeness and saneness of his wisdom have become paramount in discussions of the issues that shall lead to the effecting of peace for all time, if indeed "a consummation so devoutly to be desired" is within the realms of possibility. His acceptance of the unanimous call to contribute to the greatest service yet rendered to mankind has been called into question, sometimes with an ascerbity which his impulses in the matter do not deserve, and which cannot but inspire rebuke, except among those political antagonists who refuse to see any good in whatever he may do. There are many of us who would not cast our votes or exert our influences to continue him in the Presidential chair, and yet who cannot but feel that whether he ought to have remained in Washington instead of facing the dangers of a winter voyage to Europe, is a question which it is none of our business to decide, or make the subject of congressional dispute. He may confidently be depended upon to do what he believes to be for the greatest good of all concerned, and, surely, what he has believed to be for the best, since the United States entered the war, should entitle him to our confidence, our patriotism, and our moral support.

* * *

The Academicians

As against this expression of confidence—and whose nowadays is without blemish?—the question of his many new advisers—if such really be the status of the group of academic gentlemen he has taken along with him—is one which is somewhat confusing, if not, indeed, alarming. They are mostly clergymen, doctors of various branches of learning, and recollection still carries in our minds the many dangers we have faced through the predominance of the schoolmaster in politics. In this regard, and with due deference to his present undeniable greatness, during his first term our President himself several times furnished examples of this danger. It should be a just peace, just alike to all concerned; its punishments, too (for punishments and penalties there must be), should be just to those who have suffered most, and not tempered with too much mercy for those who alone have been responsible for this brutal war, and there are not many of them. Here is where the gentleman who has gotten his politics and diplomacy out of books, and he who is guided only by Scriptural injunction is concerned. It is hoped that neither will be called into serious conference, but that the arraignments and defenses will be left to those alone who have suffered the blows, and those who have dealt them.

* * *

A Final Court

Before this mighty tribunal William Hohenzollern will be summoned, he and his militaristic satellites, for all the smaller potentates were but his pawns in the frightful game of death. All of his judges will be prejudiced, for there can be no change of venue, and each of them is big enough to be just. It will be a trial in which technicality and legal quibble will form no part, for on the prisoner at the bar will rest all burden of proof, and from the decision of history's most important supreme court there can be no appeal, for it is a law unto itself. In the final decision and in the arguments leading up to it, no interposition nor prayer from any one not a member of it should be admitted which might in any way temper that decision or modify the severity of it. The tempering of justice with mercy should have no bearing on the case of him whose career has itself known no mercy; the appeal of the Pacifist, "Forgive them, they know not what they do," can have no bearing here, for he has been the seed, the nourishing, and the ghastly fruition of all that has been done. His own son has said for print that three years ago his father knew that Germany could not win. On this one charge alone, if it can be proved, he can be convicted of wanton murder, and an outraged world calls William Hohenzollern before the Court of Nations for trial and punishment.

* * *

PERSPECTIVE IMPRESSIONS

Obviously, just at present, it should read, "To the victors belong the broils."

The Pankhursts in Parliament! Verily, even doubtful virtue carries its own reward.

One small boon we ask, O righteous Council of Peace! Give to bleeding Armenia to locate upon future maps of the world the unspeakable Turk!

"Oh, yes," now says the Crown Prince. "Come to think of it, I did renounce several things, especially my late lamented Emperor-King. Fine lemon, the old man—what?"

General von Hindenburg is reminded that there is not the slightest impediment in the way of his eating his coming Chrismas dinner in Paris. He will be welcomed with open arms, but what will the arms be doing after coffee and nuts?

The Effect of Governor Stephens' Commutation of Mooney's Sentence

By Veritas

Governor William D. Stephens of California, in commuting the sentence of Thomas J. Mooney published on November 28, 1918, one of the most powerful and timely documents that ever came from gubernatorial hands.

The force of his expressed convictions on "Mooney" and on "Mooneyism" is the moral force of the body politic of the great State of California.

The aftermath of his remarkable message to law-abiding union labor men and to lawless anarchists masquerading as labor men is more astonishing than the message itself. Not only anarchists, but many laborites joined in clamorous threats to the Governor, that dire consequences would follow if he did not grant Mooney an unconditional pardon. Public expectation was on the tiptoe. But the result of the non-pardoning of Mooney was a most unlooked for thing. Governor Stephens with great ability rose to the occasion. While refusing a pardon, he granted commutation. The salutary effect upon the public and the law abiding part of the labor unions after hearing the Governor's message was entirely different to what was expected. The advocates of strikes, violence and trouble became deadlocked. The wonderful good influence and the well won respect, that followed the forcible utterances of the Governor throughout the United States—and which quicted the labor unions and even the aranchist set itself, has, since his message was published, astonished and gratified the American labor man, the American business man, and the American people generally in a most lasting manner.

Thomas J. Mooney, a professional anarchist, dealer in dynamite and sabotage, was convicted of murder in the first degree after a trial before a jury of twelve San Francisco men whose impartiality and fairness have never been impunged and before Judge Franklin A. Griffin of the San Francisco Superior Court, whose fairness also has not been impugned but whose sympathy for Mooney is strong and even outspoken.

Mooney appealed his case to the California Supreme Court and there the highest and best justices that California ever produced gave this case an exceptionally long and careful examination, but could not find a flaw big enough to give him a new trial although they were willing enough to give him a second chance for his life if they had found any sufficient error in the records.

The Supreme Court of the United States at Washington was appealed to by Mooney and they with full knowledge of the anarchistic propaganda around their ears decided also that he should hang as far as that court was concerned.

These justices were in the city of Washington, far removed from the scene of action and were not subject to local influence in any way.

The Washington decision came on November 18, and during the succeeding ten days, and before the Governor acted, every propagandum, every attack on the law of our State, every attack on the law officers of San Francisco, who had the disagreeable duty to prosecute Mooney was hatched up, painted, distorted and flung at the public generally and also at the devoted head of Governor Stephens—not petitioning for, but demanding a pardon for Mooney.

Mooney, himself, from his prison cell, "demanded" an unconditional pardon, and the word "demand" was for the first time in history flung from the prison bars, from the mouth of the convicted criminal to the very teeth of the highest officer in the State Government, who has power,—not to re-try the prisoner, but to grant him mercy.

It is said that in addition to $109,000 being raised for Mooney's defense in the courts, fully a million dollars has been raised and lavishly squandered throughout the world to convert, if possible, and if not to terrorize and coerce public ponion as well as the action of the Governor of this great State, in the granting of Mooney's "demand" for an unconditional pardon.

Pressure was brought upon the Governor: so strong pressure that it was believed in many quarters that he would go against his own judgment and out of sheer fear pardon Mooney to avoid disasterous consequences to himself politically or physically or otherwise.

It surely was a most trying place, even for a brave man to occupy.

On the other hand the decent element of San Francisco, and of the State of California, and of the United States generally did not go to any expense or raise any money or do anything to institute its own propaganda or to backfire the Mooney propaganda with a counter-propaganda. All the propaganda around the Governor's ears was solely that of Mooney and Mooneyism—that of anarchy and anarchists—that of socialism and socialists—that of aliens, terrorists, bombthrowers, red-flag advocates and all their kindred. It is also very astonishing that many labor unions in the United States, and especially those in California, who had condemned the bombing of the innocent victims of the preparedness parade, were now by resolutions openly threatening to cause widespread strikes and to tie up the business of the entire country, if Governor Stephens did not pardon this over and over-convicted criminal. Exactly what connection a non-unionist like Mooney had with the labor unions who passed these resolutions was not known. Exactly what community interest, if any, there was with the publishers of the "Blast," an anarchist newspaper, and the advocates of anarchy, was not shown in any of these resolutions; or exactly what sympathy there was between these labor unions and the men who had made bomb manufacturing and bomb throwing and sabotage the business of their lives was not shown. No doubt the law-abiding union men were deceived as to the true facts of the case and no doubt the many union voices that voted against such resolutions at the union meetings were never given to the press.

But in spite of all this terrorism and nation-wide coercion and propaganda Governor Stephens showed that he was a man of iron, a man of nerve and above all a man who stood for the dignity of our laws; a man who was determined that outraged law should be vindicated and a man who was resolved that the people of the State of California, who had prosecuted Mooney, should not be imposed upon by propaganda backed by unlimited capital in the hands of labor. Before coming to the merits of the controversy, the Governor in his message to the public first faced about and looked at the tumultuous throng with their uplifted fists shaking in his face and he said to them:

"I refuse to recognize this case as in any fashion representing a clash between capital and labor. On his behalf a propaganda has been carried on to make it appear that he is a martyr to the cause of labor. This is absurd." He then says that the methods pursued in this propaganda are in line with the published letter of Alexander Berkman, who was Mooney's own associate and who was also an anarchistic agitator.

Berkman in his letter as published by the Governor, said as follows:

"All my experience has convinced me that in such matters a thing of deep importance is to create favorable public sentiment. Funds for the defense, etc., are of secondary importance."

Berkman then in his letter states as an example, the case of one Aldemas, who was charged with cutting a "scab" and shooting three policemen. Berkman said: "We at once organized a wide campaign of publicity, held numerous mass meetings, agitated the matter in the press and got in touch with the people all over the country for the purpose of agitation.

"When Aldemas was first arrested everyone cried 'hang him.' Within two months of intense agitation we so changed the public mind on the matter that Aldemas was sentenced to one and a half years instead of the forty years the District Attorney had threatened us with."

This message from Mooney's pal anarchist is a corker. It in a few lines exploded the entire propaganda of Mooney and Mooneyism and palsied the nerve of striking labor unions all over the country.

Then Governor Stephens got down to the real kernel of the matter of judicial clemency, where he said:

"I regard the petition of the defendant for clemency solely as that of a man convicted of murder in the first degree.

"The defendant, Mooney, never has been identified with the labor movement that has achieved so much for the benefit of the working men and working women of California.

"His connections have been with a small group of agitators of pronounced anarchistic tendencies."

Governor Stephens then cites the case where Governor Johnson had refused to pardon two men convicted of murder—they were the two I. W. W.'s, Ford and Suhr.

Mooney got so angry at Governor Johnson for this that he called Governor Johnson in a public statement, "a cowardly cur, despicable beyond recognition and resorting to the cunning, shrewdness, trickery and cowardice of the average district attorney in prosecuting the case."

Then Mooney said, "From now on, they (meaning Mooney and his friends) will attempt to use the only kind of reasoning, that will eventually reach you (Governor Johnson) and we hope it will be indulged in till Ford and Suhr are out of prison."

The obvious meaning of this is that they

(Continued on Page 14)

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San Francisco's Art World

By Clay M. Greene

Upon writing the caption of this article, there seemed an irresistible impulse on the part of the writer to blue pencil it and substitute something, less euphonious perhaps, but ever so much more in concordance with the facts as they exist now, and have existed for a great many years. The word "world" suggests bigness, vastness, depth, and the refulgent splendors of effort adequately rewarded by the gold of success. In spite of its many discrepancies, failures, disorders, crimes, horrors and other evils, it has had its successes, its glories, its victories, its hopes fulfilled, and its golden rewards of genius when properly allied with the powers that may make that genius greater or kill it altogether.

A One-Sided World

The world of art is as old as Mother Earth herself, and her toilers have brought beauty and delight into it, from the time when the untutored but gifted children of Nature fashioned forms of beauty and grace from softer rocks with flakes of flint, until the great masters painted on canvas, or chiselled out of marble the masterpieces, whose greatness the wear and dust of ages have not been able to cover or soften into decay.

However, despite the above somewhat pedantic and involved exploit of verbiage, San Francisco has for many years kept intact a phalanx of workers—many of them inspired, many perhaps just workers—who have at least kept alive the creative side of a world of art. The other side, the side which labors for a true appreciation of the beauties of canvased Nature, or makes it its business to encourage with its money and its patronage the creators of these beauties has not done its duty.

Local Art Languishes

If a local Croesus had an expanse of wall in his palatial home to adorn with pictures, it seldom occured to him that in the country where he himself made his money there were budding geniuses, who by the encouragement of purchase he might enrich and inspire to the creation of better work. But in his dense ignorance, of which he was all too confident, he, as a rule, cluttered up his gallery with garish junk, exploited by clever salesmen, for no other apparent reason than that there were so many square feet of heavily framed picture with a name attached to it which had become more or less famous. Happily there were a few, also, unhappily, very few, exceptions to this rule, who, with dogged belief in the value of anything Californian, bought their Rixes, their Taverniers, their Thomas Hills, their William Keiths, their Robinsons, their Williamses and their Bloomers, and were glad they had done so, not merely that they were Californian but because they really liked them.

The Panama-Pacific

But alas! down through nearly half a century within the clear memory of the writer, San Francisco has never been the earnest patron of native art that the producers of that art have all along deserved. There was a mighty gleam of hope when the Panama-Pacific Exposition had become a concrete certainty with power, and brains, and enthusiasm, and money behind it. But the momentary thrill never passed beyond the filmy substance of that gleam, for, although the artistic side of the exposition was left to the wisdom and judgment of San Franciscans practised or versed in art, instead of consulting local genius, the committee went abroad for its advice and most of its skilled artisans. The world was loud in its acclaims for the wisdom of that decision, for the result was wondrously, magically beautiful. But who shall say that, had it been appealed to, local artistic genius might not have attained at least a correlative degree of excellence? At all events, it is a matter of pleasant memory that among the best examples of art in that perfect setting of artistic gems some of the best were from the brushes and chisels of men and women, born, bred, inspired and perfected by poor encouragement in San Francisco.

Indifference Continues

Since that time, matters have improved but little as far as material patronage of local art is concerned, although much noble effort to encourage appreciation of art has never relaxed. The preservation of the Palace of Fine Arts was a step which encouraged the hope that the object to be attained lay but a little way beyond. Earnest men and women have labored valiantly and long that the people might learn what they did not already know of pictures, sculpture, fabrics and carvings. Courses of lectures were given there by those people who knew what they were talking about, and how to properly promulgate it. Here there has been a continuous exhibition of worthy works of art in its many branches, and earnest men and women to explain them. But, in view of the great importance of these efforts, the patronage has been discouraging, and it is safe to say that not ten per cent of the population of San Francisco has taken the trouble to satisfy itself what this majestic pile of architectural art is there for; or that if it had taken advantage of the almost free instruction there to be obtained, it would have learned to better appreciate the rapidly growing permanent art exhibit in the De Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park.

A Ray of Hope

How long is this artistic desuetude to last in San Francisco? When will it awaken to the fact that there is in its midst a worthy, bustling, work-a-day world of art with only one side to it, exposed to the destructive and discouraging inclemency of indifference? We are told that when the war is really over, everything will be better; that the vast sums expended by this and other countries are still with us, and will soon be circulated freely among the creators of beautiful things, because there is too much of it in circulation to ever become exhausted for necessities.

It is to be hoped that enough of it will be lavished upon the long patient, never despairing, and gloriously persistent geniuses of the studios, to ensure another side to the Art World of San Francisco.

Annual Art Exhibit at Bohemian Club

Here is a little exhibition that is distinctly worth while from every point of view. Naturally this somewhat sweeping compliment will meet with contradictions, of varying intensity, for artists are queer folk as a rule, strangely temperamental, prone to petty jealousies, and seldom inclined to regard the view of any individual as being worth much of anything. Nevertheless, that here is an interesting and instructive exhibition would appear to at least one individual to be closed against doubt, and reflects great credit upon the Bohemian Club, the solitary institution of San Francisco, which, true to its traditions, has never relaxed in its efforts to encourage local art, and to assist its artist members of disposing of their creations. To the mind of the writer, this is altogether the best of these exhibitions. It is full of variety, strength, vitality, and above all, shows that the veterans have not lost their delicacy of touch, and that the younger men are advancing in strident bounds.

The Individual Exhibits

Arthur Beckwith is to the fore with three charming canvases. "Working at San Rafael" is full of action and color; "Land's End" endows a familiar landmark with a new impression of Ocean's vastness, while "Baker's Beach" leaves one wondering that so wild and angry a scene might well have been painted from one of the gardens of the neighboring villas.

The writer is pleased to make the acquaintance of A. W. Best, whose work is here seen for the first time to know it. There is in it abundant promise, idealism and poetry, and among his five efforts "Berkeley Hills," with its glorious greens and brilliant distance clings closest to the memory.

Cadenasso, he of tender recollection, who perhaps was among the first to grasp the graceful possibilities of the eucalyptus, is represented by five attractive selections from his posthumus collection.

John W Clawson shows four good examples of portrait work, developing his keen delight in bright colors and a singular dexterity in the reproduction of filmy draperies.

M. Earl Cummings, who is also chairman of the Club's very efficient Art Committee, shows a charmingly executed portrait bust of his beautiful wife, as well as a forcefully conceived and boldly executed figure of "Victory," which he has dedicated to the Bohemian Club.

M. Delmue exposes three stunning inspirations of California, the one leaving the most lasting impression on the mind of the reviewer being "Land of the Amaranth," a gorgeously colored and finely composed presentation of a mighty crag of the Sierras.

Maynard Dixon again shows in his six striking canvases how completely he has learned his Boundless West, and mastered the technique that gives it life. "The Navajos" is his largest canvas, and no doubt will attract most attention. But the smaller one, "The Lament," depicting as it does in a single figure the memory of a deep tragedy, is a wonderful monody in two tones.

Harry Stuart Fonda is well represented in "A Deserted Village," and Charles H. Grant, in his single exhibit, "A Surging Sea," shows that he not only knows what a surging sea looks like, but also how it feels. It is a good presentation of a difficult subject.

Percy Gray—delighted to meet you, too, for the first time, sir—shows three pictures of local interest "full of infinite variety," and the masterful coloring of another who has gone is evidenced in three excellent Amedee Joullins.

(Continued on Page 15)

Burning Crosses

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

There are three men in this story, and three women, and the golden, burning cross that shines on the steeple-top of the old Church of Saint Mary. The three men are the Pessimist, the Optimist and the Cynic. Their names are Peter and Paul and John. The three women are the wives of the three men, and their names are Mary and Martha and Agnes.

I.

Now Peter and Paul and John, in the soft calm of an October night, walked, arm linked in arm, along the street of whitest lights in the heart of the great city that rose again. Peter and Paul and John were returning from one of the many odorous eating places that throng the byways of the city's forbidden parts. They were returning to their homes and their wives; to Mary and Martha and Agnes. And as the three men walked—past the alleys where sportive ladies keep their doors ajar, past the square of Robert Louis the beloved, past the gaunt, gray building, called with perhaps deserved irony the Hall of Justice—there shone into their eyes the flame of the blazing cross that tops the steeple of the old church. And Peter and Paul and John stopped walking and looked upon the burning cross; and it was beautiful to look upon. When they had looked upon it for a time, they walked again, and Peter, who was the Pessimist, turned to Paul and John and began to speak. And Peter said:

That cross is the symbol of the good behind which lurks the evil. That cross—the sign of a holy church—looks upon, gleams upon, smiles upon the viciousness of men. That cross—the eternal reminder of the opening of an eternal heaven—stands shining on the ramparts of a human hell. That cross—that burning cross—points to the great truth that all great good is followed relentlessly by greater evil.

And Peter, who was the Pessimist, stopped speaking. And when he had stopped, Paul, who was the Optimist, began to speak. And Paul said:

That cross is the symbol, not of the good that cloaks the evil, but of the love that endureth forever. That cross points to the great truth that the love of God relentlessly pursues, even unto the rim of their hell, them that have fallen. That cross is the figure of an all-strong, all-compelling, all-abiding love. That cross—that burning cross—is the sign of the great spirit of love that ruleth all the world.

And when Paul, who was the Optimist, stopped speaking, John, who was the Cynic, began to speak, and he said:

That cross cannot be the symbol of love, for love is not and can have no symbol. Love is phantasy, illusion, mirage, unreality. Aye! I have looked upon life and I have seen it. Man, impelled by that which he calleth love, swept on by that which he calleth a pure, unselfish, generous devotion, takes upon himself woman. But it is blind, uncontrollable, horrible instinct that impels him, a cruel, unconquerable, unwritten, unspoken command that sweeps him on as a wind sweeps dead leaves: And it is not love. Aye! I say it. That there is no love; that no union of man and woman bringeth happiness save that the man be blind and see not the selfishness of the woman, save that the man be too intent on other things and see not the monster the woman would make him, save that both the man and woman be of the few that are gifted with the gifts of grace not given to the many. And mark you now that that burning cross is not the symbol of love, but the symbol of the mocking illusion that hath enslaved all men.

And John, who was the Cynic, stopped speaking. And now the three men were come to the end of the street of whitest lights. And so they separated, each going to his home and his wife—to Mary and Martha and Agnes.

II.

Now, when a great number of days had passed, Mary and Martha and Agnes, in the cool sweetness of a May-time evening, came forth together from the old Church of Saint Mary. Mary and Martha and Agnes were returning from their prayer, for their days were accomplished that they should be delivered. They were returning to their homes and their husbands, to Peter and Paul and John. And as they walked—up the tedious hill on the sides of which an Oriental Croesus sold his silks, past gray hulks of houses of the rich, and along the level place that overlooks all the city—they turned and gazed downward into the sea of twinkling lights. And as they turned, the flame of the blazing cross shone into their eyes, and Mary and Martha and Agnes stopped walking and looked upon the burning cross; and it was beautiful to look upon. When they had looked upon it for a time, they walked again. And Mary, the wife of Peter the Pessimist, turned to Martha and Agnes, and began to speak. And Mary said:

I have prayed that I shall bring forth a man-child who shall be like Him that died on the cross. I have prayed that my first-born shall be a son, and that he will bring joy to me and to Peter, my husband. And I shall become happier than even now I am happy. For Peter, my husband, who is sad ever, shall not be sad thereafter, but he shall become joyful even as I am joyful because I shall have given him a son. And he shall love me more sweetly than now he loveth me.

And Mary, who was the wife of Peter the Pessimist, stopped speaking. And when she had stopped, Martha, the wife of Paul the Optimist, began to speak. And Martha said:

I have not prayed for my first-born for I care not what it be. I have not prayed that it be a man-child, for Paul, my husband, loveth me not as I would be loved, but he loveth me after a fashion. Paul, my husband, doth not understand;. he speaketh always in jest; I am to him but a thing, and I am grown aweary. I care not what my child be, I care not if it be still-born, I care not if it killeth me to bear it.

And when Martha, who was the wife of Paul the Optimist, stopped speaking, Agnes, the wife of John the Cynic, began to speak. And Agnes said:

I have prayed God that He make my labor terrible and my agony long. John, my husband, hath doubts grave of my love, and I would prove myself to him. I have prayed by the cross that that burning cross portrays that my pain shall be enduring, that it shall kindle anew my husband's love and show him that gladly I suffer for the love of him. This I have prayed in the name of Him that died on the cross.

And Agnes, the wife of John the Cynic, stopped speaking. And now the three women were come to the end of the level place. And so they separated, each going to her home and her husband—to Peter and Paul and John.

III.

Peter, because he was a man, did not understand, and Peter, because he was the Pessimist, did not want to understand. And so he was made to stay on the outside of the room in which Mary suffered. And Peter's face was long and full of fear as he walked the outer hall. For Peter looked not to the good, but to the evil in things. And as he walked there smote upon his ears a wail of pain in the voice of Mary, and Peter winced as if it were he that was hurt. And he grew more fearful. And close upon that first sound of anguish there came a second, and another, and then many more. And Peter was perplexed. And then sharply there was heard a new and strange voice, and the voice cried out shrilly, and Mary's voice was silent. And Peter, hearing the cry in the strange voice, stood transfixed where he walked. And he wondered and he doubted and he feared until a white-clad figure came forth from the room and brought Peter tidings of great joy. And then a smile rose to Peter's face, and hot tears swelled his eyes and burst out upon his cheeks, and Peter went into the room where Mary lay with her first-born.

Paul, because he was a man, did not understand, and Paul, because he was the Optimist, could never understand. And so he was made to stay on the outside of the room in which Martha suffered. And Paul's face was round and full of hope as he walked the outer hall. For Paul looked not to the evil, but to the good in things. And as he walked, there smote upon his ears a wail of pain in the voice of Martha, and Paul winced as if it were he that was hurt. And his face was not so full of hope. And close upon that first sound of anguish there came a second, and another, and then many more. And the light died in Paul's eyes, and he was stricken with a terror, and he began to wonder, and to doubt, and to be afraid. And then Martha's voice called out his name, and Paul ran and beat upon the door of the room in which Martha suffered. But they would not let him in. And hot tears swelled his eyes and burst out upon his cheeks, and fear shone in his face, and Paul the Optimist stood transfixed and terrified. And a new though burned into his soul and held him grappled. And then there was heard a new and a strange voice, and the voice cried out sharply, and Martha's voice was silent. And there came forth from the room a white-clad figure that brought Paul tidings of great joy. But Paul did not hear, and his cheeks were still wet with tears as he went to Martha where she lay with her first-born.

John, because he was a man, did not understand, and John, because he was the Cynic, pre-

(Continued on Page 13)

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Poems About San Francisco

238—PORTALA'S CROSS

By Bret Harte

This poem of San Francisco in which the once-accepted spelling and pronunciation of Portola's name are found, was published in the Overland Monthly of August, 1869.

Pious Portala, journeying by land,
Reared high a cross upon the heathen strand,
Then far away
Dragged his slow caravan to Monterey.

The mountains whispered to the valleys, "Good!"
The sun, slow sinking in the western flood,
Baptized in blood
The holy standard of the Brotherhood.

The timid fog crept in across the sea,
Drew near, embraced it, and and streamed far and free,
Saying: "O ye
Gentiles and Heathen, this is truly He!"

All this the Heathen saw; and when once more
The holy Fathers touched the lonely shore—
Then covered o'er
With shells and gifts—the cross their witness bore.

The Spectator

Mooney vs. Money

It is passing strange that some of the public have fallen for the old stock-in-trade slogan voiced by the chief counsel of Mr. Mooney, that is by Maxwell McNutt, who published repeatedly the statement that this was a case of money fighting Mooney. When the real facts of this extraordinary campaign are exposed it will show that money and Mooney throughout this fight were bed-fellows. The old days when capital and money fought the poor man have passed. A man must be a labor man to be elected to the legislature or to be elected to the position of mayor, or even to go to the House of Representatives or the United States Senate. That is so well known now that to deny it is a joke. There was more money spent in the "defense of Mooney" than was spent in the defense of Stokes, who killed the celebrated Jim Fiske for the love of Josephine Helen Mansfield. There were more bucketfuls of money spent for the "defense of Mooney" than was spent in the defense of Thaw for the cold-blooded killing of Stanford White over the affection of Evelyn Nesbit. In fact there never was so much money spent for the defense of any man, as there has been for Mooney. Thaw and his connections were millionaires. and they went broke defending Thaw. Stokes was a millionaire and he went broke in his defense. Mooney is a poor man and yet a million dollars were raised all over the world for his defense and in California alone over $109,000 up to January 1, 1918, of which it is said that $50,000 were spent for attorneys' fees. Not only the best talent in the State of California was called upon, but Bourke Cochran, the forensic leader of the bar of the Empire State, was brought all the way from New York to San Fancisco to raise his eloquent voice in the defense of the bomb throwers. On Fickert's side he was handicapped by a limitation of funds. The Board of Supervisors and the Mayor of this city allowed $2500 for some of the trials and $1500 for the others, and that is all the money that was raised on the side of the prosecution. Fickert himself is a graduate of Stanford University and so are several of the assistants in his office, and he came fresh from his baccalaureate laurels with a clean record to try these cases and has become the subject of vituperation and abuse, when, if he had been complacent or had favored the defense and allowed these men to escape he would have been hailed by labor socialism and the forces of anarchy as the new evangel of California justice. But the blood of the patriotic men, women and children, the unfortunate victims of these bomb throwers, cried out from the paving stones of Steuart and Market and successfully penetrated the Mooney campaign of propaganda and camouflage, and went up and throughout the State of California. It filtered into the jury box, into the breast of Judge Franklin A. Griffin and Judge Frank H. Dunne. It found its way into the appellate court, and the Supreme Court of California, and even reached the threshold of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. In spite of all the noise and the campaign of abuse and the showers of money thrown into Mooney's defense, the anarchistic and bomb throwing record of the defendants and their co-adiutors added to the transparency of the alibi story put up by the Mooneys, and together with the testimony of not one but many witnesses, all pointed with an an unerring finger to the door of truth, and the guilt of Mooney and his fellow conspirators. It is a case of justice against Mooney plus money, rather than the McNutt cry of "money against Mooney."

Attack on Densmore

That dictaphone report with lurid charges by John P. Densmore, who shot it off, and then escaped to Portland, was the subject of condemnation by the Down Town Association. On the 30th ultimo in its resolutions it denounced as a gross slander and as an unwarranted attack upon the fair name of San Francisco the following paragraph of Densmore's opinion of the City by the Golden Gate: "A man has no chance if they start to get him in San Francisco. They can jostle a man off the street, beat him, and have a dozen witnesses testify that he pulled a gun and started the fight. It is worse than New York. I have been in nearly every city in the United States and San Francisco is worse than any of them." It is a natural sequence that if any man in San Francisco believes Densmore, he will also believe that Thomas J. Mooney is a martyr and that it is a good thing to kill the women and men who had appeared upon Market and Steuart streets, to carry aloft the American flag in an effort to prepare the country against the Huns or any other nation that might attack us. The Down Town Association sent a copy of their resolution to Secretary of Labor W. B. Wilson. It would be interesting to know what the Secretary of Labor's opinion is of the Down Town Association. Probably it would be just as well not to print his opinion.

Judge Franklin A. Griffin's Attitude

It was before Judge Franklin A. Griffin, that the jury that tried Thomas J. Mooney for murder was impaneled, and before him the case was tried, and it resulted in a unanimous verdict of the jury of conviction of murder of the first degree. It was before Judge Franklin A. Griffin that the defendant Mooney through his corps of attorneys asked that the verdict be set aside and that a new trial be granted. Judge Griffin reviewed the trial and the testimony given at the trial, which lasted from January 3, 1917, till the day of the verdict, on February 10, 1917, and must have been convinced that Mooney was guilty of the murder of Myrtle Irene Van Loo of Merced, California, one of the many bomb victims, for he denied the motion for new trial. If Judge Griffin believed that a human being's neck was about to be stretched for a crime for which he was not guilty, he should have granted a new trial although the jury unanimously decided otherwise. He has full power under the law to set aside any verdict. Experts on criminal law have called attention to the ruling of the State Supreme Court, where they held

repeatedly "The Judge should set aside the verdict whenever he is not satisfied with it upon the evidence, and his order in that regard will not be disturbed on appeal if the evidence is substantially conflicting." In other words, Judge Griffin was at the time of the trial evidently fully convinced of Mooney's guilt of murder in the first degree and believed he should be hanged or else he would have granted him a new trial. It is true that it is claimed that the Oxman testimony was proven to be perjury. Oxman was tried and found innocent of any perjury in the case, but, however, it could not be said that Judge Griffin denied the new trial because he relied solely on Oxman. He had before him the record in the Billings case—Billings was convicted of murder of the same victims as the accomplice of Mooney and if Billings was guilty then Mooney was guilty and if Mooney was innocent Billings must have been innocent. The opinion of the Supreme Court stated that loose bullets and cartridge shells of calibers .22, .32 and .38 were found on Steuart street and in the bodies of some of the victims were bullets of .32 and .22 caliber, and in Mooney's home a pistol with .38 and .32 caliber cartridges was found, while in Billings' room was a .22 caliber rifle with some cartridges to fit it, a .32 caliber pistol with .32 caliber cartridges, while parts of two ball bearings five-eights of an inch in diameter were found on Steuart street. One witness testified he saw Billings deposit a suit case near Market street on Stewart street and after depositing it he, Billings, walked to the door of the saloon and at that instant Mooney came out and they talked together, Mooney pulling out his watch, looking at the Ferry clock, and looking towards the case where the suit case was. Then both disappeared. Independently of this witness there were other witnesses who saw Billings with a suit case at 721 Market street, on the roof; another witness saw Billings later on talking to the police officer, Earl R. Moore, while at that moment of time Mooney and his wife came from the direction of 721 Market street, and that Billings walked over and met Mooney in the middle of the sidewalk when Mooney and Billings both walked towards the Ferry and about the same time saw Weinberg get into an automobile which stood where Billings was talking to the police officer. No one questioned Police Officer Earl R. Moore, who said he talked to Billings in front of 721 Market street shortly before the parade while Moore was clearing the street in preparation for the procession.

Woodrow Wilson's Attitude

Governor William D. Stephens' order in which he commuted the sentence of Thomas J. Mooney brings to light the attitude of President Woodrow Wilson on the Mooney case so clearly that it dissipates a flood of small statements and rumors published and spread broadcast over the country with regard to the President desiring that Mooney should have a new trial or be pardoned. It was laid at President Wilson's door that he interfered with the courts in California, and with the action of the people of the State in prosecuting their criminals for murder of their citizens, but the letter of Governor Stephens shows that that is not true. No doubt if President Woodrow Wilson believed that Mooney had an unfair trial, he would have said so and done something with regard to giving him a new trial, but notwithstanding the thousand and one appeals made to President Wilson, he has stood like adamant, against suggesting anything with regard to Mooney's case, except that his sentence should be commuted, not on the ground that Mooney had been a man of good life and rectitude prior to his conviction or that his anteeedents were clear of crime, or that any of the decisions of the juries or the courts were corrupt, or wrong, but simply on the ground that a war was then pending between the United States and Germany, and all the civilzed nations of the earth were more or less embroiled, and that it might bring about international complications if Mooney should be hanged, instead of having his sentence commuted to life. President Woodrow Wilson sent two telegrams. The first on March 27, last, when he suggested a commutation of the sentence only on account of "certain international affairs, which his execution would greatly complicate." The second telegram on June 2, was to the same effect where he suggested not to pardon, but "a commutation of the death sentence imposed upon Mooney." And this telegram was on account of the "international significance which attaches to it." It is evident that President Wilson did not take any stock in any other ground, but he knew that working men in Russia and the working men in Copenhagen and England and elsewhere were holding meetings, prompted by the Mooney propaganda, in which they believed a workingman was going to be hanged by the capitalists, simply because he was a workingman. Mooney therefore has to thank the state of war existing between Germany and the United States and the then existing international complications, when President Wilson sent his two telegrams in March and June, last, as otherwise he undoubtedly would not have deserved or received the consideration which he has received and he can thank the saving of his neck to the world war and the President's fear of possible international complications.

Giulio Minetti's Business Ability

Who says that an instinct for business and a feeling for music are incompatible? The case of Giulio Minetti is a refutation of this creed. He was long a factor in our musical life as a teacher of violin and leader of the Minetti Quartette which, season after season, played chamber music in the homes of San Francisco and Oakland society—notably those of Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. Jos. D. Grant and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. Last year he played with the Symphony Orchestra. He accumulated the wherewithal to purchase a five-acre farm on a ledge of Tamaplais. He spent all his spare hours there, improving and cultivating it. Recently he exchanged it for a pair of flats on Sacramento and Walnut streets which were valued at nine thousand dollars. Soon the man who bought the farm tried to borrow four thousand dollars on a mortgage but complained to Minetti that he had been asked eight per cent interest, whereupon Giulio loaned him the amount at seven per cent. When the note matured, neither principal nor interest having been paid, Minetti foreclosed, getting his miniature ranch back. Now Mr. Minetti has forsaken San Francisco, directing an orchestra in Sacramento's leading movie house, and has established a clientele among violin students in

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the capital. There was a business venture back of this, too. For Minetti some time ago purchased an orange orchard "on paper" from a speculator. One day, not receiving any revenue, he motored up in his little car and came back fuming because it was a woe-begone looking estate with a few scrubby orange trees which looked ashamed of themselves. So I suspect that Giulio migrated to Sacramento to be nearer to the orchard. He will keep a watchful eye upon it and in time we may expect to purchase oranges de luxe from his place, unless he exchanges it for business property in Sacramento.

Minetti and Doe Leahy

Years ago when he was concert master at the Tivoli Opera House his salary during the six weeks' grand opera season was increased twenty-five dollars weekly. When the comic opera season was resumed, he was given his former salary, whereupon he and Manager Leahy had it hot and heavy, Leahy telling him to resign if dissatisfied. In telling the story, Minetti dramatically inquired, "And do you know what I said to him?" Of course one seeing Giulio's emphatic jestures and flashing eyes might fancy that he told Leahy he would cast him into the mouth of Vesiuvius if they ever met in Italy. But no! "I said, 'Is that so?' That's what I said to him."

Minetti and the Prima Donna

Another time an Italian prima donna unfamiliar with her principal aria kept the orchestra at the dress rehearsal repeating for her. Minetti, seeing the hour approach when he had an engagement with a pupil, rose and announced, "Madam, you should not have come here for rehearsal because you do not know your music." "And who are you to dare to speak to me like that?" she demanded. "I am the concert master and this is a first-class orchestra, not a hand-organ to be turned 'round by you." The prima donna promptly had hysterics but Giulio arrived at his studio to give his lessons.

Minetti Quoted in Sydney

This story traveled way over to Australia by the medium of a member of an American company in rebuking the conductor of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, for detaining the entire company while he taught a new song to the only Australian member of the company. The American advised him to be more self-assertive, like the orchestra members in San Francisco who wielded power by virtue of the Musicians' Union, an institution which, though badly needed in Australia, had not yet gotten a footing there. The conductor listened attentively and declared he would make new rules in the future. At the very next rehearsal with orchestra, one of the principal Americans of the company did not know her music and the orchestra had to repeat and help her to learn it. The leader, a timid little man, rapped his desk, summoned his latent courage and said, "Miss, you should not have come here for rehearsal because you do not know your music. Do you think this is a hand organ to be turned 'round as many times as you wish?" Not prepared for "an American come back," the little man meekly subsided when she looked him over haughtily and said, "Certainly not! In America distinguished companies like this always engage orchestras, not hand organs to accompany them. That is why we engaged you. Continue, please." He did so. It was the last time he asserted himself while on tour with the Americans. If an Australian musicians' union were later proposed he doubtless pulled strongly for it.

Fred Stone's Wife

Though it has nothing to do with the anecdote, the independent American girl was Allene Crater, who not long after her return to this country married Fred Stone, one of our most popular and wealthy comedians. He owns the New York Equitable Life Insurance Building which nets him an income of fifty thousand dollars yearly, a handsome town residence on Park Avenue and a fine farm on Long Island. As he has just gone into the movies as well, his fortune will doubtless become fabulous, for Stone is in the class which can perform all sorts of impossible feats of agility. His wife's sister married Rex Beach.

Return of "The Grizzlies"

The most recent advices seem to justify the announcement that the Grizzlies will be home by the twenty-second of the month, and it is to be hoped that such arrangements may be made as will permit them to stretch their wearied legs under their own tables on Christmas Day. There is already much tentative talk with reference to the nature of the welcome home that should be extended to them, which of course should be in the nature of a tremendous outpouring of local pride and sentiment. But as usual these suggestions are promulgated in various organizations, with thoughts wide apart, each one clamoring for separate honors in a movement that should be distinctly public, both in scope and management. As at the time of the Grizzlies' farewell, the Olympic Club seems to have the best idea, the best committee of young enthusiasts to launch it, and there is already enough money in sight to guarantee that this will be done in a liberal manner. Whatever form the reception may eventually take, it is sure to be a rousing one, and the inspiration of the Olympians, with their own Battery B in the Grizzlies, their 750-starred service flag, and their five or six stars of gold, may be safely trust to attend to the details in their usual complete and enthusiastic manner. We should also hear from some of our local poets.

California's Mercurial Vote

While superintending the serving of a luncheon at his road house a few days ago, our friend Andy Buerke, who before election was said to hold the vote of his particular bailliwick in his pocket, made the following rejoinder to a query concerning the recent contest: "You may as well make up our mind, gents, that nobody livin' can't figure bettin' odds on a California election without comin' out broke. If a man don't know what't doin' in a precinct where he thinks he knows how everybody's goin' to vote, how could he dope out a hundred and fifty thousand majority for Stephens in the State? And them amendments! They sure must a maked them in the dark!. They heap a lot more taxation on the people for things they don't want, and then they vote down a magnificent aquarium for Golden Gate Parked that's offered them fur nothin'. Small blacks all 'round, Sam!"

A Tour of Europe

There unquestionably are hundreds of San Franciscans possessed of a desire to see Europe "after the war," and who won't be satisfied with mere moving picture views of devastated France and Belgium and the most famous battlefields of all history. In anticipation of this curiosity, Dr. Paul Sandfort has announced his intention to conduct personally a tour of Europe (and Asia as well) just as soon as the situation over there becomes practicable for intensive traveling. This announcement should prove of great interest to any one contemplating a trip across the "pond" as soon as the peace terms have been definitely agreed on. Dr. Sandfort is at present apartmented in Marlborough Hall and it behooves prospective travelers to communicate with him.

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Freedom Forever

By F. Smith

Columbia, land of freedom, to thee our hearts are true,
We love thy starry banner, the red, the white, the blue,
On land or sea unconquered, the banner of the free,
Shining for all the world, the star of liberty.
When honor calls to conflict and sounds the battle cry,
For freedom thy sturdy sons will bravely fight and die!
From sea to sea united, the gray beside the blue,
Standing togethter now with loyal hearts and true.

Columbia, queen of nations, the fairest of the earth,
Reserved through countless ages to witness freedom's birth.
From every land and kingdom you welcome the oppressed,
Seeking for liberty, beneath thy flag they rest.
Thine honor still untarnished, thy spirit strong and free,
"For justice" thy motto is to all who look to thee.
Though nations shall assail thee, thy standard still shall be
Ever and ever more, the star of liberty.

Freedom forever! Our hearts are strong to fight for "Old Glory!"
Freedom forever! On land or sea our arms shall guard thine honor.
Freedom forever! Columbia, the freeman's home.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Marriage of Lieutenant Robinson

The many friends of Lieutenant Arthur G. Robinson, U. S. N., who is the son of Mrs. Clay M. Greene, will be as surprised as they should be pleased to learn that he was married in New York on November 27 to Miss Inez Buck, a beautiful and talented actress attached to the "Lombardi, Limited" Company. The young people were seen together many times during the past summer, at the pleasant Bohemian receptions given by the Clay Greenes, while the young officer was awaiting the fitting out of the destroyer "Robinson," of which he is the ordnance officer. But, having the reputation of being a stolid freelance as far as women are concerned, no suspicions were aroused. The ceremony itself was strictly private, but an elaborate dinner and dance were held at the Hotel Ritz, which continued until the "wee sma" hours. In addition to the two families and their close friends, the company included the groom's brother officers from the "Robinson" and Commander John Simpson was enabled to present him with a commission promoting him to the rank of lieutenant commander in the Navy. The "Robinson" is now at sea as one of the Presidential convoy, while the bride of a few days is in New York, cementing the approval and affection of her newly acquired mother-in-law.

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Two Fine Orchestras

Coming Back to California

Now that we are getting ready to welcome the boys home, it gladdens our hearts to know how eager they are to get back to their homes. California has a lure not alone for her native-born sons in the service, but also for the men from other states and foreigners who were sent to the California camps for training. Here are a few expressions of home longing from letters I have seen:

From a Portland (Oregon) soldier: "Guess I'll do my soldiering in the good old U. S. A. after all. But how did I know Bill was ready to show his cards? I am in a tent on a big flat table. The wind hits it hard and it gets very cold in the evening so one has to go to bed to keep warm. We certainly are very much alive, though, and the 63d Infantry is a well-known outfit in the East as well as the West. I took in Washington and Baltimore again and am satisfied that San Francisco is the only place for me."

From a Montanan: "Well, I must say that New York don't compare with San Francisco, for the people in New York seem to be too much independence to treat us like California did. Me for San Francisco as soon as Uncle Sam is through with me."

From an Idaho land in the 63d: "I hope you will be happy this Thanksgiving and the rest of the people in San Francisco, and thank God that the world war is over so we can rest in peace now. I don't know what they are going to do with us but I hope that they will send us back to the Presidio. And do you know that we are the best regiment in the U. S. A. and all the people around here say so. We Western fellows look like giants to them. We were out on the Navy's range and the Navy boys say that we Western fellers are sure good with rifles. You might know that."

From a Richmond District boy who fought in the great battle of the Marne: "Tell Pa I'll soon be home chasing the pill over Lincoln Golf Links."

From an Italian child of the regiment: "We give a show in Baltimore and the Croxton Canaries, we sing. The Canaries, it is us, because the Colonel he is like we sing more than to drill. I am glad but some of the boys they don't like it."

A French boy wrote: "I had a letter from my sister in France. It was mailed twenty-six days. I don't know where they keep it so long. I'll be glad everything is over. Anyway they don't need us any more and I like to be free to work on a farm in California."

Romances of the Charlemagne Towers

The wedding of Miss Helen Tower of Philadelphia and Major William Robertson, to take place on December 21 at Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, is of more than ordinary interest to friends in this city. Her mother, Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, was formerly Miss Nellie Smith, daughter of the later G. Frank Smith of Oakland and niece of the late Judge Richard Rising, cousin of Mrs. Hugh Vail (Edith Rising) and Mrs. John J. Theobald (Nettie Rising) of this city. The engagement will bring to mind the romantic meeting of Charlemagne Tower and Nellie Smith which subsequently led to their marriage. G. Frank Smith and daughter were

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starting north for a pleasure trip to Alaska and missed the steamer. On the wharf at the same time a distinguished man was pacing to and fro, having also lost the boat. In a few days they succeeding in boarding another vessel on time, and, that all "chance is direction" was proven in their case, before the arriving at Alaska strangers until then, Charlemagne Tower and Nellie Smith became engaged during the voyage. Their marriage was a brilliant affair in Oakland. Later in life as the wife of the American Ambassador the charming and thoroughly American girl was one of the best loved Americans who ever graced an embassy.

Dr. Howitt Marries

The marriage of Dr. W. O. Howitt and Mrs. Edith Travis (formerly Miss Hund of Marin County) took place at the bride's home in Mountain View avenue, San Rafael, last week, Judge Zook performing the ceremony. Dr. Howitt's first wife (an aunt of Mrs. Truxton Beale) died seven years ago, leaving two children, a son, Dudley, and a daughter, Beatrice. Dudley went to France in the American Army and he writes home that he intends remaining in Paris to take up art. Beatriee is connected with the department of bacteriology at Lane Hospital. The doctor a few years ago was engaged to a southern beauty who broke the engagement because she declared that to become a stepmother to grown children was too arduous a task. Folks are wondering how the gallant doctor will enjoy being the step-father of two irrepressible boys. The Howitts will reside on Petaluma avenue, San Rafael, in an attractive home where the doctor has lived for twenty years.

Miss Gladys Sullivan

Every day we learn of some recruit to the army of nurses, beautiful, petted darlings of society who, without a sigh of regret, relinquish a life of luxury and elegant leisure to perform the arduous tasks which their patriotism prompts them to undertake. The latest San Francisco society girl of whom I have heard to enter the Lane Hospital for a course in nursing is Gladys Sullivan, the pretty, attractive daughter of Frank J. Sullivan and niece of Senator Phelan. Her brother Noel is still in France, where in an early period of the war he went, giving lavishly of his services and wealth to the Ambulance Corps. Miss Sullivan's course surprises no one, as, to the four Sullivan children, intellectual pursuits and the obligations which wealth entails have always had a greater appeal to them than the frivolities of life.

Justice Melvin's Concert

Some professional men specialize on golf for relaxation, some fish or hunt, others hike and others go in for yachting. They have even been known to take up gardening "on the destructive plan." I know a banker who paints and has actually won prizes at art exhibitions. Our Justice Henry A. Melvin sings for his favorite pastime and does it creditably, artistically as a Justice of the Supreme Court might be expected to do if he did it at all. Judge Melvin has always lived in a musical atmosphere and pursued music as a serious student. In Oakland he was the leading baritone of the Nile Club and sang for years in churches there and has frequently appeared in Bohemian Club affairs. But it remained for the municipality of San Francisco to bill his genial countenance upon car cards announcing his appearance as soloist with Lemare at the Civic Auditorium. I had not the pleasure of hearing him, but I'm sure he was a success because he has discriminating taste in composing a programme, a fine voice and an artistic method. For many years, Mrs. Melvin's sister, Mary Alberta Morse, well-known soprano and vocal teacher, has been a member of the Melvin household where melody and harmony are welcome residents.

British Residents to Celebrate

The British residents of San Francisco and the Bay region will hold a celebration of the Allied victories in Scottish Rite Auditorium, on Friday, December 20, afternoon and evening, under the auspices of the British War Service Societies. In the afternoon there will be a bazaar, to which admission will be free. In the evening an entertainment and dance will be given, tickets for which should be procured in advance. This will be the great British Christmas gathering. Come and celebrate the happiest and most glorious Christmas in all history with your British kinsmen. Just think of it! We are going to celebrate one of the greatest events that has ever taken place since the world began.

New Year's Eve at Techau Tavern

Great pomp and circumstance will herald the advent of the coming New Year, the greatest New Year in the life of any of us mortals who have stood up under the strain of 1918. Music, dancing, feasting will all have their due share in this celebration and nowhere will there be greater scope for enjoyment than at the Tavern, where arrangements have been completed for the most elaborate programme ever attempted even in this popular cafe. Many guests have already reserved their tables in anticipation of an unusually large attendance. Every guest will receive an art bag containing souvenirs and noise makers.

At the Fairmont

The Fairmont Hotel promises to be one of the gayest of San Francisco's numerous gay places this winter. Directing Manager D. M. Linnard, whose Huntington, Maryland and Green Hotels in Pasadena are so famed, is de-

(Continued on Page 12)

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The Stage

A Virtuoso of Glassware

A xylophone is not usually expected to yield real melody, no matter how gently it be love-tapped by those eminent virtuosi who elect to play it. A xylophone, indeed, ordinarily gives forth cacaphony of a kidney with the weird emissions of a circus calliope, and even a Mirimba, which is a xylophone in kid gloves, offends rather than intrigues the ear. But the Orpheum this week presents one Friscoe—the name is more that of a racehorse than a musician—whose business it is to lure genuine music from a gigantic contrivance of glassware and tin, and it is not too fulsome praise to say he does manage to brew a large earful of pleasing sound. Friscoe plays the "Barcarolle" with the touch of a master-xylophonist, if such there be, and so surpassing sweet is the voice of his instrument (when he puts the velvet on) one really suspects the fellow of having a feeling for tone. Friscoe isn't the headliner of the bill, however, and the honors thereof rightly bestow themselves on Maud Lambert and Ernest Ball. Maud sings most of the latest songs Ball has written; Ball himself, who isn't a bit unfunny when he essays a few comedy sidelights, mumbles his way through a medley of his older ballads; and it is safe to say that Ball is responsible for at least half as many of our popular and once-popular songs as are all other composer combined. The Lambert appears to be a trifle less—well—embonpoint than when she last played this metropolitan town. It may be that she has adopted the Sanford Bennett breakfast cure for the bane of bulk, to wit, a roll or two on the floor in the morning; or it may also be that she has a maid who is a veritable artiste of apparel, for what excess there used to be of Maud is now nicely taken care of. Somebody wrote a snappy melange of chatter and fun for Harry and Will Lander and in their twenty minutes of foolishness these boys get over like a drive for Liberty Bonds. They are a trifle vulgar at times perhaps, but vulgarity is to vaudeville what garlic is to steak, and there be those among us who must have our seasoning! The one redeeming feature of the Countess De Leonardi's Futuristic Revue is the tenor singing of Mr. L. Casiglio. Here is a singer with a voice of rare fibre, who knows well the value of restraint even in vaudeville. Though vaudeville audiences as a rule will applaud to high heaven any singer who manages to end his song with a wild burst of sound calculated to split the ears of the three front rows, it is possible to capture them artistically as well as by storm, and Casiglio makes the most of his conservatory training. The bill opens with fifteen minutes of living statuary during which a woman as shapely as Cleopatra should have been charms the eye and jounces the pep. It closes with American Red Cross pictures of the Peace Celebration in Paris, the film showing that Paris beyond a doubt rejoiced over the quitting of the Hun with greater glee than did any other city in the world with the exception of San Francisco. The rest of the programme is quite Orpheum in its excellence, and Walter Brower, Joseph Browning, the farce-melodrama "For Pity's Sake," and the Official War Review round it out in fine fashion.

—Thomas Lloyd Lennon.

"What's Your Husband Doing?"

I saw the Alcazar company for the first time this season in George V. Hobart's gay farce. The company rollicked through the three acts which were smartly staged by Roy Clements. Even the jail scene was smart. I never saw a jail (inside) but if it is anything like the one on the Alcazar stage this week it isn't half so bad as it is said to be; and if there is as much fun there in a real jail as in the mimic one I'd like to go there for a change of scene when I find life dull. However, I'd want to be sure that I'd find the company as entertaining as the guileless ingenue who got herself and others in such trouble that only the susceptibility of her charms to the silly old judge of Al Cunningham got her with two feverishly energetic young law partners out of it. A good stock company is an indispensable feature in the theatrical life of a big city and it is really deplorable to see the Alcazar depart from its traditions by making excursions into the over-done movies. Please, Alcazar powers-that-be, don't do it again—some of us pine for the spoken drama. Belle Bennett, the leading lady, is charming, pretty and magnetic. She has a musical voice that carries, which is a compliment that I can't conscientiously pay to the majority of the otherwise excellent company. Indeed, one lady in a prominent part mumbled so that I fancied myself growing deaf until a number of friends in the audience said they had the same complaint to make. I hate to "knock," so I'm not going to mention the lady's name; but if all the Alcazar people in future will try to enunciate as distinctly as Miss Bennett, then everybody will say, "Why, it isn't true at all. All the Alcazarans speak distinctly and not too fast." Thurston Hall, Clifford Alexander and Thomas Chatterton were each greeted by his coterie of admirers. Personally, if I had the Alcazar habit (a very good one to acquire), I would have applauded the entrée of Henry Shumer. But then, how could I know he was going to be so interesting and play the part of a chief of police with such devotion to the letter of the law that he arrested as many people as possible as if in dread of a recall? Are chiefs of police ever recalled or are they just more or less forcibly removed? Anyway, Shumer's energy deserved a life tenure of office.

—H. M. B.

The Symphony Pop

Arriving late and finding "S. R. O." and leaving the theatre hearing the great crowd humming snatches from the programme (principally from Tchaikowsky's "March Slav" and Percy Grainger's "Molly on the Shore") were the crucial tests of the universal appeal of the first popular concert of the Symphony Orchestra on Sunday. "A Victory Concert" it was termed and compositions by distinguished representatives of the Allied nations were played—MacDowell for the United States, Bizet and Massenet for France, Jan Blockx for Belgium, Percy Grainger for Great Britain, Tito Ricordi for Italy and Tschaikowsky and Dvorak for Russia, besides soul-inspiring renditions of the American, French and British national airs. When Director Hertz obtains orchestrations which he deems worthy of his fine organization, we may expect to be electrified by hearing them played as we have never heard them before. I hope that the exhuberance of the Latin temperament will assert itself vocally when the Italian national anthem is played and that later on a vigorous chorus will follow the superb orchestra in the others. The American audience is full of enthusiasm, but oh! were they not so self-restrained. Massenet's "Alsacien Scenes" won a rousing encore due, doubtless, to the presence of numbers of young French aviators who applauded insistently for its repetition. The outpouring of the crowd was excceded only by the downpour from the skies which had no dampening effect upon those bent Curran-wards. Horace Britt and H. B. Randall distinguished themselves in the solo parts of 'cello and clarinet respectively.

—H. M. B.

At the Orpheum Next Week

Grace La Rue of the versatile voice will headline the Orpheum next week. On the occasion of her previous engagement in this city four years ago Miss La Rue scored one of the greatest hits in the history of Orpheum vaudeville. Her career has been made up of surprises and the latest is the magnificent improvement in her work. She is still noted for her voice, figure and "fixings" as one of her London critics expressed it, but she is now of more consequence and the transformation is due to close and intense study. The De Wolf Sisters, Georgette and Capitola, despite their long experience, are only young girls. They will present a charming sartorial musical skit called "Clothes, Clothes, Clothes," written for them by Marion Sunshine. Olive Briscoe, a singing and talking comedienne who has met with great success in New York, will introduce some new songs. All Miss Briscoe's numbers are written especially for her. Al Rauh, said to be a capital singing comedian, is associated with Miss Briscoe. Page, Hack and Mack, pantomimic comedy equilibrists; George Fox and Zella Ingraham in a melange of music, song and mirth; a new series of the Official War Review pictures; Joe Browning in a new monologue; the burlesque melodrama "For Pity's Sake," and Countess de Leonardi and her company of artists in a Futuristic Revue will be the remaining numbers of the bill.

Holiday Musical Show for Curran

"You're in Love" is scheduled for presentation at the Curran Theatre, beginning Sunday night, December 22. A breezy book by Otto Harbach, witty lyrics by Edward Clark and a most tuneful score by Rudolph Friml, combine to make most delightful entertainment. Harbach and Friml are responsible for such successes as "Katinka," "High Jinks" and "The Firefly," and they are said to have done their best work in "You're in Love." The star is Oscar Figman. He is supported by a notable company and a chorus of attractive girls.

Second Hertz Sunday Symphony Concert

Alfred Hertz will give the second Sunday symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Curran Theatre on the afternoon of December 15, repeating the superb programme offered on Friday in its entirety, though at materially reduced prices. Hertz's mastery as a conductor of Brahms is finely disclosed in that composer's First Symphony in C Minor, the important number of the programme. Of this work, Hanslick, an eminent European critic contemporary of Brahms, said: "The symphony displays an energy of will, a logic of musical thought, a greatness of structural power and a mastery of technique such as are possessed by no other living composer." Modest

Moussorgsky will be represented by "A Night on the Bald Mountain," orchestrated in its present form by Rimsky-Korsakoff. This is a fantastic composition, the music of which is wild and demoniacal. The musical extreme will be found in the overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride,' a fine rollicking number. The "pop" series, launched last Sunday, will be continued Sunday afternoon, December 22, with the complete orchestra in evidence and Hertz conducting. The programme will be an all-Tschaikowsky one.

At the Alcazar

"What's Your Husband Doing?", a flood of fun let loose by the comedians of the new Alcazar company, has seemingly swept the town, and it will continue all next week. A mad whirl of comic complications is devised by George V. Hobart in his ingeniously absurd romance of doings at Honeysuckle Inn, a fashionable road house raided by rural police. Perfectly innocent wives and husbands are caught in a web of misunderstanding. The farce is splendidly staged by Thurston Hall, Belle Bennett and a big cast. Two new farcical successes will follow at the Alcazar for the holidays—May Tully's "Mary's Ankle," Christmas week, and Edward Peple's "A Pair of Sixes" New Year's week, the latter playing a double header New Year's eve at 7:30 and 9:45.

Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 10)

voting his personal time and attention to the Fairmont and he proposes most decidedly to "put it on the map." Beginning next Wednesday there will be dancing in the large Norman Hall every night except Sunday, from 8.00 o'clock until 1:00, and in addition to the dancing in "Rainbow Lane," as a portion of the floor is to be known, the "Fairmont Follies" will be given several times every evening. Two orchestras, under the supervision of Rudy Seiger, will play each evening, one for dancing and the other for the Follies. The Afternoon Teas, personally supervised by Mrs. Arthur Judd Ryan, the Fairmont's social hostess, are becoming very popular, as are the Sunday evening Lobby Concerts given by Rudy Seiger and his soloists.

An Indignant Hollander

There is one adorable Dutch lady in San Francisco who showed great indignation when William of Germany wormed himself into her Holland. If there are any persons in San Francisco who have been more energetic in spreading propaganda advocating the swift and sure extermination of the Hohenzollern family than Mrs. E. W. Crellin, I have not heard of them. When Mrs. Crellin heard the news her wide brown eyes flashed as she exclaimed, "But of course the Dutch will kill him!" Mrs. Crellin was born Neltje Dykstra. When she made her stage debut in Paris, Robert Planquette, the famous composer of many comic operas, suggested the stage name Camille D'Arville which later became a household word in France, England and America. Mrs. Crellin's only child, a son, is at present an attaché of the American Embassy in Holland. When Mrs. Otis Skinner last June organized the San Francisco unit of the Stage Women's War Relief, she, acting upon the advice of prominent stage people in New York, chose Mrs. Crellin as the most prominent representative of the American stage in California to head it. That the choice was a wise one, every one interested in the stage and war work in this city is well aware, for it is an oft-told tale that our local unit has concentrated on work, making garments for the soldiers and sailors and the refugees, the members giving loving service under the energetic leadership of their adored president, whose winsome personality and unusual administrative ability have achieved brilliant success for the San Francisco division, which is the more remarkable as the membership is small, there not being in our city very many women with stage affiliations. The pleasant workrooms in the Alcazar Building will close at the end of the year, but the organization will continue and the three thousand dollars still in the treasury will be devoted to some purpose yet to be voted upon for the benefit of our dear boys when they come home. Workers are invited to join in the work of finishing material on hand. There are still fifty sets of pajamas to be made.

For the French Aviators

The Stage Women presented sixty aviators' jackets, two hundred pairs of socks, besides sweaters and helmets to the French aviators. Also they are sending quantities of knitted garments to our boys in Siberia and a marvelous case of refugee garments will arrive in Belgium for Christmas. There are wonderful bags for sale in the workrooms whic hare open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

A Christmas Party

An event looked forward to with much pleasnre is the annual Christmas party of pupils of Mrs. Richards' St. Francis Private School which will take place in the Lounge of the Hotel St. Francis Friday afternoon, December 20, at 2.30. A huge Christmas tree will be installed in the room during the coming week with the usual gorgeous decorations and lighting effects. Santa Claus will be impersonated by Victor Hirtzler, the St. Francis chef, who will distribute gifts from the tree to the pupils with appropriate speeches.

At the Cecil

A delightful dinner was given by Mr and Mrs. William Hamilton at the Cecil last Sunday. Mrs. J. McDonald is entertaining her son, Major McDonald, who has just come up from Fort Sill. This popular officer and his mother have an attractive suite at the Cecil. The latter is making her home at this hotel during the absence of General McDonald, who is in France. Informality was the keynote of the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Davis Sunday evening. Recent arrivals include Mr. Foote of Salt Lake City who is visiting his mother and sister. The music room was the setting for an enjoyable bridge party Monday evening. Among the players were Mrs. Zeigler, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Charles Graf, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Worall, Mrs. Larenz, Mrs. Rowley, Mrs. Charles Kenyon, Mrs. A. M. Barnes, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Eugene Davis, Miss Sally Fox, Miss Gussie Ames and Miss Thompson. Beautiful in its appointments was the dinner given by Mrs. Zeigler last Sunday. The private dining room was adorned with Christmas berries and ferns.

Fine Arts Concerts

Mme. Rose Reld Cailleau, Mrs. Mabel Hughes-Baalman, Laurence Strauss, Theresa Ehrman, Mr. Dutton, Arthur Conradi, F. Biggerstaff, Gerda Wismer Hoffman, Estelle Reed, Mildren Goetze and Ingeborg La Cour will take part in an artistic programme in honor of Mme. Tojetti at 2.30 p. m. Sunday.

Winter Guests

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall will have as their winter guests at their Scott street home, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hill of San Mateo and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheseborough of Southern California. Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Cheseborough were formerly Marian and Elizabeth Newhall respectively.

Death of John F. Morse, U. S. A.

John J. F. Morse, son of Mrs. Alice Howell Morse and the late Dr. John F. Morse (who founded the emergency ambulance system in San Francisco and was president of the Board of Health and chief surgeon of the Franklin Hospital) died at Walter Reed Military Hospital, Washington, D. C., of influenza. His mother and sister, who had been summoned by telegraph, were with him. A military funeral was held in Washington. Interment will be in the family plot, Odd Fellows' Cemetery, San Francisco. He was to have sailed for France next month to aid in scientific reconstruction, his experience in agriculture and as inspector in the Bureau of Materials, in addition to his training in the Sanitary Corps since enlisting, qualifying him for the appointment. A telegram from Brigadier-General W. H. Arthur expresses the view of many friends, his high purpose, unfailing cheer and sweetness of nature.

Who will endorse the German signatures on the next scraps of paper? Don't all speak at once, Pacifists.

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Smetana.....Overture, "The Bartered Bride"
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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

BURNING CROSSES

(Continued from Page 5)

tended that he did not care. And so he was made to stay on the outside of the room in which Agnes suffered. And John's face bore no expression at all as he walked the outer hall. For John was the Cynic and he did not believe in love. And as he walked there smote upon his ears a wail of pain in the voice of Agnes, and John winced as if it were he that was hurt. And fear strode upon his face. And close upon that first sound of anguish there came a second, and another, and then many more. And his heart within him seemed to melt and pour out through his veins like molten iron. And slowly there dawned upon the soul of John the Cynic a great truth in which he had not believed. And the fear went from his face and in its place there came understanding and the knowledge of love. And when the door of the room opened, and a white-clad figure came forth to John with tidings of great joy, he rushed into the room. And there was no longer doubt, but faith, and understanding, and a great tenderness in his eyes as John looked upon Agnes and her first-born.

IV.

Now, when a great number of days had passed, Mary and Marth and Agnes, in the cool sweetness of a June-time evening, came forth together from the old Church of Saint Mary. Mary and Martha and Agnes were returning from their prayers, for this had been the day of their purification. They were returning to their homes and their husbands, to Peter and Paul and John. And as they walked—up the tedious hill on the sides of which an Oriental Croesus sold his silks, past gray hulks of houses of the rich, and along the level place that overlooks all the city—they turned and gazed downward into the sea of twinkling lights. And as they turned, the flame of the blazing cross shone into their eyes, and Mary and Martha and Agnes stopped walking and looked upon the burning cross; and it was beautiful to look upon. And when they had looked upon it for a time, they walked again, and Mary, who was the wife of Peter, turned to Martha and Agnes and began to speak. And Mary said:

I prayed that my first-born should be a man-child and heaven heard my prayer. But I am not happy. I prayed that my child should be a son that Peter, my husband, might not be sad, but that he might be joyful and love me more sweetly than he did. But now that I have given him a son he loveth me not even as he did, but he loveth and giveth all his love to his son. I bore the burden of a burning cross and it hath branded sorrow in my soul. And I am no longer happy, but unhappy. And Peter, my husband, is no longer unhappy, but he is happy. And he loveth the child that I bore him, and he is ever joyful, but he hath forgotten me, Mary, his wife, and I am grow aweary, and ever shall I be sad.

And Mary, who was the wife of Peter, who had been the Pessimist, stopped speaking. And when she stopped, Martha, who was the wife of Paul, began to speak. And Martha said:

I cared not what my first-born should be, and I cared not if it were still-born, and I cared not if I died in birthing it. And ever was I sad because Paul, my husband, loved me not as I would have been loved, but he loved me after a fashion. But I bore the burden of a burning cross and it hath singed my soul with happiness. And now I am no longer sad, but I am joyful, for Paul, my husband, loveth me again, and he speaketh no more in jest, but is grave always, and no more am I but a thing to him. Some change hath o'ertaken him and he is no longer happy, but unhappy, and sad even as once I was, and as was Peter, Mary's husband. But he loveth me and I am possessed of a great joy.

And Martha, who was the wife Paul, who had been the Optimist, stopped speaking. And when she had stopped, Agnes, who was the wife of John, began to speak. And Agnes said:

I prayed God that my labor might be terrible and my agony long so that the doubts of John of my love for him might pass away. But now, because I suffered much, and because my pain was enduring, and because my prayer hath been answered, I care not if John loveth me. For I have my child, and he is a man-child, and he belongeth to me, and I shall live for him. I bore the burden of a burning cross, and it hath blistered my soul with renunciation. I demanded pain that John, my husband, seeing me suffer, might love me. And pain was given me, and John did love me. But now I do not want his love, for it is nothing to me; but I do want the love of my babe whom I have borne in long labor and much agony.

And Agnes, who was the wife of John, who had been the Cynic, stopped speaking. And now the three women were come to the end of the level place. And so they separated, each going to her home and her husband—to Peter and Paul and John.

V.

Now, Peter and Paul and John, in the soft calm of an October night, walked, arm linked in arm, along the street of whitest lights in the heart of the great city that rose again. Peter and Paul and John were returning from one of the many odorous eating places that throng the byways of the city's forbidden parts. They were returning to their homes and their wives, to Mary and Martha and Agnes. And as the three men walked—past the alleys where sportive ladies keep their doors ajar, past the square of Robert Louis the beloved, past the gaunt, gray building called with perhaps deserved irony the Hall of Justice—there shone into their eyes the flame of the blazing cross that tops the steeple of the old church. And Peter and Paul and John stopped walking and looked upon the burning cross; and it was beautiful to look upon. When they had looked upon it for a time they walked again, and Peter, who had been the Pessimist, turned to Paul and John, and began to speak. And Peter said:

That cross is the symbol of the good that overcometh all evil. That cross—the sign of a holy church—the while it looks upon, gleams upon, smiles upon the viciousness of men, is the figure of the eternal truth that upon the heels of all great evil there comes greater good. That cross—that burning cross—stands as the symbol of the love and care of an all-loving, all-caring God Who maketh pain into joy and Who draweth good from evil.

And Peter, who had been the Pessimist, stopped speaking. And when he had stopped, Paul, who had been the Optimist, began to speak, and Paul said:

That cross is the symbol of the great truth that there is no good, but evil. That cross—the sign of a holy church—in its stand at the gates of this hell is the figure of the eternal truth that behind all the happiness of man there lurkes greater unhappiness. That cross—that burning cross—reveals the cruelty of a destiny that maketh men and women suffer that a new man may be born to suffer. That cross—here on the rim of a vice-pool, telleth in a voice stronger than the wind of the terrible pain that all pleasure bringeth.

And Paul, who had been the Optimist, stopped speaking. And when he had stopped, John, who had been the Cynic, began to speak. And John said:

That cross can not be the symbol of evil, for evil is not and can have no symbol. All is love and love is all, and love is not evil. Aye! I have looked upon life and I have seen it. And there is love, and love is great and ruleth all things. Love maketh light that which is heavy, love beareth equally all that is unequal. Love can and doth do all things. Love maketh the bitter to be sweet and the sweet to be more sweet. And nothing is there that is sweeter than love. Nothing is there that is stronger. Nothing is there that is more generous and unselfish than love. Love is the sun and moon and all the stars. Love lighteth every heart and buildeth every home. Love is the Spirit of the Creator and it proceedeth from Him, and it is the greatest and most excellent of all things. Aye! I say it. That there is love. That there is no success without love. That I had rather be the king of one loving and tender heart, and she the queen of my heart, than the ruler of all the world.

And John, who had been the Cynic, stopped speaking. And now the three men were come to the end of the street of whitest lights. And so they separated, each going to his home and to his wife, to Mary and Martha and Agnes.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The action of the Money Committee in removing all restrictions relative to loans on stocks or bonds had a favorable effect on prices, and shorts were inclined to cover at least part of their commitments, which brought about a better feeling marketwise. Trading, however, was mostly by the professional element, who have been very pessimistic of late. Steel issues seemed to be in better demand, and there was some covering of shorts in the copper group, owing to the action taken by the Porphyry Copper Companies in declaring their regular quarterly dividends. Rails were steady and inactive, but the undertone was firm, and they recovered quickly from any selling movement. The low priced rails seemed to be in better demand, and in some issues like Southern Railway and Texas Pacific the advance was several points. The professional element have all been bearish on steel, and it is usually the case that when this element takes a pronounced stand on the market, the general result has been that it overcrowds the short position and is so timid about losses that the mass of traders rush to cover if the slightest show of strength is made. There may be some surprise in store for those who have been selling the steel issues, and who expected that peace would bring about a marked reduction in their output and a decrease in prices. Some of those who are prominent in the industry report that they have many inquiries coming to hand for large amounts of semi-finished and finished steel products, which may be placed at prices far above those now prevailing. One proposition was made that it will take the supply of many of the plants for export trade alone, and will leave a deficit in supplying the needs of this country. According to these interests, it will be necessary to continue a board of allotment, to arrange for meeting the needs of the world in steel products, just as it was to have an export board for foodstuffs. However, sentiment generally remains bearish, and the argument put forth is that ultimately we will have to get to a peace basis, and that contracts are being cancelled every day in all lines of industries, and that there can only be a temporary upturn in prices, due to the technical condition of the market. We believe the market will continue a scalping one for the time being, and look for some further reactions in prices, which will be at a level where investors will again enter the market and take up the surplus supply of securities.

Cotton—There seemed to be no definite trend to the cotton market the past week. Prices were strong at times, and higher, only to be followed later by a selling movement which made for a lower market. The restrictions against short selling undoubtedly make the market more vulnerable to decline, for there is no covering to encounter when the market weakens, and sellers must rely on scattered buying, which is often lacking, except at wide intervals under the market. Uncertainty as to developments during the transition from war conditions to a peace basis has had a depressing influence on values in the cotton market. There was considerable hedge selling for the South against actual cotton, and it was feared that owing to the heavy exports of foodstuffs to Europe, freight room for cotton will be small for some time. Mills report a good demand for all kinds of cotton goods. Buyers seem to be afraid to take hold at present, and prefer to only buy from a hand-to-mouth basis, until conditions are more settled. It is expected that all restrictions, especially those regarding the selling of cotton short, will be removed in the near future, and the market will again become a normal one and be subject to actual supply and demand basis. We regard prices as low enough, all things considered, and believe cotton, especially for the May option, can be bought with safety around present prices.

THE EFFECT OF GOVERNOR STEPHEN'S COMMUTATION OF MOONEY'S SENTENCE

(Continued from Page 3)

would give the same dynamite medicine to Governor Johnson that Suhr and Ford had given to their unfortunate victims.

The words of Governor Stephens make it plain even to the honest workingman that he regards Mooney in jail, as a muzzled dog, properly chained up and that it would be safer to turn a mad dog loose on the public than turn loose such a dangerous anarchist as Thomas Mooney upon the innocent public of San Francisco.

The public soon suppresses a mad dog found running on the public sidewalk; but what would we think of a Governor that would set a mad man at liberty and unmuzzle him after all the courts in the land had legitimately housed him in the State Penitentiary?

The Governor's message was published througout the State of California and the United States, and also was published in England, France, Russia and other countries. The result was electrical. Bomb throwers' propaganda fell with a slump. The threatened strikes of the labor unions were called off. The Red attitude of the Commissioner of Labor in Washington became pale and all the dire consequences of not pardoning Mooney failed to materialize, for the message of the Governor had gone through like iron piercing the flesh—the facts he put forward remained undenied and the force of these facts educated the honest sentiment of the labor unions and the decent elements of all the laboring classes to such an extent that if these dangerous agitators had persisted during the last two weeks in their threatened civil war, they would have been overwhelmingly defeated and disgraced by the now thoroughly aroused law-abiding element of the laboring classes throughout the United States.

It is with great satisfaction that this great country always finds a man to rise to the occasion when it is threatened by enemies from within, as well as enemies from without.

It is also a satisfaction to find that anarchy and Mooneyism may "Fool some of the people all the time and may fool all of the people some of the time," but anarchy and Mooneyism cannot "fool all the people all of the time."

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SAN FRANCISCO'S ART WORLD

(Continued from Page 4)

C. Chapel Judson, and here is indeed a true poet of the canvas, shows three foreign gems, "A Street in St. Ives," "St. Ives Harbor," "Gossip in Bruges, Belgium," and "A Monterey County Landscape."

The indefatigable Latimer is there with inspiration, poetry and execution in a group of his pretty water colors, and Pedro J. Lemos shows a quartette of poetical landscapes well worth remembering.

Maurice G. Logan in his brilliantly tinted "The Old Garden" shows that he will soon demonstrate how much charm there is in the impressionistic school, and, as a bystander remarked, "This boy is coming, and coming strong."

E. Spencer Macky's "Donald" fills the observer with regret that he sends in but one exhibit, for it is a charming and vigorous picture.

Joe Mora's bronze statuettes of Cowboy "stunts" compare very favorably with the best things of the kind, and Haig Patigan is well represented in fanciful fashion by his graceful kneeling figure, "Nymph at Play," but he has more than excelled his best efforts with his bust of Charles K. Field, which is not only a striking likeness, but an unusually good example of the finished sculptor's art.

Charles Rollo Peters is again seen at his best with four canvases. This is equivalent to saying that it is the best that can possibly done with night, for here, in the opinion of the writer, Peters stands pre-eminent.

Another veteran, and one perhaps who is no less true to his nature, is C. D. Robinson, whose seventy years seem to have been no impediment to his industry and his inspiration. He shows five pictures of equal excellence, all with their wonderful skies, and from among them the writer would choose "Sunburst Through the Fog."

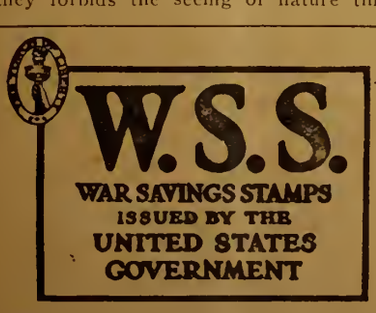
Will Sparks again charms with no less than eight of his poetical glimpses of twilight, from among which it would be difficult to make a choice, for they are uniformly excellent.

Frank Van Sloun shows some of his usual fine figure painting in an exceedingly strong portrait of Pieter Visser, and Matteo Sandona follows him very closely indeed, with three striking efforts in the same line.

That grim and grizzled veteran of Bohemia, John A. Stanton, sends in no less than eleven canvases in landscape and portrait, all demonstrating that in strength of color and boldness of touch, his hand has not lost its cunning. Of all of them, "Marine," showing a bold cliff at whose feet is a group of bathing nymphs, will be best remembered.

Theodore Wores, a colorist whose love of brilliancy forbids the seeing of nature through the softening films of ideality, exhibits nine examples of his best work in flowered landscape, and a figure piece, "The Water Carrier," a gorgeous symphony in scarlet.

Again let it be said that this Annual Exhibition of the Bohemian Club is well worth a visit, and will last until December 21.



SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, Deceased.—No. 25445 New Series. Department No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 7th day of December, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased.

FLORENCE ELLIS SNOWGRASS,
Administratrix of the estate of John Gray Snowgrass, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 7, 1918.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO RENEW MORTGAGE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24270, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, Deceased.

MARY DEGAN, administratrix of the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this court authorizing, directing and empowering her, as such administratrix, to renew the subsisting mortgages on the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing to the court that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgages be renewed,

It is ordered by the court, that all persons interested in the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, do appear before this court on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-seven ($2767.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary Degan, the administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said petition for further particulars. Said real estate, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue, distant thereon twenty-eight (28) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly C) Street; running thence Southerly along said line to Fifth Avenue twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly seventy (70) feet to the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue and the point of commencement.

BEING a part of Outside Land Block Number 385.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks next before the day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed November 26, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk, by E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 16167, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNIE B. WOLTERS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 3rd day of October, 1918, in the matter of the estate of Annie B. Wolters, deceased, the undersigned as administrator of the estate of said Annie B. Wolters, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate, at private sale on or after WEDNESDAY, December 18, 1918, to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

1. An undivided one-sixth interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Central Avenue distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southerly from the point of intersection of said line of Central Avenue with the southerly line of Page Street; running thence southerly along said westerly line of Central Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly ninety-three (93) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle northerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle easterly ninety-three (93) feet and nine (9) inches to said westerly line of Central Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 656.

2. An undivided one-sixth interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Page Street distant thereon thirty-five (35) feet easterly from the point of intersection of said line of Page Street with the easterly line of Lyon street, running thence easterly and along said line of Page Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred (100) feet to the southerly line of Page Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 598.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the law offices of O'Gara & DeMartini, rooms 549, 550 and 551 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated, November 21, 1918.

GEORGE WOLTERS,
Administrator of the Estate of Annie B. Wolters, Deceased.

O'GARA & DeMARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms, 549, 550, 551 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-3

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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IN THIS ISSUE

Mooney's New Trial

Editorials, by Clay M. Greene

Mooney's Past and His "Blast"

Mooney Never a Working Man

Alfred Hertz and Artistic Temperament

Plastic Circumstance, by Helen M. Bonnet

Self-Determination For Ireland, by Rev. Philip O'Ryan

The Christmas Spirit in San Francisco
by Mr. Justice Henry A. Melvin

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Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, December 21, 1918 No. 1374

Published Weekly by
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88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

What Shall it Be?

Editorial opinion with reference to what the outcome, or decision, or demands of the Peace Congress at Paris are going to be, is about as voluminous in scope as the great salt sea, and as varied as its climates and its changes. It is expressed by the most noted experts and the most brilliant writers in the world, and the great dailies, weeklies and monthlies have devoted the greater part of their editorial space to it. But after a careful study of them all, the mind not thoroughly schooled in the various economies involved, finds itself in a state of hopeless confusion. A careful analysis of the great mass of economic literature reduced to what might be called a concentrated extract of it, forces the inference that no one has any very clear idea of how it is all going to end, and encourages the tyro to jolly himself into the notion that he knows as much as any of them since it is all a matter of conjecture anyway.

* * *

Bright Lights That Failed

At all events history repeats itself in this, the world's greatest war, as it has in the lesser ones. During the Spanish War so-called experts grew hysterical over the possible damage to be done to the American fleets by the "Furor" and "Terror," destroyers of a then new and untried type. The "Gloucester," a converted yacht, captained by the intrepid "Dick" Wainwright, steamed boldly between them and sent both of them to the bottom in less than half an hour. In the war between Japan and Russia how many professional experts believed that the former could possibly win? A noted correspondent delivered a lecture in New York, saying in substance that he had been many months with the Russians, had studied their magnificent army from every conceivable standpoint, and he knew that it was practically invincible. The very next day came the news of the capitulation of Port Arthur, followed very shortly thereafter by the ludicrously easy destruction of Russia's fleet and the withdrawal of her armies from Manchuria. A very few months since, Ex-Ambassador Gerard, in a speech at the Civic Auditorium, declared that the war was not anywhere near its close; that Germany was not hungry, bankrupt or beaten, and could hold out for many months; with increasing rather than diminishing strength. So, after all, who knows? Echo is compelled to answer, "Nobody," which is not an echo, but a conviction born of this confusion of ideas.

* * *

This Country's Attitude

There is an air of mystery, too, in the activities of the various departments of our own Government. Our soldiers are coming home as rapidly as ships can be found to bring them, but we are told that a full million of the best of our fighting force must be retained for the purpose of "policing the disordered enemy's country." What for? Have we not already done enough? We built up the wrecked finances of the Allies with our billions upon billions; in our shipyards we replaced more than our share of the ships destroyed by the submarine; we sent our armies, spilled our best blood upon the battle fields of France, assisted her and her allies in snatching victory out of defeat, and if there is any policing to be done, they should do it for themselves. So, too, with our Navy. If it be deemed advisable for us to have a Navy as strong as that of any other country—and it is presumed that those who know what we do not know will do what is right—let us have it by all means. But England's Navy is presumably invincible; to its everlasting credit and glory be it said that, beyond any question, it has kept the fleets of Germany from our shores; but why should not that Navy, assisted by those of France and Italy, do the policing of the coasts of Europe and leave us to attend to our own? Our bit in securing the Democracy of the world has been well done, and we should be permitted to take the rapidly growing kinks out of the world's greatest Democracy, leaving to our Allies the somewhat difficult problem of deciding who is who, and what is what, among the numerous flocks of incipient Democrats in inflamed Europe—few of which know what they want or how to get it.

* * *

The Freedom of the Seas

At the present writing, aside from discussion of the best methods of permanently crushing Germany—and surely she deserves to be crushed—there would seem to be a kind of undercurrent of incipient arrogance —doubtless soon to be flaunted in the open—with reference to the freedom of the seas. Just what is meant by this is not any too apparent to the average mind, which, of course, is not versed in the mysteries and intricacies of international diplomacy. In a recent editorial, the New York Times wrote in practically the same vein. It reminded us that, outside of the legal territorial limit, the sea has been perfectly free to the ships of all nations for generation upon generation. The ships of one nation have been free to enter the ports of any other nation, unload, secure a homeward cargo, and sail away again without hindrance or untoward inquisitiveness. Why then make the freedom of the seas one of the main points of discussion in the rapidly nearing meeting of the Peace Congress at Paris, when its principal mission should be the arrangement of a permanent peace with Germany, the pronouncement of just penalties, and the exaction of indemnities to the full extent of her financial strength.

* * *

The Negro in the Woodpile?

Here again does the traditional hidden "coon" disclose himself. England's press, and England's diplomats, after tentatively touching upon what ought to be done with the late Emperor of Germany, begin to speculate upon how to build up her own future power, and cries out with, be it said, unbecoming fervor: "England will never surrender her supremacy of the seas!" What does she mean? What does Ex-President Taft mean when he declares that England must be permitted to maintain that supremacy? Does she intend to insist upon her right of search of any vessel of any nation, the exaction of which supposed right led to the War of 1812? Does she intend to create laws for the sea which all nations must respect and obey under penalty of punishment by the guns of her invincible Navy? Mr. Taft is an accomplished speaker, versed in international law, a keen observer of events political and economic; he has been accredited with the possession of one of the best legal minds

in the country; so why should we, who are mere threads in the fringe of international politics, presume to question his undeniable wisdom, and his unflinching patriotism? Nevertheless, in our presumably crass ignorance, some of us must be pardoned for descending to the vernacular of the bar room, to encourage our befogged understandings with the forceful homily, "It don't listen good to muh!"

* * *

The President in Paris

After all, it must have been for the best that President Wilson went to Paris. Even those who opposed the move are now silently awaiting something new to complain about. He may rest assured that his country is behind him, and that the results of the November elections should not be regarded as a rebuke to him, but rather to his feeble Congress, which, at least as far as questions of the war were concerned, was a family divided against itself. His reception in France has been grandly enthusiastic, as was to have been expected, for on him alone must rest the principal glory of having, through the Army and Navy, of which he is the Commander-in-Chief, saved France from eternal servitude, and her Allies from humiliation and disaster. He can be trusted to impress the Peace Congress with the wisdom of his notions as to the proper terms to impose upon Germany, and they will be just without a doubt, if he has not permitted himself to be influenced by the "Brotherhood of Man" ideas of flabby advisers. It is to be hoped that among his conditions he will be explicit as to what "the freedom of the seas" should be construed to mean, and he may be able to assist the World's Congress in solving the following hypothetical conundrum:

The armistice, having been arranged between the victorious Allies, and a defeated Imperial German Government, who is to be the other party to be dealt with, since there is now no Imperial Germany Government, nor any other Government whose authority is not after all self-created instead of being an answer to the call of a majority of united people?

"No Man's Land"

By Sergeant Will Stonehold

No spoken word, no gifted pen, or brush
Of painter using pignemts mixed in Hell,
May e'er depict the horror and the hush
That lie there when the guns had ceased their yell.

Nor Heaven's artillery could even vie
Their awful thunders when the guns began·
The lightning stabs ove sent across the sky
Gleamed vassal to the clashing flames of Man.

This must be Time's own hour-glass. See, the sand
That fills it has been changed from gold to red!
Vague shadows limn and fill the ghastly land,
Shells shriek and bullets whistle overhead.

What! "No Man's Land"? God gave it to Man's keeping!
And even now 'tis tilled by Man's foul hand.
Man sows the seed, and Man must do the reaping:
The harvest garner in from "No Man's Land"!

Perspective Impressions

Frances Alda, Metropolitan opera prima donna, insists on the Government backing a national opera company. More taxes!

Begins to look as though Bolshevism is there with the goods after all. Advancing toward the west with twelve divisions on a 400-mile front!

"Make the foe pay for the ruin he has wrought!" is President Wilson's first political utterance in Paris. Nothing jellyfishy about that policy!

United Press: "You're a German propagandist!"
Hearst: "You're a liar!"
United Press: "Well, have it your own way."

The new Czecko-Slovak President begins business at Prague after a course of training under President Wilson. Fine! But, on the level, Doctor, what are you actually President of?

A month ago, no Densmore. Just at present, too much Densmore. Three months from now—who was Densmore?

So it was Ludendorff's fault, eh, Herr Hohenzollern? Well, we'll get him, too, but that doesn't square you, remember.

Public: "Mooney, who was he? Oh, yes! He blew up something or other and got life for it, didn't he? How soon we forget!"

Representatives of twenty-two "small and subjection nations" met in New York to form a league. Some Babel of gas in that party! What?

Writer named Edward Lyell Fox admits that he faked notices of Russian atrocities, under the pay of Germany, to offset reports of German atrocities in Belgium. And they shot Bolo Pasha!

Free country! Gosh! Don't we permit Mr. Densmore to give our Grand Jury the laugh?

Who struck Billy Patterson? What's the difference so long as we know who struck Billy Hohenzollern?

Armistice extended until January 17. What for? Why not clean up the blasted country now and have it over with?

Suggestion for a consolation gift in return for the Big Christmas Tree at Civic Center: One bucket water, four pounds lime, handful of salt, one whitewash brush.

Would like to know whether, when England builds that fence around the seven seas, she will be real nice about it and give Uncle Sam free passes at the gate. May be a little premature, but it's just as well to be posted, you know.

The Christmas Spirit of San Francisco

By Hon. Henry A. Melvin

The time is approaching for the celebrating of the greatest Christmas in the history of the world since that morning when the bright star shone above the little town of Bethlehem. To all honest men and women, without reference to creed or political faith or personal interest or public allegiance this Christmas tide is one in which the words "Peace on earth, good will towards men" have a new and wonderful meaning. No sorrow, no misfortune, no disaster can prevent every right-thinking man or woman from rejoicing. The dreadful war is over. To those of us who wear the little service stars over our hearts it is a season of blessed hope, for the lads are coming home. And those, too, whose stars have changed from the blue of patriotism to the gold of immortality have in their hearts the solemn joy of knowing that their wondrous sacrifice has not been in vain. And we who have not been privileged to march beneath the banners upon the fields of glory or to tread the decks of the swift avenging destroyers—we who have humbly striven to do our parts by performing the tasks that have come to our hands—we, too, can lift our voices in the universal chorus floating to the very gates of pearl from the depths of hearts made sincere by suffering and experience; "Glory to God in the highest!"

A stranger has asked, "What will be the Christmas spirit of San Francisco?" To him I reply that San Francisco is not merely a municipal government exercising jurisdiction over a definite geographical area and a certain number of citizens. San Francisco is much more. Our city is a spiritual individual entity. A great man has said: "San Francisco knows how!" He might have added that San Francisco has a spirit, born of the free air, of the city's history and of the genius of the people. It is a brave and a blithesome spirit. We have seen the spirit of these people exhibited in the days of affliction when a great fire made thousands of them homeless. We have seen them sleeping in tents, eating coarse food out of doors—and making a jolly picnic of the whole situation. At night from their encampments came not wails of lamentation but chorused voices in songs of glee. During those exciting days following the great conflagration my duties took me among tens of thousand of people made homeless by that awful catastrophe, but not a sob did I hear, not a tear bedimmed any eye.

We have observed the spirit of San Francisco in a frolic of a year's duration, the great Panama-Pacific Exposition. That was a spirit of pure fun. It was a spirit of carnival lightness touched with the warmth of a true hospitality towards our many guests.

Again the spirit of San Francisco was beautiful and inspiring when our boys went forth to fight the Huns. The vigor of climate was apparent in the very step of those stalwart Californians and the cheers that marked their line of march had a patriotic ring that was most inspiring. And the mothers gave them "God speed!" The wives and sweethearts with brave words dedicated their loved ones to the holiest cause of all time. And fathers wrung the hands of warrior sons and wished that they, too, might march to the fields of conflict. It was a universal spirit of dedication of a people to an ideal. San Francisco was justifying her motto, "Oro en paz, fierro en guerra." True, no sound of hostile cannon has ever reverberated across our splendid bay, no tramp of invading footsteps has ever brought terror to our citizens, but the spirit of San Francisco went with her sons to France and Italy. The grim steel of that spirit was felt by the Huns upon the battle fronts and in the coward craft beneath the seas.

But in the Christmas time of this wonderful year the spirit will embrace all the elements of all the gracious characteristics of this city by the western sea. There will be the carnival spirit that will manifest itself in the blowing of horns and the throwing of confetti. Music and dancing will gladden the hearts of youth and around many a groaning board will the pledge of friendship and love be drunk to the eloquent words of men who speak sincere truth. Only last night I was a fortunate guest at such a banquet and heard my friend the gifted John J. Barrett utter golden syllables that brought us to our feet in spontaneous applause. One sentiment that I shall always remember was as follows:

"This is the Christmas when we spread the flag above the cheerful fireplace. Peace is here and the boys are coming home."

In the churches all hearts will turn in gratitude to the god of battles who has brought triumph to the legions of the right. Joy will ring in the songs and as the people sing "O Come All Ye Faithful," the martial rhythm of that perfect hymn will bear another song that shall seem to echo marching feet. And the refrain of that hymn shall be "The Boys Are Coming Home."

Around the hearths of our homes shall the family groups gather as of yore, but the place of honor on each Christmas tree shall be occupied by the service flag. Old and young shall cry "Merry Christmas!" O! with what heartiness! Last Christmas in the pauses of our merriment we seemed to hear the grim thunder of the distant guns and the cries of struggling men mingled with the clash of steel. But now "the war drums sound no longer" and in every act and thought—in every song and greeting shall be the sweet consciousness that the boys are coming home.

Even in the quiet of the hospitals, pale cheeks shall flush with pleasure and weak voices shall thrill with a new found happiness. "Merry Christmas" shall be the words, but they shall mean, too, "The boys are coming home."

And the little children in the early morn of Christmas, searching for the treasures brought by Santa Claus in the night, shall be made happier than all the dolls and drums and painted soldiers, wonderful as are these gifts, could ever make them, because among the toys will be a real helmet for Harry, and for Mary a necklace from far away France, where daddy or brother Tom has been serving with the great General Pershing. The little ones will press these gifts to their hearts, for the presents mean that the dear ones are coming home.

What if the tokens this year in many families must be valuable only for the love that accompanies them? What if these modest gifts seem paltry if measured by the standard of other years? We are receiving this year the Christ-like gift of peace and the promise of reunion gilds and glorifies all gifts, however small.

A man stops by a table where sit faithful representatives of the Red Cross. He has no great sum, yet he gaily gives a coin and says: "I'm strong for the Red Cross, Bill; my oldest boy drove an ambulance until a piece of shrapnel got him three months ago. But he writes that he is nearly well. He's coming home soon." And, whistling a jolly tune, that father goes his way with the true San Francisco spirit of Christmas in his heart. Happy portent that the "greatest mother in the world" comes to us at this season, permitting us to help her to help her children. Happy portent that her sign of tender mercy mingles its color with that of Christmas berries. It is a token that mercy and love have never ending duties and that whether we muse upon the Star of Bethlehem or the cross that bears the color of the heart's blood, triumphantly we may visualize the words of the dreaming crusader, "By this sign shall you conquer." We may always remember this as the noel of the Red Cross—the Christmas of the crusade of mercy.

And, therefore, inquiring guest, I have tried, feebly I fear, to let you know something of San Francisco's Christmas spirit. First of all, it is merry. Somehow that's in our blood. It is hospitable, for that's our heritage, too. It is reverent, for who, whatsoe'er his faith, could live in sight of these mountain and this incomparable bay without learning reverence for the pure ideals which are represented by this day the Christian celebrates? It is also a spirit of proper pride—pride in our city, in our soldiers and sailors, in their eagerness to offer all for country; pride, too, in the way San Francisco has met the obligations placed upon our citizens by the Government in every appeal for patriotic self-sacrifice. It is a spirit of patriotism, the highest pride of all, for we have proven to the world again that "a government conceived in liberty" can endure. And last of all it is a spirit of love. Truly, "the greatest of these is love." That spirit of Christmas is instinct with the love of the returning heroes, with love of our State and love of all that this Christmas Day, the world's day of peace, means to souls released from the menace of hideous war. With that spirit we shall hail the blessed anniversary when it comes "upon a midnight clear" and mark each hour with rapture as those who, listening with their souls, can hear that "glorious song of old."

San Francisco, December 15, 1918.

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Self-Determination for Ireland

By Rev. Philip O'Ryan

American citizens who sympathize with the struggles of the Irish people for freedom have been advocating the principle of "Self-Determination for Ireland" this week. Mass meetings have been held in all our large cities to petition President Wilson to present the claims of Ireland at the Peace Conference. Senator Phelan addressed one of these gatherings in Philadelphia which was attended by eight thousand persons. Here in San Francisco our Civic Auditorium was crowded last Sunday afternoon. Nor is the movement confined to people of Irish blood or to any one country. The English Labor Party came out squarely for Irish Home Rule during the recent elections. Australia has spoken also. The Peace Conference cannot adjourn and leave the Irish problem in the air. It must be solved.

There is a view, more or less widespread, that the difficulty lies with the Irish themselves. If they would only forget their troubles and settle down to a peaceful life, all would be well. Which reminds one of Conan Doyle's rhyme:

> Said the King to the Colonel,
> "The complaints are eternal
> That you Irish give more trouble
> Than any other corps."
>
> Said the Colonel to the King,
> "This complaint is no new thing,
> For your foemen, Sire, have made it
> A hundred times before."

Winston Churchill is the latest to give utterance to this peculiar explanation of the Irish difficulty. An electioneering speech of his, cabled from London, demands unanimity of opinion from Ireland before the problem can be considered. Of course he did not mean one word of it. It was merely said for political purposes. The same Churchill traveled to Belfast to advocate Home Rule in the very center of Orange opposition a few years ago. There will and there must be differences of opinion in Ireland and in every country where a healthy national life exists. The day after election we bowed gracefully to the will of the majority.

Others seem to think that the Irish difficulty is religious. It is unfortunately true that religious bigotry has been kept alive in Belfast, but solely for political purposes. There is no land so free of bigotry as Ireland. In the provinces where the Catholic majority is overwhelming, religious affiliations are not considered in politics or elections. Protestant Ireland has given more than its share of national and literary leaders to the country. Dr. Douglas Hyde, leader of the Gaelic Revival, is the son of a Protestant minister. Charles Stewart Parnell, "the uncrowned king," was not a Catholic. Thomas Davis, the poet of Young Ireland, who has done more than any other man to foster the sense of Irish nationality, was a Protestant. So were Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmett and scores of others.

The Irish difficulty arises from the different attitudes, opposite as the poles, of the English and Irish minds. The Irish claim is that racially, culturally, historically, Ireland is a "small nation," that she has never abdicated her sovereignty, though its exercise has been suppressed by force, that its restoration is necessary for the national well-being. That claim has its roots deep down in history. Though the first English invasion occurred in 1169, it was almost four centuries later that Henry VIII assumed the title of King of Ireland. And even he could not enforce his authority except in a limited area around Dublin, called the "Pale." In fact, the most formidable opponents to the English pretensions were the "old English," who had been welded into the Irish nation, who spoke the Irish language and wore the Irish dress, who, in the words of the histographer, had become Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." In the struggle between the Stuarts and the Parliament, Ireland threw in her lot with the King. The issue between James and William of Orange was decided on the banks of the Boyne. But even after James had fled to France the Irish fought on and William signed a treaty with the leaders of the Irish army at Limerick. That treaty was most shamelessly violated "ere the ink with which 'twas writ was dry," and was followed by a century of penal laws. When the voice of freedom was heard across the Atlantic towards the close of the eighteenth century, Grattan demanded the independence of the Irish Parliament. But the victory was short-lived, for the Act of Union soon followed, an act of which Gladstone said that he "knew of no fouler or blacker transaction in the history of man."

Since then Ireland has risen in five armed rebellions to assert her right to independence.

In the past quarter of a century the national life has been fostered and strengthened by the Gaelic Revival. The language and the venerable literature of Gaeldom have been resuscitated. The culture and traditions of the Celt have been brought into modern life. The heroic epics which fed the Celtic mind in the dim and shadowy past and which are not inferior to the masterful literature of Greece, have infused the new life into the Irish nation. George Russell, the Irish poet, has finely said: "In Ireland our history begins with the most ancient of any in a mythical era when earth mingled with heaven. The gods departed, the salf-gods also, hero and saint after that, and we have dwindled down to a petty peasant nationality, rural and urban life alike mean in their externals. Yet the cavalcade, for all its tattered habiliments, has not lost spiritual dignity. There is still some incorruptible spiritual atom in our people. We are still in some relation to the divine order; and while that incorrupted spiritual atom still remains, all things are possible if by some inspiration there could be revealed to us a way back or forward to greatness, an Irish polity in accord with national greatness."

The English attitude, on the other hand, is that of conqueror to conquered. The prerogatives of the English colony in Ireland are paramount. Ulster must not be coerced. The majority must bow to the prejudices and bigotry of the minority. A strange doctrine to preach in these days! The most striking illustration of the English view was manifested in the passing of the conscription act for Ireland. Canada and Australia had already voted on conscription, the latter dominion having defeated it twice. What roused the ire of Ireland was that, without consulting her people, the English Parliament voted to conscript them. At the outbreak of the war voluntary enlistments in Ireland were high. The little island of four millions has given two or three times as many lives to the Allied cause as our own nation of over a hundred million. But what Lloyd George characterized as "the malignant stupidities of the War Office" caused the Dublin Revolt of 1916 and put a stop to Irish enlistments. Today English authority is enforced by an army of occupation and over half the Parliamentary representatives elected last Saturday have pledged themselves never to set foot in Westminster.

Such is the Irish situation today. And the Irish people are asking, in the words of President Wilson:

"Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force?"

"Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest?"

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Plastic Circumstance

By Helen M. Bonnet

The great Dr. Hastings wearily passed his strong, smooth hand across his eyes as his last patient, a famous opera singer, left the room. All day long the celebrated specialist had received and treated distinguished singers and orators and men and women of social prominence. They came to consult him about their throats with the same faith that devotees of St. Blasius bring their infirmities to his sacred shrine. Among those whose speech or whose song was their fortune, he was regarded as the never-failing prophet to whom the throat had only to be shown to be healed. No wonder his walls were lined with photographs of renowned people upon which were inscribed extravagant sentences of gratitude.

But the physician was brain-weary today, and longed for his beautiful suburban home, where he could be at rest for a few hours with his handsome, gentle, devoted wife and his three happy, merry bairns whom he loved with all the ardor of his great heart.

Not only had this famous man reached the height of medical skill, not only had he made an immense fortune, not only did he derive supreme satisfaction from the success of his scientific skill, but to him had been vouchsafed, as if a divine reward for his nobility and goodness, an ideal domestic life. Fruitless had been the insidious machinations of designing society beauties and ravishing stage celebrities who had hoped to subject the great scientist to the influence of their spell. Not that he was more fascinating that many other men, but because of his eminence. There never was a man of distinction who did not inspire many women with the desire to captivate him. The great soldier, the eminent statesman, the leading actor, the champion athlete, the popular musician, all are overwhelmed with attentions from the fair sex. Women are hero-worshipers, and they like to bask in the white light that beats upon the throne of Greatness. Even the heavy-jawed prizefighter is sometimes the object of passionate devotion from women of culture and refinement.

It was not strange, then, that the world-renowned throat specialist, whose powers were invoked by society queens as well as by great divas of the operatic stage, should be beset by temptations. But his was the robust virtue that was immune to temptation. Indeed, Dr. Hastings seemed to have solved the social problem of how to keep his professional and domestic duties separate and distinct.

No sexual problem was likely to enter into his life's drama, for he was a man of austere habits and stern loyalty to home and family. Mrs. Hastings was a modest wife and mother. She was proud of her husband and devoted to his interests. She cared not for social gayety or for any of the lighter diversions of life. She knew little of the ways of the world, and so little of the wiles of women that never a thought did she give to the possibilities of a flirtation growing out of her husband's practice. She was therefore supremely happy. The confidence of husband and wife was mutual. Mrs. Hastings had none of the elements of the fickle woman. She was of that type of femininity that never inspires with jealousy. In other words, she was unromantic of temperament, somewhat prosaic and inclined to be sedate. Dr. Hastings had an ideal home.

On this particular day the doctor had been attending to business more assiduously than usual. And it was late in the afternoon when his office attendant announced Miss Leighton. Wearily the great specialist raised his large brown eyes and saw a pretty women who, had he been in a scrutinizing mood, he could have described as, say, twenty-five or twenty-six years old, of medium height, light hair modishly arranged, a very pale clear skin, with red lips, pale green eyes and a gown of pinkish cotton material, but fitting her lithe form and seeming to undulate with the sinuous movements of her agile limbs.

"Doctor," she said, as she took a chair opposite him, and leaned her pretty mittened hands on the handle of her white silk parasol, "I am in despair. My voice is my daily bread and that of my old mother and father, whose youngest child I am. The orphaned children of my dead sister depend on me for support, and I am threatened with loss of my position. For two years I've been to every specialist I could hear of, but my case has puzzled them all. My voice remains hoarse and weak. As a consequence I have to take secondary engagements in comic opera. The critics, not knowing of or caring for my infirmity, ridicule my singing, and what I am to do I do not know. I am the strength of many, but I have reached my limit."

She closed her waxen lids and said, as a child praying itself to sleep, "You must help me, great doctor—you are my last hope, the one to be strong and helpful, for my poor old parents and the little ones."

As she spoke, he felt a wave of sympathy steal over him and a sudden strength of spirit return to him, as if he had awakened from a refreshing sleep. He went about his professional examination with skillful mechanism as usual, but when he saw, by looking into her throat, that her vocal cords were in a seriously chronic state of relaxation, he could not summon the courage to tell her of the long time it would take for them to be restored to healthfulness. For she looked so eager to be well, her manner was so decisive, her confidence in his skill so implicit, that he let her leave his office with more hope than he knew was warranted. There was something about her so compelling that some strange influence seemed to command him to sustain her in her despair.

When she was gone, he sat alone and was surprised to find himself in a reverie—wondering about her, even fancying her in the street car on her long ride to her little home, of her arrival there and of all the trifling details of her environment.

She came to him every morning on her way to rehearsal for the next season. Always she seemed to bring with her new strength for his weary day, for she emanated energy and resolve. He found recreation in her conversation, for she had ideas of her own of life and people, and good and true he sounded her brave young heart to be. He found time to draw her out about her Harlem flat, about the children, about her mother. He heard that she and her mother made the pretty cotton gowns he admired, and she seemed to take as much pleasure in telling him, triumphantly, that the white one cost three dollars, as a Newport belle would in announcing that she had sent a cheque to her Paris modiste for three thousand dollars.

The time came when she grew impatient at the slow progress of her throat and he was obliged to urge her to rest for the coming season.

Instantly her eyes filled with tears and she laid her hand on his wrist, as if she felt the need of sympathy. She did not speak and he found himself looking at the little hand and—well, it was such a womanly hand, short and plump and soft, and the round white arm above to the elbow was bare. Yes, that was it; it must be her hands and her arms which made her look so in need of help—yet what a strong hand.

"Doctor," she said softly, arousing him from the rapture of his meditation, "no, Doctor, it can't be; rest is not for me, as I've told you. I must be well enough to sing in a month. There is nothing else I can do to earn money, and there is no one else to take care of my family but me."

All the scientific reasons why she couldn't recover so soon seemed to fade away—he felt only that he was a man, she a woman, that he must help her, so he heard his own voice saying, "Yes, yes, we will try.'

Again he looked on the poor tired throat and resolved on more rigorous treatment. When the brushes touched its sensitive membrane, she clutched his face with her soft, warm hands.

When it was over she was weak, and leaned against him.

What was this he was doing? His arms were about her, his eyes were looking down on her wavy light hair. She was not resisting.

He seized her in his strong arms and gathered her to him with passion almost crushing in its impulsive fervor.

In another moment he released her, and with an expression of sadness in his face, and deep sorrow in his tone, he said:

"I am very sorry, indeed I am, for this. I shouldn't have done it, but you are so feminine I couldn't help it. I have everything in the world to make me happy. Best of all, I have a wife whom I love; yet I did this. It is wrong—it is unjust to you. Good-bye, do not come again. My assistant will treat your throat under my most careful watchfulness. God bless you, brave little woman, and forgive me."

He went out of the room, leaving her alone.

The pain in her throbbing throat seemed to have left. She felt as if she could sing for joy. A thousand birds seemed to be warbling in her ears.

"He loved me for just a few minutes. His strength, his nobility, his kind eyes—everything about him for a brief minute were mine. Oh! I am so tired, so weary of the responsibility of others' lives—how sweet it was to forget everything in his strength and protection for just that moment."

Alone in his office the great specialist gave himself up to soliloquy.

"What a mysterious influence is that which sympathy exercises over the human heart!" he murmured, "for the first time in my life I have been guilty of an injustice to my wife. What a strange being that little woman is—so feminine, so tender, and yet so strong! What a splendid wife for a man who labors in his office all day, and who requires diversion when his work is done—something besides mere solicitude and affection! I feel that I could romp and play with her. Never before did I realize that there

(Continued on Page 16)

The Spectator

Mooney's New Trial

Mooney wants a new trial. He shall have it. It will not be tried with witnesses whom his gigantic machine of anarchy has brow-beaten and frightened to death. It will not be tried with those unfortunates whom the hand of fate led to be witnesses of his murderous foot-steps and whose good names and reputations will be again blackened or ruined by anarchy's million-dollar horsepower which can indiscriminately spread the bacilli of slander, falsehood and moral desecration. No, but Mr. Mooney's new trial will now come on before the Bar of all the People of this great State, where he cannot masquerade in another's garb and where what sins he has committed will with unerring certainty search him out.

The great mass of the plain people, as Lincoln called them, generally stumble on to the right conclusion in the end, and when a great question is put to the test before the Bar of the American People its solution unerringly follows in the line of truth and justice.

At the time of the movement for Fickert's recall there was such a din and clamor around one's ears that it did not seem possible that Fickert had one voter in his favor left and that even he, himself, would cast a vote against himself in the booths of the recall election.

But the surprise of a shower of 50,000 quiet votes that no one ever heard of before the day of election coming into the ballot box as against some 20,000 noisy votes for the opposition spoke louder in the end than all the clang and clatter of anarchy and its propaganda. So it will be at the present new trial that Mooney is having at the hands of the people where the crime of the preparadness parade was committed.

Mooney's Past and the Last of His "Blast"

After the camouflage storm of propaganda spread by Mooney and Mooneyism not only over the United States, but over all the countries of Europe, comes now a calm.

Mooney is through with the courts from the lowest to the highest in the land. Mooney is through with his appeal to Judge Franklin A. Grdiffin. He is through with his appeal to Attorney General Webb. He is through with his appeal to President Woodrow Wilson. He is through with his appeal to Governor William D. Stephens, who gave him and his case the most painstaking care and consideration and granted him more than the ordinary criminal could expect under a verdict of murder in the first degree; rendered without any request for clemency. The majesty of the law of California has been vindicated and the pursuit of patriotism by its great commonwealth must continue, unhampered by further attacks from anarchy through the Reds and the I. W. W.'s.

The public can now dispassionately review the career of Thomas J. Mooney, member No. 173 of the San Francisco Local Branch of the I. W. W.'s. The address, 973 Market street, given on his I. W. W. membership card is changed to the State Penitentiary, where he will have plenty of time to realize that "the way of the traansgressor is hard."

Not a Contest Between Labor and Capital

The contest between the murderers of the ten innocent spectators of the great preparedness parade of July 22, 1916, on the one side, and the loyal American citizenry of men and women who marched in that parade in unison with the processions in seventy-nine other American cities, had nothing whatsoever to do with any question between labor and capital.

It was not an anti-union labor procession, for many union men marched.

It was not a procession of capitalists. The 115 divisions of arts and trades, etc., proved that. The idea of the parade was a patriotic one designed for the protection of a country founded by George Washington and designed to force respect to the American flag at home, as well as on the high seas and abroad.

That parade was a bugle note sounded by its grand marshal, Thornwall Mullally, to Mexico, to Germany, and to all other nations that the people of the City and County of San Francisco would not only talk fight in its defense, but would prepare for a fight in its defense.

The bomb throwers of that day were not the laboring men of this city or of any part of our country. There was not a finger of any honest working man involved in the preparation or setting off of those bombs| Those bomb throwers were not bombing capitalists; they were bombing American flag bearers, solely because they all carried American flags and declared for preparedness. It was simply a fight between anarchy on the one side and patriotism and love for the flag and country on the other.

Mooney Never a Working Man

A man is known by the company. he keeps. Here Mooney was the partner of Alexander Berkman and an associate of Emma Goldman, both of whom are now serving two-year sentences each in Sing Sing for obstructing the Government Draft Act. His witness, Nick Treaner, has been convicted for evading the same draft law, and his witnesses, George Speed and C. L. Lambert, secretary of the I. W. W. in Sacramento, are now on trial in the I. W. W. cases charged with obstructing the Government. For many years past and on this very day, Mooney had and has his membership ticket as a member of "Local I. W. W. 173, address, 973 Market street, San Francisco," and he also has the corresponding I. W. W.'s certificate of the San Francisco Branch of the German I. W. W. dated in 1912, running under the Hun name of "Allgemeiner Arbeiter-Dildunos Verein."

Although nominally a member of the moulders' union he has not worked a day at the moulder's trade, but has been working with the Reds in America and Europe in the years 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910 and 1911.

In 1912 he started the "Revolt," an anti-government paper, and then associated with the I. W. W.'s, these anarchists and the dynamiters of the State and country.

Boot and Shoe Strike

In 1913 the "moulder" Mooney jumped into the boot and shoe strike in the factory of the Heyman Shoe Company in this city, doing picket duty.

Billings, who was then acquainted with Mooney, pretended to be a law abiding shoe man and was guard of the factory at night, when

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over a thousand dollars' worth of shoes were ruined and thereupon fought and shot the watchman, but on trial was let go because the jury disagreed.

Pacific Gas and Electric Strike

During the strike in 1913 and 1914 two hundred thousand dollars' worth of the company's property was destroyed by dynamite and a new scheme of wholesale dynamiting was, by the hand of fortune, nipped in the bud. One day in the fall of 1913 two prisoners escaped from San Quentin and on the night of that day the constable at Point Richmond saw three men in a sloop thrown against the land by a big storm and, thinking they were the escaped convicts, went aboard the sloop and arrested Mooney and his two confederates, and found the sloop filled with dry cell batteries and time set alarm clock works and apparatus, and besides this found the sloop and these men armed with weapons for offense or defense, consisting of a shot-gun, a rifle, some pistols, but with shot for all of these weapons.

Guilty Mooney being asked, protested that his name was Charles King, and he hung onto that name for several days, until his claim became ridiculous. Then he admitted his real name was Thomas Mooney.

At the railroad depot in Sacramento Billings, carrying a suit case filled with dynamite (suit cases seemed to be the hobbies of these men) and with his pockets filled with detonating caps, was arrested.

Mooney had met him at the depot, coming there on a motorcycle. He was also arrested. Billings was convicted and served a term at the State Penitentiary at Folsom and Mooney escaped because the State did not show that the dry-cells and caps contained any explosive, the law being that proof must be made that "high explosives were carried."

Now Mother Jones broke into the daily press last week with indignant arguments claiming that Mooney is a martyr to the labor cause and that a poor working man is being deprived of his liberty by the paid frame-up capitalist to injure the cause of unionism. But Mother Jones, in the wily cunning of her old age, conceals the fact that she received a letter from Mooney reading as follows, as referring to the I. W. W. Defense League, saying:

"There were several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property of the gas company destroyed by the strikers in various ways. I was in hiding for four months myself and finally arrested, kept in jail for five months, going to the highest court of the State on habeas corpus and then three trials on the first charge (having high explosives in my possession unlawfully at Martinez, Cal.) with two of the best and highest paid criminal lawyers prosecuting me for the gas company and then the fourth trial at Sacramento, Cal. All finally resulted in my release. The Defense League carried on the defense in my behalf and were in not for such a league I would be in San Quentin with the McNamara boys today and unable to write you as I am doing this minute."

"Fraternally yours,

"Thomas J. Mooney."

The I. W. W.'s must have appreciated the vastness of the area of destruction caused by Mooney, for right after this they elected him Secretary of the I. W. W. Defense League, and then his activities in that official position were redoubled.

Dynamiting the "Times" Building

Mooney championed the cause of the dynamiters of the "Times" in Los Angeles, where the building of the "Times" was dynamited and forty odd human beings killed or injured.

He spread the same propaganda for the defendants in that case as he spread in his own case, but suddenly the confession of the McNamaras in open court gave all the anarchists, including Mooney, a telling set back.

The Hop Field Murders

We next find him working for Ford and Suhr, the two I. W. W. men who openly proclaimed their membership in the I. W. W. and who were implicated in the killing of District Attorney Manwell and Sheriff Reardon at the Durst Hop Ranch.

After the conviction of these men for murder, he signed the article calling Governor Johnson "a cowardly cur," and threatened him with violence if he did not grant a pardon.

The Fiasco of the U. R. R. Strike

On June 11, 1916, at the I. W. W. hall in San Francisco, Weinberg went with Thomas Mooney and Rena Mooney, where Mooney made a speech. At this meeting stopping of the company's lines by cutting the current was discussed. At 3:00 o'clock, or in the middle of the

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same night, the United Railway's electric current was dynamited and Mooney's personal friend, Schulberg, that night asked McTiernan, the secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council, to find out from the Hall of Justice if Mooney was arrested. Later, on July 14, 1916, Thomas J. Mooney and Rena Mooney, his wife, brought about the stopping of the United Railways cars on the corner of Kearn, Geary and Market streets, but failed to get any platform men to leave the cars.

How July 4 Was Desecrated

On July 4, a day on which all patriotic citizens celebrate the independence of their country, Weinberg and Rena Mooney and Thomas Mooney attended the "International Blasters'" picnic at Millet's Garden, where Alexander Berkman, the orator of the occasion, delivered his oration of anarchy, and on the heels of this, the San Francisco Labor Council, to its credit, repudiated Mooney and his efforts to cause the railroad strike.

Why These Ghastly Ruins?

A few days since, the writer, requiring the photograph of a ruin with which to illustrate an article, armed himself with a camera and at the intersection of Taylor and Geary streets, studied a great crater of bricks and iron, intending there to make an exposure. But the setting was without definiteness or interest, was only ugly and depressing, so he decided to search further. A man and woman had already preceded him there and had photographed the unsightly ruin. He said nothing to them, however, and proceeded to the summit of the one-time famous and richly mansioned Nob Hill at California and Taylor streets, and there found what he wanted. To his surprise a man with a camera had preceded him there, too, and a query elicited this answer: "Well, I'm from Kansas, a tourist, who is fond of taking snapshots of wild scenes, and strange things in the cities. It's a strange thing to me—and in this I am not alone—how you San Franciscans permit these awful ruins to exist—if exist they must—like great blots upon the beauty of a wonderful city. Why don't you cover them up?" As the man walked away I mused upon the singular pertinence of his remarks and how just they were. Then followed a searching tour among ruins here and elsewhere, down other hills and into the districts where business and finance ply their avocations. Like this man who had set me to thinking and searching for more ugliness, I marvelled that these gaunt reminders of a city's destruction had for twelve years been permitted to menace the city's beauty, and make her the subject of criticism by a visitor from Kansas. Here and there the owners had beautified the ruins of their past homes with vines and flowers and shrubby growths. Nature had taken pity on others and covered them with creepers whose roots had not been killed by the fire. But most of them were just as the fire had left them, and the most neglected of all of them were those where millionaires had lived, and who might have beautified these living sores of memory, perhaps with less money than would be spent for the entertainment of a single night. There should be an ordinance passed, which would compel the owners of these craters, and brick piles, and standing ruins of broken walls to covers with sightly growths what perhaps they have not been able to remove and rebuild anew. The city itself might well take the matter in its own hands with the assistance of the Park Commission, paying the cost of making the city's ruins beautiful, out of a small tax on all property owners. It might be done, too, through voluntary subscription, and there is no doubt but that hundreds would gladly respond.

The Unspeakable Turk

Once, at a dinner, the writer, who has always had a fighting contempt for the Turkish Government, Turkish customs, and the Turks themselves, expressed the fond hope to one day attend a Catholic High Mass in the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople. A lady present expressed deep surprise and said:

"Rest assured that will never be. I am astonished to find that one so traveled should be so narrow and misinformed, and I wish you to know that I learned to admire the Turks so much as to marry one of them."

The writer then proceeded to specify his reasons for this "narrowness," at the same time endeavoring to show that the "misinformation" spoken of was of the kind that all the world has known for centuries. As a matter of fact, Turkey is not a nation at all, in the sense that it is a nation of Turkish people. Of its population of some twenty-five million or more, only about five million are Turks. The other twenty million are made up of several alien races, all antagonistic to the Turkish yoke, which for centuries has been hung about their necks by force of arms and kept there by a never-ending succession of the most shocking cruelties. For five hundred years this hot-bed of fanaticism and crime has been given, by other European nations, every chance to maintain a stable government and has failed. Geographically, her position was peculiarly fortunate. Her control of the Dardanelles all nations have looked upon with jealous eyes, but in the absence of any agreement as to which of them should assume

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this control, Turkey's inalienable right to it was recognized, under an agreement to govern herself as other nations were governed. Given this liberty, she transmuted it into a wild license of bloodshed and robbery. She pillaged the homes of her own people, confiscated their hoards of money and jewels, and put to the sword all those who objected. Encouraged by the apparent apathy of the other countries, she went further. She confiscated foreign banks, manufacturies, docks, railroads, missions and colleges, diving the profits among the favored officials. Her indiscriminate massacres of all who were not of the Mohammedan faith are known to all the world, and yet for political reasons no nation of the world has interposed an objection with force behind it. Contrary to her agreement with all the Powers, she allied herself with Germany and has been paid for it by a defeat which amounts to a practical annihilation of her armies. The Dardanelles are open to the ships of the world, and should remain open, under the domination of the nearest nation which can given them stable government, while the Turks as a nation should cease to exist and become the subjects of the peoples they have for so many years made the victims of fanaticism and persecution. Then the lady replied with charming ingenuousness:

"There may be something in what you say, but the Turkish gentlemen are charming.'

The Airplane Scandal

The $640,000,000 said to have been squandered, lost, strayed or stolen in the somewhat hysterical attempt to provide the United States with several thousands of fighting and scout airplanes, is still a matter of public indignation. Expressions of it carry with them suggestions for the swift and severe punishment that should be inflicted upon the perpetrators of what is believed to have been an impertinent and scornful waste of the people's money. But the searching investigation of Mr. Charles E. Hughes, one of the few really great jurists of American jurisprudence, and specially appointed by the President to probe the scandal from root to fruition, has, according to his report, put an entirely different complexion upon the matter. We now discover that all of the airplane activities in the country could not possibly have spent $640,000,000, since all of the concerns engaged in the manufacture of planes put together, never had that much money to spend, or embezzle, or whatever public opinion may believe has been done with it. Moreover, the report says that the entire sum expended for airplanes from the very beginning amounted to just $155,000,000 and no more. We also learn that the 25,000 to 50,000 airplanes dreamed of by visionary enthusiasts, could not possibly have been built, since there were not factories enough nor men enough to build them if it had been necessary, which it was not. The total number of planes turned out by Germany and her allies was far less than 10,000, so why five times as many to combat them? Mr. Hughes declares with much apparent feeling that those having the construction of airplanes in charge were vacillating, dilatory, wasteful and inefficient, but that he found no evidence to justify a criminal indictment. A man with the remarkable power of Mr. Hughes to assemble facts and gather them into a concrete form for prosecution, as in the notable New York Insurance cases, must be taken seriously, and so has another hook on which to hang arraignments of the Administration been unscrewed from the batten in the gossip closet.

P. G. & E. Employees Meet

The second annual meeting and election of officers of the Pacific Service Employees' Association, an organization composed entirely of employees of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, was held on Tuesday evening, December 10, at Elks' Hall, San Francisco. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Chairman, F. R. George; vice-chairman, R. E. Fisher; secretary, R. W. Robinson; treasurer, J. E. Murphy, and the following members of the executive commitee to take the place of those whose terms have expired: R. E. Crossman, H. G. Ridgway, W. M. Henderson and E. W. Florence. The next affair to be given by the Association will be a Christmas dance to take place the middle of December. All the arrangements for this affair have been placed in the hands of the young women members of the Association.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Alfred Hertz and Temperament

I asked Mr. Widenham, the secretary-manager of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the other day if he could tell me any funny stories about his encounters with temperamental members of the orchestra. He laughed and said, "O, no, the boys and I get along pretty well. When they talk artistic temperament to me I usually tell them that there is no such thing as temperament—there is only temper; but I guess they consider any one who would make such a statement non-sympatica." When he suggested that Mr. Hertz, who has a very keen sense of humor, knows endless amusing anecdotes of artists, I said, "But because Mr. Hertz is an artist, he must be temperamental too, and hasn't had any of the humorous encounters I mean." Whereupon the handsome young manager caused me to feel a tactless being by remarking, "And I look like such a cold-blooded brute, I suppose?" Of course I assured him that he did not at all—that I only meant his view-point would naturally be different from that of the artist because a manager is always strictly business. However, he remained obdurate, as business managers are traditionally supposed to do, but amiably arranged that I should have a chat with Alfred Hertz, whom I at once found to know all about the artistic temperament and whose keen sensitiveness to it is indisputably an important factor in his success as a conductor. He said, "The psychology of the orchestra is intensely interesting and without a deep study of it one cannot attain the best results. Before the advent of the automobile, I had a friend in New York who kept a livery stable, who knowing my fondness for horses, allowed me to drive any of his when I wished. I studied the dispositions of those horses and learned that the slightest indication by touch or sound that I was looking for speed meant a race for life; while to others, all sorts of urgent appeals were required to gain acceleration of gait. It is the same in the orchestra. Some men are so highly strung that I have to keep my left hand ready to check the eager response that would follow the quickening baton, while others require imperativeness to keep them at the desired pace. In regulating volumne, some players become so excited that it is necessary to exercise restraint to keep them from breaking the tone. And some men are so sensitive to criticism, so humiliated, so mad at themselves if they make a mistake that I would not dream of signifying that I had noticed it. Some players can only be influenced by 'a call down,' and sometimes I get results by praising a man's neighbor in the orchestra, with the same effectiveness that makes little Johnnie behave when it is said in his hearing that Georgie is such an obedient boy. But always I strive for good will. The men have to play as a leader wills anyway, but when they do it with the maintenance of their good will, the results are incomparably more satisfactory to themselves, the conductor, and, reflectively, to the audience."

He cited instances of friction and unhappiness accruing from the leader's agressiveness and lack of sympathy, notably that of Gustav Mahler in his latter years, and made it plain the great advantage an orchestra has in being led by a conductor who has long continued opportunity to become familiar with the individual temperament of the men.

In a Swiss Hotel

I led Mr. Hertz back to the humorous side of the subject and heard several amusing anecdotes. He was reluctant to talk about himself, but yielded when I pressed him for some of his own experiences. One evening in a spring resort on Lake Geneva a small orchestra was playing to vacancy. Feeling bored, he asked the leader to let him play the piano. The leader, though not knowing him, consented, but said, shaking his violin bow, "But mind you keep good time!" They played a waltz which enticed within the loungers on the balcony. One of them recognized Hertz and told the conductor who he was. "Well, that's a good joke on me," the man said, "and let's play it again to stop the applause." "All right!" said Hertz, "but this time, mind you keep good time—you've been playing eights for sixteenths and quarters for halves."

Mme. Eames Aflame

Mr. Hertz was conducting "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan on the occasion when Mme. Eames slapped Mme. Saenger-Bettaque's face. In the interim of long music played by the orchestra, the two singers walked slowly across the stage to the palace door. Mme. Eames (Elsa) explaining that at Hertz's suggestion she and Miss Edith Walker (Ortrude) had at previous performances entered the door arms entwined, omitting the traditional pantomime of Ortrude's imprecation at the portal after Elsa's exit. Ortrude objected, saying, "I am a guest here and should have my way." Elsa rejoined, "It has been found more effective and it is certainly more artistic in this instance to let the orchestra express the concrete by the abstract. Ortrude's business of future mischief is superfluous anyway, because Telramund immediately appears singing a malediction." But Ortrude stood like a rock at the door, leaving Elsa to pass within alone. Ortrude took her time to make big, dramatic gestures and followed majestically; when, lo! two or three resounding slaps were heard from the direction of the palace. There was consternation behind the scenes and quick interference of the stage manager to separate the contestants and make possible a continuation of the performance. Our Mme. Eames, the cold, the calm, had slapped Mme. Sanger-Bettaque for departing from the accepted tradition of the Metropolitan.

Eames and Hertz

Another time Mme. Eames stamped her foot to make Hertz play faster, though he had explained to her at rehearsal that it was a physical impossibility for the wood-wind, which had a long accompaniment of a repeated note to accelerate. As long as Eames kept up her stamp, Hertz banged his baton against his reading lamp, the while the orchestra encouraged him, sotto voce, with "Bravo, maestro!" The next day the New York Times came out with a "Hertz Wins" story of the incident. Mr. Hertz said sadly, "I was always so sorry that occurred, because Mme. Eames retired from opera the next season—but of course I had to nip such a demonstration in the bud."

Brahms and Wine

Speaking of his intense satisfaction of the superb rendition of the C Minor Symphony of Brahms at the preceding day's concert, Mr. Hertz was reminded that once when Brahms went incog. to a secluded resort, the host, recognizing him,, expressed volubly the great honor he felt at having so distinguished a guest, but Brahms said, 'O, cut that out. I am here for quiet and rest to escape from music talk." But the irrepressible inn-keeper, unhappy that he had to pledge himself to secrecy about the composer's identity, brought forth some rare old wine at the big round dinner table, announcing to the guests that that wine was as to all other wines as Brahms' music to all other music. The master tasted it, put down his glass and said, "Well, if that wine is like Brahms' music, give me some Bach!"

And Cigars

Another time when an admirer reverently accepted a cigar from the great composer with the words, "No, master, I will not smoke this. I will treasure it all my life as a souvenir of the illustrious Brahms," the latter replied, "Hold on! If that is all you want of it, give it back to me—it is one of my good ones. Here is another which will answer the purpose."



Return of Mrs. Frederick Kohl

Now that glad home comings are of daily occurrence, San Franciscans are happy to welcome Mrs. Frederick Kohl. Though her home was in Washington before her marriage fifteen years ago, she has won a place in San Francisco life by her beauty, her hospitality, her charities. When sorrow clouded her domestic life, her friends rallied loyally, genuinely grieved with her, and directed their efforts along the lines which they believed would help her to shape the future she desired. She has done noble work in France. At first she went from hospital to hospital singing to cheer the wounded. She drove in a little donkey cart, carrying a hurdy-gurdy like "Mr. Antonio." Later, she transferred her energies to caring for French babies. Now she has come back to Aemrica to raise one hundred thousand dollars for that purpose. Good luck to her! There is no visible reason why a big proportion of it should not be in California gold. Mrs. Kohl is extremely fond of children. She has none of her own, but was a very active member of the Humane Bureau here and rendered splendid service in caring for its helpless little ones.

Miss Rickoff's Class

Miss Rickoff's class in the New Democracies is to give a series of luncheons this month in honor of the women who best represent the New World achievements. Last spring a luncheon was given by Miss Rickoff's class in honor of Mrs. Esther Birdsall Darling, whose hundred Alaskan racing dogs won the Cross of War from France for their heroic aid at the front in the Vosges Mountains. On Thursday of last week Mrs. Hunter Liggett was the guest of honor, and one hundred representative women of San Francisco crowded the Red Room of the Fairmont to do honor to Mrs. Liggett, who has completely won the hearts of San Francisco society. A marble statue of "Victory" was stood in the opening of a horseshoe table surrounded by flags of the Allies and tall Victory palms. The table was covered by red Christmas berries and chrysanthemums. Miss Rickoff's toast to Licutenant General Liggett was particularly happy, and she said: "General Liggett is a very handsome, courtly man, a diplomat as well as a warrior, idolized by his men. His victory is the result of years of quietly accumulating heroisms, which reached their superb climax in the battles of Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Sedan. Chateau Thierry was the first American defensive, and America, as well as Pershing, could not have chosen a man better able to represent them at this supreme test of American manhood." Mrs. Liggett made a gracious reply, acknowledging that what was said of her husband was all true, and reading from a letter just received from General Pershing.

At the Fairmont

"Rainbow Lane," on the Norman floor of the Fairmont Hotel, opened in a blaze of glory on Wednesday, over three hundred of the smart set spending an evening of unqualified enjoyment in dancing and taking in the diversified entertainment offered by the "Fairmont Follies," produced under the experienced direction of Winfield Blake. The combination of dancing and Follies seems to be just what San Francisco has been waiting for and since the opening the attractive room has been filled each evening between the hours of eight o'clock and one. There is an atmosphere of charm enveloping "Rainbow Lane," and the music by two orchestras, one for dancing and the other for the Follies, could not be improved upon. Rudy Seiger, the musical director of the Fairmont, has surrounded himself with most capable musicians and the "hotel at the top of the town" promises to be one of the gayest places in the city this winter. The lobby concerts by the Fairmont Orchestra are very popular and on Sunday night Margaret Gray McKee, the phenomenal whistler, will be the soloist. On Christmas Eve Lillian Glazer, lyric soprano, will sing, and Christmas night Lowell Redfield and his male quartette will be

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heard in Christmas glees and carols. A beautiful Christmas tree in the lobby will be a feature at the Fairmont and on Christmas morning the management and guests will distribute a thousand baskets of good things among the poor of San Francisco.

A Newhall Children's Party

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., was hostess on Monday at a children's party given in honor of her young son, Mayo the Third, at her home on Jackson street. Mrs. Athol McBean, Mrs. Arthur Cheseborough and Mrs. Fentriss Hill were among those who assisted the young hostess. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., is at Verdun.

Mrs. Hearst's Departure

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst left last Saturday for New York, where she will spend the holidays. She was accompanied by Mrs. George H. Howard, Jr., (Helen Hamilton), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton. Mrs. Howard will remain in New York until the return of her husband, Lieutenant George Howard, from France, when they will return to California.

Captain John Tallant's Homecoming

The many friends of Captain John D. Tallant are delighted to hear that he will soon return from France, where he has been stationed at headquarters with the 27th Engineers. Young Tallant is a mining engineer, manager of the Braden Copper Mine in South America, which position he resigned two years ago to join the army. He is the son of Mrs. John D. Tallant of this city, grandson of the late Judge Selden S. Wright and the late Drury J. Tallant.

The Kynnersleys Sail for England

Mrs. R. Snyd-Kynnersley and daughter will leave for New York next week. Mrs. Kynnersley will sail for England, where she will join Mr. Kynnersley, who has been abroad for the past year. They will reside in England permanently, where Mr. Kynnersley lately inherited vast estates. Miss Edith Kynnersley will sail for France, where she has been accepted by the Y. M. C. A. for overseas canteen work.

French Colony at Fine Arts

A large a representative gathering of people prominent in the French Colony and in the social and artistic circles of San Francisco will attend the private view and opening reception which will take place on Friday afternoon, December 20, at 3:30 o'clock, in the Palace of Fine Arts in connection with the formal presentation by Consul General Neltner of the French Architectural Collection which is being given to the Museum by the French Government. The ceremonies will be participated in by members of the French Educational Commission now sojourning in San Francisco, as well as by the French officers attached to the contingent now awaiting orders here. The following will act on the reception committee. Consul and Mrs. H. A. van Coenen Torchiana, Hon. F. Drion, Consul General of Belgium; Hon. A. Carnegie Ross, Consul General for Great Britain; Professor and Mrs. A. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hale, Miss Anne M. Bremer, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. W. A. Hammond, Dr. Cora Cutton Castle, Irvin J. Wiel, Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Hon. Nils Voll, Consul for Norway, Xavier de Pichon, Leon Bocqueraz, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Harris Weinstock, William P. Hubbard, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Leah H. Davis, Hon. Alberto Palacios, Consul of Bolivia; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hanify, Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Robert Newton Lynch, Ralph Stackpole, Arthur Brown Jr., Lee F. Randolph, Gottardo Piazzoni, Mrs. Joseph Fife, and Mrs. O. H. Harshbarger.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Donaldson Clark and her mother, Mrs. Lynde Harrison, entertained informally at dinner Thursday. Captain Finnell, U. S. A., was the complimented guest at luncheon Tuesday. The impromptu affair was given by his mother, who resides at the hotel. A charming dinner was given Thursday, at which Mrs. Walter L. La Frenze of the U. S. Navy was hostess. Among those who were seated around the handsomely decorated table were Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Cameron, Mrs. Guy Brown, Miss Betty Devereaux, Arthur Maitland and Edgar Walter. Mr. Jordan gave an informal dinner Tuesday, followed by a theatre party. It took place in one of the private dining rooms of the Cecil. Mrs. M. L. McDonald returned to her apartment this week after a ten days' sojourn in Santa Rosa. Mrs. Louis Long came up Monday for Christmas shopping and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. A. M. Burns. A half-dozen friends were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis at dinner Thursday. On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner entertained a coterie of friends. After a pleasant visit with his parents, W. H. Evans returned yesterday to his home in Sacramento.

A New Cashier

Ability and veteran service were fittingly recognized by the directors of the Anglo & London Paris National Bank of San Francisco when they elected Harry Coe cashier to succeed C. R. Parker, resigned. Coe entered the service of the Anglo a boy, twenty-three years ago. Hard work plus exceptional adaptability won for him successive promotions to an assistant cashiership and the management of the bank's extensive foreign department. At that post Coe won international reputation and acquaintance enjoyed by few American bankers of his years. In 1917 he was elected vice-president and now to the duties of that office the directors have added the responsibilities of cashier.

Entertain the Soldiers at Techau's

One sees a sprinkling of soldiers whenever one lunches or dines at the Tavern. And it is to be hoped that, as the boys come home, more and more of them will be the invited guests of their friends at this delightful cafe. The American Army is the best fed in the world, but boys are strong on "the eats" and must crave a change from army diet. Ask any one of them and see. They are a loyal bunch and not given to grumbling, but a real, sure-enough lunch or dinner with all the frills appeals to the most loyal of them. So, take them to the Tavern, these home-coming heroes, and make them happy. The Jazz Orchestra and the Show Girl Revue Corps will do their part if you will do yours.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-10

The Stage

Symphony Programme

Enjoyment of symphonic music increases with familiarity. This was apparent at the last concert when Brahms' C Minor Symphony and Smetana's "Bartered Bride" were played. Mr. Hertz, who gives one the impression that he lives with and for music, believes in repetition for this very good reason. Why should it not be true? When a favorite opera is announced, it is unusual to hear, "I don't care to hear it because I've heard it fifty times." As a rule that is the reason given for the wish to hear it again. It will be interesting to observe the impression made by the Hebrew Rhapsody (Bloch), which is to be played this week for the first time in San Francisco.

—H. M. B.

Good Show at Orpheum

The Orpheum keeps growing brighter every week. Music predominates in the present bill with clothes a strong counter attraction. Grace La Rue, always picturesque and fascinating, draws crowds of admirers, and the programme is sparkling all through.

"You're in Love"

A musical attraction of exceptional merit and one that has already made a metropolitan reputation is the newest New York Casino success, "You're in Love," which will begin its San Francisco engagement in the Curran Theatre next Sunday night, December 22. "You're in Love" reflects much but copies nothing. It is kindled with the spirit of harmless and clean frolic and has a story which is well connected and contains many dramatic surprises, skilfully interwoven with twenty odd musical numbers. Such a novelty is "You're in Love," that is expresses a departure from the usual musical play, with real wit adorning the briefest scene. The music is tuneful, simple and fetching. Otto Harbach wrote the unusual book, Edward Clark the lyrics, and Rudolph Friml the charming melodies. They will be pleasantly remembered as the authors of "The Firefly," "Katinka," and "High Jinks.' Oscar Figman, the well known comedian, is featured in the comedy role of Mr. Wix, and is ably assisted by an excellent Mr. Wix, and is ably assisted by an excellent cast. Matinees will be given Christmas Day and Saturday.

At the Alcazar

The immensely popular new Alcazar company has set a high standard for smart, spirited, care-dispelling interpretations of farce comedy. This week—the last of "What's Your Husband Doing?", it sends roaring audiences into a hysteria of laughter. Its merry Christmas offering commencing with next Sunday's matinee is a stock-ingful of farcical joy—May Tully's rapid-fire comedy, "Mary's Ankle," something funny but delicately exposed and colored with a dash of romanticism. For New Year week is selected a swift, snappy farce, "A Pair of Sixes," by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap." On New Year's Eve, always a gala night at the Alcazar, there will be two performances, at 7:30 and 9:45. Nothing could be in better accord with the laughing mood of the people than this holiday fortnight of fun.

All-Tschaikowsky Programme for "Pop"

A programme that is certain to make for tremendous interest and the assurance of a capacity audience is announced by Conductor Alfred Hertz for the second concert of the "pop" series, scheduled for Sunday afternoon, December 22, at the Curran Theatre, with the entire San Francisco Symphony Orchestra participating. It will be an all-Tschaikowsky event, and local music-lovers are ever eager to hear the works of the Russian genius, as interpreted by Hertz. The programme will open with the Sixth Symphony in B minor, usually called the "Pathetique," and most popular of all the Tschaikowsky symphonies, beyond the peradventure of a doubt. This will be followed by the melodically beautiful and atmospheric "Italian Caprice." Then are programmed the delicious droleries of the "Nuteracker Suite," for the performance of which Hertz is requested over and over again. The Suite will be played in its entirety, as follows: "Miniature Overture," "March," "Dance of the Fee Dragee," "Russian Dance," "Arabian Dance," "Chinese Dance," "Dance of the Mirlitons" and "Dance of the Flowers." That stupendous overture, "The Year 1812," will make a brilliant concluding number to a real musical feast. The third pair of regular symphonies, announced for Friday afternoon, January 3, and Sunday afternoon, January 5, will serve to introduce a Swiss composer, Ernest Bloch, who came to the United States two years ago and achieved instant musical recognition. Bloch is the first modern composer to have been inspired by old Oriental and Hebrew themes. He will be represented by his "Schelomo," a concerto in the fullest sense of the term, which will tax the fullest resources of the 'cellistic art of Horace Britt, who will be soloist. Hertz expects this composition to make a pronounced impression. Sibelius' First Symphony, fired with imagination and virility, will be played for the first time by the orchestra. Beethoven's overture, "Leonore," No. 3, an eternal masterpiece, is the remaining offering.

The Orpheum Bill

The Orpheum announces a great new Christmas bill for next week. Hobart Bosworth, whose splendid reputation as a character actor extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, will appear next week in his own dramatization of Jack London's powerful and thrilling story, "The Sea Wolf." Bosworth's impersonation of the brutal and virile Wolf Larsen has been seen in motion pictures, but this will be his first appearance here in it as a speaking character. It is an ambitious production played to the very heart of nature, artistic and finished. Mr. Bosworth has a massive setting and a fine supporting company. The Courtney Sisters, Fay and Florence, who have been features of many Broadway musical successes, are singing comediennes of great ability and versatility. As delineators of negro melodies they have few equals. Bert Fitzgibbon, "The Original Daffy Dil," is too well and favorably known to require eulogy. As a "nut" comedian he is par excellence. "Somewhere in France" is an episode of the trenches by John Barclay and presents a jocular scene between a Canadian, a Highlander, an Irishman and a Cockney in an observation post. Harry Laughlin and Clara West will appear in a skit by Tommy Gay entitled "The Cafe Lonesome,' which enables them to display their talents as comedians, singers and dancers. Jack and Kitty Demaco will offer a novel effect in gymnastics which they style "The Garden of Recreation." They are adepts in their line. "A Wedding Day in Dogland,"

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading in stocks the past week was on a much smaller scale than for some time past. News was generally favorable, and sentiment was a little more optimistic on the whole, probably based on the removal of the money restrictions and the prospects of lower interest rates. These elements of market opinion were emphasized in the trend of prices by the fact that on the ascending scale oversold speculative interests are driven to cover, and added buying makes its appearance. It is coming to be the general belief that the proportion of short selling in the last month or so has been underestimated, and the volume of liquidation overemphasized. The effect of this market position is now being disclosed. However, sentiment for the long pull seems to be as bearish as ever, and the professional element as a rule is all arrayed against any sustained advance. They call attention to the slow demand for copper metal, the declining prices for finished steel, and the unsettled labor outlook. Copper metal was said to be offered last week as low as 19 cents, and this after recent statements published by several of the copper companies, calling attention to the fact that it was costing them more than 20 cents per pound to produce copper now as compared with 8 and 10 cents per pound before the war. It is said that there is a large supply of copper metal on hand now, and while it was announced that the Government would not sell its holdings of copper metal, as it was not in the market, it had very little effect on prices. Before the war, Germany took 200,000 tons of copper metal yearly from us. What it will take now is problematical, even if we lift the embargo. The general feeling in the trade seems to be that the exports of copper metal in the next six months will be small, and that with the production continuing at present rate, a big surplus of copper metal will hang over the market, which will depress the price and force most of the companies to curtail their dividend disbursements. The action of the steel industry in reducing the price of steel is to be commended. What every one wishes to do away with as rapidly as possible are the artificial restraints and limits of all kinds, and to get down to the only solid foundation of supply and demand. We think there will be a great feeling of relief when this foundation is reached. The railroads lost some of their snap, and prices sold off some on the speech of Mr. McAdoo, advocating Government control until 1924. Oil stocks held firm and advanced fractionally with the feeling generally optimistic. This class of stock seems to be in demand whenever the general list sells over, and especially Mexican Petroleum. Liberty Bonds sold off to new low records, but the selling seemed to be for the smaller holders who want to use their money for holiday gifts. The market will likely remain dull until after the holidays, or until something turns up to move the market out of the present rut.

Cotton—Cotton did not get very far either way the past week, but the undertone seemed to be firmer, and as a result, prices showed an advancing tendency. Higher prices at Liverpool also helped the advance. Traders on this side are inclined to follow the Liverpool market, and the advancing tendency there in the face of the assurance that transport charges and insurance will be much reduced, while more space will become available for the shipment of cotton, is daily becoming more significant. In view of the general acceptance of the assurances that the Peace Conference will proceed without serious incident, the high prices at Liverpool indicate that the interests there are perfectly willing to load up at present levels. By holding their cotton the growers have indicated that they hold the same view of the situation, and there is a growing opinion that prices will go higher in spite of the current handicaps, under which the trade, and business in general, is operating. The Government's preliminary estimate of the total crop was so near general expectations, that it had but little effect on prices. The report confirms the prospects of a small crop, in fact smaller than last year, and with any demand from domestic mills, prices should work higher. Japanese interests are said to be long a big line of cotton, and exports of cotton from Pacific Coast ports are only limited by the shipping space.

Stage

(Continued from Page 14)

is the most original animal act in vaudeville. The only holdover in this truly magnificent bill will be Grace La Rue, who is repeating her former triumph in this city and has registered one of the greatest hits in the history of Orpheum vaudeville. Miss La Rue promises new songs.

Musical Comedy at Columbia

That sagacious producer of half a hundred famous stage successes, Henry W. Savage, will offer "Have a Heart" at the Columbia for the two holiday weeks, commencing Saturday night, December 21. "Have a Heart" is a new type of musical comedy that gained great vogue last winter in New York. First of all there is a logical, amusing libretto by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, made the more enjoyable by artistic enactment, and sprinkled with nineteen melodious gems by the prolific composer, Jerome Kern. There seems to be the very soul of the fox-trot in his music, and he is the recognized adept in providing one-steps. The story involves the comic complications of a young couple who elope for a second honeymoon on the eve of their divorce. One big, glittering, beauty-laden scene is the lingerie section of a big department store. And then the action shifts to a fashionable ocean-side hotel at Blueport, R. I. There are nearly four score singers, dancers and comedians of high quality. Of course, Mr. Savage has provided a liberal chorus and critics have acclaimed this contingent to be decidedly worth seeing. It is worthy of note that the company to be seen here is the only one presenting "Have a Heart" and is under the personal direction of Henry W. Savage.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund	284,897.17

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PLASTIC CIRCUMSTANCE

(Continued from Page 5)

is something lacking in my home life. And yet, hitherto I have been content."

* * * * * *

It was the next afternoon. The day had been long and arduous for the great doctor. His mind was troubled and he felt a thousand years old. The door opened, a voice announced "Miss Leighton."

She remained standing quite still in the middle of the room and looking at him appealingly.

"'Doctor," she began, "it is my throat. You only can cure it. I have no faith in any one else. You only can save to me my dearest friend."

Again she was in his arms, again he forgot the cares of his practice, the scruples of his conscience.

"Oh," he said, "When you are near me, I am longing for love and caresses. I feel like a boy again."

Every day she came to him. Every day he took off her hat and caressed her pretty head, enjoyed a happy quarter of an hour in her sweet presence. He grew sad when she left him and looked forward eagerly to her return. Yet he hated himself so for his deception of his wife that he was in a constant state of unrest.

One golden afternoon he told her of the plans he had made.

"I can't stay in my home, or in my office, feeling as I do. But I can't leave you. Tell me, will you go away with me for awhile and let us taste of happiness—just for a vacation? You need a rest, and I will care for you so tenderly that the imprisoned bird in your poor throat will be liberated and sing joyously."

He told her of a house he had bought in the Greek Isles three years before, when he had taken a trip there from Athens. He described its great rough stone exterior, the rambling, stately old rooms, the interior vine-covered court, the long wide lawns terraced down to the very edge of the blue sea, in whose bracing waters they would swim when they grew tired of pursuits within the great stone garden walls. In his enthusiasm he said he would charter a yacht to cruise about the isles and escape from the world for a few weeks.

Marian Leighton's eyes brightened as he progressed in his glowing description, and she needed no coaxing to persuade her to accept the invitation. Long they talked and planned of their trip.

Incidentally it was agreed that she should have a European vaudeville contract to show to her parents, and that he should announce, as the object of his trip, a medical conference in Rome.

The following day Dr. Hastings worked late in his office. He was to leave for Europe the next morning. The last patient departed at five o'clock. His office attendant wondered what kept his employer so long. At six o'clock he ventured in, and found the doctor seated at the table with his head buried in his hands.

The specialist looked up.

"Don't admit any one but Miss Leighton, Jones," he said. "She'll be here soon. I expected her at five-thirty."

Jones bowed himself out. A half-hour later Jones was summoned by his master.

"Hasn't Miss Leighton called?" he eagerly asked.

"No, sir," was the reply. "This letter was just delivered by a messenger."

"Well, she'll be here soon. Admit her at once."

Jones retired. Ten minutes later the electric bell connected with the doctor's desk rang. Jones responded to the summons. He found Dr. Hastings seated at the table, his head resting on his arms which were crossed in front of him.

"Did you call, sir?" asked Jones.

There was no response. Jones touched his master on the shoulder, but Dr. Hastings remained motionless. Becoming alarmed, Jones raised the physician's head.

Horrified at the spectacle, Jones rushed toward the door to call for help.

Scattered over the table were the pages of this letter, upon which the doctor's arms were folded:

"We are not going to embark upon this dangerous expedition, you and I. When I look into the trusting eyes of my devoted parents, when I feel the sweet caresses of the children, I am overwhelmed with remorse because I made their dependence upon me the motif for tempting you. For I did tempt you. Somewhere in the Bible it says, 'Beware of a singing woman.' Do you know why? Because a woman gifted with a beautiful voice who concentrates her energies upon developing its artistic possibilities cannot give to any man the constancy of devotion which he, perhaps unconsciously, demands. The singing woman soon learns to love her own voice; for it lures to her friendship, attention, love, fame and money. It makes her conscious of the divine resource which dwells within herself. No, it was not for love that I dreamed for an hour of the brief bliss you pictured; it was because you would restore to me my voice, my heart's dearest treasure.

"And I am glad that I do not love you; because I know how high you hold the integrity of your profession, and you would never forgive yourself for yielding to folly. But go alone to this beautiful dreamland and return with a quiet heart to the duty which you, like Admiral Nelson, 'love as a mistress.' You need a rest. I have perceived the strange pallor which sometimes spreads over your countenance and that you press your hand over your breast when you are fatigued. During your absence I will place myself in your assistant's care and follow your directions. If my voice comes back, you will go sometime to the theatre to hear it and you will listen to a joyous song of thanksgiving—that the pretty little hands which you caressed and declared were made to hold Love's sceptre had the power to hold you back from a disastrous adventure. I could never listen to my voice were it given back to me through dishonor—it would sound harsh, cold and cruel and so I should stop singing forever. Dear, beloved voice of mine, my sweet companion, is it possible I must say good-bye to you? Well, 'The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away again.'"

* * * * * *

The death of Dr. Hastings created a great sensation in the medical world, and the newspapers devoted columns of space to eulogies of the great scientist. They told of his wonderful skill, of his zeal in his profession, of his charities and of his domestic virtues. A week after his interment they announced the departure of his widow for Europe.

It was stated that she intended to reside permanently on one of the Greek Isles, where Dr. Hastings had purchased a villa for his family, intending it for a gift to his wife on the approaching fifteenth anniversary of their marriage.

"This, Miss Jones," said the botanist, "is the tobacco plant.' "How interesting," she replied. "And when does it begin to bear cigarettes?"

Town Talk Press 88 First St., S. F., Cal.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO RENEW MORTGAGE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24270, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, Deceased.

MARY DEGAN, administratrix of the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this court authorizing, directing and empowering her, as such administratrix, to renew the subsisting mortgages on the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing to the court that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgages be renewed,

It is ordered by the court, that all persons interested in the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, afso known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, do appear before this court on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-seven ($2767.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary Degan, the administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said petition for further particulars. Said real estate, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as folfows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue, distant thereon twenty-eight (28) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly C) Street; running thence Southerly along said line to Fifth Avenue twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly seventy (70) feet to the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue and the point of commencement.

BEING a part of Outside Land Block Number 385.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks next before the day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed November 26, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk, by E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, Deceased.—No. 25445 New Series. Department No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 7th day of December, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased.

FLORENCE ELLIS SNOWGRASS,
Administratrix of the estate of John Gray Snowgrass, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 7, 1918.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
625 Market Street,
San Francisco, California. 12-21-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 1375. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 28, 1918 PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Pershing for President

Julius Kahn's Attitude

Two Musical Comedies

Editorials, by Clay M. Greene

Veritas on the Mooney Question

Y. M. C. A. Thanks S. F. Teachers

A Good Lie Gone Wrong, by Eleanor Hoyt

Our Monthly Foreign Letter, by Philip King Brown

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIII. San Francisco-Oakland, December 28, 1918 No. 1375

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, $5.00; six months, $2.75; three months, $1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), $6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Not All Fuss and Fireworks

President Wilson's entrée into France has been attended by a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm and adulation which has not hitherto been accorded the friendly invasion of a capital by the ruler of any nation, for history makes no mention of a counterpart. The French people have cheered him as only the French can cheer: they have strewn roses in his path; figuratively speaking, they have prostrated themselves before him as the world's great Juggernaut of Peace and Victory. This is as it should be, for surely enough he has been the *Deus ex machina* of this nation, which has turned a condition of grievous doubt and uncertainty, as far as the strength of Germany was concerned, into a sort of melee of rout and disorder. But—and it would seem a little premature to argue the pros and cons of "buts"—to judge from the cabled dispatches and the writings of able correspondents, there are already some premonitory symptoms of misunderstanding, if not complaint. Among ourselves, meaning of course the public at large, we have been entirely at the mercy of Mr. Creel, in so far as the reasons why, and the causes for, the vast credits allowed to our Allies were concerned. On the surface it would seem that some of them have been too quickly conceived and too lavishly distributed, as witness for one instance, the pouring of several hundreds of millions into disordered Russia. The English and French credits mounted away up into the billions, but implied some degree of certainty as to eventual liquidation. Recent advices, however, cannot but foster the impression that these, our greatest creditors, seem disposed to put up to Mr. Wilson the somewhat mercenary question, "Isn't there going to be some sort of come-back to all this?"

* * *

"Aisy Come, Aisy Go"

Perhaps, after all, we were extravagant in our more or less hysterical determination to turn the flood of our seemingly inexhaustible resources into the maelstrom of turmoil that was to swirl the world into a soothing calm of universal Democracy. May we not have omitted the trifling detail of calling upon our Public Accountants to furnish us with a careful statement of the possible Profit and Loss of our amazing liberality? On the face of it this seemed a comparatively safe investment if not altogether sane—perhaps we should have said business like—on the basis of long credit and small installments. Was it carefully considered how long it was to be before these vast debts were to be paid, and the American people restored to a condition of reasonable taxation? At all events—thanks also to Mr. Creel—those of us not altogether in the know, find ourselves seeking for a solution of our record breaking liberality inspired by the Irishman's laconic dismissal of all accusations of extravagance, "aisy come, aisy go." Our four Liberty Loans were all filled within the time allotted for them, and most of them were oversubscribed. The exact figures are not now at hand, but they must mount up into a total hitherto deemed incalculable. So, coming so easily, may not our enthusiasm have dominated our business wisdom into the diverting of a large part of it into channels whose rise and fall of tide gave no exact indication of a possible time for a recovery of it? Nevertheless, if coming events cast their shadows before—and tradition has made us believe they do—some of these shadows are even now looming on the horizon of international finance.

* * *

Counter Claims

Doubtless England and France are as truly grateful as bleeding Belgium must be, for these lavish replenishings of their emptying coffers. But Belgium is no party to this argument, since she should have been assisted anyway, to the fullest extent of our resources. At the same time, President Wilson finds himself confronted with the undeniable fact that the gratitude of the larger and richer nations, has, to, employ the vernacular of inelegance, "a string tied to it." Whatever compunctions President Wilson may have had and (bless his heart)in his glorious enthusiasm he has none—with reference to the last loan to England of the trifling sum of $250,000,000 or so, will be more than offset by the cordial invitation of King George to a post-Christmas banquet at which, no doubt, he will be acclaimed as the one and only Saviour of the Democracy of Nations. It is human to be influenced by adulation, and coddling, and our greatest Democratic President is no exception. But, when he shall return to Paris to be made conscious, beyond a doubt, that our astonishing liberality in the nature of loans is to be met by ludicrously overestimated counter-claims, it seems likely that he may add a fifteenth clause to his fourteen conditions of peace. England has already presented a bill for $175,000,000, claimed to be a just return for the transportation of our armies abroad, at the rate of $150 for each officer and man carried. The excessiveness of this claim is easily shown by the mere statement that, in peace times, any traveler may take passage for England or France on a great ocean liner, at a cost to himself of less money for everything furnished, and good accommodations may be secured on the less important liner for as inconsiderable a sum as $50. A little trimming here, please, Mr. President.

* * *

Et Tu, Brute?

There are ante-conference indications that France, too, intends to have her tug at the string of her boundless gratitude toward the United States. We are informed, through channels which seem to lead directly from the inside sanctums of Versailles, that a claim is to be made for the great damage wrought by the American Expeditionary Forces upon the fair fields of France, as well as to her rivers and harbors, whose beauty has been marred by unsightly docks, warehouses and factory, all of which were necessities of the succor that was to drive the Hun beyond the Rhine. France is long on "vives," music, decorations, pageants and banquets, but who shall say that she is not singularly short on the more material ebullitions of gratitude? The obvious answer to this question can only be adequately answered by asking another: "Where would France be today, and where would the Hun have eaten his Christmas Dinner, had it not been for these wanton damages to forest and field, to harbor and river?"

* * *

How Long, O Lord, How Long?

At present not even the wisest can form any estimate of the possible duration of the World's Conference at Versailles. If there are to be many unforseen points of discussion of a kidney with those just enumerated, it will continue for two years or more. If they continue to come it may resolve itself into a permanent congress. Even those who

have been opposed to the President's presence at the opening of this tribunal, and who see no reason, even now that he is there, why he should form any part of it, must congratulate themselves for their country's sake that he is there. They should hope for a continuance of his absence far beyond February, during which month he has appointed a date for his return. His fourteen conditions have been tentatively accepted, but only tentatively, and he should be at many meetings of the conference, to see that a goodly number of them are not either violated, or altered beyond all semblance of his original intention. Lord Northcliffe—and he is not prone to make mis-statements—quotes the President as saying to him: "I shall object at Versailles, to so wanton an exhibition of bossism as was too evident at the Congress of Vienna. If there is any individual who thinks he knows what is in the minds of all the people, he is a fool." Naturally then, since there are already outcroppings from the vein of international ecoonmics, to the effect that some one is going to attempt a paramount authority, President Wilson should be there a little longer, to at least start the conferences under a general rule of fair play and justice to all alike. As for his one great ideal, a Congress of Nations, is concerned, forget it, Mr. President, until there is cohesion and unanimity in others things of more immediate importance.

Contemplation

By Janet von Schroder

Note: These verses by the elder daughter of Baron J. H. von Schröder were sent from Germany to the late Richard E. White of this city before the United States entered the war. They are here published for the first time.

Are you glad the calm is broken? Did the sunshine never pall,
Pictures of my dead forefathers hanging there against the wall?

Know you naught, I often wonder, gentle dames and stately sires?
Do you feel or do you suffer in our longings and desires?
While your blood in our veins courses, while your race continues still,
Do you share in life's emotions, feel its passion and its thrill?
Are you hurt I feel a stranger in these rooms and in this hall,
Pictures of my dead forefathers hanging there against the wall?

Or in heaven does one see further? Do you know those distant skies
Where through cloudless realms of azure the majestic eagle flies?

Do you know those mystic mountains that at dusk fade into blue?
And those flowers that ope at nightfall 'neath the starlight and the dew?
Do you breathe their warmth, their madness, feel their freedom and their thrall,
Pictures of my dead forefathers hanging there against the wall?

Do you know the canyon's coolness, with its scented tangled vines?
Hear you the palm's soft rustle and the singing of the pines?
Hear you the rushing waters and the music of their fall,
Pictures of my dead forefathers hanging there against the wall?

Did you know the hour of parting, when my soul first learned to doubt,
And the sky grew dark in anguish and the silver stars went out?

* * * * * *

Now I move among the spaces you were wont to tread of yore,
And my glances meet the landscape that your eyes smiled on before;
Yet I feel so strange, a pilgrim, hearing your mute voices call,
Pictures of my dear forefathers hanging there against the wall.

Perspective Impressions

Young lady slaps a policeman's face for arresting her for speeding. Well done! Why should any officer of the law presume to question the right of any woman driver to drive where she wants to, even through plate glass windows?

Christmas celebrations at hotels and cabarets, developed the fact that while people complain of high cost of living, not a word is said about champagne at nine dollars per.

Clever fraud works in one shipbuilding plant for $6.50 per day, then hires a boy to punch his time card at another plant, splitting profits with him. What that bird wouldn't do as head of a plant!

Germany surrenders 760 big guns to Yankees. Holland has another big (though slightly reduced) gun within her borders, which the Yankees and Allies would be willing to trade for on basis of 760 to one and then think they were cheating children.

British editor warns government that it would be suicidal to enter into naval competition with Uncle Sam. Some sense, that gentleman!

U. C. chemists announce that plants on arid wastes of the Great West can produce millions of pounds of rubber substitute per annum. Glad to hear it, but the stuff is called Chrysothamnus and who is ever going to learn that?

California Wine Association pays a dividend of $20 a share. Must think that we are not going "dry' after all, but watch out!

Man's grounds for divorce on the plea of extravagance are that wife spent $10 for a pair of shoes, and $1.25 for a box of face powder. That man's ignorance as to what a well groomed wife ought to cost is too unbelievable. But he's one of those "near" husbands anyway.

Now that Christmas is over, how many of us remembered to impress the rising generation that St. Nicholas brought the presents?

Delighted German inhabitants of Coblentz getting fresh with the American soldiers who have been too friendly with them, and General Dickman compelled to impose restraining rules and subject the papers to censorship. What's the use? Those birds will never learn the difference between liberty and license unless the lesson be taught with a Liberty motor propelling a machine gun.

Headline announces that the President orders food rushed to Europe. Oh, very well, but it's custom now-a-days to sell groceries on a cash basis, worse luck!

Hindenburg sagely informs the German Government that he has formed a new line six miles behind the present neutral zone. What for, and with what? General disposed to get a little ratty about his lines anyway.

Homecoming of the Grizzlies delayed because of scarcity of sleepers. Be patient, dear public, there's a "grand party" on for next week.

Our Monthly Letter

The following letter from Dr. Philip King Brown, one of the many St. Francis physicians who have been in France the past year, was read at the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the hospital:

October 16, 1918.

Over in the Latin quarter, around the corner from Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's American Girls' Club —now American Red Cross Hospital No. 3 for officers—is a very attractive studio at 70 Rue Notre Dame de Champs, where Mrs. Maynard Ladd, wife of a Boston children's specialist, is modeling new faces for the tattered and torn French soldiers' countenances. She makes a mask in plaster of the face, then proceeds to make a positive casting and rebuilds the cast to be what would probably be a fair representation of the lost nose or eye or brow or whole lower jaw. Then she makes a wax cast of that and electroplates a copper form of the part of the surface needed and it is hitched on to the owner of the mutilated face by a projection that hangs over his ear or eyeglasses. The horribly disfigured countenances are made quite presentable by these masks, which are painted to match the skin.

We think it high time that the Red Cross switched this work to American soldiers and probably that will follow. We have done so much for the French that one gets a little the impression that we have not problems of our own.

Major Marshall Hale, zone commander of the big area from just south of here to the Swiss border, was in town today and came up to dinner. He reports Charlie Levinson's unit 47 as the happiest bunch he has seen in France. They have a base hospital where lots of work goes on and the general atmosphere of the hospital is reported splendid. Hurrah for the St. Francis! Hale said it did him good to see the boys and know they were doing their part so cheerfully and well.

Today I had a visit to one of the children's convalescent homes ten miles outside Paris to the west at the Chauteau de la Jonchere par Rueil, where Mrs. Robert Bliss, wife of the first Secretary of the Embassy, assisted by her mother, Mrs. William H. Bliss of Santa Barbara, supports fifty run-down children between the ages of one and a half and fourteen years. They are children sent there because of the need for special care by the Committee Franco-American for the protection of children of the frontier. Many of them are orphans and some they know nothing of, but you could not tell from their happy faces what tragedy had been behind them or what tragedy was ahead. Some of them have homes to go to after the war because perhaps a father is living but in the trenches. Most of them, however, have nothing ahead and present to France one of her biggest problems. They gathered in a group before I left and sang songs, including "Tipperary" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," although their timing and emphasis made both songs seem strange. When one thinks that this little group of fifty are but a drop in the bucket, one cannot but feel a very deep sadness. France is paying off her war debt and she is getting rich off of the war game—an unequally distributed wealth, however, that promises her a good many social and legislative problems. But she will need all the money she can spare for her children, for they are her future. Mrs. Bliss' work is truly beautiful, but it is sad just the same.

I have a very strong feeling that the only work the American Red Cross ought to do in France is to care for the children every way they can. We cannot cure tuberculosis or change tradition except as the people see through their children.

October 18, 1918.

Apropos of our air raid the other night, which is the only one since my arrival early in July that really called forth a dense barrage of any moment, although they have been two or three little ones—near raids—which kept us awake half hour or more, there are several quite interesting things. The really important one is that falling shrapnel from the defense guns does most of the damage and kills occasionally a curious sky gazer who insists on standing out on his balcony. The curiosity of the people is evidenced by the number who take the chance. The other thing is the display in the first class shop windows next day of "abri" garments and useful garments to put on in haste. An "abri" is a vaulted cellar into which you are supposed to go in case of raids, and as they come at night and as most abris are but dimly lighted, it is said that most wonderful ghostly costumes are to be seen. Styles change, however, and as raids get scarcer, most fantastic costumes are offered for sale to keep things interesting. All over Paris are white posters on buildings with suitable cellars, each sign indicating the number of persons which the cellar will hold. When the nights are clear and the raid conditions improve, as is the case when the moon is full, you see a noticeable bid on the part of the shops for trade in the most gorgeous pajamas man ever dreamed of. Fifty-seven varieties of rainbows would look like a blank wall compared to most of them. Of course it is in the abris of hotels and large apartment houses that one gets a choice variety of costumes. As I live in a quiet and eminently respectable neighborhood and in a house where most of the inhabitants are men, I don't even get out of bed.

Seeing Paris on its amusing side is a relief in time of tension, and if you could know just the psychological attitude of our Americans you would understand better why we have to retain our sense of humor. It is the best relaxation from the intensive strain of a week or two of an offensive movement and instead of the wine and women, too frequently the method of relaxation on periods of leave from the front, for Paris is a hot-bed of both, it seems to be one of our best qualities that our men are conspicuously uncontaminated. Our statistics for venereal diseases are the best in any army and our system of prophylaxis does not deserve credit for it all, because our boys very rarely decorate the sidewalk chairs in front of the everywhere-present cafes, and I think drinking is not abnormally present, although temptation and opportunity are always at hand. It is our universal sense of humor that saves us, and the "battle of Paris" is a huge amusement to most of the men.

En route to London,
11 p. m., October 25, 1918.

We were to leave Paris by auto this morning, but my papers were not ready and indeed it took till one hour of train time this afternoon to get the whole thing plastered and stamped. We got the train and here I am with Billings in an attic room of the fourth hotel we went to, steered around by a Red Cross man named Bishop, who has a brother in Alameda, and I in the best bed in town—the quarters of the head Red Cross man here, who is ill in a hospital. Each hotel "that turned us empty from its door" brought out fresh tales of twenty men who slept on the cold floor the night before, and so I insisted on Colonel Billings taking the one room we finally found, and then I got steered into this palace with a big wide bed and all the comforts of home. It's weird, with its heavy, old-fashioned furnishings and some red Algerian or Turkish curtains at the window. We get to London Thursday morning and have several days to see work there and then spend Sunday with Sir William Osler, returning to France Monday or Tuesday. Our monthly medical meeting comes on Friday or Saturday of next week, and while R. R. C. writes to say that he cannot come up, I think I can go down the week after.

October 27, 1918.

Our trip across was uneventful but rough and I was awakened by numerous noisy evidences that food and rough weather do not agree. One has a profounder regard for the British Navy when the evidence of their care and protection was shown as it was with us.

We spent the day walking about, as we both needed exercise. The cliffs and shore are so like our own that it made me quite homesick to see them.

It is very cold and raw here and the sun is having a time to break through. The country is not unlike France, but in spite of rumors to the contrary we have found food both better and more abundant and of greater variety—ham and eggs for breakfast! And butter and sugar! Things the restaurants are not allowed to furnish in France.

We have spent the day with Sir William and Lady Osler, going out to Oxford on an early morning train. We found his motor at the station and were driven to the University Hospital, where he met us with his old-time cordial welcome, but the gaiety was not the old-time sustained type that was his when he left us, and the smile faded more quickly, and we saw him as he is today—thinner by fifteen pounds, his moustache gray and the line of his face more deeply set. One might suspect from his eyes that he did not sleep the full time allotted to man. He was still the same Osler in spite of the hard work which he elects to keep up and the suffering which the death of his only son at Vimy Ridge has caused him. Repeatedly he would break into the humorous chaffing as of old and would go to the library and take down a book and turn to some passage to illustrate or check up a statement he had made. He was rejoicing over the reprints recently sent him by the younger Mortor of all his father had written on anethesia and he showed me with enthusiasm a volume of reprints by five generation of the Warren family of Boston. Nothing escapes him and what he does not know he looks up at once. The coal shortage lead to a discussion of prices—they groan at two guineas, $10, a ton for anthracite, and I had to tell him that in times of plenty we paid $17 for anthracite, $20 for English cannel coal. Cannel was a new word to him and he immediately looked it up and reported it a contraction and adaptation of "candle." It illustrates the way his mind works.

His home is very beautiful and has been a haven to hundreds of Americans ever since he went to Oxford.

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A Good Lie Gone Wrong

By Eleanor Hoyt

"Now there is a man who doesn't believe a word I say," remarked Nancy calmly, as the lawyer walked away.

The man who came often looked injured.

"Where did you know him so well?" he asked with the acid accent that rejoices the heart of a woman.

"Your inference isn't flattering, Bobby, but your jealousy is; so I'll forgive you. I find it easy to forgive a nice man anything save a lack of interest in me. It really makes very little difference to me whether he is interested in my faults or my virtues, so long as the interest is there. So you don't believe me either?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you know me so well, and it is a poor syllogism that will not work backwards. Do be logical, Bobby. It's the proud prerogative of your sex, and you really must cling to a few rights, in spite of the new woman. Now I do not pretend to logic, but I take off my hat to it when I meet in it a man. There have been moments when I've suspected myself of leaning towards logic; but I've always taken strenuous precautionary measures whenever I saw the symptoms. I wear a rabbit's foot and a white elephant to ward off the calamity. Heaven deliver me from a logical woman. I would rather wear bloomers than logic. I'd consider it less of an infringement upon masculine privileges."

"But where did you know him so well?" persisted the man who came often.

"Now, curiosity is distinctively a feminine vice," continued Nancy, reflectively. "From Adam down, men have been devoid of it. That's why they have so much room for logic in their make-up.

"When you look as vicious as that, Bobby, I feel that I could almost love you. I've hoped, at times, that you would shake me violently when I didn't behave well. Your amiability is the one lamentable thing about you. When I was younger than I am now, I read that somewhere down in Africa there is a tribe in which the regular method of courtship is for the love-smitten man to hit his adored one on the head with a club. If she lives and regains her senses, she feels firmly convinced that he loves her. That book gave me a mighty leaning toward the field of foreign missions, but I dare say it's all spoiled down in Africa now. Probably effete modern notions have crept in with the explorers and missionaries; and the man has put away his stuffed club and sends his lady violets and chocolates. This is treachery to my sex, Bobby, but mark my words: if you want a woman to adore you, beat her! Don't nag at her; that's maddening. And don't be patient with her; that's fatal."

"But why doesn't he believe you?"

"My dear young friend, in your last incarnation you were either a bull dog or a leech. Your stick-to-it-ive powers are more than human. He doesn't believe me because— Bobby, this is a very sad tale—a most mortifying tale. I don't figure nobly in it. Are you sure your affection for me will stand the strain?"

"It has had the tests that make me feel measurably certain of it," said the man who came often.

"Well, once upon a time, I visited my aunt in a small Massachusetts town. Some way or other the fact that the scene is laid in Massachusetts makes my bad behavior seem worse than it would in a New York setting. In Kentucky or California I'm positive anything short of breaking all the commandments wouldn't give my conscience a flutter. But my aunt did live in Massachusetts. So did the judge. He was the youngest judge in the State. The other lawyers said he didn't know any law, but that he could make a hitching-post vote for him if he turned his eloquence loose on it. That's much better than knowing law, Bobby.

"When I went there to visit, the hitching-posts had all been won over, and the golden-tongued orator didn't have anything to practise upon. No, Bobby, this isn't a disguised advertisement of Bryan and free silver. I hate ghost stories. This is a simple tale of love and war.

"Well, as I said, material was needed. Somebody has remarked that genius implies two individualities, a brain to conceive, and a brain to receive. I was willing to be offered up on the altar of genius. I've always said that I would rather be a part of a man's great success than have a pale anaemic little success of my own. I have contributed to a great many successes, Bobby. That's a comfort to me in my darkest hours.

"So I saw the judge very often. He is the most entertaining man I have every known. I entirely understand the hitching-post's point of view. I would have voted for him for any State or municipal office. There were times when I felt that I could give him my vote even if he were proposed, or did propose for a private and domestic holding.

"There were other men. They were needed to keep the judge at his best. One may wipe the other men out of the foreground of the picture, Bobby, but it is always well to have them hovering in the middle distance, so that occasionally, one of them may be brought forward as a pacemaker.

"The judge says that he is Irish. I have a firm conviction that his ancestors lived in Africa and understood the use of the stuffed club. His system was a nineteenth-century translation of the original Africal version. I liked it. I really did. I had never been bullied and adored, at one and the same time, by a distinctly vertebrate being, and the sensation was pleasant, but awesome. I was just a little bit afraid of him.

"The summer went by, pleasantly enough; and when October came, I wasn't as interested as I had been. Or, yes; I was as interested, but I had grown used to the sensation. It was like taking a tonic. One finally reaches a point where the tonic doesn't spur the system. Caviare and cocktails lose their effect if taken regularly. That's a great natural law, Bobby, that ought to be in the manual of compulsory education for young men and women in love.

"The other day I saw in a magazine a column headed 'First Aid to Wounded Hearts.' I feel that I could make such a column both edifying and helpful. Do you know, Bobby, the Chinese have some very knowing proverbs. One of them is engraved on a charm that was given to me by a Chinese student at Harvard. Did you ever see a Chinaman in love?—But that's another story. About this proverb. It looks like a dismembered spider; but my Chinaman said it meant, 'Do nothing too much.' I wish I had a pocketful of those charms, Bobby. I'd like to distribute them among the men I know best.

"The judge was well educated, but he needed to read the Chinese classics. He was delightful, but I yearned for novelty. Even the maids have their Thursday afternoons and Sunday evenings off.

"Just when my yawn was getting beyond polite control, something happened.

"The judge had been at the house on Saturday evening, and I had promised to go for a walk with him at two o'clock on Sunday—not that the judge loved walking, Bobby, but that he hated other Sunday callers. Sunday mornings, one of my aunt's friend telephoned to me. She was to have a Cleveland man to dinner. He was rich and handsome and clever and jolly, and he liked all the things I liked, and he could flirt in six languages. In fact he was a registered lady-killer, but was himself invulnerable. She wanted me to meet him. I positively must help her. The baby had been croupy all night and she was a wreck. Her husband was down with grippe and stupid as an owl. Humanity demanded that I should save the Paragon of the World from a stupid time. Wouldn't I, couldn't I come to the rescue and dine with her, at one o'clock?

"Now, Bobby, that Cleveland man seemed like a direct answer to prayer. I couldn't consistently turn from the gift of a kind Providence. To be sure, there was the judge. He was off in the country for the morning, so I couldn't send him word. Then, too, I doubted his thinking the excuse valid. Men have absolutely no sense of proportion in such matter, and I've often noticed that altruism isn't the masterful man's crowning virtue.

"I hesitated. I was too fond of the old friend to be willing to offend him, but my soul did thirst for fresh fields and pastures new. I could have stood the wealth, beauty, cleverness, etc., but the 'lady-killer' and 'invulnerable' caught me. Never, never should the name of my father's daughter go ringing down the corridors of time with a stigma of cowardice clinging to it. A lady-killer and invulnerable!—

"The judge went to the wall. I went to the dinner.

"The blessed baby was croupy enough to need his mother. The father was grippy enough to sleep. The Cleveland Paragon was most of the things in the advertisement—but invulnerable? Well, I don't know.

"I had thought I might hurry home after dinner, and that possibly the judge would wait. So I had ordered the machine at 2:30. It came, and I offered to set the Paragon down at his hotel. It was a glorious October day. We climbed into the car. The air was like wine. The Paragon sighed something about the beauty of the country on such a day. I felt that I was retiring from the field too early in the engagement. My heart made one last effort to be true to Poll—meaning the judge. Then I said:

"'Would you like a country drive?'

"He would.

"We had it.

"At 6:15, I drove up to my aunt's door. The Paragon had been dumped at the hotel. The sun was down. The color had gone out of the day, and the pangs of remorse had set in. I knew I hadn't been decent, and I had an awful conviction that I had offended the judge, and that he wouldn't come around easily. I liked him better than sixteen of the Paragon, and I didn't know how to propitiate him.

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The Spectator

Attitude of Julius Kahn

At the Commercial Club, the other day, Julius Kahn was banqueted by throngs of members of the Commercial Club of San Francisco and gave a most brilliant speech on the subjects that have so engrossed the American public during the last two years. As chief of the Military Committee he spoke with knowledge, authority and wisdom. He strongly advocated compulsory military education in our schools and showed how fast the vigor of the race was declining prior to the declaration of war against Germany.

"Out of 1000 young men drafted, 221 were found by disease to be unfit for service, many of them not knowing that they were so diseased.

"Military education teaches the young man as he grows up how to take care of himself. How to observe all the sanitary rules of life; how to increase his vigor and virility; how to become a man among men; how to respect authority; how to have respect not only for himself, but for others, to whom respect is due."

Congressman Kahn stated that through ignorance and want of proper training many young men growing up believe that license is independence, and disrespect for everybody else is a means of distinguishing themselves among their fellow men.

"Such men," said he, "become dangerous and run into crime and anarchy before they know it.

"A decent respect for one's parents, one's teachers, one's superiors, a decent respect for the Government and the flag, make one a good citizen."

Congressman Kahn said he was in favor of labor unions, but he was opposed to I. W. W.'s and to the anarchy and death and destruction that they advocate.

"You wait until those two millions of young men come home from the battlefields of France. Think of it, gentlemen, two million young men, virile, strong, trained and ready to fight—at the same time young men who were self-respecting and who loved law and order and the American flag. Think of these young men after coming away from creed ridden Europe, returning to the United States, and then think of what they will do to the I. W. W's and the anarchists and like dangerous elements among our people. Look," continued Congressman Kahn, "to the potential influence of these two millions of young men on their return from Europe in helping to take care of the dangerous elements in our social order."

Anonymous Letters

Anonymous letters threatening death were sent to the President, and the members of the Council of the Pacific Coast Defense League that inaugurated the parade, also similar threats were sent to Thornwall Mullally, who, as grand marshal, led on horseback the procession, and nearly all the officers of the Coast Defense League were threatened not only with death, but that the parade would never pass headquarters of the league, or the headquarters of the Committee of One Hundred.

The next day the Call published the following anonymous letter:

"Editor Call: Our protests have been in vain in regards to this preparedness propaganda, so we are going to use a little direct action on the 22d, which will echo around the earth and show that 'Frisco really knows how and that militarism can't be forced on us and our children without a violent protest.

"Things are going to happen to show that we will go to any extreme, the same as the controlling class, to preserve what little democracy we still have. Don't take this as a joke or you will be rudely awakened. Awaken (sic). We have sworn to do our duty to the masses and only send warnings to those who are wise but who are forced to march to hold their jobs. As we want to give only the hypocritical (sic) patriots who shout for war, but never go, a real teste of war.

"Kindly ask the Chamber of Commerce to march in a solid body, if they want to prove they are no cowards. A copy has been sent to all papers. Our duty has been done so far.

"The determined Exiles from Militaristic Government—Italy, Germany, Russia."

Besides Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, the brave little society woman, who led the women's division, was handed a threatening note which threatened her life if she continued in the parade, but she marched on in spite of that.

These threats were not idle threats, for look at the results. The parade headquarters were in the Bankers' Investment Building in the Blythe Block on Market street, between Kearny and Grant avenue, but near the corner of Grant avenue.

Next came the Phelan Building, in which the headquarters of the Pacific Coast Defense League were situated and both these offices were glorious in the display of flags, bunting and pennants.

Between these two buildings in a large street area where people could congregate by the thousands to witness the parade.

Right opposite the Bankers' Investment Building is a little low squatty story and a half building known as 721 Market street, occupied by a dental company. This little biulding is wedged in between the tall Bancroft Building of six stories on the west, and the still taller Kamm Building of seven stories on the east, and was surely a made-to-order hiding place for the anarchists to set off their bombs, and was a spot where they could kill the grand marshal, his horse, and all the men at the head of the procession.

The final plan of the parade was to start from the Ferry at 1:30 sharpt, which would bring the procession opposite to the offices of the Committee of One Hundred and the Coast Defense League's, at about 2:00 o'clock.

A bomb at that point, thrown at the head of the procession, would have killed Thornwall Mullally, the grand marshal, would have killed his horse, and also killed the leaders of the procession. The head of the parade being thus cruelly demolished, the balance of the procession would never have passed over the shambles of dead bodies. But the Committee and the League had been forewarned. One of the officers of the league at 1:30 p. m. tried to stop the grand marshal from then starting, but he was so perfectly fearless and regardless of threats that he swore the procession would start on time.

The officer seized the horse's bridle and tried to turn the horse around, but the grand marshal shouted, "Let go of the bridle, or I'll run over you!" The officer then delayed the "Bench and Bar" division a few minutes. As the grand marshal and his aides swung into marching line. Thus the delay, brief as it was, evidently upset the plans of the bomb throwers, who felt that the time clock was set to explode as the grand marshal arrived at Market, between Third street and Grant avenue, seeing that the head of the procession did not arrive, they evidently decided that if the mountain did not go to Mohammed, Mohammed would go to the mountain. Hence in the confusion of their mad auto ride towards the Ferry they chose Steuart and Market as being the best place left to set off the diabolical bomb, although by that time the head of the procession had already passed and was well on its way up Market street.

Mooney Spurned by San Francisco Unions

On July 21, or one day before the parade, the Labor Clarion, the official journal of the San Francisco Labor Council, as well as the official journal of the California State Federation of Labor, published an article in which the following occurred:

"MOONEY'S MORBID MOVE

"Last Friday evening Thomas Mooney, a member of a local union and steeped in the doctrines of that combination of mental defectives known as the Industrial Workers of the World, attempted to make good his threat to 'pull out 90 per cent of the platform men of the United Railroads' of this city.

"Mooney had previously, in some manner not easily understood, induced International President Mahon of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of America, who is by some persons credited with possessing fairly sound judgment, to appoint him a special organizer to attempt to bring the platform men of the United Railroads within the fold. Because he had credentials from Mahon the San Francisco Labor Council gave him hearings before committees, and before the Council itself. He had nothing to present except the wild imaginings of a disordered brain and the Council refused to approve his programme, suggesting instead a conference with the president of the railroad. Mooney, of course, as is the custom of his kind, decided to ignore the judgment of the Council and carry out his own ideas.

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Informal Social Dancing every Evening, except Sunday, from Dinner until closing.
Between Dances, Entertainment by our modishly gowned vocal Artists in late song hits, Operatic Arias, Ballads, etc.

"Mooney, however, like others of his kind, had in mind the psychological influence his heroic conduct would have called upon the men, proceeded with his dream.

"On Friday evening at 5:30 o'clock Mooney issued his strike order.

"The truth is these persons with I. W. W. proclivities never produce anything but trouble and bring on disaster wherever they appear, whether in union circles or elsewhere. They have destroyed every union in which they gained a controlling hold. In the affairs of nations they have always blundered and brought on misery and suffering and death among the guillible innocents who have been foolish enough to trust them."

Such was and still is the attitude towards Mooney of the honest and intelligent union labor men. It is an attitude that does surely appeal to respectable men and women of all classes.

It is a credit to San Francisco that there are so many fine laboring men in the Labor Council, men who are patriotic and also, law-abiding and who resent the approach of dynamiters and bomb throwers.

There are also a great many patriotic, decent and law abiding working men, members of the California State Federation of Labor. In fact, in both the Council and the Federation they are in the majority and against dangerous men like Mooney, Billings and their ilk. In fact, the San Francisco Labor Council became thoroughly disgusted when it was sent a copy of the letter that Mooney wrote to Governor Johnson, call-scanling him "a cowardly cur, despicable beyond recognition."

Mooney became highly incensed against the San Francisco Labor Council for condemning his Hiram Johnson letter and on Jaruay 26, 1916, wrote to his partner, Alexander Berkman:

"The secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council refuses to announce that he had received the communication and on being asked he said, 'Yes,' but would never read such a filthy statement and disgrace that body with such a scandalous and scurrilous proposition; that it came from the diseased brain of a worker who is trying to break into jail again, and would be asking this Council to dig him out again. At least four motions were made to dispose of it without it being read to the body.

"Paul Scharrenberg read just one phrase from the statement and no more of it was given to the delegates at the State Federation of Labor Concention. Scharrenberg said this kind of stuff was what was keeping Ford and Suhr in jail."

The Birth, Life and Death of the "Blast"

The "Blast' was hatched in the brain of Alexander Berkman, who is now in Sing Sing for violating the United States Government Draft Law, and E. B. Morton, his associate editor, while in Los Angeles, wrote to Mooney and Nolan to assist in establishing the "Blast," saying:

"I would also like to have you gather some of the Reds together with a view of enlisting their co-operation."

Berkman also wrote to Nolan, saying:

"I am going to San Francisco for about a week in the interest of the paper I spoke to you about. I want to talk things over with you and Mooney principally."

A few days after, Berkman again wrote, saying: "I believe that the combination of Berkman, Mooney and myself is about as good a working combination as we are able to pick up with Rena and Fritzie on the job as they always are. I think we could make things hum a little."

Thus the "Blast" was hatched and was finally born on January 15, 1916, saying:

"I hold that one of the most important things is the publication of a revolutionary weekly to keep the rebels throughout the world in closer touch with each other and informed of the labor and revolutionary situation in the different countries. * * * The other departments of the 'Blast' will be a strong anti-militarism and anti-preparedness column."

On June 1, before the parade, referring to the longshoremen's strike, the "Blast" said:

"The striking longshoremen of San Francisco seem to have chosen effective methods to bring the ship owners to their senses. The million dollar fire on the water front is a good beginning. Repeated visitations of the 'Red Cock' will impress the masters with the novel idea that the strikers are on the job even if they have quit work."

On March 15, it said of Woodrow Wilson:

"A puppet of the money magnates, his attitude on important issues has been dictated by Big Business. Preaching peace and sanity a few months ago, he has suddenly veered into the camp of mad militarism. The compelling hand of the munition and steel trust is dictating his policies.

"Wilson sits safely in the White House and orders others to do the dirty work."

On May 1, it published an article entitled "To Hell With Government."

And in the issue referring to the preparedness parade said:

"Great anti-preparedness demonstrations are therefore of immediate necessity. That alone, however, will not do. At best such demonstrations, like all similar massings of people, are very negative in character, passive, I almost said. Something more positive, more active, is needed."

And a few days before the parade it attacked the Pacific Coast Defense League, whose officers originated the parade, and said:

"It is encouraging to note that representatives of several local unions emphatically repudiated any sympathy with the preparedness demonstration planned for this city by the Pacific Coast Defense League. The suggestion that labor bodies of San Francisco organize an anti-preparedness parade is splendid and should at once be acted upon. A preparedness demonstration is the worst insult that can be offered labor."

Mooney, being a partner with Berkman in the running of the "Blast," fully shared the opiions of that anarchistic sheet, which on February 19, 1916, published:

"As for me, I recognize neither flag nor country. I will shoot the first recruiting officer rather than harm my brother proletarian, wherever he may come from."

Before and especially on July 21 the San Francisco newspapers and all those prominently connected with the Pacific Coast Defense League and the parade received anonymous letters, which plainly inferred that the participants would be blown up.

The next day was July 22—Preparedness Day. One hundred and fifteen division—amounting to almost eighty thousand people—reported for this parade.

It was timed to leave the Ferry at half past one, with divisions falling in from side streets until after six o'clock in the evening.

The explosion of the bombs and the killing of a score of people and the wounding of others, at the corner of Steuart and Market streets, caused a falling out of a portion of the procession so that when the members of the Union League Club, who constituted the 73d division, arrived in their place, the procession had already passed and they had to hurry to get into line and others in the rear had to hurry to catch up to the rear, with the result that many divisions reported at the lower Market street places of rendezvous after the procession had passed. However, some fifty or sixty thousand people, counted by professionable with adding machines, did actually finish at the grand stand on Market street near Eighth, before 5 o'clock, making it

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one of the greatest parades that was ever witnessed in San Francisco.

The immediate arrest of these dynamiters caused the "Blast" to suspend further publication or issues until after the middle of the following August.

The continuation of the "Blast" was more materially affected than the continuation of the procession or the patriotic movement begun that day.

All the foregoing facts show conclusively two things:

First, that Thomas J. Mooney was never a workingman, but only an I. W. W. anarchist with the Huns of Germany and with the worse-than-Huns of this country; and, second, that the contest between the bomb throwers and the people in the parade for the preparation of the country was not a contest between capitalists on the one side, and the honest working men on the other nor a contest of any kind between labor and capital—as to the first proposition; it also conclusively proves the words of Governor Stephens, who said:

"The defendant, Mooney, never has been identified with the labor movement that has achieved so much for the benefit of the working men and women of California.

"His connections have been with a small group of agitators of pronounced anarchistic tendencies."

And as to the second proposition, it shows that Governor Stephens spoke with witsdom when he said: "I refuse to recognize this case, as in any fashion representing a clash between capital and labor."

The housing of Mooney and Billings and their wind in the State Penitentiary is a blessing not only to the men and women of that parade, but to the honest workingmen all over the country.

The resultant benefit to the people of this city is that the "Blast" is dead, its editors in the State Penitentiary and that the reign of dynamite terror that enthralled this State ended with the arrest of these particular dynamiters.

"Almost Wooden"

A classmate of General Pershing while he was a West Point cadet, once told the writer that in some respects, notably "Math" and French, "Black Jack" Pershing was almost "wooden"—a term used to express student inaptitude—and merely skinned through his "exams." He was bright, physically alert, loved a scrap, was fond of the girl visitors, and a general favorite among his fellows. But as far as concentration of effort in the line of earnest study was concerned, he only did enough of that not to be too near the foot of the class, and finally graduated with a standing of 30, which was considerably below the middle. If he had stopped to consider that General Grant merely "skinned through" with the lowest possible percentage that could possibly have won him a diploma, it is very likely that he would not have taken so much trouble as he did. In his day there were no athletic organizations devoted to base ball or football, and so there was but little opportunity to judge of his prowess and grit in a scrimmage, which would determine his fitness for a future generalship. As a matter of fact, there was a time when he had begun to think that there was little worth while in the hum-drum life of a soldier, anyway, and he actually discussed the advisability of resigning from the service on graduation and going into any kind of profitable out-door business in the far West. If he had done this we would have had only Mr. Pershing today, and if he had graduated at the head of his class, he would have been given the highest graduating rank among the Engineers, and been a mere General of Engineers now. He would not have been selected to lead an army into Mexico on an expedition which some are so impertinent as to call "Wilson's Folly," nor to command the American Expeditionary Force in France, to earn for himself a name that must shine in military history unto the end of time. At least that's the true American's idea of "Black Jack" Pershing.

And, Incidentally:

Has it every occurred to you, in recalling the political history of the country, that after every war it has had, the succeeding President has been a military man engaged in that war? We have had Jackson, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison (son of Old Tippacanoe) and then, after the Spanish War, Theodore Roosevelt. Have you read that in Ohio, a society has already been incorporated, whose object is to have John Pershing nominated as the Republican nominee for President in 1920? If you have not done so, already, pause for a moment and reflect: It has never occurred to me before, but why not? Why, too, should not the ticket be either Pershing and Mann, or Pershing and Cannon? Either would do and neither could possibly lose!

Home Rule for Ireland

This is again becoming a subject for much discussion among descendants of the Irish race, as well as the incentive for many meetings by organizations devoted to its securement. President Wilson has been pathetically urged to bring the matter up for discussion before the Peace Congress in Paris. It is a difficult problem for the ordinary understanding to conceive what this body has to do with the subject, and whether it would have any weight if its members were to make it part of their discussions. If a poll were to be taken of the concensus of opinion throughout the world, it is safe to say that three-fourths of that part of it which is intelligent would unhesitatingly pronounce in favor of home rule. As a matter of fact, the most serious opponents to it are to be found in Ireland itself. Home rule for Ireland has already been won in the English Parliament, and it is close in the memories of all of us, that the Irishmen of Ulster—this being a strongly Protestant province—provided themselves with arms and ammunition, formed themselves into batallions, and threatened to oppose by bloody rebellion any attempt to force them under the domination of Irish Catholics. There is no sane or just reason why Ireland should not have her own Parliament, with a Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant appointed by the crown, any more than India, Canada, Australia or South Africa should have theirs. And the fact that it has not had it long ago betrays either a lamentable weakness on the part of the British Government or a sympathy for the men of Ulster on the part of the Crown, being itself Protestant. Ireland's young men have given a glorious account of themselves in the past war. Irish incomes have furnished a goodly part of the British sinews of that war, and they should be accorded the right to govern themselves in spite of Ulster. If this be not accorded, and that very soon, any attempt on the part of these veterans of France to free Ireland will gain the sympathy of nearly every one of us who is truly American.

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By TANTALUS

Avenalis in New York

To the regret of their relatives in this city, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have written that they will not return to California for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Avenali spent the past year in Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Avenali have recently been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bourke Cochrane at their home on Long Island. Mrs. Avenali, formerly Linda Cadwallader, and Mrs. Cochane (Anna Ide) were girlhood friends. These charming women are constantly seen together at swagger functions in New York. Major B. L. Cadwallader, brother of Mrs. Avenali, is with the famous 91st Regiment abroad.

Cadwallader at Argonne

Major Cadwallader's last letter to San Francisco gave his address as a hospital in France whither he had gone to recuperate from exhaustion after the battle of Argonne. For seven days the regiment had no food but chocolates dropped by passing aviators. He writes that he plans to resume his law practice in this city after the war. He enlisted the day after America entered the contest, throwing over a profitable five-year contract with Charles F. Hanlon, who was planning a world tour. He told Mr. Hanlon that the latter had roused his fighting blood by getting him absorbed in the Pacific Coast Defense League, so that he felt impelled to get out and fight for his country. Anyway, Major Cadwallader comes honestly by his fighting blood, for one of his ancestors was an officer of Washington's staff, while a great uncle was the major who saved the day at the battle of the Alamo in the Mexican War.

How Many Parts to a Gun?

Bert Cadwallader went to an officers' training camp at Camp Lewis, where, out of fifteen hundred men, he and one other from Los Angeles were the only ones to win the commission of major. Yet, when he entered the service he said that he thought there were two parts to a gun (the butt and the muzzle) and that he had to study for two weeks to enumerate the one hundred and five.

Fete at Letterman Hospital

The Christmas festival in the open court at the Letterman Hospital as a tribute to the bravery of the fourteen hundred sick and wounded soldiers and the hospital attendants there was the inspiration of the Letterman Sewing Circle. Mrs. Bernard Sinsheimer, chairman, and her lieutenants, Miss Mamie Huff, Mrs. Philip Jacobi and Mrs. B. P. Ireland, formed a long chain of helpers who donated all the refreshments; the Examiner gave the tree; some links of the chain presented the decorations and a knitted garment for each man. Mrs. Sinsheimer is the moving spirit in this useful organization which has accomplished a great deal for the comfort and happiness of the disabled soldiers.

Mrs. Marcus in New York

Mrs. A. J. Marcus, who usually spends the winter at the Fairmont, will remain in New York until the late spring, when she will return to her home in Menlo for the summer. Mrs. G. Frank Marcus, her daughter-in-law, who accompanied her to New York in October, returned to San Francisco last week.

At the Fairmont

The holiday spirit is pervading the air at the Fairmont and the week has brought forth much good cheer for the guests of the hotel "at the top of the town" and their friends. Christmas Eve there was an informal concert in the beautifully decorated lobby, at which Miss Lillian Glazer, lyric soprano, was the soloist, and at eight o'clock on Christmas morning a choir of male voices sang songs appropriate to the day in the halls and corridors of the hotel. At nine o'clock the kiddies came down stairs from the mezzanine floor dressed in their nighties and received gifts from the immense Christmas tree, a jolly Santa Claus making the presentation. At ten o'clock five hundred baskets of good things to eat, each including a mince pie, were given to those whose lot has not been fortunate, the remembrances being provided by the guests and the hotel management. In the evening there was another lobby concert, with singing by the Lowell Redfield quartette. "Rainbow Lane" is increasing in popularity every night and the dancing and Follies, from eight o'clock until one, are the talk of the town. Winfield Blake has provided some very clever entertainers and beginning Monday night a member of society who has unbounded talent will appear in a novel specialty. Hana Shimozumi, the Japanese soprano, will be the singer at next Sunday night's lobby concert and Jerome Uhl will sing with the Fairmont Orchestra on New Year's night. California Commandery of Knights Templar will see the old year out at the Fairmont and there is a large demand for tables in all of the dining rooms.

McBean Children's Party

Mrs. Athol McBean will be the hostess at a children's party and Christmas tree at her home in Washington street on Christmas Day for her young son, Peter McBean. Mrs. McBean was formerly attractive Margaret Newhall.

Major Jouett's Engagement

News from overseas which will be of interest to friends in this city is the engagement of Miss Fredrika Kellogg and Major John H. Jouett, U. S. A. Miss Kellogg is the daughter of Supreme Judge Kellogg of Waterbury, Conn.

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After graduating at an eastern college, Miss Kellogg went to France, where she has been distinguishing herself in Red Cross work. She is very young, pretty, and highly accomplished. Her parents are prominent and wealthy residents of Connecticut. Major Jouett is the second son of Mrs. Frederick L. Perry of this city, formerly Miss Mary Hooper. Young Jouett's connections are very large in California. He graduated with highest honors at West Point, class of 1913. When was was declared he applied for and was assigned to the aviation corps. Shortly before the war was ended he was made chief of the balloon section of the entire American Army. Major Jouett is the youngest major in the Army, but twenty-seven years of age.

In Philadelphia

Miss Ethel Shorb is at present the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Carroll D. Buck, U. S. A., at their home in Philadelphia. She will return to her home in this city after the holidays. Miss Shorb has been spending the past year with Dr. and Mrs. John Murtagh, U. S. A. (Ramona Shorb) at Fort Leavenworth.

At the Cecil

A delightful Christmas dinner was given by General and Mrs. Edward McClernand Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. B. Griggs Hilts and Mrs. Charles Graf were the dinner guests of Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt Wednesday. The Christmas colors of scarlet and green used in the decorative scheme were very effective. Another dinner was given by Mrs. Frederick W. Lafrenz. The dinner was in the nature of a farewell for the charming hostess received a cable this week from Captain Lafrenz, who is now in France. His submarine will arrive in New York about January 10 and his wife will join him there. Mr. Charles Walker arrived this week from Salt Lake City and will spend the holiday season with his family, who are residing at the Cecil during the winter months. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Geary, who have been at the Cecil for several months, went to Oregon, where they will spend Christmas with relatives. Friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crothers at dinner Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. E. Faxon Bishop of Honolulu were also hosts on the same evening.

Y. M. C. A. Thanks S. F. Teachers

The thirty-five San Francisco school teachers who for several months taught night-school at the Presidio were delighted this week to receive holiday greetings from the Y. M. C. A. (which inaugurated the class) and "sincere thanks for the patriotic service rendered in helping our soldiers to speak and write the English language." It is interesting to know that the school at the Presidio in this city was the only one at any of the camps which carried on the work successfully and the credit was given to the fidelity of our teachers. That the boys themselves appreciate it is proven by the deluge of letters which the teachers receive every day. I saw one missive recently from a Belgian soldier, saying, "When you have nothing else to do, please correct all mistakes I make in my letters and send them back. That is why I write to you so I hope you will not be too busy to help my ambition along. Anyway, I don't want to go back to Europe since I saw California. I wrote to my brother in Brussels and told him to come out here and be my partner in some business. So you see I must know the language to be a smart success."

The Grimwoods in Town

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Grimwood, whose entertainments have been regular features in screened corners of the spacious Palace Hotel dining room, are spending the holidays in San Francisco prior to their departure for Los Angeles, where Mr. Grimwood is to begin operations for the construction at Searles Lake, San Bernardino County, of what is designed to be the largest potash plant in the world. It will be recalled that it was Mr. Grimwood who first established the fact that there were inexhaustible deposits of potash beneath the salt surface of Searles Lake, and he became constructing and development engineer of the American Trona Company, whose profits have been well up into the millions. During the past fall, the Government released large tracts on the lake to several prospective companies, and these are to be merged into one large company with Mr. Grimwood as supervising engineer and director of construction.

New Year's Eve at Techau's

Christmas Day was duly celebrated at Techau Tavern by many family groups and scores of hosts who took this delightful way of entertaining guests. The spirit of Christmas was in the atmosphere of the famous old cafe, which seems peculiarly gifted in the art of reflecting the true meaning of any celebration. New Year's Eve has always been the great yearly event at the Tavern and next Tuesday evening will eclipse all previous efforts, as the occasion itself eclipses all previous New Years in the wonderful outlook it offers into a new and better world.

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The Stage

"Have a Heart"

Let us give thanks that somebody (doubtless Gottlob and Marx) persuaded Henry W. Savage to have a heart and send us his dashing musical comedy. Of course it is mounted expensively and produced by a carefully selected company, for Mr. Savage is a millionaire who made his fortune by wise business methods, and he knows the financial failure that would follow were he to foist upon us shop-worn productions, as frequently Eastern managers have done. The lines are crisp and the familiar music is good to hear, sung by voices as good as the average voice one hears in musical comedy. The girls are numerous and wear ravishing frocks, entrancing stockings and beautiful shoes. They can all dance and have been trained unusually well in grace of deportment. I recommend teachers of young ladies' "finishing schools" and mothers with debutante daughters to study the technique of motion of these young ladies: For instance in being seated, in rising, and so on. Ruth Oswald and Grace Hoey have the leading ladies' roles, and are both attractive. Miss Hoey, very tall and lithe, has more dash than any girl we have seen on the stage in San Francisco for a very, very long time. The overworked adjective "stunning" suits her exactly, especially when she swings about the stage in an all-gray creation, like a Venus de Milo in up-to-date clothes. En profile she is extremely good looking and she has a million-dollar smile. Miss Oswald, as Peggy, is attractive in a "sweet girl" way. Her best number is "Daisy" in the second act. Henry the elevator boy is a scream in the hands (assisted by the nimble legs) of Joseph Keno, and by the time he sings "Napoleon" you have about decided to annex him to your small list of really clever comedians. Henry Antrim is Ruddy the tender hearted millionaire proprietor of a department store, who believes in making life pleasant, even gay, easful and decorative for the working girl. He is a nice-sentimental-young husband type, and you are glad when his pretty girl wife elopes with him for a second honeymoon. Edward Cianneli plays two roles of opposite character and in a song, "Samarkand," reveals the best voice in the company. Sam J. Burton has an unctous role as the gay old uncle who, pining for frivolity, is held in leash by distasteful domesticity.

—H. M. B.

The Orpheum Bill

There is such penetrating black shadow on the Orpheum programme this week that if I were the manager I would announce it the first number on the bill and the time of its ending. Then those who revel in shadow and find pleasure in scenes of torture and evil human passions could steep their souls in dark tragedy, while those to whom to behold such things is physical pain could come in time for the light and brightness. Personally, I believe that pathological studies like Jack London's "Sea Wolf" are exclusively for the library. On the stage, even more than upon the screen, they sear the souls of the sensitive. Hobart Bosworth and his company give a grippingly realistic portrayal of London's celebrated novel in a never-to-be-forgoten scene—blood and rage and lust and madness in all their horrible aspects. So now let all London's adorers flock to the Orpheum and there behold Mr. Bosworth, whom London declared to be the realization of his conception of the paradoxial monster Mr. Bosworth is an actor of splendid ability and he seemed sincerely affected when in a little speech he said that he first played as a boy on the stage of the old California Theatre with McKee Rankin. Doubtless it was there he acquired his technique, and so we were glad to see him, even if he did make us shiver and shudder. The other numbers are of the regulation vaudeville cheerfulness. There are Jack and Kitty Demaco in a novel acrobatic act. They are both good looking and do new "stunts" in an artistic garden setting. Laughlin and Clara West in "Cafe Lonesome" give a bright duo of dance and repartee. Bert Fitzgibbon ripples through some new "daffy dil" material and evokes roars of laughter from the big audience. The Courtney Sisters are not without their admirers, too. I think the world at large pays a tribute of approval to the business acumen of ladies who deliberately and with dollars aforethought capitalize their lack of beauty and feminine charm. But for such women the stage could not have boasted a Marie Dressler or a May Irwin. "A Wedding Day in Dogland" is a dear little scenic revue to please children, even many grown-up ones who delight in trained animal acts. Grace La Rue remains over, and the popularity of her songs, constumes and "different" style seems not to have waned. The War Pictures are fine, live representations of important events in current history and world conditions. "Somewhere in France," an episode of the trenches, is appealingly portrayed by a Scotchman (Jack Stewart), a Canadian (Dan Davis), an Irishman (Phil Dolan), and a Londoner (Cosmo Bellew. It is a sketch that will live as long as the memory of the Great War.

—H. M. B.

"You're in Love"

As pleasant and ephemeral as its attractive title is the gay little musical comedy at the Curran. There are principally girls, girls, girls, all pretty, dainty, graceful and frocked to a degree of modishness calculated to arouse envy in the breasts of feminine spectators and to deplete masculine bank accounts. But after all, the results are stimulating to trade, so here is a striking incident of how the theatre contributes to national prosperity. Virginia Watson, the prettiest girl (except one blonde of the chorus who resembles "September Morn" dressed up), plays Dorothy. Either she or Elinor McCune (Georgiana) is intentionally the leading lady; but Alice Johnson has that important rank thrust upon her. For, as Mrs. Peyton, the author made her a figure so dominant and nature and experience built her to fit the part so perfectly that no one in the cast has the ghost of a chance when she is around, which is most of the time. Even Oscar Figman as Aloysius Wix could not assert himself were it not for his magnetic personality and finished technique. Whenever one sees the elongated Oscar, one wishes that some ambitious playwright would construct something to give Mr. Figman an opportunity to exploit the humorous attributes which audiences instinctively realize he has in reserve. A novel scene is the somnambulist incident when Dorothy, arrayed in a startling sleeping garment, walks out on the ship's boom and has her stockinged "tootsies" tickled by the perfectly serious and proper-looking men of the orchestra.

—H. M. B.

The Alcazar Comedians

Had it not been for a garrulous young person who was much prettier than her voice, and who persisted in repeating to her escort most of the lines of the play as though they were unintelligible to him, this reviewer's enjoyment of "Mary's Ankle" by the excellent Belasco-Mayer stock company would have been almost without a blemish. Why these people—but that has nothing to do with the play. May Tully's rattling comedy—and it really does rattle with various kinds of fun all through,—has been seen here at another theatre, but it is not too redundant flattery to say that the performance at the Alcazar suffers very little by comparison, if indeed it suffers at all. Charming Belle Bennett was the Mary, and her ankle—that is to say, her performance—was quite as charming as herself. As the impecunious young Doctor Hampton, Thurston Hall, in spite of his athletic physique, again showed how rapidly he is developing into a first class light comedian, and he was ably seconded by Clifford Alexander and Tom Chatterton as his brother liars. Henry Shumer was quite as good as usual as the Elder Hampton; Ada Guilford showed real comedy ability as the hypochondriac person; Emily Pinter was just the thing for the sentimental Mrs. Burns, and little Gertrude Short was very nearly immense as the slavey. In fact they were all good, these Alcazar comedians. The stage management and mounting were quite up to the standard of this theatre, although Mr. Clement should have known that the whistle of an ocean liner does not bear the slightest resemblance to a tin horn.

—Clay M. Greene.

The Tschaikowsky Programme

Music lovers in San Francisco owe to our Symphony Orchestra a debt of gratitude that such a programme (all Tschaikowsky) should be offered as "popular." The "Pathetique" Symphony has been played so frequently by the organization in preceding seasons that it is like the beloved voice of a dear friend and never at any of the concerts have the themes sent their messages with more telling effect than on Sunday. There is the same story to tell of the "1812 Overture," musically speaking; but the historic significance sends one into a reverie of "Yesterday and Today." "The Nutcracker Suite" painted a dainty tracery of happiness, and into the "Italian Caprice" were woven as in a rare tapestry, familiar threads of exquisite beauty. The orchestra played as if in jubiliant mood and Hertz seemed proud and triumphant at their success.

—H. M. B.

"Schelomo" Featured at Symphonies

Alfred Hertz anticipates that a profound impression will be made by the first public performance in this city of Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," announced as a feature of the third regular pair of symphony concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be played at the Curran Theatre on Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 3 and 5. The composition will call for the first solo appearance this season of Horace Britt, the brilliant violoncellist of the organization. "Schelomo" was originally scheduled for the second pair of symphonies, but so ambitious is the work, and its orchestral difficulties so multitudinous, that Conductor Hertz

decided to devote more rehearsals to this famous Hebrew rhapsody and postponed the dates of its presentation. As a matter of fact, Hertz states that the true music student and symphony follower will be wise to attend both of the forthcoming concerts at which "Schelomo" will be played, in order to better appreciate the beauties of this remarkable work. Ernest Bloch was born in Geneva in 1880. He studied in Brussels with Eugene Ysaye, Fr. Rasse and other distinguished teachers. His success as a composer was almost instantaneous, and he was acclaimed at once by musical America upon his arrival in New York, two years ago. In a highly enlightening article on "The Music of Ernest Bloch," Paul Rosenfeld said: "The rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra, which Mr. Bloch finished not long ago, is a work of great originality. It is entitled 'Schelomo' or 'Solomon.' Mr. Bloch, while refusing a programme, permits us to picture in it the weary old king who built the Great Temple yet called all things vanity; who composed the Ecclesiastes while collecting his thousand wives and concubines from foreign lands, who amused himself with poetic cynicisms in the midst of all his splendors. He is almost a comic figure, this Solomon; certainly one can see the humor of his situation. His robe glitters with many colors, his beard waves pompously in the wind, but in his eye is the twinkle of cynical amusement. The 'cello part is brilliant and difficult, and the orchestra shimmers with all sorts of colors and half-formed pictures which tease the imagination." Besides "Schelomo," the third pair of symphonies will be devoted to Sibelius' virile First Symphony and the undying Third "Lenore" overture of Beethoven, making in its entirety one of the strongest programmes to be offered by Hertz this season.

At the Orpheum

Hobart Bosworth, who is creating a tremendous sensation as Wolf Larsen in "The Sea Wolf," will enter on the second and last week of his engagement next Sunday matinee. A great new holiday bill will also be presented. Swor and Avey, unrivalled as impersonators of the Southern negro, will introduce good coon songs and dances. The eccentric dancing of Avey is highly diverting. He also plays a game of poker in pantomime, which is very funny. Swor very cleverly and amusingly burlesques a Southern negress. Paul Decker, a 100-per cent actor who will be pleasantly remembered as May Robson's leading man for six consecutive seasons in the following successes: "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "A Night Out," "The Making Over of Mrs. Matt," will appear in "The Ruby Ray," a farce by Maurice Hennequin, adapted to vaudeville by Hazzard Short. The story of "The Ruby Ray" is unusual. It is a series of laughs and has proven a great comedy hit wherever it has been presented. Mr. Decker is supported by Faye Cusick, Marie Pavey and Helen Vallely. Herman and Shirley, who will present a surprising novelty entitled "The Mysterious Masquerader," have just returned to this country after a two-year tour of England, France, South Africa and Australia, where their act proved so successful that they were besieged with offers to play a return engagement. The Littlejohns use in their remarkable exhibition of jugglery, club swinging and balancing, paraphernalia studded with over a million jewels. Of course they are only imitation, yet they represent a considerable expenditure of money. The Littlejohns call their performance "A Dazzling Diamond Act." They are expert manipulators with hands and feet. The Courtney Sisters and Bert Fitzgibbon will vary their programmes. A new series of the Allied War Review will be exhibited. Grace La Rue, the international star of song, will for the third and last week of her successful engagement, sing entirely new songs.

At the Curran

An ideal holiday show is "You're in Love," the newest of the Harbach-Clark-Friml confections, which has been making merry during the past week at the Curran Theatre, and which will enter upon the final week of its engagement with the performance of Sunday night, December 29. "You're in Love" is happy in the possession of a real plot, frothy and light in character. The plot is Otto Harbach's contribution to the success of "You're in Love"; the witty lyrics are the work of Edward Clark, and the unusually melodious music is Rudolph Friml's portion. In the opinion of many, Friml has done his best work, gauged from the popular standpoint, in "You're in Love." The star is Oscar Figman, who plays a quaint character, Mr. Wix, in that droll, unctuous manner characteristic of this well-liked comedian. Figman is given excellent support by a clever company, including a chorus of beauty and sprightliness.

At the Alcazar

The Alcazar has a joyous carnival of merriment in accord with the glad spirit of holiday time. This week the disclosure of "Mary's Ankle" keeps Christmas crowds laughing. For Happy New Year week, commencing at next Sunday's matinee, the favorite new Alcaazr company offers the snappy comedy, "A Pair of Sixes," by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap," with Thurston Hall and Thomas Chatterton as the wrangling pill manufacturers who settle differences by playing a game of cards, the winner to run the business and the loser to ignominiously serve as his personal butler; beauteous Belle Bennett in another of the dainty feminine roles that she plays with infinite delicacy, humor and charm; Emily Pinter as the fashionable wife; Claribel Fontaine as the flirtatious stenographer, with other favorites in congenial roles. The Alcazar will follow its merry custom of giving two performances on New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, when the hilarity is not confined to the stage.

At the Columbia

"Have a Heart," the musical comedy which Henry W. Savage sent to San Francisco for the holiday season at the Columbia Theatre will enter upon its second and last week at that play house Sunday night, December 29, with matinees New Year's Day and Saturday. It has proven all that was promised for it and has maintained the high standard which has ever been associated with the name of Henry W. Savage. With Guy Bolton and Percy G. Wodehouse as authors of book and lyrics, and Jerome Kern the composer of the lilting score, all that was needed was a cast of ability and an environment for the stage settings, all of which has been lavishly furnished by Mr. Savage. The attraction has furnished good clean fun for the Columbia patrons and laughter has been the rule throughout the engagement. The fashionable chorus and the excellent orchestra are adjuncts which have added much to the fullness of the enjoyment of the offering.

"I understand you have several speeches ready for delivery."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "They are ready for delivery; but they remain uncalled for."

CURRAN

Leading Theatre, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT, DEC. 29

Matinees New Year's Day and Saturday

The Dazzling New York Casino Musical Triumph

"YOU'RE IN LOVE"

With

OSCAR FIGMAN

20 Song Hits—A Sprightly Chorus

Nights, 50c to $2; Mats., 50c to $1.50

Orpheum

Safest and Most Magnificent in America

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O'FARRELL bet STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

LAST WEEK

HOBART BOSWORTH

(Himself)

in "The Sea Wolf"

And

GRACE LA RUE

In New Songs

In Conjunction with

A NEW BILL OF HEADLINERS

SWOR & AVERY, Impersonators of the Southern Negro; PAUL DECKER & CO. in "The Ruby Ray"; HERMAN & SHIRLEY, Presenting "The Mysterious Masquerader"; THE LITTLEJOHNS in "A Dazzling Diamond Act"; OFFICIAL WAR REVUE; COURTNEY SISTERS, Singing Comediennes; BERT FITZGIBBON, "The Original Daffy Dil."

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c 50c.

ALCAZAR

HOLIDAY CARNIVAL OF COMEDY

THIS WEEK—Merry "MARY'S ANKLE"

NEW YEAR WEEK, Com. Sunday Mat.

Special Mat. Wed. (New Year's Day)

NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

With

THURSTON HALL and BELLE BENNETT

In Edw. Peple's Snappy Farce

"A PAIR OF SIXES"

With Two Performances New Year's Eve., at 7:30 and 9:45

All Seats That Night, $1—Selling Fast

WEEK COM. SUN MAT., JAN. 5

Cyril Maude's Great Success

"GRUMPY"

Usual Eve. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.

Mats., Sun., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 25c to 50c

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ALFRED HERTZ - - - - - CONDUCTOR

3RD PAIR SYMPHONY CONCERTS

FRIDAY AFT., JAN. 3, at 3:00 Sharp

SUNDAY AFT., JAN. 5, at 2:30 Sharp

Soloist—HORACE BRITT—Violoncellist

PROGRAMME:

Sibelius.....Symphony No. 1, E Minor

Ernest Bloch.....Schelomo"

(Horace Britt)

Beethoven.....Overture, "Leonore," No. 3

PRICES: Friday, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Sunday, 50c, 75c $1.00; Box and loge seats, $1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at theatre on concert day only.

NEXT THIRD "POP" CONCERT, January 12.

Columbia Theatre

The Leading Playhouse—Geary and Mason

Phone Franklin 150

SECOND AND LAST WEEK BEGINS SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29

HENRY W. SAVAGE

Offers

The Musical Comedy Delight

"HAVE A HEART"

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Evenings, 50c to $2

Matinees, 50c to $1.50

JANUARY 6—JULIAN ELTINGE.

OUR MONTHLY LETTER

(Continued from Page 4)

Colchester, England, October 30, 1918.

We hurried on to Colchester last night on a slow train from London, reaching here at 11:15, a half hour or more late, and a cold, driving storm, and no taxis at the station didn't promise us a friendly reception. A young lieutenant in the English Air Service came to our rescue and took us up in his car, driven by a fair girl who might have been his sister or one of the women chauffeurs. He advised the Red Lion Inn as quaint and comfortable with good food. We had been told by the Savoy Hotel in London to go to the Cups Inn. Now a man in his sups on a cold night is in danger of pneumonia and as our kind Englishman said the Cups was new and "flashy," we decided that the "comfortable" place was more promising. A kindly soul with a candle registered us and we went to bed with the promise of an extra hour's sleep, as the clocks were to be set back an hour in England in the night. I had to get out a heavy pair of woolen socks, cover my bed with my overcoat and try to thaw out a place into which I could adjust myself. An inch away on any side was sure death from cold. The chimes struck on the town clock all night just to remind me that I must not sleep soundly enough to move. This morning I shaved without thawing out. I actually couldn't feel the razor.

Then came breakfast! You know that the English do not know how to make coffee and it is a brave man who drinks the dark mysterious stuff. I actually could not tell from the taste whether it was coffee or chocolate! The moral is: "order tea." One gets no sugar or butter, and meat only if one presents a coupon. The embargo is off ham, and on the whole their ham is good, but not so good as ours. The bread everywhere we went in England is far poorer than in France, and never fresh.

Our visit to Lewis's Heart Hospital was most gratifying and illuminating and when his book comes out about Christmas it ought to do more to clear up the disputed ground that anything that has happened thus far.

A hundred men a week pass through the hospital of 950 beds, some of them either obviously organic heart cases, aneurysm, mitral stanosis, aortic insufficiency, and obvious hypertrophies from goitre, tacchycardia or mitral insufficiency.

That the war-time heart is not a rheumatic heart is shown by the fact that irritable heart is commoner among those who have never had rheumatic fever. Great emphasis is placed by Lewis on the two main facts of infection and congenital instability. He has separated out a good many as due to incipient tuberculosis and goitre, post febrile, chronic infections and occurring in people with family history of insanity, emotional instability, irritable temper, etc., and regards all the rest as undiagnosed as to cause merely because not considered carefully enough.

Of the cases that come to him he is able to discard only 10 per cent as the result of careful physical examination whereas another 40 per cent are subsequently discarded as result of test exercises. No heart medication of any kind is used and all the work of the hospital after careful history and examination is confined to tests of heart action and observation of symptoms after graded exercises.

Alcohol and tobacco play a very secondary role, and their use is not interdicted after the first week.

The exercises begin with a fifteen-minute walk once a day for a week with observation before and after. Rarely is it true that men cannot be moved on to the next grade of exercise after the week.

No attention is paid to diet, and no great consideration is given to their states of mind. Lewis says that they are suggestible and the damage done by too much emphasis on relatively unimportant things is great.

On discharge the men are put in one of three groups—return to full active service, to training or conditioning camps, or to limited service. This latter class may be later discharged if the army at the time has no need for non-combatants.

France, November 8, 1918.

We went over a base hospital this morning and saw again exemplified the extreme efficiency of the medical corps and in addition the great work done by the Marines. They are a great bunch. All last night till 3 a. m. they worked, assisting in getting 1100 additional beds at the hospital for an emergency. They met the sick, carried their loads, got a dozen moveable kitchens at work, and fed meals to everyone. You never saw such a magnificent spirit in your life. There is something awakening in the American youth that belongs to us by inheritance and I hope will never die. All the provincialism and class feeling, all the snobbishness and selfishness are gone out of the boys over here.

We ran into the grip epidemic at the place where I left Colonel Billings and Colonel Brewer. Colonel Guy Edie, who used to be at the Letterman General Hospital, is in command there and he has a big job.

A GOOD LIE GONE WRONG

(Continued from Page 5)

"I've always contended that the way of the transgressor is hard—to find; but I had found it, and it seemed that the Sunday school books were quite right. I was even ready to believe that a little boy who would fish on Sunday would be drowned.

"If any other man had been in question, I would have told him the truth calmly, and allowed him to like it or dislike it as he chose; but I didn't want the judge to dislike it—or me; and I was afraid of him. Let this story be a warning to you, Bobby. Don't be awesome. You may win the girl by it; but you will probably drive her from the path of childish frankness and veracity.

"I said to myself:

"'Nancy, my child, verily, descensus Averni is appallingly facilis. You must lie, lie stoutly and consistently. So may you keep your friend with the bad disposition, though you may lose your self-respect. You would probably miss your self-respect much less than you would miss the friend with the bad disposition.'

"Monday morning I called up the Courthouse on the telephone. The judge's voice was honeyed. That made me uneasy. I apologized. He quite understood. That was uncanny. I confounded myself in explanations. I descended to trivialities. There I made a fatal error. A well-told lie never goes into details, you know. I told the man at the other end of the phone how worried I had been because I had to go to the dinner, how I hurried home the moment I could escape, how I reached there just after he left, how sorry I was that he was too impatient to wait even a few moments

"He said 'yes, yes,' to everything. His voice was as the voice of a cooing dove, Bobby. He begged me not to bother my head about the matter. He hadn't misunderstood me for a moment.

"I rang off. It all seemed too good to be true, and his angelic confidence in me made me feel like a 'houn' dog'—as my Virgian cousin would say. But I made an offering to Mercury, god of lies; and, that evening I put on my new pink frock. The judge didn't come. He didn't come the next evening. Bobby, he never saw that pink frock! It was worn out before he spent another evening with me! I didn't meet him anywhere in society, for he didn't go out at all during the rest of that winter. Occasionally I did meet him on the street. He was as genial as a May morning. He beamed on me. He even stood by the auto and talked to me, if some one else was with me. Really, you know, it was maddening. I couldn't ask him what was the matter, when he gave me no reason to think he was offended and treated me most amiably. He had a right to stay away from the house if he wanted to do it, and I was too proud to protest. I felt sure there was something wrong about that Sunday business, but what could I do?

"In February I came home. In June I went back to my aunt's to spend a month. No one knew I was expected; and the day after I arrived I went to a picnic. The judge was there. Every one was surprised to see me, and he seemed a trifle upset, but he was very cordial. In the afternoon the crowd started across the woods to the place where the servants were to have supper ready. The judge happened to walk with me, and I sprained my ankle.

"I really did, Bobby; no fake at all. It was swelled so that my shoe had to be cut. I tried to walk and not make a fuss; but we lagged behind, and finally I couldn't take another step. I just dropped down on the grass and the tears came into my eyes. The judge plumped down beside me and saw the tears. He had never seen me cry before. I seldom do it, Bobby. I have a feeling that crying before a man is taking an unfair advantage, making a duelling opponent stand with the sun in his eyes, or something of that kind. I do like a fair fight. Then, again, Bobby, I'm a thrifty soul. Tears, like a lie, are too good a thing to be wasted. They should be reserved for crucial occasions.

"But I cried. My haughty friend thawed slightly.

"'Why, you poor child, is it so bad as that?' he said.

"I nodded. Sympathy was the last straw. My ankle did hurt so, and he had been such a horrid brute, and I felt so shamefully abused that I wept floods. It was a disgusting exhibition, Bobby, and I'm not pretty when I cry. My face all screws up and gets swollen and splotchy. But the judge did the only thing a rational man could do, under the circumstances. When I got my breath— Bobby, you can't help being bad-tempered, but you needn't be impolite. You've an evil mind. I was about to explain that I was choked with tears.

"Well, when I did get my breath, I told him what I thought about his behavior. I was positively eloquent over my wrongs. I would have convinced any jury.

"'Of course you were not in any way to blame for the coolness,' said the judge.

"'Indeed I wasn't. You never had a better friend.'

"'And that October Sunday?'

"'I explained about that and you said it was all right. Why weren't you honest about it? I hate a man who can't tell the truth."

"Oh, Bobby, didn't I just lay myself open to an upper cut?

"The judge smiled. I didn't like that smile.

"'Yes, I know. I suppose I was unreasonable.

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Business on the New York Stock Exchange was somewhat larger in volume the past week, and prices worked lower with few exceptions. Toward the end of the week, pronounced weakness developed, especially in steels, coppers and the industrials generally. The copper stocks, which had fluctuated idly early in the week, were then subject to pressure when reports came out that sales of the metal were being made under twenty cents. The sharp decline in American Smelters and Anaconda sent the whole list of coppers down. There was some little recovery, but the tone of the market was weak. The steel stocks continued to decline, because of the uncertainty of the coming test of lower prices. The bears are making the most of the argument on this score, but it is noteworthy that it fails to bring out any public holdings in quantity, and the market movements are left entirely in the hands of the professionals. Another group in which weakness was pronounced was the New York traction stocks and bonds. Nearly all of these issues sold at new low levels. Selling of these issues was based on reports that these companies would fail to meet even fixed charges next year. Other public utility stocks sold off fractionally in sympathy. In view of the sensitiveness of the market, the pressure exerted against stocks met a fair amount of resistance that prevented a liquidating movement. The rails sagged with the general list, but recovered some on the opposition in Congress to Mr. McAdoo's plan. Liberty Loan bonds sold lower on selling, said to be for smaller holders, who were inclined to use the money for holiday purchases. Money continues tight, although there was some evidence of a loosening up. Until the turn of the year there is no prospect of a change in the regulation of loans. Needs of business will no doubt be the governing factor then, for, with the Government restrictions removed after January 1, demands for money are likely to loom large. There seems to be very little in the market at present, on either side and the market will probably hold steady until after the first of the year. The general news, however, seems to be against the market, such as lower prices for finished steel and copper metal, and the uncertainty regarding the labor situation. Technically, the market is in a stronger position than for some time, as tired holders have become discouraged and sold their stocks, and a fair sized short interest has been built up which will run to cover on any show of strength brought about by anything in the way of favorable news. We believe on any further dip in prices, the better class of dividend paying stocks should be bought for an investment.

Cotton—There was a big broad market in cotton the past week, with prices advancing daily, until at the close of the week prices were up more than $20 per bale. There was nothing really new to account for the sudden change in sentiment, but the fact that holders of the actual cotton were showing a determination to hold on to their cotton, and refused to sell any cotton below the 30-cent level. The old bear party that has been trying to dislodge the cotton held in the South was finally forced to change its ideas and cover its short contracts. Mills were reported to be in the market for cotton, and, as they were unable to buy it in the South, they bought the contracts in the open market. The export situation seems to be improving somewhat, as exports for the week showed an increase over last week, and with the release of considerably more tonnage, it is expected to mean larger exports of cotton. There is no cotton pressing for sale, and holders are in a position to demand their price. The crop was not a large one, and it will be some time before another one will be available. In the meantime the market will be governed a good deal by the supply and demand for the actual cotton, which at present favors the holder. With the distant futures of cotton selling at such a large discount under actual cotton, we fail to see where the risk is in buying them, and believe that the May and July futures should be bought on any setback for ultimately much higher prices.

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquered Lila. "Ah seed the doctah's kyar eroun' dar yestidy.'

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter of 'em?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat an' sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun and seems as well as any one, but he can't do any work at all."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't work?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what yo' broth' got. Dat a gift!"

Lieutenant General Sir John Monash of the British Army relates the story of how O'Flannagan came home one night with a deep band of black crepe around his hat. "Why, Mike," exclaimed his wife, "what are you wearing that mournful thing for?" "I'm wearing it for your first husband," replied Mike; "I'm sorry he's dead."

Lawyer—You say you want this damage suit pushed through with the utmost speed?

Client—Exactly. I have a child six weeks old, and I want the money to pay his college expenses.

First Private—Haven't heard from my best girl now for two months. I'm afraid some fellow has come between us.

Lieutenant—Don't worry, my boy. It's only Burleson.

Our own experience in attempting to restore a bald spot on the lawn convinces us that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where none grew before is not only a benefactor, but a wizard as well.

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Assets $59,397,625.20
Deposits 55,775,507.86
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,286,030.34
Employees' Pension Fund..... 284,897.17

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A GOOD LIE GONE WRONG

(Continued from Page 13)

You did hurry home and got there just after I left.'

"His tone was queer. It had an unnatural sweetness about it. But there wasn't anything for me to do except stick to my story.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Well, my dear young woman, it may interest you to know that when I left your house, at three minutes past two, I called on the girl who lives next door to you. I don't remember her name.'

"'Margaret Wilson,' I said faintly. A great light began to dawn upon me. No one ever called on the Wilsons. They were utterly hopeless.

"'Exactly. I had been invited to call there, but had never intended going. I changed my mind and went. I made a very long call. Miss Wilson was quite fluttered by the sudden burst of appreciation. I suppose she wonders why I never came back. I stayed until I saw you get out of the car at your door. Then I looked at my watch. It was fifteen minutes past six. I took my hat and went home. I wasn't happy, but I tried to give you the benefit of the doubt.

"'Your telephone story of the next morning did away with the doubt. I hate a woman who can't tell the truth. I don't allow any woman to make a fool of me twice.'

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, if he is ever like that when he sentences a criminal to death, the poor thing will never live to be hanged. I touched bottom in shame and mortification. He got up and towered over me. He looked horribly big and angry. His tone was enough to wither me. I heard my hair singe.

"Then suddenly the humorous side of the thing rolled over me like a flood. To think of the touches I gave to that lie, while all the time he knew the truth! How I patted the story and bolstered it up and polished it, and then tied myself up in a hangman's noose, while he listened with that detestable smile. The joke was on me, and I would have appreciated it if I had know I was to die the next moment. I dropped back on the moss and positively howled for glee. Then I had hysterics for the first time in my life.

"The judge was livid with rage.

"'I though you might have the grace to be ashamed of it. But it seems I don't know you yet.'

"I wiped my eyes.

"'Oh, yes. I'm ashamed, but it's the funniest thing I ever heard.' And off I went into more hysterics.

"He glowered.

"'Stop that, or I'll lose my temper and shake you!' he said. African ancestor to the fore, you see.

"I sat up and looked defiant.

"'You're the one to be ashamed,' I said. 'Are you proud of having such an ugly, vicious disposition that even your best friend is afraid to tell you the truth, and is driven to lying because she can't depend on your sense of justice, and can't bear the thought of losing your friendship?

"'I wouldn't have lied to any one else. I hate lies. I had done a foolish thing and was sorry, and I care such a lot about what you would think, and I knew you wouldn't be manly and kind, and—' Well, Bobby, I'll spare you the details.

"It was a beautiful piece of special pleading. At the end of it any judge and jury would have freed the original defendant and sentenced the original plaintiff to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

"The judge was most contrite.

"I finally forgave him.

"A woman makes a fatal mistake, Bobby, if she ever allows a man to think he is forgiving her. The judge and I have been the best of friends ever since; only he doesn't believe anything I tell him, unless I swear to it before a notary, and he has his doubts then. That's why he keeps on asking me to marry him. I tell him I can't do it, but he doesn't believe me. It's a most painful thing to have a bad reputation, Bobby. I hope my experience will be a warning to you.'

"It will," said Bobby, with gloomy significance.

Nancy laughed.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets (Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets). For the half-year ending December 31, 1918 a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1919. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1919, will earn interest from January 1, 1919.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half-year ending December 31, 1918, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1919.

H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO RENEW MORTGAGE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24270, N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, Deceased.

MARY DEGAN, administratrix of the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this court authorizing, directing and empowering her, as such administratrix, to renew the subsisting mortgages on the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing to the court that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgages be renewed,

It is ordered by the court, that all persons interested in the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, do appear before this court on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-seven ($2767.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary Degan, the administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said petition for further particulars. Said real estate, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue, distant thereon twenty-eight (28) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly C) Street; running thence Southerly along said line to Fifth Avenue twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly seventy (70) feet to the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue and the point of commencement.

BEING a part of Outside Land Block Number 385.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks next before the day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed November 26, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk, by E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COFFEY & COFFEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
San Francisco, California. 11-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, Deceased.—No. 25445 New Series. Department No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 7th day of December, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased.

FLORENCE ELLIS SNOWGRASS,
Administratrix of the estate of John Gray Snowgrass, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 7, 1918.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
625 Market Street,
San Francisco, California. 12-21-10

In peace time as in war time we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

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